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The Nation

VOLUME VI.

October 2nd, 1909, to March 26th, 1910.

LONDON: 14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

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The Nation

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

It has hitherto been the general opinion among politicians and business men that the City on its financial side was opposed to the rejection of the Budget by the House of Lords. It now appears that a powerful group of City men, headed by the firm of N. M. Rothschild, are prepared to urge an action which must, if taken, lead at once to grave financial consequences. Messrs. Rothschild, Gibbs, Schroeder, Stern, and a few other firms have thrown their offices open to those who wish to sign a petition "urging the House of Lords to take such action as will ensure an opportunity being afforded to the nation to express their wishes on such far-reaching changes before they are passed into law."

ALTHOUGH Mr. Balfour has fulminated against the Budget in the country with great propriety, his attitude in the House has been far from agreeable to the fighting members of his party. Early in the struggle he disclaimed all effective opposition on the increased taxation of large incomes, and even on land taxes his "Socialistic" reasoning has been rather embarrassing. On Wednesday he severed himself from his front bench on Mr. George's new clause allowing estate duties on land to be paid in kind, the land thus received to be utilised for public purposes. He supported the clause on the express ground that "it would afford a cheap and easy way of obtaining land for public purposes," the chief of these purposes being the breaking up of big estates for the establishment of numbers of small holders.

THE rising temperature in politics was well indicated by the reception accorded by the Opposition in the House and the Press to Mr. Lloyd George's proposal

last Monday that the share of the new land taxes designed for the uses of local government should be pooled in a central fund for subsequent apportionment upon a principle hereafter to be agreed upon. This course, dictated by obvious considerations of caution and present expediency, was denounced as a breach of pledge and as a policy of corruption. Yet Mr. George prefaced his proposal by a quite satisfactory explanation. Even if the taxes get legal assent by November, very little will be available for distribution in this financial year. As Mr. Balfour himself admitted, an equitable principle of distribution among local authorities is difficult to reach, and to incorporate at this late hour in the Budget Bill a scheme of allocation would involve Parliament in a long and extremely embarrassing discussion at a time when everyone desires to emerge from the forest of financial proposals.

ON Tuesday Mr. Lloyd George secured the passage of his clause substituting a tax on mining royalties and other mining rents of one shilling in the pound for the tax on undeveloped minerals which was originally proposed. The new tax was hotly debated, Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Balfour disputing at length the economics of the proposal. To Mr. Bonar Law it was a tax on coal, raising the price of raw material and punishing the consumer. Mr. Balfour developed an argument different from and opposed to this, contending that it was primarily an attack on the property of mineowners. The case of owners working their own mines was discussed at length, and the opponents refused to treat royalties as surplus, insisting upon the view that it was an ordinary cost of production. The Attorney-General made an important concession on behalf of the Government, exempting from the tax common brick clay, sand, chalk, limestone, and gravel.

THE application of the increment duty to mining royalties is best described in the illustrative language of Mr. George: "They valued all the minerals in the country. They invited the owner to declare whether he had minerals, and what value he placed upon them. Let it be assumed that he valued them at £12,500; that would be divided by 12½, the number of years' purchase, giving £1,000 a year as the annual value. Let it be assumed that the owner of the mineral property leased it, and that there was a royalty of 6d. and a dead-rent of £2,000. The first year he simply drew his dead-rent, the royalties not reaching £2,000. Accordingly, £1,000 was deducted from the £2,000, and the increment in that year was arrived at, upon which the Government charged a duty of one-fifth. The next year the royalties ran up to £3,000, and £1,000 was deducted. There was an increment of £2,000, of which the Government took one-fifth. The Government charged one-fifth upon the difference between the annual equivalent of the original site value and the rents of the royalties in any given year."

THE Committee stage of the Development Bill this week threw new light upon the Road Board, which is to be set up mainly for facilitating motor traffic. While it is to subsidise existing local authorities for the

improvement of present roads and for the construction of short loop roads, its main business appears to be the making of national roads of considerable length linking up centres of population. While motor traffic is chiefly in view, these roads are to be for general use, and the proposed abolition of a speed limit upon them is left open. The opposition in the Committee was chiefly directed to an attempt to ear-mark as much as possible of the expenditure as subsidies for local highway authorities, thus limiting the direct central activity of the Board. The compulsory power of purchasing strips of land a quarter of a mile broad, so as to secure any "unearned increment" along the lines of the new roads, was not to be of general application, but was only to be used where such profit appeared probable.

* * *

Six women, imprisoned in the Birmingham jail in connection with the recent disturbances at the Bingley Hall meeting, have been subjected to special medical treatment for self-starvation, *i.e.*, have had food forced down their throats. It was the painful duty of Mr. Masterman, in the presumably unavoidable absence of Mr. Gladstone, to defend the necessity of this extreme action of the prison authorities. It was, he urged, an absolute obligation of the authorities to prevent suicide by starvation and to have recourse to the method generally applied in similar cases. Unless all prisoners are to be allowed to secure liberation by a sufficiently prolonged refusal to eat, it is difficult to see what alternative lies before the authorities, though the full logic of this reply is somewhat impaired by the fact that hunger-strikers among the suffragists have previously won such release. Though the sort of violence committed by these prisoners differed materially from the merely or mainly obstructive conduct which has led to most of the imprisonments, the denunciation of the latest prison "atrocities" disregards all distinctions in the nature of offences. Whatever act is done, there lies no responsibility in the doer, the sole responsibility is shifted on to the Government who have refused to grant the franchise, or even to receive deputations.

* * *

Now, whatever view we hold of the justice or discretion of Mr. Asquith or Mr. Gladstone in their handling of this issue, it is manifestly impossible to acquit the perpetrators of these acts of violence of a measure of personal responsibility, except by imputing to them insanity. The conscious, intentional performance of a violent act is not morally, as it cannot be legally, condoned by any consideration of such remote provocation. Though we have always contended that the acts for which most suffragists have suffered imprisonment are rightly classed as "political," and should have secured such preferential treatment as is commonly accorded to this class of crime, the offences of these Birmingham women cannot easily be brought under this category, without opening the door to the gravest abuses. The mere fact that their action was impelled by no selfish motive, but was committed out of self-devotion to a cause, can hardly be urged as a reason why the ordinary course of treatment which would certainly be meted out to any man in a like case should be abandoned. If, as is contended by the officers of their League, such compulsory feeding is illegal, the Courts will deal with the charge, for we understand that legal action is to be taken against the prison authorities. We fear, from the temper of the women's champions in the Press, that there is no recognition among them of the fact that in a conflict of physical force the justice of their cause disappears and the weaker sex goes under.

Few Englishmen probably understand or appreciate the importance of the complicated Irish Land Bill which occupied two sittings of the Lords this week. In an able speech Lord Crewe explained the breakdown of the finance of the 1893 Act, the necessity of a more generous finance, and of a limited application of the principle of compulsory purchase, the new policy to be administered by a reconstitution of the Congested Districts Board fortified by a considerable element of popular representation. Although the proposal in all its branches was raked by hostile criticism, particularly directed against the compulsory clauses and the popular representation, which, it was urged, placed the Administration in the hands of the Land Leaguers, the Lords passed the second reading, reserving their mutilations for a later stage.

* * *

THE signs are multiplying that if only this country adopts a wise moderation the Navy Estimates will come down in a very few years. The excuse for English Navy scares is German construction, but the movement in Germany against any further extension of the German Navy is becoming formidable. On Saturday the "Berliner Tageblatt" declared that a revision downward of the Navy Law was inevitable, that the battle fleet was too heavy a burden, and that mines and small craft were quite adequate for coast defence. The launch the same day of the first of the 1908 "Dreadnoughts" and the announcement of the fact that the contracts of two of the 1909 programme have not yet been allocated demonstrate the complete baselessness of the scare about the acceleration of German construction. On the top of this comes the news that the Austrian "Dreadnoughts," which were a partial excuse for the building of the contingent ships, are to be postponed because there is no money for them. Everything that is happening abroad justifies a hopeful view of the future if only this country pursues a sane, prudent, and non-provocatory naval policy.

* * *

HERR VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, the new Chancellor, is on a round of visits to Germany's allies. He has already been to Vienna, and is soon to go to Rome. At Vienna he seems to have had the pleasantest experiences, and no doubt when he is an older hand at diplomacy he will know how to turn a compliment without dropping full length into the fulsome. The relations between Germany and Austria are just now, after each has so recently proved her good-will to the other, as intimate and warm as they ever have been, but Italy is still restless and far from satisfied with the Bosnian episode. The new Chancellor promises to make the maintenance of the Triple Alliance the foundation of his policy, but he has still to show that he can handle Italy as skilfully as did Prince Bülow, who by temperament and association was sympathetic to the Italians. The most interesting thing said by Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg at Vienna was a hint that Germany might prove more ready in the future to discuss the limitation of naval armaments, and the general impression to be gathered is that, while Prince Bülow left no concrete problem behind to worry the diplomatists, his departure has rather eased the international situation, and left the field more open to reason and moderation.

* * *

AFTER three-and-half inglorious years of office, the Coalition Government in Hungary has gone finally to pieces, leaving a good deal of wreckage behind. It came into power after a prolonged and unsuccessful campaign against the King-Emperor, pledged to carry universal

suffrage and to leave its demands for the Magyarising of the Hungarian Army to the judgment of an universal suffrage Parliament. It has not introduced universal suffrage, though it brought in a bastard Franchise Bill for the entrenching of Magyar authority, which proved too strong meat even for its own followers. The Coalition Government spent most of its time wavering upon the non-Magyar nationalities, tightening the yoke upon agricultural laborers and harrying the trade unions. It has broken up partly because of personal wranglings between the motley groups of its supporters, and partly because the largest section of the Independence group insisted upon a more presentable Universal Suffrage Bill and upon the establishment of an independent Hungarian State bank. M. Kossuth is trying to form an Independence Cabinet; but, though the Independence party has an absolute majority in the Chamber, it is not united, and, on the other hand, the King-Emperor is not likely to concede the Nationalist demands which form the chief elements in its programme.

* * *

THE Defence Bill has gone through the Danish Parliament, and the bitterest issue in Danish politics will rest for some years. It has been an important domestic and an important International question, for Denmark holds the gates of the Baltic, and the gates of the Baltic concern England and Germany. Ever since the war with Prussia, the Conservatives have agitated for an elaborate system of land defence, with its point directed against Germany. Socialists and advanced Radicals urged that Denmark should trust in her neutrality, and not waste vast sums on unnecessary and probably useless fortifications, while moderate men have recalled what happened 100 years ago, and pointed out the danger of Copenhagen being seized by a British fleet and made a base of operations against Germany. The extreme Conservative programme was rejected at the General Election this year, and the scheme which has now been carried is a compromise which purports to be loyal to Denmark's neutrality, and is not devised to subserve either German or English desires or ambitions. It provides for the erection of new forts for the defence of Copenhagen against attack from the sea, the maintenance of existing defences against attack by land, and the increase of the garrison in Zealand, the island upon which Copenhagen stands.

* * *

THE Greek Military League is not letting the grass grow under its feet; it is making quite certain that the Parliament shall vote the reforms it demands. Demonstrations of public opinion have been arranged throughout the country, and on Monday every shop in Athens shut. Practically the whole population gathered in the Champs de Mars to vote resolutions condemning the traditional corrupt politics, and calling upon the King, the Government, and Parliament to take in hand the work of national reconstruction. A deputation waited upon the King, who replied that "the Chamber, which is composed of patriots, will appreciate the justice of your demands," and nobody doubts that when the same orders are issued in every big city, even the most confirmed of corrupt deputies will see the wisdom of obedience, and M. Mavromichalis, though his immediate following is a trifling minority, will have no difficulty in getting the League's reforms through Parliament. How much that will mean in the way of a national renaissance is another question.

* * *

THE transition stage in the Nationalist Government in Persia is over. The Shah has at length been cleared

out of the country: the Zill-es-Sultan has been sent back to Europe, leaving a handsome if involuntary contribution behind; and the Sipahdar has become Premier now that the Nasr-ul-Mulk has definitely failed to take office. Last, but not least, the new Russian Minister, M. Pokliewski-Koziell, has reached Teheran. His predecessor, M. Hartwig, was avowedly anti-English and anti-Constitutional. M. Pokliewski-Koziell is credited with the best of intentions. He is reported to have instructions to discuss forthwith the withdrawal of the Russian troops. It is to be hoped that the report is true. So long as the Russian forces are in Persia the forward party in Russia has strong temptation to aggression, there can be no real confidence in this country in Russian policy, and Persia's independence is in permanent danger. The withdrawal of the Russian forces is a pressing necessity, and the Nationalist Government is now so firmly in the saddle, and has given such solid proof of its quality that the last shred of excuse for keeping Russian soldiers in Persia has gone.

* * *

IN our great self-governing Colonies no organisation has done more to increase the protective duties on imports from Great Britain than the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. Practically all the whittling down of the British Preference in the Canadian tariff since 1904 has been at the instance of members of the Association, acting sometimes as individuals, oftener as an organisation. Yet at the annual meeting at Hamilton, in September, the Commercial Intelligence Committee of the Association reported that "early in the year your Committee were pleased to assist in a small way the efforts of the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations of the United Kingdom, who are working hard in the cause of Imperialism, and endeavoring to hasten the adoption of a preferential tariff by the Mother Country." Tariff Reformers in England can hardly fail to take satisfaction in this official connection with the C.M.A. when they recall that it was in "Industrial Canada"—the organ of the Association—that there appeared in August, 1908, the dastardly attack on Yorkshire woollens, which when exposed in the "Yorkshire Post," kept the trade in the West Riding in commotion for nearly two months, and resulted in an active interchange of correspondence between the Colonial Office and Ottawa.

* * *

THE powerful case presented by Lord Morley in the House of Lords on Monday would justify an ampler contribution to a School of Oriental Languages than the £12,750 a year recommended by the Committee upon whose Report immediate action is to be taken. As Lord Redesdale pointed out, we have been laggards in a matter of grave educational and commercial importance. Schools of Oriental Languages have long existed in Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, whereas the British Empire, three-quarters of whose population is Asiatic, has hitherto done virtually nothing. It is impossible for us to understand the people of India and their needs unless those sent to govern them know their languages, as few do effectively. Even for purposes of commerce we have been heavy losers by our linguistic deficiency, and compare unfavorably with German foresight.

[The next issue of THE NATION will be a Special Announcement Number and will contain a supplement dealing with the Books to be published during the season.]

Politics and Affairs.

THE POSITION OF THE KING.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON has done good service by telling the country with much plainness that if the House of Lords decides, as is generally expected, to throw out the Budget, not only the British Constitution but the Monarchy will suffer disturbance, and may undergo change. This has been so constantly our own contention that we may be permitted to affirm it afresh. As things stand, the Monarchy has remained practically stable for a hundred years. Both the Lords and the Commons have undergone larger modifications than the Throne. The line of our "temperate King" goes tranquilly on, resigned to the loss of the veto, ceasing to interfere directly in party politics, and content with the simple right to tender counsel, or to indicate private preferences, or to express informal objections to new lines of policy or seeming infringements of the Royal dignity. The Monarch knows that he has to deal for the most part with the representatives of two parties, Tories and Liberals. He is personally acquainted with both types of statesmen, and knows them well, before he accepts them as Constitutional advisers. The present Sovereign, in particular, owes something to Liberalism, and Liberalism owes something to him. All through Gladstone's later career, the King remained his attached friend, and many will remember the touching act of personal respect which he paid to Mrs. Gladstone on the day of her husband's funeral. The late Prime Minister enjoyed an equally cordial relationship with the Sovereign, and it has been extended to his successor. The King looks to recurring changes of policy, and knows that they are not likely to affect the stability of his throne. A Republican propaganda has ceased to exist, even among Socialists, for no occasion for it arises. The Court may be criticised, but not politically.

This is a happy position. It is now to be violently disturbed, at the instance of the party which used to make "Crown and Constitution" a kind of "standing head-line" in its electoral appeals. The Lords are to be put above the Monarchy, and to be given a veto not only over the whole range of democratic legislation, a veto exercised with insolent and egoistic excess at the expense of the last three Liberal Administrations, but over finance, that is to say, over a transaction which, for hundreds of years, has lain strictly between the Crown and the representatives of the people. This is a revolutionary seizure of power, which, three centuries ago, would have been answered by an appeal to arms.

The King is almost as much concerned in resenting such action as the House of Commons itself. For it destroys the party system, and makes the House of Lords the chief, though the indirect, instrument in the continual discredit of the Liberal forces, and the defeat of their political and social aims. The Liberal Party now has fair warning that any Government which it may succeed in bringing into being is damned before its birth. This knowledge must react on the electorate. They will either lapse into Toryism, or will call for a new party

on a frankly revolutionary basis. The old conditions were—equality of opportunity for Toryism and Liberalism, and an impartial Monarch to see fair play. They will have ceased to exist the moment the Lords throw out the Budget, or interpose a dilatory resolution between the taxpayers and the sole taxing authority. The King will have lost one of the supports of his throne. The Constitutional balance will have been clumsily upset. England will practically be in the hands of an oligarchy, hoping to maintain its power by occasional *plébiscites*, chosen on the advice of the leaders of the Tory party.

Naturally, therefore, the question will be asked on all hands—"What will the King do?" For our part, we are convinced that the Radical Party will be moved to say, with great cheerfulness, "Let him do nothing. We will see this thing through. We are out to crush the power of the Lords, and whether it takes ten months or ten years we shall succeed." But the King may hold a very different view of the position. He will have to take into account the fact that a distribution of powers highly favorable to a constitutional form of Monarchy will have been changed for one most unfavorable to it. And he will obviously ask himself what the democracy will think, and how their attitude to the Monarchy will be affected if he passively consents to the crippling of the powers of the representative assembly which all through the annals of his house has been the organ of Constitutional progress as well as the real support of the throne. He may, indeed, have good reason to resent the action which will have forced such considerations upon him. But can he remain passive? And is it conceivable that the Prime Minister can renew the old relationship between Liberalism and the Crown without a formal request for powers to make it operative?

No such course is, we imagine, possible. Quite in the early stages of the controversy with the peers the Prime Minister—following the lead deliberately assigned him by his three predecessors—intimated that no future Liberal Government could take office without being assured in advance of ability to make the will of the Commons prevail against a recalcitrant House of Lords. Such a request must become far more urgent should the House of Lords dare to interfere with the financial power. In that case, we do not know what part of the Constitution would remain intact, or what ties would not be dissolved. No truly "conservative" forces would remain. The Liberals would be disarmed. The Tories would be engaged in pressing forward to Protection by way of a Constitutional revolution. The aim of the Crown would necessarily be, if possible, to restore the balance, and this it could only do by assenting to measures for curbing the pretensions of the peers. This aim could be effected by new creations—or by the promise of new creations—numerous enough to carry an anti-veto Bill through all its stages. Such a pledge might be asked for before a General Election, and become operative after, so that if the Liberals succeeded, it would be a necessary condition of their resumption of power. But could it be refused? Could the King take the responsibility of siding with a privileged order, acting against democracy at the bidding of one party in the State? The *impasse* is obvious.

To this pass the provocation of the peers has almost brought us—a pass which will have been reached through the straining of the implicit powers and understandings of the Constitution, crowned by a definite plunge into Revolution. We can see the immediate and entirely undeserved embarrassment that this brings upon the Sovereign. We can see the beginning; but who can see the end? The British nation is unusually devoid of that broad layer of conservative institutions which the great Revolution gave to France, and when the Constitutional party tells our masses plainly and simply that there *is* no Constitution, that their fortunes are disposable by the Rutlands and Westminsters, and that in their interest the House of Commons can be turned inside out like an old dish-clout, far-reaching powers and ambitions may arise to give effect to such a situation. The Liberal party waits on the issue and what may come of it; firm, fearless, united to the last man, but knowing well what its implications may be.

“THE SHAM INEVITABLE.”

WHEN a weak man yields to a strong passion against his better judgment, he commonly persuades himself that he so acts because he “must.” In politics this emotional fatalism dignifies itself by the high-sounding title of “the inevitable.” Ten years ago, when the war-fever was working at its height, all reasoning about the justice of the war was stopped by this doctrine of the inevitable. The same note is now loudly sounded in press and on platform. Most persons, Liberals or Tories alike, seem to have persuaded themselves that the Lords will refuse to pass the Budget, and that a grave constitutional conflict accompanied by a General Election at an early date is certain. A month ago this was not the generally prevalent view. How is it that what then appeared to reflecting persons as a mere possibility should to-day be accepted as a moral certainty? No new unforeseen event has occurred. Whatever “grievances” are contained in the Budget were there then. No intelligible forecast of intention has been offered by any Unionist leader. It is even admitted that some considerable concessions have been made within the last few weeks. The only fresh factor is this subjective one—the force of this superstitious feeling that we have passed the period when arguments count, and are slipping down a fatalistic slope. “The Times,” with a characteristic parade of quasi-scientific formulæ, restates this doctrine of the inevitable, telling us how “In the social, as in the bodily organism, the most important processes go on in the regions to which consciousness does not often reach.”

Now, we fully admit that it may be good tactics for the “plungers” on either side to bounce the “wobblers” by pretending that an act is predetermined which in point of fact is not. The false conviction thus generated may even turn the scale when the act of choice is on the point of being made. The sensational delight of a shallow-minded public in contemplating an interesting crisis always plays into the hands of wreckers. But sane men will not give undue weight to this manipula-

tion of public opinion. We still believe that the Lords will, before they act, weigh the consequences of their action. How will these consequences appear to them? Even supposing, as can hardly be the case, that they would utterly ignore the public inconveniences attending a rejection of the Budget, and would be guided entirely by what they held to be their own interests, it is difficult to conceive any plausible setting of those interests that is favorable to rejection. Their leaders and admirers do not claim that the Lords have a right themselves to determine how the King’s revenue shall be raised. Their claim is that they have a right to insist upon a direct popular endorsement of the mandate which the Government asserts it has received from the electorate. It is urged that, acting in this spirit, they will not formally reject, but will pass a dilatory resolution asking the Government to secure the express sanction of the electorate for their finance. But the fatuity of this course is self-evident. Even were the Government willing to admit this right of the Lords to force a referendum, no power on earth could confine the mind of the electorate to this single issue. It is true that the Lords can force a General Election, either by rejecting the Budget or by persisting in a refusal to pass it within such limits as the Government chooses to set upon the current session of Parliament. But the notion that the appeal will or can be confined to the Budget, or even to the wider issue of the claim of the Lords to force a referendum in finance, is ridiculous. The Government will go to the people for a mandate to destroy the legislative veto of the House of Lords, and they will go fortified by the most telling illustration of the abuse of that veto that could possibly be devised. That we should fight the next election upon the right to make the will of the people operative through their representatives was always the intention of the Government. But sober-minded Liberals entertained some doubt about the force of an attack, illustrated by the rejection of Education or Licensing Bills, the popular enthusiasm for which was not very evident. The electorate has grown accustomed to strong language against the Lords for exercising the constitutional right they undoubtedly possess to destroy or mutilate ordinary legislation. But here, quite unexpectedly, the enemy plays into our hands by an insolent attempt to undo the history of three centuries, extending the area of their legicidal conduct to the region of finance.

If the Lords force a dissolution, there can be no question but that the broad constitutional issue will swallow up all others. The idea that the country will take “Socialism or Tariff Reform” instead can only occur to blind fanatics inexperienced in methods of election. Though Mr. Balfour put out this fighting policy, we do not believe that he and Lord Lansdowne will persuade themselves of its present efficacy as an alternative appeal to that made by the Government upon the constitutional situation. These able leaders must be aware that the Budget is popular, and that an outcry against the Lords for rejecting the Budget would almost certainly bring back the Government. They have said nothing to support the plain demand of Mr. Chamberlain and of other fiery spirits in the country,

and we still hold that their strongest influence will be exerted in favor of passing the Budget. The real risk, of course, lies in the insubordination of the individual peer. If the liquor interest and the more fanatical landowners who believe, in most cases quite erroneously, that the Budget injures their property, can muster as many as seventy votes in the House of Lords, they could probably force a rejection by outvoting the little band of Liberal Peers and the handful of Moderates who might divide with them in favor of the Bill. If such an event seemed likely to occur, Lord Lansdowne could only stop the catastrophe by the heroic step of supporting the Government—a step which is quite incredible.

That there are some peers prepared to risk everything on a rejection of the Budget we make no doubt. But that these are sufficiently numerous to effect their purpose we gravely doubt. Yet we admit that the difficulty of the psychological diagnosis is such that we may be mistaken. "Quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat." Perhaps there may be enough Dukes and Earls able to persuade themselves that the Socialist bogey which quite evidently frightens those who have great possessions, must equally alarm the majority of the electorate whose possessions are little or *nil*. Every class has its own delusions, and this may be a delusion appropriate to Dukes.

THE CHANCES OF SPAIN.

So far General Marina has been justified of his Fabian strategy. After the miserable defeat of General Pintos at the foot of Mount Gurugu, hardly two miles outside Melilla, he allowed two months to pass in preparations and Spanish delays. Then suddenly, at the beginning of last week, instead of pressing his advance southward from Melilla on both sides of the salt lagoon of the Mar Chica, as everyone expected, he sent a division due west across the peninsula to the other coast, occupied strong positions, including the village with the Budget name of Taxdirt, and cleared the whole country northward up to Cape Tres Forcas, though he had appeared to neglect it entirely before.

Having thus secured his rear and right flank by occupying the whole of the northern peninsula, which is only about seven miles across from Melilla, he proceeded to carry out his original plan of striking at the Moor strongholds to the south. Without attempting an assault on the difficult glens and heights of Mount Gurugu, which rises in the centre of the peninsula, he advanced one force from his strongly established posts on the eastern skirts of the mountain, and another force from the camp at Zoco el Arbaa, on the south-eastern extremity of the Mar Chica, with orders to converge upon Nador and Zeluan. The movement was carried out with success and small loss. Though the Moors had considerable entrenchments before Nador, they divided their forces, thinking that Zeluan might be the first point attacked. In consequence, on Saturday a week ago, the considerable town of Nador was seized, looted, burnt, and reduced to ruins. Last Monday the Kazbah or walled stronghold of Zeluan, about seven miles

further down the plain, was also seized. On Wednesday Mount Gurugu itself was occupied without resistance, and the Spanish flag now flies from its summit, which is about the height of Snowden.

We may notice in passing how futile have been the provisions of the first Hague Conference in regard to the conduct of war by land. Private property has been looted, villages have been destroyed, and towns burnt just as though the regulations of the Conference had never been drawn up. But now that the Moorish strongholds have been taken, the question is, What will happen next? In Melilla it was usually supposed that the occupation of Zeluan would end the "punitive expedition," and recent utterances of Spain's Foreign Minister and her Ambassador in Paris support that view. On the other hand, a strong party urges the permanent occupation of the whole Guelaia peninsula, including the short coastline eastward up to the frontier of French influence on the Algerian side, at Cape del Agua. "Are we to allow the Riffs simply to return to their old haunts and old hostility?" they say. "Are we to leave our mining concessions and two little railways exposed to Moslem fanaticism? And shall we have nothing to show the Spanish people for the £4,000,000 which it has cost them to take vengeance on the assassins of the four Spanish navvies killed on the line?"

It is against such purposes that the Maghzen last week issued a protest to all the Powers which have representatives at Tangier. For Mulai Hafid perceived that Spain now had at least 40,000 troops acting in his own country, and about 10,000 or 15,000 ready to cross at any moment. Would Spain send half the strength of her peace army to Morocco just to punish the turbulent Riffs for an everyday affair like killing four men? Small as his knowledge of Europe may be, the Sultan thought it unlikely. And so the Maghzen delivered their protest to the Powers, pointing out the violation of the Moroccan frontier by large armies, and the absurdity of Spanish claims to railway and mining concessions granted by El Roghi, a rebel Pretender and outlaw, who had now gone to his deserts, whether hewn in pieces or devoured of lions before the royal concubines. To this humble and natural protest, the Powers, following the lead of France, seem to have replied that, in spite of all Algeciras vows for the protection and integrity of Morocco, this was no affair of theirs, and Spain and Morocco must settle it up between themselves.

The process of settling up should now begin, and for Spain it will be difficult. The Sultan has formally disclaimed all responsibility in the war, financial and other. The fiction of representing Spain's action as a measure of police to assist the Sultan in maintaining order in his unruly dominions has collapsed, and the hope of getting some sort of compensation or indemnity in money vanishes at the same time. Which line will Spain now choose? To retain possession of the whole peninsula, on which Melilla stands, would mean continuous hostility and probable war, not only with the Sultan, but with all the untamed neighboring tribes, except the few "friendly" or traitor tribes who are always ready to sell their birthright for what it will

fetch. It would mean the maintenance of a large force of men and guns in the country—at least 20,000 men to begin with—and expenses that Spain could ill afford, for all supplies have to be provided by sea. Finally, it would almost inevitably mean disputes and jealousies with the Powers before long, no matter how polite M. Pichon may appear for the moment. Just behind the mountains south-east of the Mar Chica runs the new frontier that France has acquired. The mountains bound the view from Melilla; they are not forty miles away. It is quite certain that France will not want a Spanish frontier marching with hers when she takes her next step towards the "rectification" of her African Empire. Besides, there is always Germany and her trade to be considered, and the German fleet could starve out the Spanish garrison in a fortnight. Thus there is plenty of room for international trouble, and, in any quarrel that might arise, Spain would have the disadvantage of being a transgressor against the Algeciras compact, though we admit that disadvantage is small in these days of shattered treaties.

That line of choice is bad, but what is the alternative? Having killed a certain number of Moors, destroyed their villages, burnt their towns, and taken a proportion of the rifles, out of which the Spanish officials have made a fine smuggler profit in the past, Spain might allow the Moors to return to their old way of life under nominal guarantees. She might occupy a few new outposts, extremely difficult to maintain, because they would always be commanded from Mount Gurugu, unless she occupied the whole mountain range itself. She would then have to withdraw her garrison within her former frontiers, that nowhere extend much more than two miles from the old walls of the Melilla citadel. How, then, would she satisfy or silence the crowd of titled speculators and other capitalists—Dukes, Counts, Marquises, King's friends, French investors, and the inevitable Scot—who have put money, or induced other people to put money, into those famous concessions from the deceased outlaw, and have looked to those imagined iron and lead mines and to those partly finished railway tracks as the golden blessings of old age? The speculative gang is small but very powerful. It includes almost all the "floating capitalists" in Spain, and they are equally favored by the young King and the ancient Church. For who else could guide the rich so well in their heavy task of finding investments both profitable and secure? Such investments, we mean, as are needed to maintain yachts, motors, racehorses, and other forms of sport fit for a king, or to increase the lands, buildings, plate, embroideries, and other properties essential for religion.

The dilemma is obviously difficult to solve. The saying that the worst part of Spain is the Spanish Government has been so long true that progress may only be possible by revolution. Short of revolution, we can but hope that the present Ministry will have the strength to defy capitalists and Clericals alike. Reactionary though the Premier, Señor Maura, is, he has a reputation for personal honesty, and some of his recent actions seem to show that he recognises the volcanic temper which long misgovernment in Church and State has aroused in the best and most industrious classes of

the Spanish people. He has abolished the shameful privilege by which the wealthy could shirk military service on payment of £60. He has ordered that married reservists should not be sent into the fighting line—an order that may in future increase the marriage-rate and population of the country. He has this week restored the constitutional guarantees to all Spain, except Barcelona and Gerona. He has promised the assembly of the Cortes within a fortnight. He has promised concessions on the Censorship, and we cannot suppose he will retain in prison Señor Roméo, the eloquent director of the "Correspondencia," though his attacks on General Marina's conduct of the war were needlessly exaggerated. Finally, he has transformed the summary courts-martial at Barcelona into a Military Tribunal, with right of appeal in capital cases. Señor Ferrer, the founder of the Modern or Lay Schools, remains in gaol, but his innocence of complicity in the Barcelona riots is so well established, and such strong influence has been exerted on his behalf by many of the intellectual leaders of Europe, that we cannot suppose any further harm will happen to him.

These signs prove that the Government has been frightened, but they are favorable to gradual improvement. Since the loss of Cuba and the Philippines, Spain has grown in wealth and concentration. For the first time her Budget is strong and her exchange steady. If she refrains from extravagant adventures for the sake of a few French and Spanish concessionaires, she is likely now to enter upon a period of quiet internal development and intellectual progress. But the report of the Fiscal, or Attorney-General, Señor Ugarte, on the causes of the Barcelona disturbances shows how thin is the crust on which the Government and Society move. He may pour scorn on the rising as the work of bandits and thieves, Anarchist teachers, and the Union of Workmen's Solidarity. But bandits and thieves do not limit themselves to burning a few churches and monasteries, after giving the inmates full warning, and workmen do not accept anarchy and fling themselves into rebellion without deep causes. Among those causes are the unpopularity of the Royal Family, and the corrupt system of Government that makes elections a farce. But deeper than all lies the hatred of a Church, which is supposed to direct the Royal Family on one side, to favor the capitalist adventurers on another, and, besides, to suppress the intellectual and natural forces of the whole people under the gloom of supernatural terrors.

MOTOR ROADS AND THE PUBLIC.

THE atmosphere is so thick with sensational events and speculations that there is danger lest the Government proposal of a Road Board, with its important implications, should escape the full attention of the public. As a portion of the Development policy organically related to Mr. George's scheme of constructive finance, an enlargement and a reformation of the highway system of the country upon a national plan are of extreme importance. That our highways, constructed mostly in the remote past for narrowly local purposes, and for modes of traffic now grown obsolete, need a development which

lies in part outside the range of local administration, there can be no doubt. Indeed, it seems tolerably certain that our entire transport methods, rail, canal, and road, must be brought under close national control in the early future. But it is not evident that, in its incipient stage, this work of improving our roads should be so far severed from the related schemes of economic development named in the first part of the Development Bill as to demand an independent organisation. While we agree that it is desirable that a new authority, independent of the Local Government Board, should be empowered to construct and maintain new national roads, and to subsidise local authorities for the improvement of existing roads, we hold that this authority should be the body of Commissioners to whom the rest of the development policy is entrusted. Though the special problems of road improvement may justify the appointment of a Road Board, that Board should remain under the control of the Commissioners, and should exercise no powers, administrative or financial, not expressly derived from them.

If the work of the proposed Road Board were simply confined, as in the first announcement of the scheme seemed possible, to the repairs and minor alterations of existing roads or to the making of short loop roads, the point might appear unimportant. But Mr. George explained this week to the Committee that it was designed to construct considerable lengths of new road connecting widely distant towns, and clauses granting these powers have been adopted by the Committee. Indeed, from the firm manner in which the Government representatives resisted the attempts of members to give priority to operations through the existing local authorities, it was made evident that a considerable scheme of new national high roads is contemplated. Now, in our judgment it will be a fatal error to entrust this valuable work to a body consisting mainly of unsalaried amateurs, and endowed with powers not only to flout and override existing highway authorities, but to disregard the other schemes of development carried on by the Commission which administers the first part of the Act. We cannot conceive how it is possible to spend public money usefully upon new roads without direct co-operation with the body responsible for the light railways and the other agricultural improvements.

There is only one possible explanation of the independence assigned to this autocratic Road Board, viz., that it was designed for the exclusive benefit of the new motor traffic. Indeed, in the original draft of the Bill this purpose was avowed. The whole of this expenditure on roads was ear-marked "for facilitating motor traffic." Though in the more recent explanations this predominant purpose has been modified, we are still told that the roads are to be "in the main for rapid transit," which means motor transit. Now, though it is quite reasonable to expect that motors, both for pleasure and for industry, are destined to play a large and an increasing part in the future, and that our road authorities must make proper provision for their convenience and safety, it is startling to be told that a new road authority is to be set up for the purpose of securing preference for them by spending public money

to build roads especially adapted to their needs, and by subsidising existing road authorities to favor motor traffic. Though it may have been the intention of the Government in proposing this scheme to keep a just balance between the interests of the motor traffic and that of horse traffic and pedestrians, it is natural that the wording of the Bill should arouse suspicions. These suspicions were confirmed by the financial provisions for the new roads. Their exclusively motor character was, indeed, expressly defended upon the ground that the revenue to be expended on this was to be derived from taxes upon motors and motor oil. Now, upon this argument, we have two criticisms to offer. The first is of a general character. This ear-marking of special taxes for special expenditure appears to us radically bad finance. It will form a dangerous precedent for future taxation. The true justification for these taxes is surely found in the general need of revenue, not in the fact that some expenditure on motor roads might be incurred. The doctrine that a tax must be expended in some specific benefit to the particular payers of the tax is entirely indefensible. A result of this evil suggestion is that motorists are already speaking of the new roads as "their roads," and are claiming the right to nominate members of the Road Board to administer "their" fund. But it is entirely untrue that the expenditure is confined to the proceeds of motor taxes. Most of the public money which it is proposed to spend upon the new roads comes out of the general revenue. Mr. George made this quite clear this week when he told the Committee that the expenditure on the new roads could not come out of revenue, but was capital expenditure to be defrayed by loans from the Treasury. No less than £200,000 a year is authorised to be spent in paying interest upon this loan, and the millions this represents are to be advanced by the general body of taxpayers. We suggest that it is not too late for the Government to reconsider the entire structure of this Road Board. The Board should be subordinate to the Development Commission. Not only should all preferential stress upon the motor use of the roads be removed from the Bill, but adequate guarantees for the protection of the public against abuses of motor traffic should be inserted. It is not enough that the question of a speed limit for the new roads should remain open. If this Road Board is established and empowered to finance roads for "rapid transit," express provisions should be inserted for the protection of the public against excess of speed. The enforcement of a general ten miles limit in towns and villages, which the Local Government Board refuses to impose, should be made obligatory by statute upon the new Board wherever it grants subsidies or builds new roads, and other regulations of the Motor Act for the public safety, which at present lie in abeyance, should be inserted in a schedule of the new Bill. The present condition of our main roads is intolerable, and a Bill enabling motors to travel with greater speed and security, which at the same time fails to make strict provision against the perils of the road involved by this mode of transport has no claim to be considered as conducing to the true "development" of England.

Life and Letters.

MONEY IN POLITICS.

A SOMEWHAT piquant article on "Money and Brains in Politics" appears in the October number of the "Fortnightly Review." Its author, Mr. A. A. Baumann, is greatly exercised over "the mental inferiority of the Conservative Party in the House of Commons." He believes that three-fourths of the educated intelligence of the nation is Conservative, and, as anyone with such a belief might well be, he is troubled by the disparity between the assumed intellectual wealth of his party outside Parliament and the brutal fact of its poverty inside it. He explains this disparity by picturing the Conservative Party as the slave of money. The candidates it puts forward are mere animated cheque-books. No one who has not a private income of at least £500 a year can hope to receive the endorsement of the local Conservative Association. Not only are the "upper regions" of the Tory Party possessed by the idea that politics are a career or diversion reserved for the men of means and birth, but the local managers and agents measure a candidate's suitability by the amount of his income and by his willingness to spend it on the constituency. "It's your money we want!" is the welcome hurled at the head of the panting genius who, in the name of three-fourths of the educated intelligence of the nation, offers himself as a prospective M.P. Few geniuses can help being disconcerted by this simple greeting. They bury their political ambitions forthwith and make way for the crude dispensers of subscriptions. "The absurdity of the matter," says Mr. Baumann, "lies in the small number of electors who can touch the subscriptions of the most lavish member or candidate. At the outside, not more than a hundred or two of the electors can ever 'see the color of his money.'" But, in spite of this disheartening drawback, the Conservatives, as a party, still pin their faith to gold, and prefer the wealthy dullard to the penniless man of parts. Mr. Baumann does not, apparently, object to their making the fullest use of their money-power. Indeed, he sketches a glorious plan by which, on the basis of an annual subscription of a shilling for every £50 of income, the Conservatives might raise a central political fund of a million sterling, "change the whole aspect of politics," and bring money and brains together in an irresistible alliance. His complaint is that, as things are now, the Conservatives use their wealth in a wholly unbusinesslike fashion, and help to perpetuate a method of winning constituencies which, though within the letter of the law, is, in reality, "a pitiful, sneaking, half-hearted corruption."

It is quite possible that within the next few years the whole question of the use of money in politics may come up for legislation. It is a question with many aspects to it, some of which are happily as yet of potential rather than actual urgency in Great Britain. The direct participation of companies and corporations in politics has not yet, for instance, reached in England anything like the American scale. There are any number of "interests" represented in the House of Commons, and whenever any legislation is proposed that affects them they make themselves publicly heard, as it is right they should. They get up and argue their side of the case without concealment. Whatever is done is done openly; and though the House of Commons, and especially the Committees that sit upon private Bills, are constantly engaged in deciding matters that vitally concern great trades and interests, there is practically no attempt to influence their decisions in an illegitimate way. It is rare, again, for a statutory company, or for a joint-stock company of any kind, to contribute from its funds to the campaign chests of political parties. The practice is not absolutely unknown, but it is frowned upon both by public opinion and the general sense of the commercial community. Nor does the temptation to resort to it exist in England one half so abundantly as in an expanding, half-developed country like the United

States. The "criminal rich" may make millions by taking a hand in American politics where his English brother would have to content himself with hundreds. Moreover, the Federal system of government puts a premium on the political activities of trusts and corporations. With fifty odd different governing authorities to placate, to defend itself against, and whose regulations it is bound to observe, an American insurance company or bank or railway is more or less forced to make politics a branch of its business. We should have the same phenomenon in England if every County Council were free to frame its own banking, insurance, and railway laws and regulations, and to expel from its area any company that refused to comply with them. Great Britain, again, escapes an immense source of political corruption by remaining a Free Trade country. Protection gives to political power a money and money-making value. It makes it financially worth while for the big corporations and interests to capture parties and "invest" in members of Parliament. The game is so profitable that their abstention from it can never be more than temporary. If we in Great Britain were to revert to Protection we should infallibly duplicate the experience of America. As it is, our form of government, the comparative lack of opportunity present in an old and fully-exploited country, the uniformity of our laws, the almost complete absence of officials who are elected to their posts for short terms and by popular vote, and our Free Trade policy, protect us from the more aggravated results of the illicit influence of industry upon politics.

There are, however, some disquieting symptoms to be noted in other directions. The one on which Mr. Baumann touches—the raids organised upon a candidate by the philanthropic, sporting, and religious societies in the constituency—is by no means the most serious of them. A candidate who has the sense to announce that he will subscribe to no cause or society in his constituency, and who puts his refusal on the clear ground of taste and principle, not only suffers no electoral damage, but stamps himself at once on the popular mind as a man of judgment and character. Of all spectacles, that of a man trying to curry favor with the electors by indiscriminate disbursements is the most futile and pitiful to be seen in politics. But it is not in any vital sense dangerous to the general purity of public life. The secrecy with which party funds are accumulated and distributed is, in our judgment, a considerably greater menace. It gives an excessive influence to a few rich subscribers, and enables them to nominate a candidate from motives that may be concealed from the mass of voters; and it also warps the initiative of the House of Commons and opens up the possibility that a highly undesirable form of pressure may at a crisis be applied to individual members. When an increasing number of politicians depend upon funds secretly collected and secretly administered for meeting their election expenses, there is always a liability to abuse. Another unpleasant feature of modern politics is the growth of large, wealthy, and irresponsible leagues for pushing this cause or that. These organisations raise immense sums of money for which they render no account. They support candidates at elections with canvassers, speakers, posters, leaflets, and so on. They do for a candidate what he is absolutely unable to do for himself on such a scale. But no return of the moneys they spend is included among the statement of expenses that every candidate is required by law to furnish; and in this way the purpose of the Corrupt Practices Act is frustrated. Nobody questions that the absorption or abolition of the old rotten boroughs, the expansion of the suffrage, the spread of education, the growth of class-consciousness, and of self-respect among the working-classes, and the generally high standard of character among Parliamentary candidates have pretty well stamped out the grosser forms of corruption at English elections. Where politics in this country suffer most from the power of wealth is, indeed, more on the social than on the strictly political side. They are contaminated more than anything else by the vicious hunt for titles. The spectacle of wealth buying what honors it pleases,

of shrewd donations to a properly patronised charity being rewarded with a peerage, of baronetcies purchased by a cheque to the party funds, of all the wretched huckstering and intrigue that graduate the scale of English precedence, is one that works with a subtle and degrading perniciousness. Politics do not, and indeed cannot, escape the taint; and the type of man who enters public life as the easiest road to a title is almost as common in England as it was in Ireland before the Union.

THE FACTOR OF RACE.

In history nations rise and fall partly by accidents, but mainly by virtue of more or less traceable causes. The individual genius of your Napoleon or Julius Caesar, your Watt or Stephenson, your Dante or Shakespeare, baffles analysis in the last resort; although before you have probed the hero so far, you have nearly always found not only that he owed a large debt to his surroundings, but that he was born of a family otherwise remarkable. That a country like ancient Macedon should have been ruled in succession by two such extraordinary men as Philip and Alexander must, if you like, remain an "accident" when all is said; but we are bound first to say, that in no other time and with no other kingdom could what either of them did have been done so well, and also that the fact of the one genius being the other's son must be deemed anything but "accidental." Admitting, however, a large accidental (that is, unanalysable) factor in history, and allowing as liberally for it as we will, what are the traceable causes that are left? Two seem to stand behind all the rest, originating and dominating them: the factors of geography and race.

Fifty years ago, during what for Englishmen may be called the Buckle period of thought, it was the geographical factor on which the stress was laid. Thus it was geographically natural that the essentially Mediterranean empire of Rome should have been won and held from the vantage-ground of Italy, which bisects the Mediterranean, and that Rome's chief rival should have been Carthage, which bisects the same sea on the African side. It was geographically natural that the importance of England—linked especially with her carrying trade—should only develop after the discovery of America. And so on: whether you were thinking in continents or in nations, whether you inquired why Africa was so savage or Europe so civilised, whether you canvassed the past of Ireland or the future of Constantinople, Geography was at your side with a whole bunch of keys. And Geography deserved to be, not only because her claims were real, but because her status was that of a real science. The other factor, race, was not exactly ignored, but its science, Ethnology, was still a toddling child, repeating like a parrot, in contexts where they were untrue and misleading, the phrases which she had heard her elder sister, Comparative Philology, let fall.

Ethnology is still somewhat immature perhaps, but the insistence with which the problems and effects of race claim our attention has increased enormously. This has been due partly to a greatly diminished estimate of the extent to which race itself is the product of situation and climate. We no longer believe, if we ever did, that supposing England were colonised with negroes, they would in process of time get white skins, straight, non-woolly hair, or European skulls. It is true that the physiognomy of persons of European descent in the United States is coming to develop certain traits, which recall that of the Red Indian and which do not seem explicable by any blood relationship to him. But these are minor effects, and while admitting that climate may modify race in ways not yet appreciated, it remains true that when you ask of a people—the English, the French, the Germans, or what you will—the great question, *Why they are what they are*, an important part of the answer, and perhaps the most important, must be, that they are what they are because of the stocks to which they belong, because of the ancestors from which they are descended.

It is clear that if the race of a nation changes fundamentally, the nation cannot really be the same. Sup-

pose the French birth-rate, for instance, to remain as low as it is, or lower, and suppose an immigration of millions of negroes from French West Africa who, without often intermarrying with the French, should reproduce their own race in France at their present rate of fertility. In two centuries or so the French population would consist, like that of Jamaica to-day, of a small white minority and a large negro majority. Could such a population, except by a travesty of language, be called the French nation—as if it were really the great entity that we know by that name in history? Assuredly not. Yet where are we to draw the line? Nature does not always supply a color-test to draw it with. And some of the racial changes that are going on inside the modern nations to-day may be in their sum not less rapid or less fundamental than that in our fancy illustration. Regarding the probable effect of certain of them we remain almost absolutely in the dark, though we cannot doubt it must be great; regarding others we can, by the aid of statistics, make conjectures, whose optimism unfortunately seems apt to vary inversely with their plausibility.

Think, for instance, of what is meant by the cross-breeding consequent on the coming of railways and cities. For nearly a thousand years the people of England, dwelling in its villages and little towns, consisted mainly of families who lived in the same neighborhoods all that time. Among the masses any considerable migration must have been extremely rare. The different representative districts of England had their distinct physical types almost as markedly as their distinct dialects. All that is changing irretrievably, and in the cities now (and even, thanks to railways, upon the countryside itself) Somerset and Norfolk, Cumberland and Kent, are brayed up together in one mortar with all other English ingredients, and with Irish, Welsh, Scottish, and foreign thrown in. A century hence at most will see a single mongrel type, speaking a single mongrel dialect, diffused throughout Great Britain. It is the same on the Continent; France, for instance, the bedrocks of whose population till recently have been pretty much the same since Julius Caesar's time—even France, for all her rural stability, is undergoing, though in a less degree, the same change. Is it for good or evil? We can only guess. The old common view, that the more you mixed European races the better was the result, was based largely on wrong facts supplied by false ethnology; to-day a pessimistic view, though not established, seems more justified.

Then there is the change in family stocks, which Professor Karl Pearson is so fond of illustrating to us with uncomfortable statistics. Only the lowest social classes multiply freely; the births among artisans barely increase their numbers; in the industrious middle classes more die than are born; the most comfortable families die quite rapidly out. The stocks at the top of society are perishing; they are being replenished from the stocks at the bottom. But figures seem conclusive as to the tendency not merely for genius but for any kind of superior competence to be hereditary, to run in stocks; and after even the limited openness of the career to talent which has prevailed in England for a century, who can doubt that on the whole the stocks in which superior competence runs are those now in the upper, the middle, or the artisan classes—the very stocks which are dying out? Here, again, our conjectures end in pessimism—a pessimism less conjectural in its foundations.

The two tendencies which we have noticed, and others which might be grouped with them seem likely in a short time to alter the race factor in our nationality quite incalculably. A similar alteration in the geographical factor would be less overlooked. If you took the entire English nation and transplanted it to Uganda or to Greenland, the new thing which came into existence would not be mistaken for England. Yet a thorough change in the race factor must be almost equally fundamental. And let no one rejoin that both or either of these factors—country and race—are merely "material" and by the side of such factors as national tradition or religion do not matter. It is because they are not

merely material that they are basic. This again is perceived most easily of the geographical factor. *Earth that gives the milk the spirit gives*, says Meredith; the hills and plains and rivers, the suns and skies and seas, which take such a part in our spiritual life, could not do so surely if they were mere dead things, if theirs, too, were not spiritual existences. But is not this profoundly true of the facts of race also? Probably a majority of the people living in the world at this moment have for, or include in, their religion some form of ancestor-worship. It is the oldest civilised cult. Is there any mystery so venerable yet so vivid, so tremendous yet so near to the daily pulse of life, as this mystery of the transmission of the human torch from generation to generation, the inheriting by descendants from ancestors not simply of the fact of life, but of the qualities of life, of character? The emotion of patriotism as it appears in its higher forms—freed from the sordid or superficial aims, the cheap indulgences in national pride or spite, which dishonor it in its lower manifestations—proceeds largely from a consciousness of this mystery. It is not possible for an Englishman whose patriotism has the true quality to be aware of the changes that are being wrought to-day in the fibre of the English people, without feeling sometimes as if the very ground on which he stood were slipping away from under him.

MYSTERY AND ILLUSION.

THE things that can be divined and explained away are not mysteries but secrets, the things which come with the newspaper in the morning and pass with the tea-cup in the evening. What passes beyond the wit of the most experienced, and attains the realm of perennial magic, is the inexplicable. This is why genius is always a wonder and a mystery. Secrets can be manufactured, guessed at, fathomed; reputations may, for a time, be bolstered up on the sensations created by revealed or half-revealed secrets; but there is as much difference between secrets and mysteries as there is between talent and genius.

The publican and the postman can talk of a secret with some degree of intelligence; they cannot intelligently discuss a mystery. And in this the poet is not much better off than the publican; the poet knows that secrets are finite sensations, and mysteries infinite realities. And the poet stops there. Secrets cease to interest once we have understood. Approach a mystery and it recedes into higher regions. It is always on the wing. Newton revealed a secret of Nature and made it plain, but he did not touch the mystery behind the secret. The mysteries of Nature and human nature are alike perennial. Look anywhere in the world of art and you will find plenty of revelations, revealed facts, but not one of them touches so much as the hem of the real personality. Chatterton's literary forgery was a secret revealed, but not a revelation of his genius. There are illusions which pertain to secrets, and when the secret is out the illusion is gone for ever.

Of the three magical things known to man—genius, personal beauty, and spiritual serenity—perhaps the last is the most potent and the most personal in its influence. Other virtues and qualities may change, suddenly or by degrees. Beauty may fade in a night, genius has its moods of action and reaction, activity and indifference, but a serene spirit carries its own light, is a sort of magical beacon on the shores of the ever-present now. I have met with two kinds of serenity: one, the gift of heredity; the other, the gift of prolonged tribulation. There is a third, the result of inborn goodness, strengthened and brightened by the going and coming of a thousand illusions, those phantoms that elude the sentinels at the threshold of reason. They glide into our lives without noise or warning, inhabit the secret corners of the mind for months or years, and then glide away as silently as they came.

There are illusions which refuse to be discarded as we discard an old garment; they pass from us in their own time, like coffins laden with the souvenirs of the past, leaving us stricken and wondering on the brink of

inscrutable mystery, dumb amidst the chimeras and unsolved enigmas of the universe.

It is through the gate of illusion that most of us obtain the fairest glimpses of the Eden of serenity. Illusions are the fret-work of the house of life, the belfry of sounds and symbols, but from the altar within the incense rises that purifies and renders acceptable the sacrifice of so many years and so many sorrows. Some illusions rule like invisible tyrants, and when they depart, others arrive in new guises, in the form of friends, to remain as flatterers, and leave with mysterious abruptness. Others arrive in the guise of visions and dreams, with vistas that have no end, with multitudinous forms, like the mirage that is always just beyond.

It is the law, for dreams must precede realities. They accompany every temperament, from the most humble to the most exalted.

The woods and fields are among the few places where the mind is serene and free from illusive deceptions. The woods, hills, stars, streams, and plains are impersonal. A tree does not disappoint us when its leaves begin to fall, nor a flower when it begins to wither and fade. We know them as realities that change their appearance at fixed periods; they belong to the poetic in Nature, and their souvenirs are connecting links that stretch from month to month and from year to year. It is when we enter the world of man that chimeras and illusions seem disturbing, menacing, afflicting, and deadly. Here, and here only, do things and people disturb and deceive. Delusions are fixed deceptions, but illusions are related to time, season, circumstance, health, social modes, and intellectual moods, antipathy or sympathy. While to the uncultured mind everything deludes, to the philosopher and poet everything is illusive in the sense that realities lie far hidden under the shifting lights and shadows of sight and sentiment, and only those who are possessed of the inner conception of truth can sift the gold from the glittering chaff. Through what seas must we wade before we wander back towards the mountain that separates two desolations!

The ambitious and fretful are harassed by that bitter cry: "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow"; for the poet knew the illusions of to-morrow would be the same in kind if not in degree, the same in substance if not in appearance, as those of to-day. The madding dream would go on, but the scenes would shift—the same drama with fresh incidents, the same theme with new subjects. It has to be conceded that to the ignorant and superstitious everything tricks and deludes; to them people and things are all so many mechanical deceptions, and genius itself is a device, the secret of which may be discovered and appropriated.

Happiness depends on being able to sift the things that glimmer and deceive from the things that are simple, real, and fixed. The habit of pessimism is assumed when we allow middle age to arrive and find us still under the domination of illusions springing from negative ideals, impossible ambitions, vain and impotent enthusiasms. The wise are those who know exactly the worth and duration of ephemeral joys and so prepare in advance for every onslaught of disillusionment. The pessimist takes the trivial and fleeting things of life as if they were intended to remain as perpetual realities instead of passing incidents, and he is apt to draw from reason and experience a stoical serenity which is often more sad than joyful and consoling. Goethe was more serene than Marcus Aurelius; Emerson more secure than Seneca; while anger and philosophical agitation prevented Carlyle from entering the precincts of perpetual magic. Indeed, this magic is more a state of being than a feeling of superiority; it implies a superior existence more than superior knowledge. It is not the will that acts, but life itself.

Just as the most dangerous illusions are those which give no hint of their chimerical nature, the serenity attained by a constant exercise of the will is the most wavering and insecure. In the manifold garden of life illusions are the butterflies and weeds, and serenity the flower that blooms the latest and lasts the longest.

FRANCIS GRIERSON.

THE COLOR SENSE IN TROUT.

A VERY pretty problem has been stated in "The Scotsman." One correspondent, fishing with a cast of three flies, had caught trout very rapidly on the middle fly, while the end fly and the upper dropper were ignored. The middle fly was a "black spider." Thinking that it might be even more attractive at the end of his cast, he put it there, and found cause for astonishment. The trout rose no more. The lure that had been so successful as a dropper was a failure as the tail fly. Thereupon another angler gave evidence. He had been using a cast of two flies: a teal-and-red at the end, and a woodcock-and-green dangling. "Two out of three fish were caught on the woodcock-and-green. Then I thought of changing the position of the flies, and did this. Result: woodcock-and-green same as before. What can we make of this?" There has been no answer. Evidently the problem is regarded as insoluble. Perhaps this unwonted agnosticism is attributable to the Editor of "The Scotsman," who either headed the correspondence "Color Sense in Fishes" or allowed it to retain that heading. It is not only the trout's sense of color that is in question. His sense of the behavior of insects also is involved. Flies that are in any respect like a lure with woodcock wings are flies that float inertly and never go against wind or stream. The insect represented by a "black spider" is of quite another habit. He runs about, with remarkable activity, on the surface of the water, and heeds neither stream nor storm. You shall see him, thus superior to the forces which control ordinary insects, if you look into any clean brook. Here we have a ready clue to the mystery with which the first correspondent posed the Editor and the public. A black spider at the end of a cast is not in the proper place. It will dip below the surface, acting as the real insect apparently never does; and it will have but a languid movement at the best. On the other hand, as a dropper, dangling when the rod and the line are drawn inwards, it will at moments have a motion very like that of the living creature. Naturally, therefore, the black spider should always be used as a dropper.

The testimony of the other angler is one of many evidences that the color sense of trout is exacting. It is at least as remarkable as the testimonies, intended to lead to the opposite conclusion, of Mr. Herbert Spencer and Sir Herbert Maxwell. Carrying into sport his scientific unwillingness to accept "received beliefs" unquestioningly, Mr. Spencer, it appears, made a bet with a farmer who had been saying that only those flies would be successful which in size and shape and color were appropriate to the water and to the time of the year. The farmer would fish with flies of that kind, bought at a tackle-shop; he, Mr. Spencer, would fish with flies busked by himself from feathers found in the farmer's poultry-yard. Well, it was a drawn match, the farmer and the philosopher catching trout to the same number; but that proves nothing at all. Mr. Spencer does not say that he made flies bigger than real insects, or smaller; and one may be pretty sure that he did his best to have them shapely. Rather slyly, he leaves us to infer that the colors must have been ridiculous; but in that regard we take leave to adopt his habit of scepticism. Domestic cocks and hens and ducks and drakes present a very wide choice of hues. They would afford material for quite presentable March Browns, black hackles, red hackles, and duns of many shades. Realising this, and remembering that there are nearly always duns in or on any water at any time of the season, and that the wingless red hackle or black hackle is often a wonderful lure, one inclines to think that Mr. Spencer must have been smiling inwardly as he tampered with the faith of that simple farmer. The evidence proffered by Sir Herbert Maxwell is not very much more weighty. It is to the effect that, being in doubt as to whether fish had any acute sense of color, he had some Mayflies dyed blue and some others dyed scarlet, and that he made a heavy basket by means of these seemingly outrageous lures. What of that? The real Mayfly is not invariably of a pale yellow delicately tinged with green. It has a great variety of hues. On some parts of the Wey this

summer it was a sooty black. Can one wonder, then, that the trout, in regard to the Mayfly, are not always particular to a shade? That insect has some quality which puts the fish into a state of rash excitement almost indistinguishable from madness. Their habits at that time are not reasonably to be taken as indicating the nature and the state of their senses at ordinary times.

At these times it becomes manifest, after sufficient experience, not only that the coloring of a lure is important, but also that it is as much so even as shape or size. At this stage of our discourse it is necessary to discriminate. Ordinary times are not all times of the same kind. An angler who was out upon a water practically every day for a whole season made an important discovery. It was that, whilst trout are almost always in a rising humor for a few weeks at the beginning of the season and for a few weeks at the end, there is a long period, from about the middle of April through the summer, during which they cannot be expected to rise freely, except at and after nightfall, on more than one in twenty days. There cannot be any wonder, then, that most anglers, those who have a day on the water only now and then, and not always the day they would prefer, are habitually in a state of puzzlement over the phenomena of the sport. The chances are very much against their being out on a day when the fish are "really rising." It is certainly true that on the indifferent days it is not easy to discover that the trout have a preference for any pattern among the flies used. They sometimes seem to take one lure without more reluctance than they take another. This fact, however, is susceptible of more than one interpretation. The ordinary understanding of it is that the trout generally are not feeding; that only one here and there can be tempted or irritated; and that this exceptional fish takes any lure that comes over him, without minute regard to its appearance. That does not exhaust the possibilities of the case. As spring ripens and summer approaches, the patterns provided by Nature become more and more diverse. There are flies of only a few kinds on the water early in the season. After that there are flies of many kinds; the colors of the kinds are marvellously diverse; and usually, although there are several kinds on the water at the same time, it is only one kind that the trout want. It may even be, through some failure or delay of Nature, that the kind they want is not on the water. They are on the watch for it; but it has not come. Thus, in and about the high noon of the year the angler is much less likely than at other times to be using the exactly opportune fly. If he were, some even of the days which he finds indifferent would wear another complexion. As it is, luck occasionally leads him to put on the right fly, which, as has been mentioned, is sometimes a fly for which the fish are in vain looking to Nature; and then there is no doubt at all as to whether the trout can see correctly. That fly, and that alone, is what the fish are wanting. On the "really good day," the one in about twenty days, proof that trout have an exacting sense of color ceases to be circumstantial and becomes direct. You see the rises at some particular fly, which is abundant on the water; you catch a specimen and find a lure to match it; and, other things being equal, the weight of your basket will be in proportionate accord with the likeness of the lure to the living model.

Pictures of Trabel.

AN IMPRESSION OF FRIESLAND.

THE note of Friesland is a pleasant monotony. Apart from a few patches of uncultivated heath and woodland, the country is never false to itself. Experience only deepens and does not alter the first agreeable impression. The basis of the picture is a flat, vivid greenness, hedgeless and treeless, divided like a chessboard by ditches and waterways, and peopled only by colonies of cows. Add to this a dozen windmills, with their fantastic air of

activity, some scattered homesteads of the Frisian farmer, with house, barn, and cowshed all combined under one enormous pyramid of thatch or tile, and in the far distance a long line of trees bordering a road, and the church tower and green-embowered roofs that mark a village. The scene is washed by the pure, bright Northern air, and over-arched by the incomparable dome of sky and cloud that only the low countries can show. Go where you will in the province, that is Friesland.

Through this country you may travel for days by little untidy steamboats, piled with miscellaneous merchandise, in which four deck stools constitute the first-class deck, and the skipper is indistinguishable from the stoker. Now and again the boat is casually bumped against a bank, and a barrel rolled off in the middle of the greenness, or you call at a village, where the brightly painted houses are reflected in the water, and pass beneath the picturesque drawbridge that carries the high road. Towards the end of the day, when friendly relations have been established between the saloon deck and the crew, you may see the English passenger entrusted with the steering unsupervised, while the captain and the stoker are rolling the cabin-boy up in a tarpaulin. The Dutch are a singularly placid race. The cabin-boy, at one of our stoppages, cast off from the bows when only half the cargo had been landed, and three men had to hold on hard to the rail while the process was being completed. The boy said the equivalent of "Dear me!" and walked aft, his hands in his pockets, entirely unconcerned. Nobody upbraided him. Again, our boat, carelessly handled (not by the amateur steersman), cannoned heavily into a barge outside a lock, and apparently the only emotion of the bargee was one of thankfulness that we had not cut him down. Such an opportunity for an exchange of sarcasms would hardly have been lost in England.

So the day passes. You take up and set down a succession of peasants, the men light-haired and blue-eyed, bandying pleasantries with the crew, the women in dress of sober black, their heads encircled by the close-fitting Frisian "capsel" of gleaming gold, overlaid with lace, and with, too often, a modern black bonnet set incongruously atop. All day long the waterways are full of traffic; far more than the roads they are the highways of the country. Great barges are passing to and fro, their brown sails extended to the wind and blocking half the fairway, steamers large and small, and rowboats piled high with hay, or laden with the farmer's milk-cans.

In fine, warm weather there is no pleasanter—and certainly no lazier—way of seeing Friesland. The only strenuousness comes at the end of the day, when, after dinner, with the aid of a Dutch Bradshaw and a local broadsheet, which disagree with one another, you strive to construct your programme for the morrow; for the little steamboats are entirely un-co-ordinated, they would scorn to sail at the same hour on two consecutive days of the week, and Bradshaw gives you nothing but a departure time, and abbreviates to the verge of unintelligibility. It is an undertaking comparable to that of planning a tour through an English countryside by the carrier's carts that radiate from country towns.

It is not the least advantage of this method of journeying that it brings you into the cities by their most attractive entrance. Compared with railway travel it is like going into a house by the drive instead of the ash-pit. One will not easily forget the view under the friendly evening light of the long waterways lined with barges, the picturesque waterside houses, and at the end of the vista the spires of a sixteenth century water gate. Your hotel must be very bad and the town very dull, if you take against it after such an introduction as this. But the towns never are, to my thinking, uninteresting. Whether there are any show-buildings to see or not, there are always canals through the streets, always a gaily

decorated Stadthuis of the early renaissance, and, towering above the secular buildings, a huge church, impressively plain, of old red brick.

The smallest and one of the most interesting of the towns is Hindeloopen. It has a Stadthuis and a burgo-master, so I suppose it must be a town, otherwise one would call it a village. Once it had prosperity and an oversea trade, and in those happier days there was a peculiar Hindelooper costume, and the houses were famous for old carved oak, Delft tiles, and painted wood. Now the costume is abandoned, and since old furniture has become fashionable the household treasures of the town have been dispersed through Holland. Relics, however, still remain; if you go, as you certainly should, to the "Bonds Hotel" in search of tea, you will find in your host a diligent collector of the local antiquities. He takes you round his rooms furnished in the old-fashioned way, and filled with curiosities, ironing-boards, sledges, china, dresses, old prints, photographs of the historic occasion when the Queen stopped for seven minutes at the station, and he and his friends dressed up in the old costumes for her edification. All these things he descants on with a wealth of knowledge and an obstinate refusal to be hurried. He would scorn to talk to you in anything but English, which he uses with fluency and imagination. Taking you into the more elaborately furnished room, he says: "If you com to stay here, and you like me very much, den I shall say to you will you sit here in de efening; but if you do not like me, den when you ask me for a sitting-room, I shall say" (shrugging his shoulders) "I am sorry I haf not one." You should certainly see his collection, but do not imagine that you can do so in less than half-an-hour, for the force is not invented that can hurry the proprietor's exposition.

A week is, perhaps, hardly enough to entitle one to generalise on the Frisian character. With the children curiosity seems to overmaster every other characteristic. If you turn round suddenly in your walk through a street, you will find yourself followed by a wide-mouthed crowd of them, solemnly studying you, and whenever you take out a camera your foreground is instantly peopled with the infant inhabitants of the town. But they are not so terrible as they seem. If they have begun to learn English at school, they like to display it. "I spik Engleesh," they say, or, "It is vairy dear," if they see you looking into a shop. In Harlingen, however, where a maritime population has perhaps corrupted manners, the formula was, "Haf you a matchbox for me?"

It was in Harlingen that I saw an entertaining little marriage ceremony. There had been a great wedding, and the town and the shipping were decorated with flags. As I was strolling through the town I saw a little procession of a dozen children or so, the boys carrying the national flag and wearing streamers of orange, the girls with wreaths of flowers on their heads. Singing a song the words of which I could not catch, they marched along attracting apparently no sort of attention, and presently stopped before a house door still singing. The door opened, and a man, frock-coated, white-tied, and button-holed, with best man written large all over him, appeared and distributed some gift to the little serenaders. I could not see what it was, but I think it was in a form not easily divisible, for as I turned the corner the company was engaged in something very like dissension in the street.

Among the men and women there is the same curiosity, but with it a great desire to be of service. If you ask one of them the way he insists on going with you to show you. He takes you to the door, rings the bell, and sees that you go in. More than that, if he meets you afterwards in the street, he directs you once more to make sure. He regards it as a sort of reflection on the service he has done you that, having gone in, you should afterwards come out again. One annoying habit he has, of which it is impossible to break him; the moment he hears you speak, "Ah," he says, "I perceive you are an American."

K. E. T. W.

The Drama.

AMERICAN SERIOUSNESS AND ENGLISH HUMOR.

MR. WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY is one of the most original and remarkable of living American poets. His parable of the age of mechanism, entitled "The Brute," and his anti-Imperialist "Ode in Time of Hesitation," are very noble pieces of work; somewhat in the vein, respectively, of Mr. Kipling and Mr. William Watson, but with a note which is all the poet's own. Moreover, he has written a play, "The Faith Healer," which, though not quite successfully worked out, contains some scenes of extraordinary power and impressiveness. I sincerely regret, then, that I cannot bring myself to relish "The Great Divide," a play which took the American critics by storm, and seems to have been received with general favor by my colleagues on this side of the water. I saw it two years ago in New York, in the flush of its first success, when it was being hailed on all hands as the long-looked-for "great American play." Distrusting my first unfavorable impression, I went to see it again, with no better result. And now I have seen it a third time, at the Adelphi, and still it touches no responsive chord in my hardened bosom. Not that I actively dislike the play—there is nothing to dislike about it. The trouble simply is that, with the best will in the world, I cannot find it moving or even interesting. It is difficult to account for a negative sensation, or lack of sensation; but a brief analysis may help to elucidate the case.

Philip Jordan, of Milford Corner, Massachusetts, has come out to Southern Arizona to retrieve the fortunes of his family, and his sister, Ruth, has accompanied him as housekeeper. Stress is laid in the first act on her New England upbringing, as well as on the fascination which the wild nature and untrammelled life of Arizona exert upon her spirit. A young doctor who has known her from childhood is in love with her; but she is quite heart-whole and laughs off his suit. It is indicated that in her secret soul she finds him too civilised and tame, dreaming rather of some rugged, "unfinished," primitive mate, of a piece with the titanic nature which has laid its spell on her. There comes a night when, owing to a combination of untoward circumstances, she has to be left alone at her brother's ranch. In a highly effective melodramatic scene, the house is invaded by three drunken and brutal desperadoes, two Americans and a half-caste Mexican, or "greaser." They propose to cast dice for the possession of their prey; but she appeals to one of them, who seems to be of milder mood, to save her from the other two, promising that if he does she will marry him. Stephen Ghent—that is his name—is more or less moved and sobered by her appeal. He buys off the "greaser" with a chain of nuggets, and he fights a duel with the other ruffian, whom he apparently leaves dying on the field of battle. Then, in a very high-minded way, he places a loaded revolver within Ruth's reach, thus giving her a chance to get out of her promise by shooting either herself or him. She resists both temptations, and, having bound up a wound he received in the duel, rides away with him into the moonlit night.

As a series of thrilling incidents this act is undoubtedly effective. But here, unfortunately, the thrilling incidents come to an end, and the remaining acts are devoted entirely to discussions, recriminations, and agonies of soul, which all move, with dreary deliberation, towards a clearly foreseen event. The truth is, I think, that Mr. Moody has failed to provide any adequate obstacle between his hero and heroine. He has been at such pains from the first to make his happy ending seem possible that he has made it seem inevitable and tediously delayed. Long before the end of the first act, it is manifest that Stephen Ghent is precisely the rough diamond for whom Ruth is waiting, and that the author's task must henceforth be simply to postpone her recognition of the fact. In most of the plays—and they are legion—which deal with substantially the same

theme, the lady has some rooted social prejudice to overcome before she can fall into the arms of her uncouth, but noble-hearted, husband. But Mr. Moody has been careful to assure us in advance that Ruth is quite above such prejudices. He has been careful to show that she is perfectly free to bestow her heart wherever she pleases. What, then, is to prevent her from discovering, as soon as the first shock of the midnight adventure is over, that Stephen Ghent is the very man for whom she has been vaguely yearning?

Mr. Moody has evidently foreseen this criticism, and has made an endeavor to meet it. The second act takes place several months later, at Stephen Ghent's house in the neighborhood of a very rich mining claim which is rapidly making him a millionaire. He is an entirely reformed character, a little lacking in outward polish of manner, but tenderly devoted to his exceedingly gloomy and unresponsive wife. Why is she so gloomy and unresponsive? Well, it is a disagreeable story. It appears that when they rode away together in the moonlight, they went straight to San Jacinto, and were there duly married. Then they set off across the great desert, camping out at nights. It was a journey quite suited to Ruth's hankings after a free, wild life; and Stephen treated her with a "beautiful, rude chivalry" which was rapidly softening her heart towards him. In short, there was every danger that the play might have had to go without a second and third act; when, fortunately, Stephen Ghent got drunk one night, invaded her tent, and behaved with a conspicuous absence of chivalry, which opened a new and seemingly impassable gulf between them. Now, I am far from saying that this is an unnatural incident dragged into the story merely to lengthen it out. But I do say that the problem it presents to us is unpleasant without being interesting. Stephen's lapse is a most unhappy one, certainly; but as the two are manifestly made for each other, and as there is clearly no danger of any further breach in his rude chivalry, the question how long Ruth can postpone the inevitable forgiveness and reconciliation leaves me exceedingly cold. Nor do her methods of eking out her grievance greatly commend themselves to me. A remark made by the "greaser" in the first act rankles in her mind. When Stephen offered the half-breed money to relinquish his claim to Ruth, he replied that "a dirt-eating Majadé would have paid more for his squaw"—and this she cannot forget. She does forget that, after all, Stephen risked his life to protect her from the other ruffian, and that he even showed improbable magnanimity in offering her a means of escape from her bargain with him. But the chain of nuggets given to the greaser seems to her a symbol of degrading enslavement, and she devotes herself to weaving baskets and selling them (as her brother puts it) in "a public caravanseraí," in order to buy back the chain, and fling it, metaphorically, in her husband's face. Then she goes to her home in Massachusetts, and gives birth to a child, which she detests. So she glooms and sulks for several months, until Stephen, having followed her eastward, finds an opportunity of talking things over with her, which, of course, brings about the desired reconciliation. We gather that her long recalcitrancy was the fault of the Pilgrim Fathers, whose spirit, being strong within her, made her feel that both she and Stephen must "cleanse themselves by suffering and sacrifice." But Stephen, she now sees, has chosen the better part; for he "has taken all the good in their life and grown strong, while she has taken all the evil and grown weak, weak unto death." This, it appears, is the thought and the language of New England. In Old England we put it more briefly, and say that it's wise to make the best of things. A sound maxim, but scarcely worth elaborating in three acts.

It is impossible, I fear, to acquit Mr. Moody's heroine of a sort of moral pretentiousness. The author, no doubt, is partly conscious of it; but he allows it to expatiate and agonise at tedious length. In the second act, when someone asks Ruth how long she has known her husband, she replies, "For all my life and aeons

before!" I am not indisposed to believe that this is the way young ladies talk in Milford Corners, Massachusetts; but to all appearance the author intends the remark to appeal to our sympathies and not our sense of humor. For my part, I cannot take it seriously. After the first act, in which her adventure was certainly a nerve-shattering one, I cannot take Miss Ruth Jordan seriously at all. There are, in fact, two plays in "The Great Divide." The one is the story of a romantic marriage, of a type not uncommon, it would seem, in semi-barbarous society. The other is a problem play turning on the unattractive question whether a single act of brutality on the part of a drunken husband ought to be held so unpardonable as to break up a union which otherwise promises to be quite satisfactory. This is a point on which I do not feel it an imperative duty to make up my mind. There is no moral principle involved. We have all to get over a certain amount of ugly experience, of grotesque accident, in life; and whether two lives should or should not be irretrievably ruined by such an accident is simply a question of the amount of ugliness which a given temperament can, or can not, digest and dismiss.

American experience, however, has shown that popular audiences are much impressed by the combined picturesqueness and moral earnestness of "The Great Divide"; and that experience may possibly repeat itself here. Mr. Henry Miller gives a ruggedly impressive rendering of Stephen, and Miss Wynne Matthison is both forcible and pathetic as Ruth. The mounting is very complete, the scene of the second act, on a tableland overlooking a great canyon in the Sierras, being unusually effective.

If you want two hours of honest, irresistible fun, never degenerating into mere buffoonery, go and see Mr. Anstey's "Brass Bottle" at the Vaudeville. Mr. Anstey is a master of fantastic embarrassments, and this is, perhaps, his happiest invention in that line. The idea of transporting into modern life a genie from the Arabian Nights seems simple and even obvious; but though many people have nearly hit on it before (in pantomime if nowhere else) it has been reserved for Mr. Anstey to seize it and develop it to the full. Unpretending as his play is, it is full of real ingenuity. Especially remarkable is the way in which he escapes the danger of a flat and commonplace last act by the happy invention of making Pringle the only member of the group (except Ventimore himself) from whose memory the strange events of the past twenty-four hours have not been expunged. By this means Mr. Anstey secures a last act, after the genie is safe in his bottle again, which is quite as entertaining as any of the scenes in which his power is so inopportunistically displayed. The piece is capitally acted by Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. Holman Clark, Mr. Rudge Harding, and Mr. Laurence Gros-smith. It amply deserves the immediate success which it seems to have achieved.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Letters to the Editor.

CITIZEN RIGHTS AND CITIZEN DUTIES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow me to call attention to a point in the discussion upon women's suffrage which does not seem to have been touched yet in your columns?

Advocates of the movement generally assume that the majority of women are as fully qualified as men by the practice of citizen duties for the exercise of complete citizen rights. We assume that most women, like most men, are "active citizens"—that is, self-supporting or economically independent—and careful to exercise all such powers of citizenship as they possess. But is this the case? And does not this question affect the expediency, though not the abstract justice, of the extension of the franchise to women?

The practical bearing of the matter will be cleared if I may quote the words of a friend from Finland on the

subject. Your readers will remember that, in this small, but progressive, country, women's suffrage in its fullest sense has been tried for nearly three years, and has proved an unqualified success.

We were speaking of the Suffragist movement in England, and after I had been—no doubt—extremely eloquent, my friend said quietly: "Yes, but are the majority of your women quite serious about it?"

"I know," she continued, "that a minority of Englishwomen desire the suffrage ardently, and work for it by all means, fair or unfair, in their power. But can you show me that the majority are really prepared for this inevitable future extension of the franchise, or are preparing themselves for it in any adequate way?"

"How far do you think the women of England are fulfilling those citizen duties which are the forerunners of the rights of citizenship? We hold here that the first of these duties is to be self-supporting or economically independent; and the second is, to use all available means (municipal or philanthropic if others are forbidden) to forward the welfare of other citizens.

"Of course, the women of your laboring classes are self-supporting, and you have many splendid examples of citizen work among the women of your middle and upper classes. But can you tell me that self-support, or economic independence, combined with public service, is the ideal of your proletariat or your bourgeoisie? Does not the working woman look forward to keeping a little servant, and living idly, or 'like a lady,' as she would say? Do not your daughters of the bourgeoisie usually regard marriage as a happy escape from a self-supporting life? Do the women of your leisured classes generally enter the professions unless they are obliged? Do not some of your women merely pass from the guardianship of their parents into the guardianship of their husbands, being practically minors all their lives? Can you call such women independent citizens, demanding and deserving citizen rights?"

"To be sure, the property basis of your suffrage would hinder some such dependent women from being enfranchised. Others of them would obtain their vote by arrangement; but the holding of a £10 lodger qualification will not make a responsible citizen when the whole previous life-training has been towards irresponsibility and indifference. . . . No; until I hear of a very general and widespread movement for the practice of citizen duties, all this talk of citizen rights will not convince me that your Englishwomen seriously want the vote, and are prepared to use it when it comes."

Now these are the necessarily hard strictures of a little country, whose ideal is work and progress, upon a large and incoherent society with many ideals, the most popular of which is, I fear, wealth and leisure. It also seems to me that my Finnish friend was going near to that world-old fallacy that the suffrage is a kind of reward for good citizenship, intelligence, and so on, not the elementary protection and right of every dweller in a State whose taxes he pays, and to whose laws he is subject. But I think she has indicated a point on which the feminist movement in England is weak. So far as I know, the Women's Local Government Society is the only organisation for encouraging women to undertake public service; and there is no body, I believe, which makes propaganda for the development of active citizenship among women of the more leisured classes, that is, which keeps before them the duty and benefit of self-support or economic independence.

The great majority of our English electorate are workers; can we wonder if they are in no hurry to extend the franchise to a class, many of whom are still not unwilling to lead idle and dependent lives?

The useful careers of those numbers of women who are already active and responsible citizens prove sufficiently that it is not incapacity which hinders their sisters from following them, but that lethargy of a nation not quickly hospitable to ideas, and obsessed with material ease. Also, it is much simpler to clamor, or acquiesce in the clamor, for certain rights than to prove that the granting of them is not only just, but expedient, natural, obvious, by the fullest performance of all duties that have any relation to these rights.

The situation is naturally easier to resolve in Finland (and perhaps in all Scandinavia) where women of the leisured classes work for their living like others, as a matter

of course, and where marriage does not mean the end of a woman's business or professional career. (Here we tend to regard marriage as a profession in so far as it eliminates others; yet the care of the home and the future race is too often entered upon without training or forethought as a piece of unskilled labor.) But different though circumstances are, it is worth while for the advocates of women's suffrage here to cast a glance at the history of the movement in Finland, and the causes which made its success there a foregone conclusion.

Nearly fifteen years ago, before the great strike and the new Constitution, before the era of active Russian tyranny even, the women of Finland stood, socially and economically, not very far from where they stand now. The vast majority of them in all classes were self-supporting or independent, they had access to many trades and professions, and they were noticeable for the ready fulfilment of all such social and philanthropic tasks as came within their reach, then as now. There was a strong suffrage movement, but the women did not confine themselves to this: they shared in all efforts for the general extension of the franchise and reform of the representative system. Presently the political situation became acute, and, for the seven years and more during which the Constitution was suspended, the women of Finland did yeoman service for their country, making propaganda, educating the people, and risking all dangers in the cause of freedom. They made no bargains with the party of progress, nor did they threaten to withdraw their support because women's suffrage was not one of the foremost items in the programme: they worked quietly and solidly and magnificently for the common cause. Therefore, when the great strike came, when, by a marvellous combination of good luck, swiftness, and daring, Finland won back her liberty, full electoral rights were most frankly and unanimously granted to those who had proved so well that they understood what citizenship meant.

"To get the vote is a small affair," said a woman Member of Parliament to me, "but to learn to use it is something more. We wish, now and then, that our electorate had had a little more time to prepare for the full responsibilities thrust upon it. Ten years, in which we had been free to teach the duties of citizenship in every school and market-place to the new generation, would scarcely have been too much. We envy you, who have ample time and ease, and full access to the people, so that you can make every man and woman feel their responsibility towards the State—if you will. The voter is born, certainly, but the intelligent voter is made. Educate, educate, educate—that is the first and last word of public service."—Yours, &c.,

ROSALIND TRAVERS.

Tortington House, Arundel, Sussex,
September 23rd, 1909.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I think many constitutional Suffragists will feel disappointment and indignation at the line that you have seen fit to adopt of late towards the question of women's enfranchisement. This line is so well illustrated by the article in your issue of the 25th that I shall be grateful if you will allow a constitutional Suffragist of some twenty years' standing to explain how, in our view, you and those who hold with you (and they are, we regretfully recognise, not an "honorable minority") are increasing disorder by ignoring all except disorderly work and by misrepresenting the facts of the situation.

Your article begins by asking "the general body of women Suffragists to pause and consider before they give their leaders full authority to pursue the tactics of violence which, &c. . ." Such language is, I say, a most unworthy slight on the general body of women Suffragists who do not need to be adjured to pause and consider before they adopt a policy which they have never advocated, and who resent keenly having foisted upon them "leaders" whom they have never chosen.

That you yourself were awakened to this great question by the action of the W.S.P.U. is apparent by the fact that you actually allude to the agitation for the vote as a "five-

year-old agitation." Sir, the society of which I have the honor to be hon. secretary was founded in 1867, and has never ceased work, and it was from that society that Mrs. Pankhurst seceded, sickened by hope deferred. We hold hundreds of meetings in the year, and several of our members have addressed as many as 50,000 people within twelve months. We can pack the largest halls everywhere, and we are only one of some 160 societies within the National Union. But our propaganda is ignored by a Press which, with the honorable exceptions of the "Manchester Guardian" and the "Daily News," is only interested in sensationalism, and by a Government which finds it convenient to class all women Suffragists as "disorderly."

You say that the election of 1906 yielded us a majority of votes in the House. This is a well-known fact, in spite of the constantly repeated statement that the Government had no mandate. Women were so foolish as to suppose that these men would redeem their pledge. If they were, as you say, "careless and unthinking," the fault and the provocation lie with them. Women were neither careless nor unthinking in their righteous claim, and they do right to resent being treated with irresponsible levity. We "trusted" the members: we are still being asked to "trust" them.

As for your statement that these pledges were for some kind of Suffrage Bill "on democratic lines," you will find it difficult to substantiate this. It is impossible to know what is in a man's heart when he makes a promise to a woman, but the terms we asked and to which the "favorable" M.P.'s pledged themselves were the "same terms as men." There was no mention of "democratic lines." * * *

I am afraid of being too long, but I would like to ask you, sir, to consider whether there are not more than the militants who are going on wrong courses "because they do not know how to draw back." The militants, having committed themselves to the fatal policy of letting wrong breed wrong, will probably not recede. But is this a policy that you—a great Liberal journal—that a Government, responsible to the nation (a nation of women as well as men) can pursue? Is it a policy at all? Are you seriously going to maintain that a Prime Minister should, in your own words, allow himself to be "frightened, harassed, bored, and exasperated" by "wild girls excited by a vehement propaganda" organised by a small and absolutely autocratic body, with large sums of money at its disposal, to the pitch of utterly ignoring the enormous body of sane, hard-working, honest women who desire their enfranchisement and who, by every lawful means in their power, are endeavoring to make their claim heard through the hubbub which the Press is making about the militants?

You say our friends can "only leave it to women to put themselves right with the world." What have we—all the millions of women outside the W.S.P.U.—done to put ourselves wrong? What monstrous pre-judgment is this? If you refuse to help us in this great struggle for freedom, you will have ranged yourselves with those forces of reaction, which are the strongest of the forces of disorder. Men have the power, the vote, the Press, the position, the money, the law, and the judges—all, all is theirs—and you propose that they should leave us to fight alone our bitter battle to its bitter end. O! for a Liberal once more—a real one!—Yours, &c.,

H. M. SWANWICK,

Hon. Sec. North of England Society for Women's Suffrage.
85, Deansgate Arcade, Manchester.
September 25th, 1909.

[We had thought that the main purport of our article was open to no misconception. We are well aware of the long decades of laborious spade-work done by the older Women's Suffrage societies, and of the large following which the less sensational methods have attained. The object of our article was to appeal to this orderly organisation of suffragists to bring their fullest influence to bear upon the militants so as to prevent the wreckage of their cause. It may be that they have no such influence as we suggest, or that they have already fully employed it and failed, but in any such event we cannot understand why our well-meant appeal to them should arouse such bitter expostulations. As to the other point in Mrs. Swanwick's letter, she completely misrepresents what we said and meant. We did not say

that the Government or the Prime Minister "should" allow themselves to be so exasperated by militant methods as to ignore the justice of the issue or the reasonable claims of the main body of suffragists. We merely registered our judgment upon the question of the practical efficacy of these frantic tactics, maintaining that in point of fact such methods would generate an obstinate refusal in the general body of Liberals or Tories. We do not approve this effect; on the contrary, we deplore it, but we recognise it as belonging to human nature in politics.—ED., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Like yourself, I am always opposed to the use of violence, until there is no chance for freedom left except rebellion against tyranny.

But before you condemn the violence of women who are demanding the political rights usual in this country, you might remember the extreme provocation under which they have acted. Two generations of women tried the most reasonable and conciliatory means; they made little progress, and in 1894 and the following years their cause was distinctly set back. Members of the present movement began by asking perfectly fair and reasonable questions—often in writing; but their questions remained unread or unanswered, and if they repeated them, they were flung out of the meeting. Since then they have been exposed to every kind of individual and organised outrage at the hands of Liberal stewards and mobs. I need not repeat what shame, violence, and bodily injury they have suffered, and yet hardly a man among their most savage assailants has been arrested by the police or sentenced by a magistrate. If, as you insist, they are to be condemned for the violence of the last two or three weeks, let us have some condemnation of the violence on the other side as well. It has run for two or three years.

You say that the election of 1906 yielded a majority of votes—"for the most part a careless and unthinking majority"—for some kind of a Suffrage Bill, and you ask where is that majority now? I do not suppose the suffragists care very much where a careless and unthinking majority is, but I imagine that the members of it joined the other gentlemen of the House of Commons in the laughter which greeted Mr. Masterman's description of the compulsory feeding of suffragists in gaol, and was renewed at Mr. Keir Hardie's protest against that horrible outrage.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

4, Downside Crescent, Hampstead, N.W.

September 30th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you, of your courtesy, allow me to point out that when you call the woman suffrage movement "a five-year-old agitation for securing the Parliamentary vote to some women," you are concisely stating the case for militant action? For upwards of forty years women, whose very names were a guarantee of what you call a "capacity to act with discretion in public life," I mean such women as Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Wolstenholme Elmy, Miss Emily Davies, and many others, carried on just such a peaceable, reasonable, seemly agitation for the enfranchisement of women as you now call upon the militant suffragists to adopt in place of their more forcible tactics. But of all this half-a-century of work, not a word in your article of this week's issue! And if this eminently praiseworthy campaign of last century had not been reinforced by the five-year-old agitation that you deplore, it is safe to say that there would not have been a word of any kind about woman suffrage in your paper to-day.

Further, if it is true, as you say, that the members who pledged themselves in favor of woman suffrage at the last General Election constituted a "careless and unthinking majority," then you bring a serious charge against a body of gentlemen, the majority of them Liberal gentlemen, who under the existing constitution of this country are supposed to have in their honorable keeping the care of the women's interests. If their alleged support of our movement was as false as you infer it to have been, then your indictment of it presents us with another argument for the woman's vote, since these gentlemen evidently regard pro-

misers made to voteless women as of no account—and with another argument for militant tactics, since any movement that has turned such support into open hostility should deserve the thanks of every genuine woman suffragist in the country.

May I further trespass upon your valuable space in order to point out that the primary object of the Women's Social and Political Union is not to prove the capacity of women for the vote. We consider that this has been sufficiently proved by the work women have done in the last half-century. We are fighting now for the final recognition of that capacity and that work. The Parliamentary vote is conferred upon men, not as a reward for good conduct, but as a constitutional right dependent upon certain definite qualifications. We demand it for the women who possess those qualifications.—Yours, &c.,

EVELYN SHARP.

15, Mount Carmel Chambers,
Duke's Lane, Kensington, W.
September 29th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your article on "Tactics of Violence" appeals to "the general body of women suffragists" to procure a cessation of these tactics. May I point out that by speaking of the leaders of the Women's Social and Political Union as if they were the only leaders of the whole body of suffragists, and by referring to the suffragist movement as "this five-year-old agitation," you bring home to peaceful, law-abiding suffragists like myself the futility of those womanly, educational, constitutional methods which alone are sanctioned by politicians. After long years of patient labor, we find ourselves apparently counting for nothing in practical politics!

Both before and during the present campaign of violence, the Prime Minister has steadily refused to see *any* deputation of women suffragists, even of influential women whose record of work for his own party might at least have secured them a hearing.

Many women sincerely regret such happenings as those at Birmingham, but many also regret much more that tactics of violence should be able to claim any vestige of justification from the attitude to all women suffragists alike of a Liberal Government; and that, with a General Election at hand, women have no evidence whatever that the Government programme will contain the adoption, as a Liberal measure, of the great democratic principle of full citizen rights for women.—Yours, &c.,

(Mrs.) EMILY ASHTON.

Brighton, September 28th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is one reason why the constitutional Suffragists do not vigorously denounce the methods of the militants. To speak fairly on the subject, it would be necessary to denounce with equal vigor the methods of the Government; and the constitutional party do not wish to increase the bitterness of recrimination. It is far more important to ask, What is to be done now? The methods of the Government have led, as it was foretold they would lead, to an outbreak of fanaticism, hideous and ludicrous, as well as heroic and devoted. How is it to be cured? To those who believe in the justice of the demand, there can only be one answer. Strike at the root of the trouble: concede the just demand. Liberals seem afraid to do this, because of the bad moral effect that might be produced by the appearance of yielding to clamor and violence. But they forget that if the demand must be granted in the end, the later the yielding, the greater the clamor, the fiercer the violence, and the worse the moral effect. This is a point of the utmost importance. The Government are blind to it: it is for their tried supporters, it is for a paper such as THE NATION to open their eyes, to rouse the "will" in those "statesmen" who have "the power," and not to suffer them to "go on—as men and women go on in wrong courses—because they do not know how to draw back" (THE NATION, September 25th.).—Yours, &c.,

F. MELIAN STOWELL.

44, Westbourne Park Villas, W.
September 28th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In his letter Mr. Brailsford raises a point which needs to be emphasised. He reminds us that "Liberals cannot make the violence of some 'militant' methods an excuse for inaction." To that statement I would draw the attention of all those some-time supporters of the suffragists who have been turned aside by the new tactics.

The reminder is timely and most necessary, for the latest developments are calculated to inspire nothing but despairing disgust. The women are making it very hard for men to support them by their absurd attempts to throw all responsibility on to the Government as well as by their tactics. In fact their methods of verbal warfare seem to indicate that many women will, when once possessed of the vote, become unscrupulous jugglers with words to an extent that will put even the Yellow Press to shame. Speaking personally, I know of nothing calculated to raise in the mind so many doubts and questionings on the whole question of the suffrage as a careful study of that wild periodical, "Votes for Women."

It is our business, as Liberals, to rise above all this, and if we once believed, to believe still, in the face of the difficulties erected by the hysteria of a few. The change of opinion which you mention is not creditable to Liberals or to Liberalism, and one can only hope that those who have wavered or gone over to the other side will very speedily see their mistake and return, though the entire Pankhurst family are there to bar the way. If you would get Mr. H. W. Nevinston to write us another "Essay in Freedom" on the subject there might be some light in the dark places of many muddled minds.

And in the meantime, may I offer a possible solution of the difficulty to which Mr. Brailsford refers? Let the Government determine to make the establishing of the Referendum one of the first tasks of the next Parliament, and let it be announced that the question of the suffrage will be the first matter for which the Referendum when established will be used. The agitators would then realise that it was time to set to work to convert the mass of the voters to their cause, and to cease making hard the way of those who are already converted.—Yours, &c.,

HAROLD LAKE.

Manchester, September 26th, 1909.

DANTE'S SYSTEM OF MORALS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It seems that I have misunderstood the drift of a good deal of Mr. Reade's book and have done him incidental injustice, which I heartily regret. But the position I thought I had "demolished" was the position (which I took to be maintained in reference to Dante, though laid down with reference to Aristotle) that "injurious" sins must necessarily be committed "ex odio," and that in such cases the sinner "wills the crime because he knows that it will damage his neighbor"—the words are Mr. Reade's, but the italics are mine. It appears to me that in his letter Mr. Reade rather retreats from this position than defends it. My point was not that Jason was "intemperatus ex malitia," but that he was not "injuriosus ex odio."

As to Dante's *malizia* and Aristotle's *kakia* I must apologise. I wrote carelessly. What I ought to have said was that in my opinion the use of *malizia* both in line 22 and in line 82 of the eleventh Canto of the "Inferno" is to be explained (as I have attempted to show at length elsewhere) by reference to the Latin translations and mistranslations of Aristotle, *Eth. Nic. VII., 1, &c.*, where *kakia*, for which it stands, is taken in a larger sense to include *θηριότης*, as well as in a narrower sense to contrast with it. Mr. Reade, on the other hand, interprets the word by the results of an elaborate examination of the technical language of Aquinas. This was all I meant to say.—Yours, &c.,

P. H. W.

September 28th, 1909

"THE RELIGIOUS POLICY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I call the attention of your readers to a very important work: "The Religious Policy of the French Republic," by André Mater, which has recently appeared in France, and has been translated into English and published by Fisher Unwin. I was astonished not to see it in your interesting list of "Books to be Read." The real importance of the book lies in its semi-official character; it has been published by a Committee which includes the most distinguished professors of the Sorbonne and the Collège de France, men like D. Berthelot, E. Bourgeois, F. Buisson, L. Havet, G. Lanson, G. Leailles, G. Seignobos, &c., and writers like Anatole France and Octave Mirbeau. The aim of the committee is to defend abroad the religious policy of the French Republic. The book has been published in five languages simultaneously, French, English, German, Italian, Spanish. The review "Foi et Vie" calls it "the nearly official reply of Radical France to Reactionary France," and "the confession of new France."

M. André Mater's book is the work of a first-rate jurist, and it gives us quite impartially the history of the relations between Church and State in France since 1870. The book is crammed with facts, and shows us very minutely how it is that the Church is mainly responsible for the present state of affairs in France. By perpetually fighting for the past, for reactionary Absolutism against the Republic and the principles of 1789, she has alienated the majority of progressive Frenchmen from religion. Thanks to the Church, religion now only means to thousands of Frenchmen a reactionary attitude in politics. The fight against the Church has been for the Republic a question of life or death. "The anti-clericalism," says M. Mater, "which so many Englishmen judge intolerable, vulgar, and disproportionate, has no other cause than these clerical interventions in politics."

But the "Religious Policy of the French Republic" is not only remarkable as an exact history of the last thirty-five years in France. Its real significance lies in the distinction it makes between Roman Catholicism and religion (a distinction which the majority of Frenchmen do not make). M. André Mater declares very clearly that the anti-clerical movement has nothing to do with Atheism. The leaders of Anti-Clericalism, says he, "are afraid of Roman Catholicism, not because it is too Christian, but because it is not Christian enough, much too saturated with Pharisaism, with the vices begotten by the worship of riches and the love of power, and with the other blemishes that Jesus did not wish to sanctify like his so-called successors, but extirpate like so-called heretics and so-called demagogues, who were at most good Christians."

Further on he says, "France does not merit any more than any other nation the reproach of Atheism, but she wishes to pursue freely the divine ideal which Christianity, restored to youth by revolutions and religious, political, and social interpretations, has developed among civilised nations. Our anti-clericals and democrats, when they determine our country to repudiate all alliance with Rome, do not undertake an Atheistic (viz., materialist) work, but follow the need of idealism that has always animated the French, the tradition that has conferred on La France the title of 'Chaplain of Europe.'"

M. Mater even goes further. He acknowledges that what France suffers from is the defeat of the Reformation. "Comment la France souffre d'une réforme rentrée" is the title of one of his chapters.

No semi-official book has ever been so clear, so precise. It is perhaps the first time that such a confession is uttered by Radical France. No country can live long without a religion—above all, a democracy, where religion alone can give to each citizen a high sense of public duty, and give him the moral strength to work for the Commonwealth. Are the leaders of French anti-clericalism beginning to realise it?—Yours, &c.,

ANDRÉ DE BAVIER.

Chateau de Dully, Vaud, Switzerland,
September 21st, 1909.

[We are quite aware of M. Mater's exceptional qualifications for the work he has undertaken.—ED., NATION.]

PROFESSIONAL CONSUMERS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is many years since Clough wrote the lines—

"I have seen it observed by a writer of sense,
That the labouring classes could scarce live a day
If people like us didn't eat, drink, and pay;
So useful it is to have money, heigh ho!
So useful it is to have money."

Yet there is still a tendency to value very highly the services rendered to the community by professional consumers. Much genuine alarm appears to arise in the minds of some of our friends lest the spending-power of the rich should be diminished by taxation. They fear that this event, should it occur, would react unfavorably upon the trade of the country and consequently upon employment. Now this evil result could only be reached in two ways. Either the total demand must be decreased, or some part of the demand must be transferred from commodities which we can profitably produce to commodities which, for some reason, we cannot produce so profitably. Neither of these evils seems likely to result from the taxation of professional consumers. First, as the money collected by the State is not retained by the State, but is distributed by it among its employees and dependents, who spend it upon their necessities and luxuries, there can be no decrease in the total demand for commodities. Second, as the recipients of public funds are less wealthy than the classes upon whom the new taxes are to be levied, it is unlikely that the demand will be transferred to commodities which are less profitable to produce.

The first of these statements is self-evident; the second requires closer examination. In order to give stability to trade and employment, it is most desirable that demand should be inelastic—that is to say, that it should not be subject to violent fluctuations. This constant demand should, of course, be for something produced in this country or easily obtainable from a foreign country by a process of exchange.

The demand, for instance, for Russian wheat is one which may stimulate our manufactures of agricultural machinery almost as much as a direct demand for the latter materials; while, on the other hand, a demand for Neapolitan villas will not benefit British trade at all.

If these premises are admitted, then it follows that to transfer spending power from rich professional consumers to poor old age pensioners is to stimulate trade by transforming a violently fluctuating demand for luxuries into a constant demand for necessities or conventional necessities. Much of the temporary unemployment and distress is due to the uncertainty of the demand for luxuries, the changes of fashion, and of seasonal amusements. The same man cannot be employed upon yacht-building and motor construction, yet the demand of the wealthy may at any moment be transferred from the one to the other.

The demand for necessities, on the other hand, is so constant that even a considerable rise in prices is often unaccompanied by a decrease in demand.

May we not, then, have good hope that taxation tending to diminish inequalities in the distribution of wealth will also tend towards the greater stability of employment?—Yours, &c.,

HAROLD WRIGHT.

Fairmead, Sutton, Surrey,
September 28th, 1909.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your issue of the 18th inst. Mr. Joseph A. Leckie points out that an appeal to the country on the refusal of the Lords to pass the Budget could in no event assist the Liberal Party. If they were successful a long session would be required to pass the Finance Bill again through the House, and then probably the House of Lords would pass it or they might reject it again.

Mr. Leckie suggests that, instead of taking this course, the House of Commons should pass a resolution calling on the King to allow the Government to swamp the House of Lords.

It is, I think, quite clear that either the House of Lords must be destroyed as a legislative body or the Liberal

Party must go under. A mere resolution of the House of Commons would not, however, be sufficient. There must be a General Election on that issue. The House of Lords can only be destroyed by a House of Commons who have a mandate from the people to that effect.

Is it not clear, then, that what we should have is a General Election on the issue of the House of Lords, not on the Budget? In my view, the Premier should announce before the election that, in case of the success of the Liberals, his Government would not remain in office unless the King gave them power to swamp the Lords. At such an election the Budget would be, after all, the main issue, as its rejection would be the immediate *casus belli* against the Lords. The result of success on such an issue would be the end of the Lords. If his Majesty was not prepared to sacrifice the Lords, he would have no alternative but to call on the Leader of the Conservatives. Mr. Balfour could not carry on the Government without a majority in the Commons, and if he asked for and was granted another dissolution, the verdict would undoubtedly be more emphatic against the Lords, and, if so, would include a condemnation of the action of the King.

Should the appeal of Mr. Asquith to the people against the Lords result in defeat, it would be much better for the Liberal Party that they should be out of power and in fighting trim rather than in power but prevented by the Lords from placing reform legislation upon the Statute Book.

There may be many in the ranks of the Liberal Party who are not in favor of a single chamber. The destruction of the Lords would not in any way decide that question. No Liberal would, I assume, wish to have a second chamber such as the Lords would agree to. It is, therefore, necessary first to get rid of that body and then the House of Commons could provide for a representative second chamber.

I think those in touch with London electors will agree that, while they strongly support the Budget, their real interest at the present time lies in the prospect of getting into close quarters with the hereditary legislators. An opportunity such as is now presented may not arise again for fifty years, and it would be unpardonable for the Liberal Party to fail to take advantage of it.

Several members of the Government have recently stated that a General Election would probably have a bad effect on the House of Lords, and, doubtless, this will be the case, no matter how the fight is made. It is not enough to be satisfied with discrediting the Lords, we must destroy them, and destroy them now.

All the above arguments would apply just as strongly in favor of a General Election to be brought on by the Government in the event of the Lords, through dire fear of the consequences, passing the Finance Bill.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH MARTIN,

Prospective Liberal Candidate for East St. Pancras.
September 23rd, 1909.

Poetry.

NORA CRIONA.

I've looked him round, and looked him through,
Know everything that he will do
In such a case, and such a case:
And when a frown comes on his face
I docket it, and when a smile,
I trace its sources in a while.

He cannot do a thing but I
Peep and find the reason why.
For I love him, and I seek
Every evening in the week
To peep behind his frowning eye
With little query, little pry,
And make him, if a woman can,
Happier than any man.

. . . Yesterday he gripped her tight,
And cut her throat—and serve her right.

JAMES STEPHENS.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

MR. WALTER SICHEL'S "Life of Sheridan," already announced in these columns, is now almost ready for issue by Messrs. Constable. It contains an unusual proportion of hitherto unpublished material including a diary kept by Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, during the years 1788 and 1789. This establishes the fact that the Prince of Wales's famous "Letter to Mr. Pitt" was not composed by Burke, as has been long believed, but by Sheridan. There are also several letters by Sheridan's sister, Elizabeth, and a long correspondence written by Sheridan to the Duchess of Devonshire and to Lady Bessborough. Two of his poems will be printed for the first time, and there will be a full bibliography of his works, both published and unpublished. Altogether the biography promises to be a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of Sheridan's life both on its literary and political sides.

* * *

SOME interesting side-lights upon the English and Scottish history of the eighteenth century are promised in a book which the Duke of Argyll has compiled out of documents and letters in possession of his family. Among the contents are letters written by the Duke of Argyll during the years 1703-1706, treating of the negotiations for the Union, while there are also letters from the Duchess of Brunswick, George III.'s eldest sister; Dr. Moore, the author of "Zeluco," and father of the famous general; Lady Derby; Madame de Staël; and Andrew Stewart, the chief agent on the Duke of Hamilton's side in the Douglas Cause. The title of the book is "Intimate Society Letters of the Eighteenth Century," and it will be issued by Messrs. Stanley Paul.

* * *

A VOLUME of reminiscences by Lady Wake, the sister of Archbishop Tait, is announced by Messrs. Blackwood. The writer at first intended the "Reminiscences" to be merely a record of her brother's early life, but eventually they took a larger scope. Lady Wake lived in four reigns and witnessed the jubilee celebrations of two sovereigns, and as she never lost her interest in affairs, both public and private, the coming volume is sure to be rich in characteristic anecdotes. It deals at some length with Edinburgh society at the beginning of the nineteenth century, as well as with Paris in the time of the Revolution of 1830. Lady Wake's recollections of the latter event are said to be particularly vivid.

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MR. EDWARD THOMAS, whose book on "The South Country" was announced in these columns a couple of weeks ago, has also finished a volume of short stories which, under the title of "Rest and Unrest," will be published by Messrs. Duckworth. Mr. Thomas has not appeared before as a writer of fiction, but his qualities of style and observation augur success in this new departure.

* * *

RECENT history does not occupy the place in English historical study that it has won in France and Germany, but within the last few years two or three writers, notably Dr. Holland Rose, have done something to secure more serious attention for the subject. A book, "The New Europe, 1798-1889," by Mr. Reginald W. Jeffery, announced by Messrs. Constable, is likely to prove a useful contribution to the study of contemporary history. A feature of the work is the attention given to foreign statesmen, soldiers, and thinkers, who, as far as possible, are dealt with in separate biographical notes. There are also several diagrams intended to provide visual illustrations of such matters as the effects of the French Revolution in England, the rise and fall of Liberalism in Spain, the growth of United Italy, and the Eastern question. Mr. Jeffery has had the advice of Professor H. A. L. Fisher, Mr. C. T. Atkinson, Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, and other historical students in the preparation of his work.

* * *

THE fascination of the French Court seems to have taken firm hold of the popular mind in this country, if we are to judge from the seemingly endless flow of books which relate the histories of its leading personages. Among the

books of this class promised for the present season is "The Dauphines of France," by the writer who calls herself "Frank Hamel." Her subject has some claims to freshness, for although some of the Dauphines, such as Mary Stuart and Marie Antoinette, have been written about from almost every conceivable point of view, the long line which began with Jeanne de Bourbon and ended with Madame Royale, includes many whose careers, though not without their romance, are yet unfamiliar to most English readers.

* * *

A CALENDAR and description of "Tudor and Stuart Proclamations, 1485-1874," has just been completed by Mr. Robert Steele, and will be issued by the Clarendon Press. The work, which has been one of immense labor and research, will be indispensable to future students of the records of the period.

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A TRANSLATION from the Russian of Andreev's plays, "The Life of Man" and "Anathema," is to be made by Mr. Hermann Bernstein, who has already introduced some of Andreev's stories and essays to English readers. "Anathema" is to be produced in Moscow this month.

* * *

THE two most important travel books of the season will be Lieutenant Shackleton's "The Heart of the Antarctic," which Mr. Heinemann will have ready by November, and Dr. Sven Hedin's "Trans-Himalaya: Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet," a book giving a description of that explorer's adventurous journey during 1906, 1907, and 1908. It is to be issued through Messrs. Macmillan who have also in the press, "In the Grip of the Nyika: Further Adventures in British East Africa," by Colonel J. H. Patterson. Colonel Patterson's former volume, "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo," is by far the best book of adventures published during recent years.

* * *

"THE SMUGGLERS: PICTURESQUE CHAPTERS IN THE HISTORY OF AN ANCIENT INDUSTRY" is the engaging title of a book by Mr. Charles Harper which appears on Messrs. Chapman & Hall's list. Much has been written about the doings of these "free-traders," but little in the way of critical investigation into their doings has been accomplished. Mr. Harper's work rejects all that is merely legendary, but it is satisfactory to learn that the authentic residue which he presents "is at least as picturesque as the unauthentic yarns."

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THIS year "The Odd Volume," which will appear towards the middle of next month, takes a new departure. The editor, Mr. John G. Wilson, has been successful in his attempt to print nothing that had been previously published, and as the contributors number Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Mr. Owen Seaman, Mr. Francis Grierson, Mr. Henry Newbolt, Mr. Neil Munro, Mr. H. G. Wells, and a crowd of others, the National Book Trade Provident Society is likely to profit from its sale.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum (1515-1517)." The Latin text with an English rendering, by F. G. Stokes. (Chatto & Windus. 25s. net.)

"The French Procession." By Madame Mary Duclaux. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz." (Murray. 3 vols. 36s. net.)

"Mr. Pope: His Life and Times." By George Paston. (Hutchinson. 2 vols. 24s. net.)

"Francesco Petrarca, Poet and Humanist." By Maud F. Jerrold. (Dent. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Montaigne and Shakespeare." By John M. Robertson. (Enlarged edition. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Memorials of St. Paul's Cathedral." By the Ven. W. M. Sinclair. (Chapman & Hall. 16s. net.)

"Madame de Maintenon: Her Life and Times." By C. C. Dawson. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Darwinism and Modern Socialism." By F. W. Headley. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

"Ann Veronica: A Modern Love Story." By H. G. Wells. (Unwin. 6s.)

"Penguin Island." By Anatole France. (Lane. 6s.)

"Mémoires du Général Griois (1792-1822)." Avec Introduction et Notes par Arthur Chuquet. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. Tome Second. 7fr. 50.)

"Jadis et Aujourd'hui." Deuxième Série. Par Frédéric Masson. (Paris: Ollendorff. 3fr. 50.)

"Souffrir." Roman. Par J. Marni. (Paris: Juven. 3fr. 50.)

Reviews.

GARIBALDI AND THE THOUSAND.*

IN this volume Mr. Trevelyan tells the second part of the great and simple epic of the nineteenth century. He begins with Garibaldi the wanderer, the candlemaker, the sailor, nursing in all the privations of his desperate exile his one indissoluble dream; he ends with Garibaldi who has carried through "the loud length of storm" the charmed life of Italy's hope, the lord and master of Sicily's citadel. Of the manner in which Mr. Trevelyan has accomplished his task, we can only say that it will bear comparison with his earlier achievement. The book is a masterpiece of construction and exposition of narrative. It is written with the native dignity of Mr. Trevelyan's vivid style. The skein of events, often tangled and difficult, is unravelled with a skill that belongs only to the great masters of his art. His treatment of men in a drama where it is not easy always to be just to the claims and temptations of individuals is conspicuously fair and judicial. Dr. Johnson once replied when irritated by the extravagant compliments of an admirer: "Sir, be careful before you lavish your praise on me; remember how much it is worth." Mr. Trevelyan's admiration for his hero is of the quality that forbids any element of exaggeration; his style never loses its head; his enthusiasm, deep and ardent, is always under control; and he is too sincere and magnanimous to wish to add a touch to the great Garibaldi's romance by depriving a rival of his share in the credit. If Garibaldi is the centre of the book, the volume is a profoundly interesting study of the minds and characters of the other great men to whom Italy owes her existence.

The new volume takes up the tale of Garibaldi's life where the last volume had laid it down. The first years after the great retreat were spent in various adventures in Tangiers and America. For a time Garibaldi made his living as a candlemaker, but a happier fortune brought him back to his beloved sea, and he made two voyages in command of a sailing ship. It was in one of these voyages that he put into an island whose lonely loveliness haunted his memory and inspired him later to make his home in the solitude of Caprera. It was in another that he arrived in Newcastle and received a sword of honor from the working men of Tyneside. But in the spring of 1854 his exile, saddened by the death of his mother and the bitter echoes of the extinguished revolt of Milan, came to an end, and he returned to live first at Nice, and then in Caprera. This solitary island, off the rocky coast of Sardinia, which he shared with a strange Englishman and the descendants of a bandit of the Marlborough Wars, was an ideal home for him, near enough to nature for him to nurse his great spirit in dignity and seclusion; near enough to Italy for his sword to flash once more in the face of the tyrants as soon as his country was ready. That hour was fast approaching.

The key to the new developments of Italian politics is to be found in the alliance of Garibaldi, Cavour, and Victor Emmanuel. This strange combination produced combinations still stranger, for it led to the campaign in which Garibaldi and Napoleon the Third fought on the same side. On the constructive side this alliance was the work of Cavour, who brought Piedmont into partnership with the democrats on one side in 1856, with Napoleon on the other two years later. The democrats had been prompted to this wise policy of renunciation and concentration by Manin, who lived just long enough to give his splendid name to the new society, "The Italian National Society," which focussed these forces. Garibaldi's own decision, "the most important and the best political action of his long career," was, of course, the capital fact in this development. "When the world knew that the defender of the Roman Republic had, at the instigation of the defender of the Venetian Republic, accepted the principle of monarchy, all chance of further disruption in the Liberal ranks was removed, and the Italian patriots,

with a few important exceptions, were united under one flag." The Republicans and Piedmont joined forces to make Victor Emmanuel King of Italy and Sicily. It was a daring conspiracy in any case, and it was made the more difficult because the conspirators had to retain the confidence of Napoleon, their instrument for the expulsion of Austria in the North. Napoleon, whose Italian memories and sentimental ambitions defended his imagination from the Clericals and reactionaries who surrounded him, would still have been horrified as a Frenchman and a Catholic at the prospect of a unified Italy and a humbled Pope. At one moment it looked as if the whole design had been shattered by Orsini's bomb. When Cavour, already hard pressed between Napoleon's clamor for severity to political exiles and the demands of the democrats for liberal administration, heard of the work of that January evening in 1858, he wrung his hands, exclaiming: "If only this is not the work of Italians." When he learnt the truth, the great scheme which he had contrived with such ingenious and elaborate care seemed doomed to ruin. But by a strange turn of fortune this very catastrophe proved a blessing. The letter which Victor Emmanuel wrote to Napoleon "refusing to use violence in his kingdom," struck a chord of generous sympathy in the heart of that impressionable child of fancies and fears, and Napoleon, instead of stepping back, at last decided to step forward.

War was declared in April, 1859, and the brief campaign that followed ended abruptly, as all the world knows, with the peace of Villafranca. In that war it was the regular armies that played the decisive part, but Garibaldi's own campaign in the wooded mountains round Varese and Como was highly interesting and important. Garibaldi surrendered his red shirt to invade Lombardy as the ally of Napoleon. Cavour displayed an equally wise consideration in the spirit in which he organised the Garibaldian regiments. He designed that they should represent the national spirit and interest in the war begun by Piedmont and France, and he allowed Garibaldi to choose his own officers. The campaign showed that the Garibaldians were a match for the best Austrian soldiers, and it enabled Garibaldi to train the small force with which he was to enter on the second part of the national programme in the following year.

Mr. Trevelyan argues that Napoleon cannot be justly blamed for making peace after Solferino. His position, with Prussia ready to spring across the Rhine, and Russia growing more and more unfriendly on account of the revolutionary look of the proceedings in Tuscany and Romagna, was one of great and real danger. But the peace in which he found his escape from this peril provided for the restoration of the old Ducal and Papal despotisms in Tuscany, Modena, and the Romagna. Well might Cavour think that his great policy was blasted, and Garibaldi curse the French alliance and this infamous treaty. But Cavour's despair was for the moment only. He determined that the treaty should never be executed, and in two sentences he foretold the future. "England has done nothing yet for Italy; it is her turn now," and "I shall take Naples in hand." Those words describe the history of the next few months. Tuscany, Modena, and Romagna did not receive back their rulers; the grim restorations of 1815 were not repeated. For England's turn had come, and it was nobly taken. The General Election of May, 1859, had displaced the pro-Austrian Tories and returned the Triumvirate, Palmerston, John Russell, and Gladstone, who braved the displeasure of the Queen and Court, reversed the policy of England, and boldly gave the countenance and shelter of the British name to the resistance of the Italian peoples. It was a fortunate hour for the fame of England: it was a fortunate hour for Italy, who was thereby enabled to keep the Powers of Europe at bay and the petty rulers out of their kingdoms until Cavour, seizing his next opportunity, could buy Napoleon's consent to the annexation of Tuscany, Modena, and Romagna.

One part of the great programme was now completed, though completed at a heavy sacrifice. The more difficult part remained. How were the dominions of the Bourbons to be made part of Italy? Help from outside was essential if the Neapolitan armies were to be defeated: that had been proved by the brave, but vain, rebellions in Sicily. But if Cavour sent the armies of Piedmont to drive out the

* "Garibaldi and the Thousand." By G. M. Trevelyan, author of "Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic." Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.

Bourbons, Europe would intervene. There was therefore only one way of helping the Sicilian Revolution, and that was by irregular bands, and the only man in Italy who could lead such forces with any hope of success against the large and well equipped army of King Ferdinand was at the moment in Turin, having come to denounce the statesman and the treaty that had made Nice French and Garibaldi an alien. To this Garibaldi, angry, bitter, and bereaved, comes the news of the Sicilian rising, with its message of duty and glory, and, perhaps, the greatest chapter in his life begins. Garibaldi was not eager for any more escapades: he knew that the hour for demonstrations had gone by, and he was resolved not to attempt this great adventure unless the state of Sicily justified the hope of success. For some time the news trembled in the balance, and the preparations were suspended; but at last Crispi contrived to put before Garibaldi evidence, acquired or manufactured, that the rising had not been finally extinguished, and on the 30th of April, the anniversary of one of his victories, Garibaldi decided to go. Genoa was humming as the *Peiræus* had hummed two thousand years earlier with the busy haste of an expedition to Sicily. But the expedition that was launched by stealth at midnight in the name of freedom, was very different from the expedition that had been launched in the noonday with the pomp and ritual of religion and ceremony, in the name of conquest. It was but two ships and a thousand men that Garibaldi took out of harbor on that night in May, while all Europe, except England, was storming at Piedmont, and Cavour and Victor Emmanuel were discussing for the last time, at a hurried meeting at Bologna, whether they should let Garibaldi go.

The rest of Mr. Trevelyan's book describes the wonders of that descent and invasion, in which every step from the disembarking at Marsala on May the 11th to the final capitulation of Palermo on June the 6th, seems a miracle. Before Garibaldi landed there were some 24,000 Neapolitan troops in Sicily. His men were armed with old and indifferent muskets. The expedition all but destroyed itself in a collision between the two ships when approaching the coast of Sicily, and there was one moment in the fighting on the Pianto dei Romani when even the redoubtable Bixio himself, Garibaldi's second in command, feared that retreat was inevitable. "Here we make Italy or die," was Garibaldi's answer. It was no mere phrase, for Garibaldi knew well from the temper of Europe and the difficulties of Piedmont beset by the vigilant unfriendliness of Prussia, Austria, Russia, and the suspicions of France, that defeat at that moment meant death to the entire scheme. The story told by Mr. Trevelyan with superb skill, of the genius and daring by which Garibaldi overcame and eluded his enemies, threading his way at last into Palermo itself, recalls the earlier chapter of the wonderful retreat from Rome. Now as then, he owed much to the infatuations and the incompetence of the enemy. The traveller standing on the hill of Citeria is still unable to understand how Garibaldi escaped from the Austrian net in the summer days of 1849. In Sicily history repeated itself, and the final capitulation of Palermo was perhaps as pusillanimous an exhibition as tyranny can boast.

Fortunately, as Mr. Trevelyan observes, some natural law in the Bourbon armies had ordained that each rank should be more incompetent than the rank below it. Fortunately, too, the Swiss Government, ashamed at last that troops bearing the cantonal crests should be the Praetorian guard of the worst tyrannies of Europe, had requested that these insignia should be removed from the banners of the Swiss mercenaries. This had led to a mutiny and the final dissolution in 1859 of the best regiments in the Bourbon service. There is one great difference between this and the earlier history, for in Sicily the Church was on the side of Garibaldi.

There are very many points of interest on which we have not been able to touch in our account of this volume. What exactly was Cavour's part in the sending of Garibaldi? What were Napoleon's motives at any stage or time? Would Italy have been freed at all, if she had not been freed in 1860? We have merely given an outline of a fascinating story, a story that will not be read by any Liberal without emotion, and by any Englishman without pride. For England, almost alone among the nations of Europe, need not fear the fierce light of this flash of freedom.

RELIGION IN ITALY.*

THIS is a singularly well-informed inquiry into contemporary religious tendencies in Italy. These tendencies are not identical with Modernism, but they are closely allied to it; and Professor Labanca is perhaps the first living authority on them; his book, "*Il Papato*," is a classic in the Italian schools. To certain observers the policy of the Vatican towards the liberalising Catholics seems to have been crowned with signal success. Their leaders have been discredited or silenced. No one could now quote M. Loisy or the late Fr. Tyrrell as in any sense representing a Catholic standpoint; and the lesser lights burn low. Pius X., it is said, is more than the peasant priest we took him for. *Deposuit potentes de sede*; he has scored a new and momentous victory for Rome. Plausible as this view is, it is, we are convinced, fallacious. The victory of Rome, in so far as it exists, is a Pyrrhic victory: it has been won at the expense of that by which Rome lives. Nothing has taken place which could not have been foreseen by those who knew the situation. Had the policy of Leo XIII. been continued—who can tell? "I discouraged rather than condemned the liberal movements within the Church," he says in Mr. Manning's brilliant "*Scenes and Portraits*": "my policy was one of insinuation. I can conceive a moderately successful issue to it if my successor should be a man of tact." The condition was not verified. And, given the action of the present Pope, suppose the modernists driven to choose between the Church and Modernism, it did not require a prophet to foresee the result. Reasons for compromise are never wanting: in this case material and moral motives combined to counsel temporising. The "*Hohenlohe Memoirs*" offer a striking and very plausible example of this attitude. A formula might be interpreted or become obsolete; separation was irrevocable. Mr. Jordan scarcely appreciates the full force of such motives as these in his criticism on the anonymity of certain modernist writers. This anonymity is, as a rule, nominal, and to discard it means to break actively or passively—the position is the same in either case—with the Church. Such a break may be a logical, or even a moral, necessity. But this, *ex hypothesi*, is not the modernist view.

It is not the case, it is not even claimed to be the case, that the memorable Pontifical acts of 1907 have brought about a revival of orthodoxy. That they have driven a certain number of priests into theological apathy, and forced serious students, lay and clerical, to seek the satisfaction of their higher aspirations outside Catholicism, often outside Christianity, is true; and this is why the victory of Rome is Pyrrhic; for it is only in so far as Rome is Catholic and Christian that it survives. Hence the dilemma of the Vatican. Modernism, it sees rightly, is fatal to actual Catholicism—and to talk of any other is foolish; things are not what we might wish them to be, but what they are. But, though it does not see it, to crush out Modernism is equally fatal; for Modernism stands for life, for ideas, for freedom, for the things in virtue of which churches and peoples live.

From a larger point of view than the denominational, the action of the Curia and the results attained by it are such as to fill wise and good men with dismay. Modernism—we must perhaps speak of it in the past tense—was an attempt to bridge the gulf between thought and theology, to interpret Catholicism in such a sense as to make it possible both as a creed and a system for the mind of our time. That it has failed is scarcely matter of opinion. The genius and the constitution of the Church give the Pope the decisive voice in such controversies, and his *Non Possumus* is final; unless infallibility is a fiction (in which case the foundation is cut away from the system) we have it here. What is the result? A nominal increase of intension at the expense of a real and very alarming decrease of extension: as education advances Catholicism declines. And who can suppose that the belief of those who swell the diminishing census of the Church is in general either real or active?—that indifference, unintelligence, external deference, do not do duty for assent? "The rock on which we build is the impregnable ignorance of the majority; the

* "*The Study of Religion in the Italian Universities.*" By Louis Henry Jordan and Professor Labanca. Oxford University Press. 6s. net.

principal hope for religion lies in the fact that the lower orders do not think."

What superstructure can be built on such a foundation? The outlook in Catholic, and in particular in Latin, Christendom is gloomy in the extreme. Here, and in Germany, the Reformed Churches offer an alternative to sacerdotal religion; neither their presence nor their influence can be ignored. But in the Latin countries no such shelter presents itself: there, save in exceptional cases, when a man finds Rome impossible, positive Christianity goes too. Hence the moral danger, on the one hand, of the anti-clerical propaganda; and, on the other, of that which gives occasion to it—the clericalising of religion which has been so accentuated during the present Pontificate. Both tend to detach men not merely from the Church of Rome, which matters little, but from religion, which matters much. *Religio depopulata* is the name given in the pseudo-prophecy of St. Malachi to the successor of Pius X. Should the reign of the latter be prolonged, there is every chance of the fulfilment of the forecast: it is one of the events which cast their shadow before.

For the Papacy Italy is the storm-centre. Elsewhere Modernism is a movement of ideas, and mainly affects scholars. Ideas bear fruit, and scholars lead opinion; but certain as these ultimates are, they are distant: the seed grows while men sleep—and they sleep long. But in Italy it is associated with those social and economic causes without whose operation, it is safe to say, no movement of men on a large scale has ever been, or can ever be, carried to a successful issue. Here, as elsewhere, matter is the vehicle of mind. The instinct of the Vatican was sound when it singled out Don Romolo Murri for excommunication, and that on a political ground. Murri disclaims Modernism; but the *Democristiani* are more to be feared than critics or exegetes: this way danger lies. The temperamental forces that make against religion in France are not present in anything like the same strength in Italy: the people are simpler, less sophisticated, nearer the soil. It is improbable that Protestantism will offer a full solution of the religious problem in any Latin country; but evangelical religion—an impossibility in France—is far from being an impossibility in Italy: the Italian is *sicut parvulus*, and capable of accepting religion in a simple form.

The difficulties in the way of escape from the vicious circle in which the Curia has involved Latin Christianity are great. The most serious, as Professor Labanca remarks, lies in the peculiarly Latin fallacy of abstract ideas. A singularly mischievous example of this fallacy was Cavour's famous formula—a Free Church in a Free State. It is based on the crudest of abstractions: Church and State are two sides of one and the same thing. This is forgotten when

"it is continually repeated that the State does not require to scrutinise the dogmas and rites of the Church. The State has good cause to exercise this scrutiny; it has reason to feel considerable alarm touching certain ecclesiastical dogmas and rites. By reason, again, of the acceptance among us of purely abstract principles, it is held that the laity must not busy themselves with religion. These petty abstractions run counter to the teaching of history. Did ancient Rome stand completely separated from religion? And does modern political Rome, as a matter of fact, stand detached from the Catholic Church?"

Religion does not concern the clergy only. In self-defence and to protect the rights of her citizens, the State is compelled to keep a watchful eye upon the Church. Had it done so at the Vatican Council, how much injury to religion would have been spared!

To the difficulties springing from this false abstraction must be added those having their source in the political conception of religion common among Latin Catholics—it is regarded primarily as a society rather than an experience. The Papacy, again, is viewed as a national possession. Much as Italians have suffered from it, they will not willingly let it go. Hence a subserviency to clericalism on the part of politicians who are in no sense clericals, and a half-heartedness on that of would-be reformers: "I dare not" waits upon "I would." One deplorable result is the practical suppression of the free theological chairs at the Universities, and the discouragement of anything like scientific theology. The Church is hostile, the people are apathetic, and the main responsibility for the consequent stagnation lies with those from whom better things might have been expected.

"It is from the Liberal Catholics—barring some rare and noble exceptions—that there arise the most serious of all the obstacles that to-day impede the investigations undertaken by religious criticism in Italy."

Before 1870 things were better. Necessary as it was, the downfall of the Temporal Power had two sides. The veteran Gaetano Negri discerned this early.

"The Pope, an absolute ruler of a small State, was a petty tyrant, who compromised the dignity of his spiritual authority by the odious exercise of his temporal sovereignty. By despoiling him of this with violence Italy not only relieved him of a very crippling burden, but enabled him to pose before the world as a victim. There is no stronger position for one who exercises a moral power. He found himself suddenly freed from the leprosy that stained the historical Papacy; he became an object of affection, admiration, and faith. When I see the enemies of Catholicism celebrating September 20th as a festival I smile at the shortness of their sight; the day should be for them not a festival, but a fast."

Leo XIII. was clever enough to profit to the full by the situation. Pius X., than whom Liberalism has no more valuable asset, has lost more in the few years of his pontificate than his predecessor gained during his long and eventful reign.

THE "HAUT MONDE" OF THE 'FORTIES.*

EVEN within the week of its appearance gossip was babbling of this work. Persons who had probably not yet beheld the cover were crying it as the book that would, and must, be read. The noble authoress had stuck at nothing, and historic scandal was her staple! Circulating libraries could not supply it fast enough—half their subscribers were already on the waiting list, and so forth.

But "gossip Report" is not always precise in promise-keeping, and we are dreadfully afraid that some of these subscribers are in for a first-rate disappointment. Is there, then, no scandal? Oh! yes, there is scandal enow. Scandal is, however, of sundry sorts. There are the immortal scandals that go above the common world on the pinions of the eagle, and sail a good deal higher and wider than the "actions of the just"; and there are the scandals, exquisite to people in correct social sets, that are merely aeroplane. Lady Cardigan's scandals are aeroplane—and in a measure antiquated. "No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope?" says Sneer in Sheridan's "Critic." So far as contemporary interest goes, the best scandals of Lady Cardigan are scandals about Queen Elizabeth. Most of the victims have long left off living, and few of them ever lived to bestow their honors on a world wider than Piccadilly or the fashionable shires.

"I have seen everything worth seeing," says Lady Cardigan, "and known everyone worth knowing." Think of being able to say that! And the lady who says it is nearly eighty-five years of age, and was born in a sphere in which opportunities are to the seekers of them. Her first husband was that famous Lord Cardigan who led the charge of the Light Brigade. An indigent reviewer, confusedly arraying in his fivopenny mind the events of the world since 1824, and the persons who took a hand in them, turns for inspiration to the pages of Lady Cardigan, and learns that "everything worth seeing" in this period is summed up in Cowes, Newmarket, and Paris, and "everyone worth knowing" in the persons of title who spent their money and ran the hazard of the divorce court in these amiable seats. Disraeli's excepted (and he is here merely the subject of a not very generous anecdote), there are in these pages very few names indeed that history will ever pause at. Yet the annals of the century distinguished by Lady Cardigan's career are stuffed with the efforts or achievements of men who will be in some degree remembered four or five generations from ours. We should, of course, include Lord Cardigan himself, but there is here little of historic interest concerning him, save that "he never seemed to attach any importance to the part he played" in the action that covered him with glory. There is a glimpse of the Duke of Wellington watching with interest a little French piece acted by children. Talleyrand is mentioned once, and we learn that "Count Batthyany had parties for his sons."

Lady Cardigan extols the society she remembers, and

* "My Recollections." By the Countess of Cardigan and Lancastre. Eveleigh Nash. 10s. 6d. net.

sharpens her pen against the society of to-day. In a book of reminiscences extending over many years, this is not at all unusual, but the author's method of comparison is a little curious. In seeking to show that the past was better than the present, she proves by implication—as it seems to us—that the present could scarcely be worse than the past. One of the first celebrities we encounter in these pages is the “wicked” Lord Hertford, Thackeray's “Marquis of Steyne.” Lady Cardigan thinks Thackeray “did a great deal to malign” this nobleman, and presents him to us as he would doubtless like to be discovered to posterity—waited on at supper by a company of ballet-dancers.

Country-house parties in the 'forties, in those “stately houses” which even a modern democrat should behold with “some pride,” were very different, we are told, from the vulgar, romping affairs of to-day; and we are forthwith introduced to the notables of both sexes who met beneath these splendid roofs. There was the Marchioness to whom the author herself once said in the House of Lords: “Oh, Lady A—, you may like to know that before Lady C— died she told my Lord all about you and your illegitimate children.” There was that finished ornament, Lord Wilton, whose “numerous love affairs had gained for him the title of ‘The Wicked Earl’; in fact, many of the country people never called him anything else.” There was Lord Ward who showed his dead wife to an old admirer, Lord Colville. There was “Lady Charlotte Cadogan, who ran away with Lord Anglesey; they lived together for some years until Lady Anglesey divorced her husband, and he was free to marry Lady Charlotte.” There was the wife of Lord Palmerston (her second husband), concerning whom “it was generally known that she had been Palmerston's mistress for many years.” There was the delicately romantic Miss F—, who, in Lady Wilton's drawing-room, under cover of the music, was heard whispering to one of her gallants: “Oh, Jim, whenever I meet you I always take off my wedding ring and forget I'm married.” There was the “Parrot Club,” in Seymour Street, Portman Square, the membership of which was restricted to three married women (two of them titled) and their three lovers. But why spin out the tale?

It is with the doings of these, and such as these—“all bred in schools”—that Lady Cardigan stimulates the palates of her readers. They shone among the morning stars of her world, the world we should all return to could we be “chloroformed into a better,” the world of the admirable 'forties. “Dear days! so long ago and yet so vivid to me.”

Let it at once and emphatically be said that the excited talk about the book in some of this week's newspapers is scarcely worth listening to. Considered as literature, these “Recollections” have not the value of a shilling shocker: their insignificance is absolute. As the scourgings of a memory that seems deliberately to have cast out everything of worth, honor, and kindness, and to have stored up everything that the principle of *noblesse oblige* consigns to oblivion, they are not, as we appraise them, worth the trouble of picking over.

SAILING SHIPS AND THEIR STORY.*

MR. KEBLE CHATTERTON's canvas is scarcely big enough for his subject, though he has done his best to condense the marvellous history of the ship within its limits. The ships of the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Romans have been most adequately treated; their history, together with that of the Viking ships occupying nearly a half of the volume; all very well done, extremely well illustrated, and forming perhaps the best account yet given of this somewhat obscure period of maritime history. Very exhaustive study has been devoted to all the newer sources of information now available, and the author is to be congratulated on the very reasonable and logical conclusions resulting from his labors. These prove very adequately that the necessities of commerce between the higher civilisations of the Mediterranean produced in very great variety different types of ship for the

trader and the warrior, whilst the predatory Northman retained unaltered his “fast cruiser” through many centuries. It is almost a pity that among so many good pictures of the remains of the Viking ships, the actual lines of the great Gogstad ship, which were taken off by the eminent naval architect Colin Archer, and published, with a very detailed account of her construction and fitment in the Transactions of the Institute of Naval Architects in 1882, were not included. These would substantiate the claim that her builder “thoroughly understood the art, which was subsequently lost, to be revived in modern times, of shaping the under-water portion of the hull so as to reduce the resistance to the passage of the vessel through the water.” Indeed, throughout the work, the reader, if he is really an understanding lover of ships, feels the want of more illustrations of the actual under-water shapes of vessels of the various periods of history, especially the days of the great climax in the construction of wooden ships in the latter part of the eighteenth century when English constructors availed themselves most freely of the higher technical skill and scientific knowledge of the French naval architects, and copied most accurately the lines of such French ships as fell into the hands of our sailors during this very strenuous maritime period. Again, the comparison drawn between the work of Sir Robert Seppings and that of Sir William Symonds, R.N., who succeeded him as Surveyor to the Royal Navy in 1832, cannot be clearly shown without diagrams, and in justice to Seppings, the author should certainly have quoted the opinion of many sailors of the period, that although Symonds's ships, especially his frigates, were faster light-weather vessels, those designed by Seppings were almost invariably better ships in heavy weather owing to their greater displacement. The merchant vessels of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries are ably treated, and the many illustrations give a gallery of pictures of a class of ship (almost certain to disappear before the march of the steamer) that is most interesting and valuable.

The weakest part of the book is that dealing with the history of the racing yacht. The author has failed to show how completely the *type* of racing yacht is dominated by the rule of measurement in vogue at the period of a yacht's construction, and how the yacht has been broad or narrow, shallow or deep, solely from the desire of the designer to evade or “get the best out of” the very imperfect rules hitherto used. The “Jullanar,” an illustration of which is given, was simply the product of a very audacious attempt to evade a rule which practically allowed five feet of length to every foot of beam, and the evasion was completely successful. And how difficult a thing it is to make a perfect rule is shown to-day in the performances of the “Bloodhound,” a vessel built before the “Jullanar,” but under the same rule, which has this year—notwithstanding her age—actually beaten some of the most perfect products of the latest International Rule!

But to have drawn these comparisons would have filled another volume, and Mr. Chatterton has more than atoned for this defect by his most interesting and fully detailed history of the ships that have long since been lost in the sea mists of past ages.

DIFFICULT COUNTRY.*

THE reader who shies at the last chapters of “Open Country,” a problem novel, half-disguised by the picturesque embroideries of Mr. Hewlett's ingenious fancy, may fortify his courage with the Bishop of Southwark's declaration the other day that he welcomed serious plays or novels dealing with the marriage question. The Bishop was sagacious enough to recognise that in welcoming public discussion, the moralist's aim is, like the horticulturist's, to stimulate healthy growth and admit plenty of light and air to the tree. And the great social institution like the tree under the pruner's knife, thrives better by this cutting away of doubtful branches than by their inclusion and enforced conformity. Mr. Hewlett's sub-title, “A Comedy with a Sting,” seems apt, since the sting of Sanchia's problem arrests us while we

* “Sailing Ships and Their Story.” By E. Keble Chatterton. Sidgwick & Jackson. 16s. net.

* “Open Country.” By Maurice Hewlett. Macmillan. 6s.

are enjoying the mellifluous sweetness of the author's style. Over-sweet some will deem the latter, and indeed the curious Meredithian sub-flavor of the story suggests that Mr. Hewlett is indebted to the great novelist for the corrective acid of the spiritual lesson.

The hero of "Open Country" is the gentleman gypsy and poet naturalist, Senhouse, whom we encountered in "Halfway House." His function is to serve as the conduit for the author's *obiter dicta* on life and literature, men and manners, and it is, perhaps, in anticipation of so literal a definition that Senhouse has been endowed with so gorgeously romantic a past. After an explosive career at Cambridge, he walks, one fine morning, out of college, taking away with him nothing but a holly stick, and leaving "all his change—gold, silver, and copper—lying at random on his dressing-table, and his cheque book in a drawer." Nothing is heard of him for two years, when his father, a prosperous colliery owner, receives a letter from him, stamped "Cracow," where this devotee of the "Simple Life" is conspiring, in Latin, against the Russian Government, which leads, in turn, to a year's exile in Siberia, and then to being "in touch with Tolstoy, Kropotkin, Stepniak, and half the dreamers of Europe." Mr. Hewlett has rightly divined that the respectable reading public will not stomach the anarchistic Bohemianism of his "artist's scribbler's and desultory scholar's" ideas, unless it be set off by the attractive mystery of "romance"; so Senhouse "periodically would vanish, as the mood took him, and perhaps be heard of in California, Colorado, the Caucasus, or Cashmere," which sojournings are paid for, one learns, by his occasional poems in "The Speaker," his contributions to "Dawn" and "The International," and his impressionistic paintings. Some of these periodicals we know have perished, but Senhouse, while helping to kill them, has other strings to his vagabond bow in the shape of his friendship with the rich and titled ones of this earth: old Lady Mauleverer of Gorston for one, Roger Charnock, Esq., of Bill Hill, the member for the county division, for another. It was, indeed, while camping on the latter's estate that Senhouse came across the exquisite Sanchia, a mortal maid of twenty, but "Goddess born" to Senhouse's sense, while she is staying on a visit to old Lady Mauleverer. Senhouse is painting a forest glade and murmuring to himself the lines from the "Witch of Atlas":—

"A lovely lady garmented in light
From her own beauty,"

when the girl, barefooted, appears at the edge of "a pool, twenty feet deep in leaf mould," and pulling up her skirts above her knees, wades into the water to tear away the weed that is strangling the water lilies. Explanations follow. Senhouse fetches his wooden trestle-bed that "serves excellently as a raft," and in ten minutes the lady is "thigh-deep in mud, wet to the skin, and as dirty as you please," but "exquisitely disarrayed, with her ardent eyes and fierce yet easy motions, the incarnation of all that is keen and lovely in youth." "A frightfully good sort" is Sanchia, as schoolboy Roger, alias "The Dowser," puts it, extraordinarily frank and extraordinarily reticent. "Without a tremor or flicker of self-consciousness, she revealed to this chance acquaintance as fine a pair of legs as anybody could have to show. Not Artemis, high girt for the chase, could have bared finer or dared more." Senhouse, of course, falls ecstatically in love with the purity of his divinity, and it would be doing Mr. Hewlett an injustice not to let his record of his hero's passion and the intellectual and spiritual sympathy between the pair stand in his own words:—

"The simplicity with which she—Goddess born—goes about the common ways of life, and with ardor shares our silly aims, has something in it of humility, which fills my eyes with tears. Sheer thanksgiving—sheer gratitude in me. I go about singing Pæan! She's Artemis the Bright come to earth again. Artemis Einodië—Our Lady of the Ways. She can only be served by song; no common speech of ours is wholesome enough. She's Artemis Hymnia to whom the crocus-vested Caryatides lift up arms and voices in one strain. She's Mab, Queen of Faery; she's, of course, the Lady of the Lake. I believe the blue-bells bow their heads to her as she walks the woods; and I know that the nightingale is hushed as she passes, for fear he lose one waft of her breath. . . ."

She knew absolutely nothing of this—if it be credible that a girl of twenty can spend her days with a man ten years older, and not see what is the case with him. . . . So far as she

was concerned, he met, or flattered himself he met, her immediate wants. She had many, but love was certainly not one. She wanted guidance in her sketching, and his was exactly that which she wanted most. She wanted guidance in a world which was rapidly becoming complex and baffling; and he could pare off detail and accident so nearly that the straight bold outline of conduct lay plain to be seen, stretching far ahead of her like parallel lines of railway over swamps. To talk with him was to be taken on to a windy height and shown the world of men mapped out below you, accidentals blurred away, only the salient things sharply defined. Sure of him, she gave him her hand, and in the hollow of it her soul. . . . There was not, I needly hardly say, the shadow of a feeling of love for him in her. She took him as a gift of God, as meat to one starving, and said grace and filled herself. . . . This was where she ravished him quite; she was like a wood-nymph half-tamed, meek in a stiff gown and belt, her quick feet in little narrow shoes and stockings; her wild hair knotted behind her head, her quick eyes recollected, her simple movements always curbed. And yet below bodice and belt you could sense the heart beat faster for the wild kiss of the wind on the cheek; and you could well believe that, in wood, on airy summits of hills, in meadows by streams, in ploughlands after rain, she was living a double life—within, the ears of her heart alert to secret strains, magically, and invitations to be free; outwardly, all her beautiful body staidly disposed to the common world's observances. Here he saw her humble, and could shed tears of pride in such condescension; there he knew her indomitable, and could sing "Te Deum" for her immortality.

Senhouse, appointed spiritual guardian to young Artemis Hymnia, fills scores of letters to his Lady with disquisitions on things in general. Readings and declamations from the Greek and Italian poets and chosen moderns are followed by long rhapsodic outbursts on the dull slavery of our civilisation, on the nature of God, on Religion as pure Poetry, on God-making, on War, Socialism, Poverty, Miracles, Little Englanders, Avarice, the Plutocracy, Respectability, and other signs and tokens of national bondage. Although the artistic pretext for the enunciation of these views grows thinner and thinner, and, like Sanchia herself in her lover's fancy, loses all its parts and becomes "a glory of essence, of wondrous pure Being," we must confess that we find the letters fresher and more interesting than the picture of Sanchia's family, the Percivals. Her father, honest old Tom Percival, an East India merchant of the Poultry, his bitter, conventional, and snobbish wife, and their daughters Vicky, Philippa, and Melusine are mere adumbrations of Meredithian import. The social atmosphere in which the family has its being, though enlivened by some clever sketches of minor characters such as the condescending Sir George Pinwell and the amiable Mr. Chevenix, is not particularly convincing, though Mr. Hewlett may have good reason for not letting his young goddess be outlined against too realistic a background. Anyway, while Senhouse is detailing social schemes to Sanchia from the safe distance of the Land's End, where he is naturalising Alpine plants amid the rocks, another and more formidable lover appears at Great Cumberland Place, to wit, Mr. Nevile Ingram, of Wanless, a sportsman, man of the world, polo player, with a faultless and languid manner, a tanned skin, blue eyes, and a soldierin' past. Mr. Nevile Ingram has also a wife who deserted him in the first year of marriage, and ran away with somebody else to Sicily, and she has been "allowanced and let rip." Presumably a divorce cannot now be obtained, for thereby hangs this tale. The Percival family, however, are not told of the existence of Mr. Ingram's wife, and both he and Sanchia fall passionately in love. When Sanchia learns the truth from him she, in her exaltation, knows that her work is to save the soul of the "bruised, the world-begrimed Ingram." Senhouse, in a letter of "passionate flattery," has surpassed himself by "a vision of a woman to whom the whole world might bow down. . . . Oh, to read the great trust in your long gaze! Oh, for the assurance of your thrilled voice, and oh, for the touch of your lips on my forehead," and Sanchia, set afire by this ecstatic flame, ponders whether "her work in the world is to be lustral water, to pour herself out, that Ingram might wash and be made whole!" This delicate problem, whether Sanchia is to join herself in holy union, though not in formal wedlock, with Nevile Ingram, is worked out by the author in his last hundred pages, with great wealth of classical allusion, following the text, "No harm can ever come to a good woman." Our sympathies are with the author's endeavor, but though the spiritual argument would seem to have

sprung from some noble Meredithian prototypes the psychological analysis of motive shows little depth. Sanchia, "arrayed in her white armor of innocence against the prestiges of this world . . . Safety, Sanction, the Uses of five thousand slavish years; Church and World, Gods and Devils, priests and people, home, law, order, Bible and prayer-book," becomes a little cheapened by the incessant hymns of homage that herald her "act of divine compassion, her swift, unfaltering act of love, sprung, as the love of God springs, from pure Pity." It is a great drawback to English novels that deal with such situations as Sanchia's that the heroine cannot give herself to the man she loves without a staggering orchestral accompaniment of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music to celebrate the amazing spirituality of the act. And let us whisper to Mr. Hewlett that we hope that the artificial Senhouse, who is left to his tears, on the last page, while "using the hospitalities of an appreciative peer," may not emerge from that nobleman's "great and ancient yew-wood" into the daylight of another novel.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

MRS. MEYNELL's last volume, "Ceres' Runaway and Other Essays" (Constable, 3s. 6d. net) shows that her right hand has not lost its cunning. It has the same depth of thought and charm of style that appeared in "The Rhythm of Life," and returns at times to the theme that was so exquisitely treated in "The Children." Mrs. Meynell shows us that an unfavorable judgment on some of the habits of modern life may be combined with a true restfulness of soul. She takes no delight in finding fault, but neither frets at the faults nor plumes herself on superiority. She sees, for instance, how much we lose by our desire to have flowers before their season, but she will not say to the forced daffodil any such harsh word as Ruskin used of the greenhouse blossoms of December, "I hate chrysanthemums." In one essay she fails, we think, by not tracing things to their final causes. "The plaid," she writes, "is the Scotchman's contribution to the decorative art of the world," and she denounces the tartan for sundry sound reasons, as that it has "colors, not color." But is the tartan decorative in origin? Was it in the service of beauty that the Highlander first gathered the lichens from the rocks? We have seen in Sutherland two men start in pursuit of the stag, the one clad in a quiet grey, the other in a coat of many colors with a bright yellow for their master. For a time Joseph fascinated the eye, but as the two went up the moor the positions were reversed, and we could mark the speck of grey long after the other had disappeared from sight. It is just because it has colors, and not color, that the tartan blends indistinguishably with the manifold tints of a Highland hill. The plaid is the garb of the hunter. It is true that there are now many tartans which could not well be worn by the sons of Nimrod, but these are no true descendants of the first plaid. Their desire is to decorate, and they must defend themselves against Mrs. Meynell, if they can. Lovers of children will delight in the two last essays in this volume.

"A THREE-FOOT STOOL," by Peter Wright (Smith, Elder, 6s. net), is a book of the Wild West, containing "experiences of ranching, with stories told over the fire, and some verses." The verses are more variegated in subject than impressive as examples of poetic form, and we should be disposed to say that the stories are better than the verses, and the experiences of ranching best of all. The latter are told as a clever special correspondent might tell them, in colorful language, and a fine, swinging style, and they contain much interesting information concerning the old and the new sort of ranch in Mexico—the "open" ranch, where men disdained the enclosing fence, and trusted to luck and their own wits or strength to keep and increase their herds, and the more private, perhaps tamer, method of cattle farming within stated boundaries, which is gradually superseding the other. The characters with which the author surrounds himself—Reinhold, the Americanised German; Hay, the

bear-trapper; Peg-leg George, the reprobate—are drawn with care, though a little stiffly; Mr. Wright has neither the introspection nor the easy touch of a Bret Harte. Neither can he avoid the temptation to display his Oxford culture through the mouth of Reinhold, who, with his pages of rhetorical generalisation about England, America, and the world in general, becomes even more tiresome than Mr. Wright, presumably in a fit of repentance for having inflicted him upon the reader, finally declares him to be. Neither do we know why, or in what capacity, "Belphebi" is introduced into this company of male ranchers, unless it is to afford Mr. Wright the opportunity of a few lines of amorous rhapsody and a few sentences of Early Victorian "sweet nothings." These interludes hardly conduce to making the book hang together; one is apt to lose the atmosphere of the ranch; it says a good deal, perhaps, for Mr. Wright's powers, that one can pick it up again as quickly as one does. Yet the book was worth writing, with all its little weaknesses, and if, as we believe it to be, it is a first book, it is very well written.

* * *

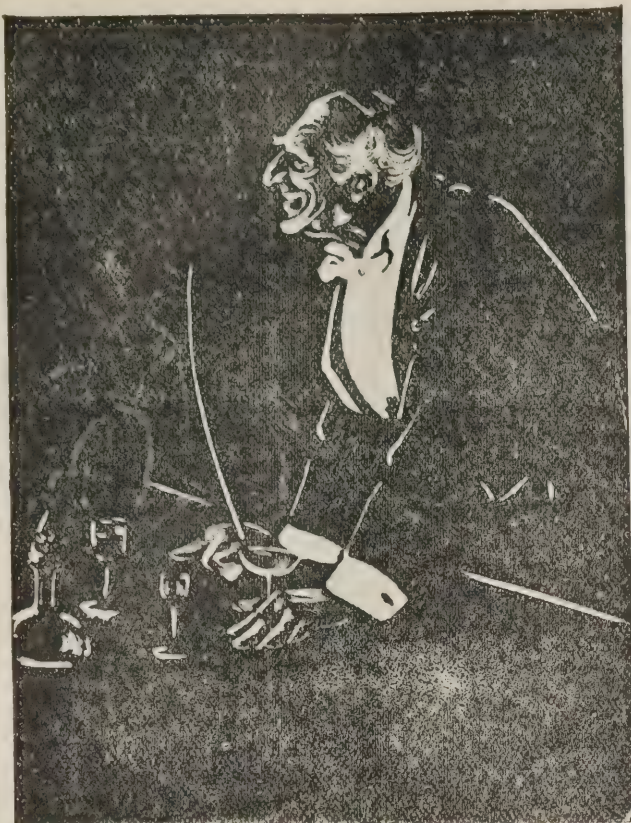
"THE JOURNAL OF AN EXPEDITION ACROSS VENEZUELA AND COLOMBIA, 1906-1907," by Dr. Henry Bingham (Unwin, 10s. net) is the record of a journey which the author, accompanied by Dr. Hamilton Rice, undertook in order to be in a position to estimate Bolivar's achievement in leading his army across Venezuela and Colombia in 1819 by a road that was then deemed impassable. Dr. Bingham has been for eight years collecting material for a history of the South American Wars of Independence and for biographies of San Martin and Bolivar. The present volume is, in part at least, a study in preparation for that work, though its main interest lies rather in its pictures of travel than in its contribution to history. It gives information about the geography, natural history, and agricultural resources of the country traversed. There is a map of the route, and the book is illustrated by a large selection of photographs.

* * *

READERS of "The Random Recollections of a Commercial Traveller" (Sherratt & Hughes, 3s. 6d. net) may perhaps be excused for wondering what on earth the portrait of Charles Mathews and the pretty view of Don Cottage, Grasmere, and Thomas Moore's cottage, which are among the illustrations, have to do with a "gentleman of the road." When, however, the letterpress is examined, it will be realised that these pictures are at least as germane to the subject as many other things contained within the volume's covers. The truth is that these anonymous "random recollections" of a commercial might as well be those of anybody else. There is a little about commercial travellers and their customers—from the Dickens point of view, one might say; but the bulk of the book is a miscellany of all topics. It is a curious production altogether. In his introductory chapter the writer apologises for making "rather profuse use of fragmentary verses," and explains, or extenuates, their introduction by saying: "They are verses that one often hears misquoted and attributed to wrong authors, and this must serve as an apology for the inordinate frequency," &c., &c. The fragmentary verses are certainly very profuse, and one suspects in places that the text was introduced to suit the verses rather than the verses to suit the text. Side by side with this literary peculiarity may be mentioned a perfect passion for long-drawn-out sentences; we counted one of more than twenty lines in length—an interminable sequence of words and commas. Yet the book, in its way, pleases. There are several excellent, if quite uncommercial, stories. At times it makes us think of an hotel commercial-room, with a bright fire and two or three of the company in good form. It has cheerfulness and charity and a sense of quaint humor. It shows a culture in standard authors, an interest in social problems, a certain number of sane, if simple, ideas regarding them. With all its clumsy artificialities, it is neither unhuman nor uninteresting.

* * *

MR. HOWARD EVANS's "Sir Randal Cremer: His Life and Work" (Unwin, 5s. net) is written with the double purpose "of telling the life-story of a man who devoted himself to the service of humanity, and of giving a succinct history of one of the most notable movements of modern times."



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Cremer was a workman by origin, and he took a sturdy part in most of the great movements for reform during his life-time. Thus he was a friend of old-age pensions, land nationalisation, trades unionism, and municipal Socialism. But the work of his life was done on behalf of international peace. He held that the key of the situation was in the hands of the working-classes, and he deserves his full share of credit for the fact that the artisans in most European countries are anti-militarist. Mr. Evans tells the story of the Workman's Peace Association, founded by Cremer in 1871, and the process by which it grew into the International Arbitration League. Cremer's work in connection with the movement, both on the Continent and in America, is described in clear and interesting terms, and the book gives a good account of the whole peace movement from the founding of the Peace Society in 1816 down to the present day. In 1903 the Nobel Prize of £7,000 was awarded to Sir Randal Cremer, and he at once handed over the money to the Arbitration League—a significant but thoroughly characteristic action on the part of a man who had known what it was to do skilled labor for sixpence an hour. Cremer's personality was a little dour; he was not an expansive man, and he had just a touch of eccentricity. But he was a thoroughly honest, simple-minded man.

* * *

WE have received from Mr. D. J. Rider, of St. Martin's Court, a copy of "Three Living Lions" (7s. 6d. net), a set of three caricatures by Mr. Joseph Simpson. The lions of Mr. Simpson's choice are Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and Mr. H. G. Wells. Of the three caricatures we think that of Mr. Chesterton the best. It is witty and keen sighted, without being brutal, and, like every good caricature, is a real criticism. Mr. Simpson's treatment of Mr. Wells is not so successful. His caricature of Mr. Bernard Shaw bristles with pugnacity.

The Week in the City.

			Price Friday morning, Sept. 24.		Price Friday morning, Oct. 1.
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German 3 per cent.	84½	...	84½
Great Western	122	...	120
Steel Common	86½	...	91½
Union Pacific	208½	...	216

ON Thursday the heavy reduction of the gold reserve at the Bank of England, as a result of withdrawals to Egypt, Brazil, and other countries, caused a mild sensation in the City, and warned those who are speculating with cheap money of a probable rise in the Bank rate before the end of October. Consols are dull on the chance of heavy borrowing if the Lords throw out the Budget. The principal rage just now is for rubber shares, the present price of rubber being over 9s. per lb., as against, say, 2s. 6d., which used to be considered a reasonable price. Tremendous profits are, of course, being made, and the market is overcrowded with bulls. The consumption of rubber for tyres, goloshes, &c., is, of course, bound to be checked, and when prices come tumbling down, a good many people will be ruined. It is worth observing that what is for the moment the most profitable business in the world (the growth and sale of "tame" rubber) is almost entirely run by British capital and British enterprise. There has not been much of interest in other branches of the stock markets. Home Railways and home industrials are very dull. Probably Lord Rosebery and his friends have frightened investors. Consequently there are some promising bargains to be picked up by those who will take the trouble to examine and select. To a correspondent who asks me for an absolutely safe investment without mentioning yield, I would say that real comfortable safety cannot be assured until one comes to 4 per cent. or under. Prussia and the other German State loans yield nearly 4 per cent. Municipal stocks at home yield rather less.

THE CROPS.

Since the hot spell early in August the weather has been rather bad for the crops, especially in the Midlands;

but wheat and barley will probably be above the average. But as we import so much more grain than we grow, cheap bread is the greatest of British interests. Consequently one of the best signs of the times for this country is the big drop in the price of wheat, which has fallen ten or twelve shillings per quarter since the middle of August. Flour, of course, goes down proportionately, but the bakers have a knack of imposing upon the public when it comes to bread. The Indian, Russian, and Canadian crops have been the great factors in lowering prices. The United States harvest, of which so much was expected, has fallen far short of anticipations. It is certainly not a bumper crop, and this explains why the American business revival is hanging fire.

THE FRENCH INVESTOR'S TASTE.

SOME idea of the way in which Frenchmen distribute their investments may be got from a recent statistical paper of M. Neymarck on the amount and classification of the public securities negotiable on the Paris Bourse at the end of 1908. The total nominal value was £5,387,760,000, made up of £2,415,280,000 of French paper, and £2,972,480,000 of foreign loans, shares, or bonds. The market value on December 31st last was a total of £5,335,320,000, of which £2,629,520,000 was French and £2,705,800,000 foreign. French Rentes accounted for £1,020,400,000, French Railways and Tramways for £829,000,000, Credit Foncier shares and bonds for £190,880,000, City of Paris £84,000,000, and banks £67,000,000. Of course, the lion's share of the foreign loans was taken by Russia, which has over £525,000,000 of Government bonds negotiable on the Paris Bourse. It seems to be a characteristic of the French investor that he likes to have the taxpayer to provide his interest. He has no stomach for industrial speculation.

A VOICE FROM THE CITY?

THE "New York Evening Post," which is generally regarded as a Liberal newspaper, has recently published the following extraordinary announcement from a London correspondent:—

"Should the present Government be returned with a mandate to override the House of Lords, the British Constitution as it has been known for generations will have become revolutionised; and the effect, so Lombard Street believes, would be to drive all British securities into still further discredit. If, on the other hand, the Conservatives should sweep the country, there would be for a while, at any rate, so strong an upward movement in British stocks as entirely to obliterate such interest as may now be taken in American and other foreign stocks. If either party were to be returned to power with a trifling majority, then the effect must necessarily be unsettling on the stock markets for some time to come."

The idea of the Stock Exchange giving up the Foreign and American markets for home speculations upon the advent of a Conservative Government may be good enough for New York, which does not know that under the care of the last Tory administration the price of Consols and home railways, municipal stock, breweries, fell from 10 to 30 per cent.

THE U.S. IN PERU.

THE Cerro de Pasco, mentioned in my last letter, is a noteworthy instance of American enterprise, but probably the United States has a larger share in the industries of Peru than in those of other first-class South American States. Besides the advantage of proximity, there is the fact that copper and silver—Peru's staple mining products—are likewise extensively produced in the United States. Mines like the Cerro de Pasco in themselves attract a large amount of trade, as plant is naturally purchased from the country to which the mining companies belong; and, in fact, nearly all electrical machinery in Peru comes from America. In five years the States have nearly doubled their exports, and now stand second to England with £1,108,230, against £1,347,174. It is quite possible that within a few years America will stand first, as English firms are not taking much interest in new mining projects. Our Consul-General reports: "Mining tools come largely from the United States. The reason is that most, if not all, mine superintendents are Americans, and they naturally incline for appliances with which they are accustomed to work." He also says: "The railways of Peru are run according to American ideas, and the type of rolling-stock is according to American standard patterns, both as regards passenger coaches, goods waggons, and locomotives."

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE atmosphere of political suspense in which we live just now is full of sensational assertions and denials. Though there could be no ground for believing it possible that Mr. Asquith would meet Lord Lansdowne at Balmoral for an open "deal" upon the Finance Bill, it is equally foolish to suggest, as does one Liberal paper, that the tearing away of the Prime Minister from his heavy Parliamentary duties this week has no deep political significance, and is unconnected with the Constitutional crisis. Though it is quite incredible that the Prime Minister should bargain away or qualify in any manner the control over finance, it is very reasonable to suppose that the King should desire from him information and advice in relation to the Constitutional changes which must ensue in the event of the rejection of the Budget, and the bearing of these changes upon the functions of the Crown.

* * *

As we expected, we find certain Liberal members of Parliament beginning to shy at the prospect of a General Election in case the Lords accept the Budget. It will, they urge, be misunderstood as an assertion of a right of the Lords to force a dissolution. For this reason, it is suggested, though it is otherwise profitable and in every way desirable for Liberals to go to the country for a general endorsement of their policy and for an express mandate to destroy the veto of the Lords, that the Government should refrain. We hope this sophistry will not prevail. Because our opponent, mistaking his own interests, urges the course to which our real interests incline, are we to follow a course *ex hypothesi* injurious to our cause?

UNIONIST strategy for the General Election, which is so confidently predicted, is pushing "Unemployment" as its most formidable weapon. The "Daily Telegraph" would like "to induce every Unionist candidate and everyone assisting, not to open his mouth during that period upon any other subject." The "Observer" (again Mr. J. L. Garvin) considers that "The master-word of this struggle in its appeal to industrial democracy must be this—Unemployment." The battle of Protection in most democratic countries is fought upon the cry of "higher wages," surely more desirable from the workers' standpoint than "more work." For suppose it could be shown that in order to turn out the former quantity of wealth a tariff system required more work, this "reform" would hardly be popular with those invited to this wasteful effort. Meanwhile, Unionist workers may be reminded of Mr. Balfour's recent declaration, "I do not believe that any responsible leader of the party has ever suggested that the whole problem of unemployment will be solved by Fiscal Reform."

* * *

THE mutilation sustained by the Town Planning Bill in the House of Lords has destroyed the practical utility of the measure. The amendments referring all questions of valuation and compensation to local law courts, instead of leaving them to the discretion of officials of the Government, will render nugatory the most serviceable provisions of the Bill. It is to be hoped that the Commons will reinsert these powers, refusing a destructive compromise. It is noteworthy that the leader of the attack in the Lords was the Duke of Northumberland, who urged that the provision requiring owners to put their cottages into a state fit for human habitation should be excluded from repairing leases. It is an apposite comment upon the ducal conception of duties of property that the Northumberland County Bench has just ordered the closing of twenty-two cottages belonging to the Duke in the mining village of Walbottle, on account of their bad sanitary state. The Duke, who is this year President of the Royal Sanitary Institute, summarised his view of the situation in the following neat sentence, addressed to his fellow peers: "The provision of cottages is not an urgent matter, and it is much more important that owners should be safely guarded in the possession of their property."

* * *

THE havoc which the House of Lords has played with the Irish Land Bill gives dramatic point to the declaration just issued by Mr. John Redmond to the United Irish League of America, in which he asks for "prompt and generous aid" for the General Election which, he declares, is certain within the next few weeks. "In that election the veto of the House of Lords will be at stake, and with the veto of the House of Lords will disappear the last obstacle to Home Rule." It is, of course, evident that the Government must have the support of Irish Home Rulers in the great Constitutional fight. It is equally evident that the Government, irrespective of the size of the majority by which they are returned to power, must undertake Home Rule as one

of their first tasks after the barrier has been swept away.

* * *

THERE is cold comfort for Protectionists in the Preliminary Return under the Census of Production Act laid before Parliament on Thursday. What the cumulative effect of the complete census will be upon the Tariff Reform campaign, which has derived what little success it has enjoyed from our national ignorance of the real dimensions of our home trade, can be easily imagined, since a bare section of British industries so effectually reduces imports and exports to secondary considerations as determining factors in the settlement of fiscal policy. Perhaps the most significant figure in the several tables is that which shows that the selling value of the gross output of this one small group of five leading trades (and two subsidiary) considerably exceeded the total value of the whole of our export of home products in 1907, the year of the census. Nor is this likely to exaggerate the comparative importance of the home market as it will be revealed by the complete census, for the group which is the subject of the Preliminary Returns contains at least two trades in which the exports are a particularly heavy proportion of the whole production.

* * *

THE National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies publishes this week a correspondence with the Prime Minister relating to a request first made last July that he should receive a deputation "representative of women engaged in public, professional, industrial, political and philanthropic work." In the earlier of two letters, communicated through his private secretary, the Premier refers to his recent treatment at Lympe as making the moment not "propitious" for any interview. To a letter from Mrs. Fawcett, disclaiming all responsibility for the actions of a "totally distinct organisation," a reply is given acknowledging the "totally distinct footing" of the National Union, but objecting that, if a deputation from it were received, not only other organisations with the same object in view, but societies opposing the Suffrage would claim the same privilege. In view of the urgency of the situation, upon which we comment elsewhere, it is surely not undesirable that Mr. Asquith should, in spite of the urgent demands upon his time, receive a deputation of law-abiding women who may fairly claim to have new facts, if not new arguments, to place before him, better communicated by personal interview than in writing.

* * *

A SINGULARLY interesting discussion of "Socialism from the Standpoint of Christianity" occupied the Church Congress in its meeting at Swansea, last Wednesday. Two of the four Bishops who took part in the discussion expressed a strong, though carefully guarded, sympathy with Socialism of the broader evolutionary type. The Bishop of Truro, who read the opening paper, maintained that "God's order for society was founded on mutual love and fellow-service, not on competition and selfishness"; while the Bishop of Southwark "was Socialist because he had seen some of the very best thought and life of the Church moving in the direction of Socialism and because of the growth of intellectual opinion in that direction outside the Church." A vigorous and sweeping attack was made by Dr. A. Shadwell, who expressed astonishment that clergymen should accept "views which involved a purely materialistic criterion of life and happiness." Socialism, as he culled it from the declarations of exponents, simply meant redistribution of wealth as the sole cure for human

ills, while the method of this gospel was an appeal to "class warfare and greed." The Bishop of London and Bishop Welldon took a middle position, not condemning all Socialism as inherently and absolutely wrong, though the latter expressed his final judgment by saying that Socialism as now understood was at once "undesirable and impracticable."

* * *

LAST week the Spanish people were congratulating themselves that the end of the Moroccan affair was at hand; it has now become more involved than ever. On the very day that the Spanish flag was hoisted on Mount Gurugu a force, sent on a reconnaissance in the direction of the mines, lost 300 killed and wounded, including the General in command. This proved that the Moors did not feel themselves beaten, and General Marina telegraphed for more troops. The Government is preparing to send another division, which will raise the expeditionary force to 50,000 men. At the same time the Spanish Press, which remains strictly under the Censor's control, is talking of settling the business once for all by taking possession of a long stretch of the coast and of the interior, and war with the Sultan has become a near possibility. But the change in European sentiment is even more remarkable. A week ago the Powers replied to the Sultan's protest by saying that the Spanish operations concern only Spain and Morocco; now they are beginning to ask for guarantees.

* * *

FRANCE took the initiative in rejecting the Sultan's appeal, and France is now more disturbed than any other Power by the prolongation and extension of Spanish operations. The papers are afraid of a Spanish march upon Taza, which will cut the communications between Algeria and Ujda, and in any case the occupation of Moorish territory or a war with the Sultan will checkmate French ambitions and claims. The Spanish Government is trying to sooth these apprehensions, and an official intimation has been given to Germany that there is no change in the Spanish programme, and that Spanish action will "continue" to be kept within the limits of the Algeiras Convention. The undertaking may mean something or just nothing, because there can be hardly much doubt that the operations up till now have been a violation of the spirit and the letter of the Algeiras Convention. How far the Spanish Government will go will depend upon the pressure brought to bear upon it from without and within.

* * *

THE internal condition of Spain is grave enough. Whatever the demonstrations after the capture of Gurugu may have been worth, it is certain that the subsequent disaster and the dispatch of further reinforcements have caused profound depression and shaken the Government severely. The people want the war and the quasi-despotism to end, and as a first measure, the Opposition parties have demanded the restoration of the Constitutional guarantees in Barcelona and Gerona. But Señor Maura has not yet given way. The arrests and the executions continue in Barcelona, and Senor Ferrer is soon to be tried by a military Court which doubtless will give him short shrift for the fatal offence of anticlericalism, unless the temper of the Spanish people proves too awkward, or European public opinion proves once again strong enough to prevent a judicial outrage. It is hardly possible to push matters to the extreme in Morocco when the situation in Spain itself is so dubious, and the real interest of the Morocco affair lies in its action and reaction upon Spanish internal affairs.

A NEW session of the Duma is about to begin, and it finds the situation in Russia unchanged, except that there has been a good instead of a bad harvest. A by-election in St. Petersburg, which was a striking victory for the Cadets, indicates that the progressive temper, at least of the big cities, remains firm, but the control of the Government is still being contested by the more extreme reactionaries. The police veto on attempts to assert the constitutionality of the country, the continued prosecutions of the Cadets as an illegal party, the war on Finnish autonomy and the ruthless hangings for venial offences committed five years ago, may possibly express the best mind of M. Stolypin himself; but even if, as is more probable, they are a concession to powers stronger than he, they show the overwhelming influence of the extreme reactionaries, and the price M. Stolypin is willing to pay for office. As is natural for a Cabinet so placed, the two questions that most occupy it are foreign affairs and the raising of money. There is pretty certain to be a heavy deficit again, and although the reported bargains may be fictions, it is abundantly clear that Russia is asking for money, and that English financiers are anxious to oblige.

* * *

HILMI PASHA, the Turkish Grand Vizier, and Talaat Bey, the Minister of the Interior, have been opening their minds to a correspondent of the "Temps" who wanted to know the Government's policy towards the nationalities. Both are agreed that the religious heads of the nationalities must have no power whatsoever to speak on secular affairs in the name of their flock. The Parliament and the Government, they say, cannot tolerate any such restriction of their authority, and the claim to intervention has no legal basis. Whatever the texts may say, the practice of centuries and the whole organisation of the Turkish Empire are behind the claim. Doubtless the identity of political with religious communities conflicts with the ideal of Ottoman unity. But that ideal will take a long time to become a reality, and a sudden break with established traditions and institutions is not wise statesmanship. Equally open to criticism is the education policy of the Government, which seems to leave little hope for the schools of the nationalities. The Young Turks need to moderate the ardor of their Ottoman Imperialism. They are taking France and Germany as their models, but Turkey can never compass the unity and homogeneity of France or Germany.

* * *

THE opening of the Peking-Kalgan railway on Saturday is a memorable event in Chinese history, for the new railway has been financed entirely by Chinese money, built entirely by Chinese labor, and constructed entirely by Chinese engineers. It is a sound piece of work, 122 miles long, taps a prosperous district, already pays well, and will soon be extended. Two days later Chang-Chih-Tung, official promoter of the Southern railways, died. Chang Chih-Tung was the most famous scholar and man of letters in China, and at his death was Vice-roy and member of the Grand Council. A statesman of absolute honesty, he was the soul of China for the Chinese party. He resisted foreign aggression, he tried to develop China's resources and self-dependence, and in the trying days of the Boxer movement he kept Central China free from disturbance. But, perhaps, his greatest service to his country was his war upon opium: he, more than anybody, dictated the opium policy of the Government. Not, perhaps, the most efficient of

administrators, and not without a strong dash of old-fashioned Conservatism, Chang Chih-Tung was nevertheless open to new ideas and his patriotism and his integrity were universally honored.

* * *

AFTER many months the Agram treason trial has come to an end. Twenty prisoners are acquitted and thirty-one condemned to terms of imprisonment ranging from five to twelve years. The condemned have been guilty of nothing worse than innocuous race sentimentalism which is tolerated with equanimity in every other part of Austria-Hungary, and the trial has been a scandal in inception and a gross outrage in its conduct. The Judges acted as undisguised partisans, and on repeated occasions punished the prisoners and their advocates. The trial was begun for political purposes. When the Coalition Government in Hungary made an inroad upon the constitutional rights of Croatia it broke with the Croatian party and found itself face to face with a hostile Croatian Parliament and people. Baron Rauch was sent to Croatia as Ban to teach the people a lesson. For more than a year the Croatian Parliament has been illegally prorogued, and the Agram trial was undertaken to ruin the Croatian opposition. It has merely ruined the reputation of the Magyar rulers and struck a heavy blow at the prestige of justice in the Dual Empire.

* * *

WE deeply regret that considerations of his wife's and his own health have compelled Sir John Brunner, who has sat for Northwich for nearly a quarter of a century, to announce to his constituents his intention not to stand again for Parliament. Among our successful business men few have devoted so much time and energy to public work. For many years Sir John has been a pioneer in certain paths of progress connected with the industrial development of England, and a generous supporter of many movements in which he has not found time to take a personal share. He belongs to the sturdy school of modern industrial Radicals, not afraid of well-regulated State action directed to the improvement of the land and labor of the nation, though averse from any general "Socialistic" policy.

* * *

THE Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants at their annual meeting have for some years passed a formal resolution in favor of State ownership of railways. This week, in view of the amalgamations and working agreements which are bringing the companies into effective solidarity, they took the further step of adopting with unanimity the following resolution, that "In the opinion of this Congress the Executive Committee should, in conjunction with the Labor Party, formulate a Bill for the nationalisation of railways."

* * *

THE discovery by Dr. Wallace, an American scholar, of fresh documentary evidence touching Shakespeare's pecuniary interest in the Blackfriars and Globe Theatres has aroused more attention than the substance of the documents appears to warrant. That Shakespeare was a shareholder in these theatres has long been known, and Dr. Wallace merely discloses certain facts giving more precise information as to the amount of his pecuniary interest, which appears to have been larger than was supposed. The chief document is the plaint of a suitor, Thomasina, daughter of the actor, William Ostler, in an action against her father for wrongful disposal of a property left her by her late husband.

Politics and Affairs.

THE KING, THE LORDS, AND THE BUDGET.

WHILE no man knows what the Lords will do about the Budget—for the Lords do not yet know themselves—it is fortunately possible for Liberals to know what they will do in any event. The proceedings of this year have at last brought the constitutional issue to a point at which settlement can no longer be postponed. It is not only the control of finance which is in question. It is equally the control of legislation. It is equally the question whether any Liberal Government can again undertake the responsibility of office. If the Lords throw out the Budget, an election follows as a matter of course. If they accept the Budget, an election follows none the less, and the central issue of that election is in either case the veto of the Lords. It is impossible after what has happened this summer, following on all that passed in the three preceding years, that the Liberal Party should settle quietly down to the work of legislation next Session as though the House of Commons could legislate freely in accordance with the wishes of the majority. The Government has adumbrated a far-reaching social programme. Not only has it to redeem its pledges to Scotland and Wales, to educationalists and to temperance reformers, it has also to carry through great reforms in the administration of the Poor Law, and to make the first serious attempt to relieve the tragedy of unemployment. In these questions democracy needs a free hand. It would be out of reason to ask the House of Commons to sit down to these immense legislative tasks without the smallest guarantee that its work will produce any durable result. The House of Commons must regain the power to act before it can be called upon to go through another session as arduous as this, or even as former sessions of the present Parliament have been. More than ever the constitutional question is the "dominant issue," and to recur to the ordinary work of legislation without settling it is to attempt to build without a foundation.

Liberals then will concentrate their attention on two points and two only throughout the crisis. First they will demand that on the financial question there shall be no compromise or hint of compromise. Secondly they will insist that the issue now raised is not confined to finance; that it extends to the whole problem of legislation; and that it has to be dealt with and decided by an appeal to the people before the ordinary legislative work of Parliament can be resumed. As to the first point, the air is thick with rumors of a "deal." The Unionist leaders are—of course, for a consideration—to exercise a restraining hand on the financiers and the "wild men." The King has seen Lord Cawdor. He has seen that great leader of men and sagacious interpreter of signs and omens, Lord Rosebery. He has seen Mr. Asquith. It is evident that he is bringing the beneficent influence of an impartial authority to bear in the direction of conciliation. It is, of course, right and proper that the influence of the Crown should be directed to maintaining the traditions of the Constitution. But in this

case there is no doubt whatever as to the direction in which those traditions point. One authority after another has shown that, if an unwritten Constitution has any value at all, in this matter of finance the law of our Constitution is clear. The Lords have no power in finance. They cannot touch financial clauses in ordinary legislation. With the Finance Bill they have nothing to do except read it and register their assent. This being so, there exists on the question of the Budget no materials for a compromise. Room for conciliation there has been. Concession after concession has been made, but they have been made in the House of Commons, and the time for making them is now at an end. When the Finance Bill leaves the House of Commons it leaves it in the shape in which it is destined to become law. Nor is this all. There can, in the matter of finance, be no indirect or compensatory concession which might tacitly admit the claim of the Upper House. There can be no bargaining as to the date of the dissolution, for example. If the Lords desire a dissolution in January, so do Liberals, and Liberals will not refuse to dissolve at a time of great advantage to themselves merely because the Lords press them to do so. But their leaders will make no bargain on the point. They will press the Budget. They will insist on their right to obtain the Budget without any compromise or concession or consideration offered in return. To anyone, however exalted, who should urge the avoidance of a constitutional struggle they have a very clear reply. The struggle is not of their seeking, and could not now be averted by any concession. It has been forced upon them by the Lords, who, from the moment when they mutilated the Education Bill and rejected the Plural Voting Bill, initiated a new epoch in constitutional history, by giving to their power an interpretation which would make them the masters of Governments and their Chamber the centre of gravity in the Constitution. To seek an accommodation with them on the present issue would be to recognise the most extravagant of their claims.

The first point, then, on which Liberal opinion is clear is that the financial issue offers no materials for a compromise direct or indirect. The second is scarcely less important. It is, we believe, the universal feeling of Liberals that, whatever the decision of the Lords, the entire constitutional question must at length come up for settlement. The Government has been exceedingly forbearing—we have often criticised it as too forbearing—in dealing with the action of the Upper House in thwarting its legislative efforts. The only result of such forbearance has been to extend still further the pretensions of the peers, and it is certain that if they pass the Budget they will all the more hold themselves at liberty to deal, as they are even now dealing, with all legislative proposals that come up to them at their own will and pleasure. Of the effects of this procedure on legislation and on the position of the Government we have often spoken, and shall have to speak again. But we think that Mr. C. E. Mallet speaks not especially for advanced but for average Liberal opinion in the House when he writes in the "Westminster Gazette" that if the question of the veto is left unsettled, "we

return, whatever our numbers, to plough the sands once more. We return to the weary round, . . . weary because we know that our work is bound to prove waste labor, so long as the Tory Party command the House of Lords." And on a further point we agree with Mr. Mallet. The party has made up its mind to the struggle, and is fully aware that it will go into the fight under far more favorable circumstances in January than it would do after another unharvested session. But it wishes for a clear pronouncement upon the actual policy on which issue is to be joined. Here its mind is open, and it is willing to accept a lead. What is the lead to be? Does the Campbell-Bannerman resolution hold the field, or has the Government an alternative? "Whatever be the case, now is the time for leaders to consider and agree, to weigh the advantages and disadvantages of the alternative courses whereby the power of the Lords may be so defined as to enable the will of the people to prevail in legislation, and to make it possible for representatives of either party to take office without putting themselves into an impossible position. We cannot have the issue too soon or too clearly defined. The end is perfectly clear. We may fairly ask our leaders to give us their view of the means by which it is to be secured.

THE SUFFRAGIST DEADLOCK : A SUGGESTION.

THE militant suffragists, as we understand them, take this position. The case for the suffrage is just and reasonable, and for half a century its advocates have made a steady, persistent appeal to the sense of justice and the reason of male legislators and a male electorate. They have failed, and the nature of their failure makes it evident that an appeal to justice and reason is not an adequate method of attaining the object. For although by this educative method a pledge can be procured from a majority of representatives in Parliament, based on an admission of the justice and reasonability of the demand, some irrational or unjust motives enter in as barriers between the pledge and its redemption. This barrier of prejudice or unreasoning sentiment cannot, *ex hypothesi*, yield to an appeal the validity of which it repudiates; it can only be broken down by force and menace. 'To force and menace therefore we are compelled to resort: if we begin by the gentle force of vocable interruption and besetting, and this fails, we must strengthen the dose, proceeding to forcible intrusion upon Ministers and threatening letters to their families; if this fails, physical violence of growing degrees must follow, involving risk to life and limb, not only of those personally responsible for withholding justice, but of others in their company. If this campaign of physical force and menace can be conducted with sufficient vigor, variety, and duration, it will succeed in overpowering the 'unreason' of the opposition, and it must be extended and intensified until it does.' Answer a fool according to his folly, meet force by force.

Here we have a "war" of outlaw women against

organised male society, claiming the "right" to use any sort of weapon and to inflict any sort of injury. The position taken by the extremists is that familiar in anarchist propaganda. Although the thrower of a bomb knows what he is doing and intends to do it, no moral responsibility rests with him for any injury he inflicts on innocent victims of his outrage: for whatever suffering attends his act Society is alone responsible, Society the real criminal who has driven him to such reprisals. The Government, in refusing a franchise, is morally guilty of any injury caused by throwing stones into a meeting: this being so, no legal penalty ought to be inflicted on the perpetrators of such acts, and any hardships which they suffer at the hands of the law, or which they bring upon themselves in prison, are "outrages" which simply go to aggravate the initial injustice of the Government. Apparently there is a refusal to accord any blame to any kind of act, however wild or wanton it may seem, done by anyone who is actuated by resentment at the Government, while every violence to which officials resort in enforcing the law is a new wrong. This attitude even transcends the rigid logic of anarchism. For the strict anarchist, recognising himself at war against Society, admits the doctrine "Vae victis" and does not complain of "what he gets" at the hands of the enemy. Most of the suffragists claim more "consideration" for a woman "at war" than would be claimed for any man at war, though the women have chosen to adopt male weapons and tactics. This, however, is but a minor consideration, and perhaps the peculiar logic of their case will be held to entitle them to seek to utilise for their defence any little remnant of preferential treatment which usage or obsolescent chivalry may afford.

Now, though it may be difficult to find even a specious defence in the economy of force for promiscuous violence, or the policy of run-a-mok, except a "general advertising," the broader issue of the efficacy of force and menace deserves more serious examination. Militant suffragists can point to history, male history, in support of the view that an alloy of force seems necessary to carry reason and justice to victory. "Force is the midwife of reform" is an accepted revolutionary doctrine.

But though experience appears to assign a place to physical force in history, the economical use of it requires close consideration. It appears "good" for a brief emergency where a matter can be rushed. This statement discloses the fundamental tactical error of the militant suffragists. They appear to have supposed that a quite well organised and violent assault would carry the fortress. For this purpose they choose a dictator, abrogating all the liberty and sanity of a democratic movement. If six months or a year of the earlier tactics of moderated force could have sufficed, the policy might have been historically justified. But it could not suffice, and every extension of it towards the present policy of almost indiscriminate violence is sheer loss. We are aware that this statement will be flatly denied and genuinely disbelieved by the militants, who, though they may agree that their "pledglings" in the House of Commons have turned traitors, claim that they have or

shortly will have a majority of the male electorate with them, and won by the very methods we deplore. We are convinced they are mistaken. A certain amount of well-directed driving "force" may be an adjunct to the assertion of a just and reasonable cause upon the stage of human affairs, but the effect of excessive or loose violence is just the opposite. The very dramatic excitement which violence arouses cancels so much of the appeal to justice and reason. Even where this substitution consists in setting stronger violence against weaker, so that the cause prevails by methods of injustice, the victory is usually no settlement but bears upon it the brand of its unreason. But, where the force is of a definitely weaker sex, and of a sporadic, anarchic sort, acting against the whole brute force of the modern State, there can be no chance even of a Pyrrhic victory. Women who follow this course impatiently throw away the weapons of truth and right, which do in the long run prevail, in favor of weapons which they can never hope to wield with equal skill and efficacy. No body of men will actually yield to this necessarily weaker force: they would despise themselves if they did, and, what is more, the women who seek to co-operate with them in the work of government would despise them also. We do not say that this ought to be so, but it is. Therefore, granting the utmost which the stoutest "realist" can claim for "force" as a factor in progress, the recent use of force by militant suffragists is suicidal.

On this preachment we fear that "militants" will be disposed to make two brief comments. The first is that all this is mere male sophistry, used by enemies of their cause to deter them from following a successful line of attack. To this imputation of *mala fides*, exceedingly unjust as it will appear to those who have followed our policy throughout this movement, we can, of course, make no reply. But the second is more relevant. 'What,' they will say, "about the conduct of the Government? Why do you lecture us and not them, regarding the abuse of force? We have suffered much more physical violence than they. It is their example that has incited us: closing one after another the avenues of moral force, denying interviews, falsifying pledges, refusing us protection against male mobs, denying us the milder treatment due to political offenders, they have driven us, as a counsel of despair, to the methods you condemn.'

We might reply that, however unjust might be the treatment of the franchise question by the Government, the initial use of physical violence lay in the disturbance of meetings and the technical assaults upon the police. But such discussion of the order of events is unprofitable. We would prefer to address a reasoned appeal to both parties for a suspension of hostilities, and since we know the Government to be the stronger, we would invite them to take the first steps towards a settlement. We make this suggestion both as advocates of the suffrage and as supporters of the Government. It is idle to conceal the seriousness of a situation which by some irresponsible act of violence may any day become irretrievable. The Government have made serious blunders in their treatment of what was at first a mild though lawless method of protest. They can retrieve these blunders by a change of action appropriate to the approaching emergency of

a General Election, and creditable in itself as a measure of humanity. If the Prime Minister were now to make a speech, acknowledging freely the bravery and disinterestedness, though deprecating sternly the violence, of the militant suffragists; were he to express even now a willingness to receive a deputation of the moderate wing of the movement who have never ceased to urge this course upon him by peaceful pressure; and, finally, were he to undertake that if in the first Session a clearly pledged majority of suffragists returned to the next Parliament carried a resolution in favor of woman's suffrage, the Government would allow effect to be given to this judgment in a Franchise Bill, we can hardly doubt the efficacy of this pacific policy. Such an address, attended, we would suggest, by an amnesty to all imprisoned suffragists, would be a worthy and a generous method for a Liberal Government to adopt. The coarser type of clubman might indeed deride it as "magnanimity," or as a lapse into sheer Christianity. A few of the irreconcilable suffragists might dub it "surrender" to their policy of menace or denounce it as mere electioneering. But in fact, and even in appearance, it would be neither magnanimity nor surrender, but good policy. If this truly Liberal overture were accepted by the adherents of violence in the spirit in which it was made, we should have obtained a truce, and probably a lasting peace from this most painful and degrading war. If it were not so received, the necessary effect would be to make a clear and serviceable severance between a comparatively small body of irreconcilables and the large number of adherents or sympathisers who are influenced by what they regard as the hard measure meted out to courageous women who are making tremendous personal sacrifices for an idea. Is not the present juncture one in which the Government might consider this policy of reconciliation?

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

THE Church Congress which has assembled this week at Swansea presents many points of resemblance with the Congresses that have preceded it. These similarities are probably inevitable, but the existence of them produces a feeling of sameness and monotony upon the outside public, which detracts from the real value assemblies of this kind undoubtedly possess. As we look down the list of speakers and of readers of papers we see that they are the same men or the same type of men who are always to the fore upon Church platforms. Many of them are earnest and excellent men, but we know beforehand the line they will take, and even in those cases where they have a message it is a message which we have heard many times before. It seems impossible, for example, for a Church Congress to be complete without the presence of the Dean of Canterbury on the one hand and Lord Hugh Cecil on the other. Both of these gentlemen are from their different standpoints excellent Churchmen, but the average Englishman who takes an interest in ecclesiastical affairs is perfectly familiar with

the mental attitude and idiosyncrasies of both. But criticism of this kind is perhaps beside the mark when applied to ecclesiastical assemblies. Most of the people who frequent them have what may be called the ecclesiastical mind, with its affection for what it believes to be the old ways and its distrust of the new and unexpected. The organisers of a Church Congress are obliged to cater for the class of people accustomed to attend it, and if the combined result of their labors is to compel us to breathe the same old atmosphere, it is a result which inevitably flows from the limitations imposed upon them by the nature of their task. It was imperative that a Church Congress held in Wales at the present time should occupy itself with the question of Welsh Disestablishment. The Prime Minister has pledged himself to the Welsh members to take up this subject in the next session of Parliament, and, although other matters have for the time being thrust the proposal to disestablish the Welsh Church into the background, it still holds a prominent position in the Ministerial programme. In these circumstances it was only natural that the Bishop of St. David's, as President of the Congress, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, as Primate, should have something to say in defence of the existing relations between the Church and State in Wales. It is impossible for them to overlook the momentous fact that the whole of the representatives for Wales in the present Parliament are pledged to the policy of Disestablishment, but the Archbishop contends that the unanimity of the Welsh Parliamentary representatives does not imply a corresponding unanimity among the Welsh people. This is no doubt the case. But if Wales, in so far as ecclesiastical affairs are concerned, is to be looked upon as a distinct and separate entity, it is impossible to go behind the overwhelming voice of the Welsh members and to say that Disestablishment is an iniquity because it does not command the unanimous assent of the Welsh people. On this principle no legislation of any kind would be possible, inasmuch as there is always a minority, and sometimes a powerful minority, hostile to every legislative proposal.

The opponents of disestablishment are on more favorable ground when they say that for all ecclesiastical purposes England and Wales are not two separate entities, but an organic whole; that, historically, they have been indissolubly united in one communion, and that it would be just as reasonable to disestablish the dioceses of Cornwall and Devonshire as it is to disestablish the dioceses of Wales. It is probable that both Cornwall and Devon have Parliamentary majorities in favor of disestablishment, but the voices of these two counties would not be listened to unless they correspond with the wishes of the country as a whole. From the historical point of view it is no doubt true that the Episcopal Church in England and Wales has for many centuries been one organisation. But during all this time it has been ministering to two different races, and if it loses its paramount hold on one of these races it is difficult to see with what justice the more numerous race should compel the less numerous to retain the Church in its position as an establishment.

On the whole the case for disestablishment in Wales is at present strong enough without embarrassing it by weak and insincere arguments. It is a perilous approach to cant on the part of the opponents of the Episcopal Church in Wales to say to Welsh Churchmen, "We are disestablishing you for your own good; we are disendowing you because you will be better without endowments. Look at us, how free we are as compared with you." Some Churchmen, rightly or wrongly, will regard the disestablishment and disendowment of their Church as an evil and a calamity both to themselves and to the Christian faith. The bitterness which the disestablishment of the Welsh Church will inevitably produce in the minds of Churchmen will be made worse by the pretext that it has been done for the good of the Church. Lord Hugh Cecil is quite right when he points out that Welsh disestablishment will deepen the estrangement which exists between Nonconformity and the Church. Nonconformists should plead for disestablishment on the ground of religious equality, and not on the transparent fiction that it will benefit the Church. Professor Jowett used to say that the expulsion of the Nonconformists from the Anglican establishment had split up the English people into two nations, the Churchman and the Dissenter. The aim of statesmanship should be to promote national solidarity, which is another word for national strength. This end can only be achieved by pursuing as far as possible a policy of concord, and by doing nothing which will awaken the envenomed animosities of the past.

A church is primarily a religious institution, and it would be surprising if papers of a definitely religious character did not find a place within a Church Congress programme. Most of the papers to be read at Swansea appear to deal with the circumference rather than the centre of the religious problems of the day. The relation of the individual to the Church as an institution is an interesting and important question. But it is a question lying at the circumference, not at the centre; and a church, if it is to live, must deal with matters of infinitely deeper import. The relation of the individual to society as it is touched on in papers dealing with Socialism and the Poor Law, comes distinctly within the sphere of Christian ethics, but a church would never live if it were nothing more than an ethical society. The secret of the Church's life is that it has a conception of man's relation, not merely to his fellow-man or to ecclesiastical institutions, but to the whole order of the universe. In his transitory life man finds himself confronted not only with his fellow-man but also with the mysterious forces of the world, and the deepest desire of his heart is to know whether these forces are the blind operations of a mindless fate, or whether they are dominated by a conscious power behind them which he can reverence and trust. The heart of religion consists in the belief that there is such a power, and all its achievements in the world are to be attributed to this faith. The great task of the Church in modern times is to strengthen the intellectual basis of its fundamental conception. Unless Church Congresses are helping towards the fulfilment of this task their labors are not very profitable.

TAMMANY AGAIN.

NEW YORK is bracing itself for another of its periodic struggles with Tammany Hall. In less than a month the citizens of the second largest city in the world will be choosing the Mayor who is to rule over them for the next four years. The issues on which the campaign turns are almost primitive in their simplicity. So long as Tammany exists—and Tammany will always exist—they cannot well do anything else. The Republicans and Independents have put forward as their candidate Mr. Otto T. Bannard, the President of the New York Trust Company, and a banker and philanthropist of unexceptional character and capacity. In their platform they touch on various municipal questions, such as the reorganisation of the civic finances, the provision of better transit facilities, the municipal ownership and control of the tube railways, the perennial problem of the police, and the amendment of the City charter. But all these are subsidiary to the supreme issue, the issue of Tammany. In every New York Mayoralty election the problem of problems is either to get Tammany out, or to prevent it from getting in. The essential, unchanging character of that remarkable organisation makes every contest in which it takes part the touchstone of a few elementary principles. Are you for good government or for bad, for honesty in the administration of municipal affairs or for the extreme of piratical corruption, for a government of law or a government of "graft"? That is the pith of the conundrum which the presence and power of Tammany necessarily submit to the electorate. Tammany Hall, as the Republican platform truthfully insists, is something more than a political adversary. It is a public enemy. But while that is the real heart of the whole issue, not every New Yorker will realise it. It is obscured by the fact that though Tammany has been in power for the last six years, there have been few serious scandals, few revelations of gross wrong-doing; and by the further fact that throughout that period the Tammany Mayor has been Mr. McClellan, a son of the famous General, a gentleman of high social position, and of unblemished character, and an administrator of accepted competency. People no doubt suspect that Tammany is still the Tammany of old behind the scenes; that "graft" and blackmail still hold sway; that the partnership between the police and crime still exists; and that Tammany still exacts a commission on every franchise, concession, and contract granted in the City's name. But while they suspect they have little tangible proof. They may believe, they may even know, that the police are still corrupt, and that the affairs of the City have been administered with shameless waste. But they cannot lay their finger on the man or the system that is directly and obviously responsible. The anti-Tammany forces have this year comparatively little on which to base an appeal to the conscience of the voters; and it is only when the conscience of the voters has been aroused by some particular revelation of Tammany rascality, that Tammany has ever been overthrown. Moreover, the Tammany candidate in the present campaign is Mr. Justice Gaynor, a Judge of the Supreme Court of New York State, and a man, says the "Times" correspondent, "who all

his life has denounced the very evils with which the name of Tammany Hall has been associated"—in other words, a respectable figurehead of a type that Tammany has always known how to utilise in its hour of need. The omens, therefore, for a victory for the "good citizens" do not look particularly bright.

What is Tammany, and why? How is it that in an English-speaking community an organisation that is a synonym all the world over for every form of political viciousness has never yet been defeated twice running? What is the secret of its inexhaustible vitality and of its hold, that only a moral earthquake can relax even for a moment, over the New York masses? We cannot attempt to answer these questions with the fulness they deserve, but merely to set forth certain considerations that may serve in part both to describe Tammany and to explain it. At bottom, Tammany is no worse and no better than a host of other "machines," Republican and Democratic, to be found all over the United States. It overshadows them in notoriety, partly because it is vastly better organised, and partly because the scene of its operations happens to be the American Metropolis. But fundamentally it does not differ either in form or methods from the normal type of American political organisation. There might be a Tammany in every city in the Union; many cities besides New York do, in fact, possess one. Wherever the system of primaries and nominating conventions obtains, there is a potential Tammany, because the system is one that makes too great a demand on the average, busy, well-intentioned but not over-earnest citizen, who is bewildered by its intricacies, repelled by its associations, and ends by leaving it to be manipulated by professional experts who give their whole time to the business. But Tammany has some special advantages that are all its own. It is the oldest political organisation in America, if not in the world. It is only a fortnight younger than the Federal Government itself. It has therefore the authority and prestige that in a new country are peculiarly apt to gather round an old institution. Then, too, Tammany is the official New York branch of the National Democratic Party. That gives it an influence which we in England with our lax notions of party discipline can hardly even realise. Tammany's candidates and programmes are binding on Democratic voters in New York City to a degree that would amaze an English campaign manager. Its loyalty to the greater body of which it is a part predisposes every Democrat to support it, and explains why, in spite of all revelations, Democrats of standing and respectability like Mr. McClellan and Mr. Justice Gaynor are willing and even eager to fight under its banner.

Tammany, again, has an unsurpassable organisation. As a mere piece of mechanism it holds its own with the German General Staff, the Roman Curia, and the Mormon hierarchy. From the omnipotent Boss to the humblest worker in the rank and file, there is a graduated descending scale of power and responsibility. Each active member is held personally to account for the vote in his area, be it a "block" or half a block, or a single tenement house, or an entire district. While obedience must be implicit and unquestioning, while slackness is

punished without mercy, there is always for faithful and adequate service a tangible reward in office, hard cash, or "pull." Tammany internally is a pure democracy, with all careers open to talent, and nothing to prevent a man with the requisite powers from rising to the top. It disdains nothing that will help it towards its goal. A popular saloon-keeper, a foreman who is liked by his men, an immigrant who has influence over his countrymen, whoever and whatever he may be, white, black or yellow, Protestant, Catholic, Confucian or Jew, Tammany will stoop to him, flatter him, do him a good turn, and enrol him among its workers. "Politics," says Mr. Dooley, "is the poor man's college." But to the festering East Side Tammany is far more than a college. It is a club, a church, a centre of charity and benevolence. The poor of New York look upon Tammany as a sort of multiplied Santa Claus, a mysteriously beneficent body, that in return for a paltry vote will radiate good-fellowship and practical help, will pay a man's rent and doctor's bills, will give him a start in trade, or find a job for him in the municipal service, or "see him through" when he is in trouble with the police. And Tammany really does do all this. It succeeds where most amateur philanthropy fails; it gets among the poor and befriends them without once seeming condescending or self-righteous. To many a poor immigrant the power and authority of the American Commonwealth are summed up in the Tammany District Leader; to many thousands more he, or one of his lieutenants, is the only helpful friend they have ever known. On this foundation Tammany builds up its electoral power, seizes the city and sacks it. Trading on the merry and imperturbable cynicism with which New Yorkers regard politics and politicians, thoroughly in sympathy with the spirit of the feverish, pleasure-loving, Pagan population over which it rules, gathering round it an enormous number of beneficiaries from all classes—rich contractors and destitute aliens—whose interests are wrapped up in maintaining it in power, and filling its exchequer by blackmail, the sale of offices, the sale of immunity to every species of law-breaker, and percentages on the incalculable hinterland of spoils that lies behind every sphere, however insignificant, of municipal activity—the wonder is not that Tammany should sometimes win, but that it should ever be defeated.

Life and Letters.

SHAKESPEARE'S DOUBLE.

TILL within the last ten years the present writer used much to frequent a substantial little house on Bankside where a famous past kept peering through dingy and fading realities. Finely fitted mahogany doors told of Georgian merchants; it was no surprise to discover a secret chamber, and across the back yard stood a wash-house with barred windows and heavy lintels, dim relic of the old Clink prison and Alsatian exuberance.

Down a lane close by, if you climbed to an open grating, you could see the shallow depression in the ground which tradition still called the Bear Pit, and by raking at the surface, people said, the bones of bears could be discovered for any dog to bait and worry afresh. Here was the Swan Inn, unconsciously telling of the Swan theatre three centuries before, just as Curtain Road down Shoreditch way tells of the curtain that rose and fell in a theatre older still. Here was Park Street, reminiscent of "The Park" of better days, though its old name was Maiden Lane, when the Globe Theatre stood on one side of it or the other; and, a little further down stream towards London Bridge, you could still trace certain bits of old walls and arch built into warehouses, showing where the great palace of Winchester's bishops once stood.

Scrap-iron and electric works have swept away the house and Clink, nor is one sure about the bear-pit. But the rest remains much the same, and what with the memorial stone in Park Street and Dr. Wallace's discoveries of records, it has all been very prominent this week. The ancient spirits were called up again; for a moment the past has almost reappeared, and we have realised that one of the Southwark crowd might possibly have had a grandfather only ten times removed who saw Shakespeare hastening to the first rehearsal of "Hamlet," and was terrified at his acting of the Ghost. To be sure, the memorial stone may be set on the wrong side of the street, and Dr. Wallace's discoveries have hitherto revealed little that was unknown to scholars like Dr. Sidney Lee. But it is certain that Shakespeare really did live "near the Bear Garden," that he was an actor himself at the Globe Theatre in Maiden Lane, and that he made a few pounds extra by writing plays for it (£11 being the highest price paid for any play before 1599, when the Globe was built). And after the crack-brained theorising of last century's end, there is some comfort in remembering that he acted, wrote, or lived at all.

That we should count it a great discovery to find his name mentioned in the legal documents of a friend's family-quarrel is but an example of the iniquity with which, as Sir Thomas Browne said, oblivion scattereth her poppy, dealing with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. It does not matter to a yard where the Globe Theatre stood, and we knew before that Shakespeare drew some £500 or £600 a year (say £4,000 or more in our money) from his shares in that theatre and the Blackfriars. We knew of Heming before, whose daughter brought this lawsuit, for it was he and his fellow-actor Condell who, after Shakespeare's death, rescued his plays from their theatre's scrap-heap. The thing that really delights us is simply the new mention of Shakespeare's name as a living man among his contemporaries. That the world knows nothing of its greatest men is in these days only a silly paradox; but of Shakespeare, certainly, no one of his times cared to know much. Had he lived among us now, what interviews we should have handed down to posterity! What details about his dogs and carpets, his pipes, his clothes, his income, and his hair! We could have turned him up in "Who's Who." We should have known the date of his knighthood, and a conspicuous friend would have presented him with a biography, analysing his nature and promising him fame. After his death, what columns of appreciation and reminiscence, what chatter about Anne, and the Dark Lady, and the dubious wife of Oxford! And a few years later, upon every shred and morsel of his existence the ghouls of literature would have settled, and for

many long years they would have found fine feeding on his bones.

From all such ignominy destiny saved him like a god. It is true that we know rather more facts about Shakespeare than about most great writers of his age, unless, like Sir Thomas More, Spenser and Milton, they took some part in public affairs. For no record was considered necessary except for a man of action, and, if Boswell had not written, many of us would accept the rule. But even in Shakespeare's case, no kind of biography was attempted for a century after his death. Our facts have to be drawn from bare legal documents, and our knowledge of his personality from half-a-dozen sentences left by his friends, or from country gossip gathered among the aged after his death. It is noticeable how well each scrap of evidence harmonises in the picture we can form. As "sugared" was the word chosen by Meres to describe the sonnets, so "sweet" was the recognised quality of Shakespeare himself. He was reputed pleasant, and "of civil demeanor." Ben Jonson, who "loved the man and honored his memory on this side idolatry as much as any," proceeds after that splendid outburst to speak of him simply as "indeed honest and of an open and free nature." The Stratford people remembered him as "very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit." Evidently he was a man of quiet and sweetly reasonable temper, courteous and serene in manner, calm rather than tempestuous, and lovable rather than dominating. We see nothing of the fighter about him, nothing of Kit Marlowe's turbulence, on whose tavern death a moralist wrote, "See now what a hook the Lord put in the nostril of this barking dog!" There was no barking dog in Shakespeare. If we take Benjamin Jowett's definition that the man of power is the original man who keeps within conventions, Shakespeare would serve as an example.

The sweetness and element of calm have, indeed, often been made a reproach to the poet's memory by those who cannot picture genius except in the rebellion of maddened hair and tempest-flashing eye. It has seemed so natural to find poets begging their bread or wallowing in the gutter, that even Shakespeare's business habit and steady income have been flung up against him as proofs of an inferior and prosaic nature. From Pope to Bishop Blougram, and onward to this day, the taunt of worldly wisdom has been repeated. Pope speaks of one who:—

"For gain not glory winged his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite."

Browning makes the great Bishop appeal to Shakespeare's example in excuse for his own worldliness:—

"Let him say, 'In the face of my soul's works
Your world is worthless and I touch it not
Lest I should wrong them'—I'll withdraw my plea.
But does he say so? Look upon his life!
Himself, who only can, gives judgment there.
He leaves his towers and gorgeous palaces
To build the trimmest house in Stratford town;
Saves money, spends it, owns the worth of things."

Poets, and they among the greatest, repeat the reproach against their master. How was it that this sweet-tempered, smooth-witted man, who managed his affairs so successfully; who wrote what the public wanted so as to add some £30 a year (say, £250 of our money) to his income; who, when that income seemed secure, threw away his magic wand and retired to a garden in a quiet country town, though his productive power was still at its height—how was it that such an estimable and worthy character came at the same time to possess a poetic genius which Europe has

acknowledged to be unexampled in her history? The question brings us near the dangerous mystery of the soul, and the multiplied phases under which we recognise her identity. But for some guidance let us return to Sir Thomas Browne, who might well have seen Shakespeare in the flesh, since their lives overlapped by eleven years. There is a passage in which, after speaking of man as an amphibious piece, between a corporal and a spiritual essence, disposed to live in divided and distinguished worlds, he thus proceeds:—

"Now for that immaterial world, methinks we need not wander so far as the first moveable; for even in this material fabric the spirits walk as freely exempt from the affection of time, place, and motion, as beyond the extremest circumference. Do but extract from the corpulency of bodies, or resolve things beyond their first matter, and you discover the habitation of angels."

So it may be with genius lurking under smooth appearances, nor is it always in the thunder and the fire that the spirit is revealed, but in the still, small voice. Within the material fabric of that reasonable, courteous, and prudent man, the soul walked freely exempt from the affection of time, place, and motion, embracing the world, various as an English sky, capable of every emotion that rejoices or torments the heart of men and women. That outward man, so pleasing to his friends, so disconcerting to romantic critics now, was but a casing, a double, a corporal essence, having hardly more to do with the reality of Shakespeare than the smiling effigy on his tomb. Aloof and half unconscious beneath that form, lay the fine spirit that breathed with the life of all the world, and out of a breath created living souls more memorable than history has supplied. Call-boy, actor, shareholder, man of property, and substantial citizen of a country town—all these he was, and it is very good of scholars to spend so much trouble in finding out the facts and dates. But when we think of Shakespeare, we set aside this double of his soul and find these things of little consequence. For they are but the corpulency of bodies, and we must resolve them beyond their first matter before we can discover the habitation of angels.

INSTITUTIONS AND INSPIRATION.

ONE of the strangest and sometimes perhaps one of the saddest things that the student of history comes to realise must surely be that law which seems to doom every great ideal and every great movement to give birth to organisations which, while created to promote it, end by destroying it or diverting it to different channels. The cynics laugh at the contrast between present-day Christianity, as manifested in the dignity of the great historic churches, and the rude simplicity of the Galilean fishers; in a narrower field the most sympathetic of French historians has traced for us the tragic way in which the great spiritual forces that made the early Franciscan movement what it was, were trammelled, if not extinguished, by the growth of the very society which they had called into being.

The mystic laments the fall from the unrealised ideal; the statesman makes rejoinder that the change is a needful one, and a necessary means of progress. So across the centuries contend with one another the men of method and of discipline and the men of vision. Iscariot still follows in the steps of Christ, bearing his money bags, planning his arrangements of finance, ignoring his ideal.

Most of us must sympathise with Iscariot; we have so often been in his place, sometimes in spite of ourselves, perhaps. Or if we cannot sympathise with him, at least we must with Brother Elias, that born master of organisation, the practical man who saw the beauty of the character of St. Francis, recognised the power of his attractive nature, and wished to turn all to visible use, to build up around him a great society which should be a guide to kings and prelates, a Divine stronghold into which the beauty and the

riches of the world should be brought. Elias doubtless felt that St. Francis was too good for this world; he himself dealt with men as men, understanding the worth of compromise, seeing the strength of institutions. The Elias whom most of us know well enough always tends to think of an ideal merely in its relation to institutions actual or possible, while the Francis, for whom we look too often in vain, thinks of the institution only as at best the imperfect embodiment of, or the means to, the ideal, and more often as the hindrance to be overcome on the way, "my brother the ass," who can only be guided with difficulty.

It is very easy for us to recognise in a far off time the failure of institutions to realise the ideal that inspired their origin, and we readily admit, in the abstract, the need for the ideal to dominate the institution and the danger of the institution running away with the ideal. It is harder to see in our own lives how far we are allowing the machinery to take us from its object, how far that machinery is out of date or out of gear, since we are in the thick of it all, our ears dulled by the roar of the wheels. Assuming that we admit that Iscariot has his right and helpful place, how are we to find it and keep him there?

How great is the failure of our countless institutions intended to promote social welfare, we to some extent realise as we take up the "Annual Charities Register and Digest," published by the Charity Organisation Society, and turn over those 700 pages describing the various societies, with all their staffs and offices, at work in the city, which is still the London that we know. Life appears almost to become at times to some men one long committee, but little, after all, seems done. And this failure may be seen, to some extent at least, even in recent movements which were originally a protest against the narrowness and superficiality of earlier methods of dealing with the problems of modern society. The first thought of the men who conceived the idea of the university settlement was surely not to found a new institution, so much as to bring life into touch with life, to make centres in which knowledge and experience might be collected, and from which men and ideas might be put at the service of all who had most need of them. Yet, in spite of themselves, they have almost become institutions; indeed, some settlements have frankly made it their aim to be such, and as one reads reports from across the water of all that our American friends are doing, one must admit that they have been most successful in achieving their object. If the settlement movement (as it is called) had not begun as it did twenty odd years ago, perhaps these wonderful centres of activity would not have come into being, or would have been very different from what they are. Yet would the founders of the first settlement have recognised as their spiritual descendants these men, unselfish as they are, whose methods are so different? Did there ever come before their vision the picture of a great building raised by some millionaire, maintained by like gifts, manned by a staff of salaried workers, and providing, at the expense of far-seeing or enlightened manufacturers, healthy amusement and duly certified religious teaching and secular instruction to the workmen of these subscribers, as well as dispersing, on behalf of Dives, basketfuls of crumbs, both of plain and fancy bread, to Lazarus and his fellows at the door?

After all we are only face to face once again with the fact that men are constantly attempting to do their duty by deputy; to subscribe to what they see to be a good work rather than to set about to do it themselves, to give of their money rather than of their lives. It is the danger that has beset the church from almost the earliest days, that the men who should be inspiring and setting others to work have too often simply done their work for them, or tried to do it. Doubtless the old robber baron returning from some murderous fray felt his heart uplifted as, rounding a corner of the road on the way to his castle on the hill, he came in sight, in the valley below, of the monastery he had founded, and thought of the holy lives of the monks, and of their prayers put up daily for him, who had such need of them. Doubtless, too, the good monks' hearts warmed

towards the old freebooter who yet had so much good in him as to be their founder and protector. But it was small consolation to the men he robbed and put to death to know that some part at least of their possessions would go to Holy Church and to make possible the cloistered self-denial of these men of God. The baron's keep has vanished, and the abbey is in ruins, but do we not see the same process going on to-day? One has only to look at the subscription lists of churches and charities. The man who realises this may well hesitate to appeal to the wealthy for money to aid his plans, for he sees the effect of such methods in making religious and social agencies distrusted by many among the very classes which they aim at helping. He will rather honor the spirit in which a woman like Jane Addams of Chicago refuses to receive gifts of "tainted gold," as she feels the conscience money of some unscrupulous men of business to be. Yet here again he may be in danger of deceiving himself. He needs, it is true, to beware of accepting, still more of asking for, gifts which would merely be given to promote the vanity or to further the selfish interests of the giver, but can a man so easily wash his hands of the stain of the mammon of unrighteousness? Does he not rather need to recognise that, indirectly at least, the fruits of injustice enter into all the money that comes to him, since selfishness plays the part it does in our social life, and since our lives are so bound up with each other that no man can set himself apart from his fellows? Only let him see that the gifts he asks for will quicken in the giver the sense of social responsibility and increase the desire to do and to give more himself.

The payment of subscriptions, if this principle be disregarded, becomes a soul-destroying process, alike to him that gives and him that takes. The pious Henry III. turned once at bay, after listening to the pleading of Friar William of Abingdon, one of the most eloquent of the early Dominican preachers, and cried to him, "Brother William, you used to speak in so spiritual wise; now all that you say is, 'Give, give, give!'" One may compare the disgust with which a modern public schoolboy often turns from the familiar appeal of the clergyman who year by year comes to the school to preach on behalf of the school mission, and to carry back with him the usual collection, but nothing better. For the only thing worth giving or asking is life; and such a missoner fails to ask for it. Here surely we may find a hint of the explanation of all successful social work, which is the passing on of life from life, the result of the contact of personality with personality. In so far as organisation promotes this and makes it possible does it stand justified, and only by this test.

One does not wish to undervalue the associations, the reflexes of life, which institutions so often pass on, or the wealth of a great past which they keep in store for us. But death is perhaps as needful and as inevitable for the body corporate as for the individual; for both it is often true that whom the gods love die young. It is surely better to spend and be spent in a short life rich in ideas, than to carry on a long existence by the aid of a comfortable endowment, which may prevent men from realising how far out of touch they are with the actual needs of those about them. It is not known whether the bishops have yet decided if there be humor in Heaven, but one is inclined to think that the solemn way in which men shake their heads and lament the impending decease of an outworn institution must sometimes be greeted elsewhere by a peal of celestial laughter.

THE NEW PRESSURE AND THE OLD THRILLS.

SOME little time ago a writer in an American periodical expounded with unnecessary gusto the indisputable fact that the amusements of the Vicar of Wakefield and his family would have bored to extinction the average young American of to-day. That is all very well, but it is not only Oliver Goldsmith who must succumb in the face of so disconcerting a challenge. Things have been moving recently at such a pace that the ordinary reader refuses to be surprised at anything. At his best, the minor

novelist has been always rather in the position of the conjuror whose thrills are more and more discounted by anticipation. But nowadays his rôle is becoming that of an amateur entertainer in the country who is having a bad time of it, with bored town children sitting horribly close to the platform.

South Pole, North Pole, Swimming the Channel, Flying the Channel, fluttering over skyscrapers across the Atlantic, taking ladies for a spin in the air over English lanes, Marathon records broken and mended again, daily ocean runs triumphantly exploited by marconigrams—before all these thrills of fact, following each other helter-skelter, how can our poor novelist comport himself with any sense of mastery at all? In the old days he was well abreast of the times. The leap, for example, from stage coaches to railway trains was one that he could take quite as nimbly as anybody else. The "special," indeed, became one of his most treasured stage-properties, almost as invaluable a *deus ex machina* as the millionaire uncle from the Colonies. The increased velocity suited him as a whipper-up of thrills, and what he lost in the romantic possibilities of highwaymen and the thieving tricks of inn-keepers he gained by improvising convenient railway accidents, to say nothing of the innumerable chances for gallantry associated with lost luggage. In brief, the atmosphere of travel, though considerably less permeated by mystery, remained a recognised medium of adventure, in which he could work quite mechanically, certain of the responsive attitude of his audience. For he was, by right of his alert desire to jump as far as possible with the cat, just a little ahead of his public in that stupendous leap from stage coaches to railway trains.

Even the coming of the motor-car was not too much for him. He saw—nobody more quickly—what could be done in the way of thrills through this new elixir of speed. In fact, the motor-car in some ways suited him better even than the private coach galloping through the night with double changes of horses, or our old friend, the "special," in its very maddest disregard of all known by-laws. The motor, from the standpoint of our manufacturer of thrills, can be made to start at any time and arrive at any place. It is the natural means of transport in a fiction perpetually prodded by telegraph and telephone, and our novelists rose gallantly to its opportunities. No longer could the Wicked Woman consider herself secure from that richly deserved pursuit until the arrival of the ossified local train at such and such an hour. No longer need the raging husband fuss with time-tables in those dim little stations on branch lines where "specials" avail him nothing. Pursuer and pursued, in short, may scamper through space so long as petroleum holds out, and our novelists, with at least a hint of the large gestures of the ancient gods, can produce their worrying situations almost unhampered by time or space. But these aeroplanes! Well, it takes a genuine expert or at the least an Italian poet to handle them in any sense whatever of the verb "handle." Innumerable confusions confront our homely thrill-monger on the very threshold of the newest move. Even the Fat Boy of Dickens would have been rather shy of aeroplanes, and he was dealing with an old lady, and not with that genuine connoisseur in thrills, our man in the street.

Then, apart altogether from the thrills of pursuit, the old attitude towards foreign travel died hard. The memory of Childe Harold lingered on side by side with the engrossing reality of Mr. Cook. Popular excursions failed wholly to kill the romance of loneliness associated with distant travel. Mystery refused wholly to abandon the youth who started gaily for the frontier places unobtrusively willing to "greet the unknown with a cheer." The novelist could—and, to do him justice, did—make great play with all such opportunities.

Quite recently, however, the public has become almost "hoity toity" in regard to these most necessary quests of fiction. The young heir has been refused in the smaller conservatory, and he is going to Central Africa in order to forget! "Well, what about it?" says the man in the street, "why, there was a lady carried over

Central Africa in a hammock only the other day!" With the same truculence of the overfed he faces without creepiness the thrills of the occult. "That's a job for the Psychical Research Society," he says in his offhand fashion, as though that settled the matter for the concoctor of this facile fiction which has become so oddly difficult. Dark, hidden rooms in haunted houses, ghostly calls across shadowed water—he considers himself familiar with all there is to be known about thrills of that *genre*. As for what is not to be known, that he pigeonholes with a yawn as "not good enough." Even the mysterious terror of "Wuthering Heights," with its almost *Æschylean* atmosphere of brooding and doom, would leave him unanimated and undismayed. For, even in the sombre figure of Heathcliffe he would see only "that roaring little rotter," Bramwell Brontë, in disguise.

Again, money, perhaps the most surely magical of all the good old thrills, does not appeal to the ordinary reader as once it did. Reasonable fortunes, at least, doled out by reasonable novelists, have lost all significance. That famous fortune of Miss Crawley, for instance, would be sniffed at nowadays as merely a few odd thousands. Tittlebat Titmouse, enthroned in his borrowed kingdom, would now represent quite moderate wealth so far as modern fiction is concerned. "One should live like a bourgeois and think like a god," exclaimed the tormented Flaubert; but twentieth century England, in fiction and out of it, has a very different estimate of life. Frankly, these cheque-book heroes live like barbaric gods and think like backward schoolboys; the usual picture of them on both sides of the Atlantic is incongruously faithful. And so, in this one particular, the multitude does enjoy a portraiture which, unconscious of any satire, approximates to reality. From the standpoint of homage to reality it is well within its rights when it salutes Brewster and turns its back on Rawdon Crawley.

Another old thrill which used to be a very simple conjuring trick to the minor novelist was that of the sick-bed. Given a doctor, with a thin, pointed beard and a buttoned-up frock coat, and a hospital nurse with a figure whose lines refused to kow-tow to the austerity of her uniform—with these simples a really hard-working novelist of the old school could do almost anything in a chapter and a half. Chloroform, ice, brandy, the constantly ducking head of the doctor and the nurse's trick of smoothing pillows during pauses in dialogue—these details, *plus* a few odd telegrams and the surreptitious tears of the nurse on the eve of the crisis, were absolutely all that was required. But now, a public, bewildered by an undigested knowledge of microbes, demands an altogether different treatment of the sick-room, and the novelist is usually quite as confused by the new popular learning as the most exacting of his readers can possibly be. Poor fellow, he was certainly much more comfortable, and, let us admit it, more seemly under the old happy-go-lucky conditions of theatrical ignorance than under the modern *régime* of bogus knowledge.

Foreigners constituted another "bag of tricks" that required no great caution in handling. Apart from being used as foils to the public school hero, they were serviceable as butts during flagging intervals, and their weird jargon was accepted by centuries of convention as comic relief. The foreigner was also useful in the rôle of the flabby minor villain, and particularly when someone was required to marry the bad girl under a false name, or, better still, under a false title. But now? *Foreigners have been winning things*. It isn't quite the same, and the man in the street feels the change in his very bones. Once more our thoroughly tired novelist must jump with that tireless cat as best he can.

One could easily enumerate many more of his difficulties which have increased so enormously under the new pressure of other people's knowledge. But after all—if he could but realise it—what we are seeking from fiction is not so much excitement as solace, not so much knowledge as charm. Which of us, indeed, if he were put to it on his oath, would not choose thankfully to

desert the most gorgeous banquet of the very newest millionaire in all the circulating libraries of the suburbs and steal quietly back through the centuries, to play hunt the slipper with the Vicar of Wakefield and his daughters?

PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE WILD.

"THE rifle has been abandoned for the camera," wrote Mr. Roosevelt enthusiastically, in an introduction, not long since, to a book of animal photography. The importance of the saying is a little minimised by the fact that the author of it is now engaged in shooting elephants in Africa. The expedition is equipped, however, with cameras as well as rifles, and the world has already seen some trophies of the former that seem likely to be more valuable than the spoil of the latter. Our Nimrods may be too deeply carved not to think that the highest good is to destroy the "tall deer" and other creatures that they love as their brothers, but already the world thinks rather lightly of them unless they can also record their prowess and the courage or beauty of their victims in something more real than skins and antlers. For the purpose of the inevitable book or lecture, at any rate, the camera has become indispensable.

We should have thought that the sport value of the hunting camera would prove far higher than that of the shot-gun or rifle. The difficulties are greater, the danger at least as real, for even the bear that has been infuriated by a wound has very little chance against the equipment of the modern hunter. There remains the result. In the one case a mass of death resurrected in some ghastly fashion by the hired skill of the taxidermist; in the other case, a living record for which the hunter is solely responsible. The only things in favor of the dead-hunter are the reality of the trophy, which makes the hunt savor of pot-hunting and its uniqueness. The animal that the hunter has dispatched no other may take a share in. It is finished for ever, and the next hunter must find another subject, whereas another photographer and another may arise and take the same big stag as we, and perhaps take him better.

The truth is, perhaps, that the photographers are made of sterner stuff than the average hunter. Who would wait hour after hour as the Keartons have done, crouching, cramp-racked, in the skin of a sheep or tormented by mosquitos that they dare not brush away, for the sake of shooting even a raven or an eagle? There are, perhaps, men in the gun-room who would take a camera and face the lion in his native desert, but none who can see the fun of staying up all night in order to photograph even the last British phalarope or bearded tit. Yet our books abound with photographs of the intimate domestic life of common, but timid, birds, every one of which must have cost hours of patience and resource to obtain. The new sport is undoubtedly one that calls for, and obtains, many virtues of a high order.

In its earliest days, animal and bird photography was very like the "night-lining" that is the lowest form of fishing. Having fixed the camera at the bird's nest, or other place where the subject was bound to come sooner or later, we retired to the end of a long rubber tube with a big bulb which, very smartly squeezed, would sometimes actuate the pneumatic release and sometimes not. The first picture of the kind that the writer made, and one of the best, was exposed with a pull on a long string, the shutter being the "up and down" elastic affair and the camera fixed focus, fixed front, fixed everything. The subject of that earliest experiment by the way is one of the best for the beginner—a missel thrush feeding her young in the nest so often obligingly placed in the lowest fork of an apple tree before the leaves are on.

Later, the amateur electrician fixed up for us the more controllable release worked by the mere pressure of a button. With this apparatus you retire so far out of the bird's sight that you yourself have but a poor idea of what the bird is doing when you make the exposure.

It may give you an ungainly back view, it may be out of focus because too far or too near, it may not be near the nest at all. The nadir of "night-line photography" was reached when we fixed matters so that the bird itself by snapping a thread made its own exposure, walked into a trap that snarled and clicked at it but, happily, seemed to fail to grab a leg. We might come back hours later to see whether the trap had sprung or no, and then it served us right if we found on the negative nothing more interesting than a cow's foot, or something that looked like a hedgehog. We were not fortunate at this method of animal photography, and we have not heard of anyone who was—except in the securing of a somewhat comic *genre*.

By the time a few imitators had followed the Keartons into the field with tube and electric wire, the masters had exhausted the possibilities of that form of approach, and had found means to bring their subjects under the range of the stand camera with an operator at the focussing screw. Sometimes a thrush or black-bird had built near a cowshed in the fields and could be photographed almost to the heart's content by a quiet operator in command of a convenient knot-hole. Shyer woodland species were stalked by these indefatigable men disguised as moss-grown pollards; and dippers, wheatears, and others were outwitted by means of stage rocks that gradually appeared in their haunts and contained the crouching naturalist and his apparatus. The hollow sheep and trojan bullock were invented for the benefit of curlew, plover, and other shy birds that nest in the open plain. If our naturalists had been given the magic gift of fernseed, they could scarcely have outwitted more completely the creatures of the wild that we formerly "studied" by means of the scatter-gun and the rifle. Science has given us, it is true, the shoulder camera with which the very skilled can take flying shots, and the artillery of the telephoto lens, by means of which a good sitter can be taken at the distance of half-a-mile or more, but all the great triumphs of animal photography have been won by means of infinite patience and the stealthy approach of the artist within actual camera range.

The lion pictures sent to America and Europe by President Roosevelt's expedition remind us that even the nocturnal animals are not safe from the attention of the camera. In the thick silence of night they may be pursuing the avocations of the most shy—badgers digging out wasps' nests, foxes wooing pheasants from the boughs, lions stalking their prey or in the act of leaping on the tethered calf. Then, in one act, the flashlight rips the darkness to tatters, and the camera registers the revelation. The sensation must even be worse than being shot. It is like falling through a hole out of Paradise into Hell. But it passes as soon as comes, and perhaps goes into the dim animal consciousness as something like a twinge of dyspepsia. Swift as the process is, there is time for its subjects to put on a distinct air of surprise that was not there in the velvet of darkness. Even the slow human being shows it sometimes when the magnesium imposes its flash on the well-lighted dinner table—and the wild animal is ten times as alert to respond to such a cataclysm.

Flashlight photography, which may, in one sense, be regarded as the acme of animal portraiture, is only night-line photography on a higher plane. We shall see whether a wind of the spiral will not take us to yet greater heights. No success is more marked than the application of animated photography to wild life. Mr. Kearton brings the very bird before us—the bird and the wind or the sunshine in which it lives, for we see the feathers blow awry and each muscular action by which it keeps its perch on a rather difficult twig. The youngsters thrust out their eager maws, and the parents, easily distinguishable from one another by their plumage, come rushing up with caterpillars that wriggle in their beaks. In another picture the wary sparrowhawk is placed close under our eyes. We see her bring the kill to the nest, and every action with which she tears off pieces with her sharp, curved beak for distribution among the fierce young brigands in white fluff.

The spoil of the camera, though it is not spoil in the old sense of the word, is immense. It is but a tithe, however, of the facts and incidents that come to the man who watches behind the screen while waiting for his selected pictures. Unsuspected, he sees many a comedy, and perhaps now and then a tragedy, enacted in parts of the field not covered by the lens. A few years ago someone gave us the whole story of how a thrush taught her young ones to fly, silencing for the nonce those critics who say there is no school of the woods. Then there is Mr. Kearton's robin that used to come and feed the young thrushes by stealth, much as a kindly human neighbor will look after bairns that she believes to be neglected by their parents. These observations are typical of a large class that find their way even now with great difficulty into the books of natural history. They clothe the bones of the old science with the fuller, rounder outlines of the more human and enlivening "nature study."

Pictures of Travel.

A DEATH AT NOHANT.

I HAD always wished to visit Nohant, interwoven as the name is with all one's thoughts of George Sand. There she lived, and there she died; there she spent her last serene years. Serene? Was she not always, at the heart of her, serene?

"Nous nous aimons passionnément nous cinq, et la sacrosainte littérature, comme tu l'appelles, n'est que secondaire pour moi dans la vie. J'ai toujours aimé quelqu'un plus qu'elle et ma famille plus que ce quelqu'un." So George Sand wrote from Nohant, in the last years of her life, to Flaubert, and the sentence is the keynote of her life.

"L'histoire de ma vie" is, too, the story of Nohant. The little wood, the garden, the house, were background to the men and women and children she so vividly portrayed in these immortal volumes. They live in house and wood and garden still: they will have no successors. Life will never again begin, be lived, and end there. The lady who died a few weeks ago bequeathed Nohant to her sister for her life, and after her sister's death to the French Academy. The French Academy has accepted the bequest. The house will come to them as George Sand left it, as her children and her grandchildren have kept it since her death, in fond remembrance of her and of one another. Nohant will be a temple, sacred to their memory, to be visited by the devout and by the curious: a home it will never be again.

Gabriel Nigond, the young poet, Berrichon by birth and by predilection, asked us last winter to come some day to Berry and go with him to Nohant: "I will present you to Madame Gabrielle Sand," he said. "She is beautiful, she is wise, and kind, and good. She has the gift of eternal youth, and you will see a girl of twenty who has lived for twice as many years." But when, in August, we came to Berry, Madame Gabrielle Sand was dead. "Vous venez trop tard," her neighbors at La Châtre told us sorrowfully.

We stayed at La Châtre, we walked through its streets; we wondered at which of its old, substantial, comfortable houses George Sand had stayed; in which of them had lived her friends. Through which doors had she passed? From which windows had she looked forth? Some of her life-long friends were of La Châtre. She chose her friends for qualities in them which suited with her own. In her life and in her letters no trace is found of her having ever thought that social success and social importance were things to be desired. She never said, and no one ever said to her: "Il faut arriver." It was Flaubert who wrote to her: "Il faut être bien modeste pour se trouver honoré par les honneurs." She never strove after what she did not really want; she never thought she wanted what was unimportant to her. A distinguished Englishman once called on her. He had been the night before to see the première of her new play. He came to make her acquaintance and to tell her what he thought of the play: "Before I could finish a sentence, in rushed a fat, dirty Frenchman, flung himself at her feet, seized her hand and kissed it, ex-

claiming, 'George, mon George.' I saw she preferred hearing what he thought of her work to listening to what I had to say of it. I took up my hat and left." George Sand had no taste for "persons of importance" as such.

Bataille drove us to Nohant—Sylvain Bataille, who knew them all—who, whenever he passes the statue of "la bonne dame"—George Sand is "la bonne dame" in Berry—takes off his hat: "Parceque, voyez vous, cela lui ressemble tellement." He meditated as he drove us, turning round to answer our questions: "Mais oui, il vient toujours des étrangers pour voir Nohant. Dire qu'une femme peut faire remuer le monde et l'argent tant d'années après sa mort!" But when we spoke of "Madame Gabrielle," Bataille choked: "Depuis que Madame Gabrielle est morte je ne peux pas entendre dire son nom sans pleurer."

We were driving through the country that George Sand loved and wrote of. There are hedges round its fields, trees in the hedgerows; herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, geese and pigs, and goats. The roads have generous breadth of land on either side, and the country is crossed and re-crossed by wide grass tracks where the poor pasture their one cow or their few sheep, guarded by the oldest or the youngest member of the family. At the least ascent you see to a great distance, and realise again the magic of wide horizons. The peasants of Berry are a fine race—tall, well set up, with oval faces and straight features.

Gabriel Nigond was waiting for us at his cottage by the roadside. He went with us to Nohant. We walked in the garden and in the little wood that, a hundred years ago, was the tangled thicket in which little Aurore Dupin built her altar of moss and stones and flowers, dedicated to the god of her imagination, "Carambé."

Nohant, built in the reign of Louis XVI., has for five generations been the home of a race loving it intensely. It is two-storeyed, constructed on straight lines, and, though of moderate size, has a certain air of stateliness. Within, the principal rooms open one into another. In the dining-room are a long table and many chairs telling of hospitality. The drawing-room walls are covered with pictures. Here are the family portraits, beginning with Aurore de Koenigsmark and her son, Maurice de Saxe. His daughter is here: "Aurore de Saxe, Comtesse de Hoorn." Her second husband was Dupin de Francueil, and she it was who bought Nohant. Her face is delicate of feature, a little prim. On the opposite wall is her son, Maurice, in uniform, hair slightly powdered, a finely cut, sensitive face. Here, most interesting of all, is the youthful portrait of his daughter Aurore—who named herself "George Sand"—dark, romantic, with splendid eyes and strong nose, the mouth and chin small and receding. And here, too, is the face into which, in the course of years, that other changed—intellectual, full of *bonté*, distinguished. Her children are here—Maurice and Solange—beautiful young creatures. Facing the Maréchal de Saxe, the lovely face of Gabrielle Sand looks down on us.

A door opened, and a lady came in—small and slight, and very youthful in face and movement. Her eyes and hair were of the darkest, her face extremely pale; she was dressed in dull black—yet, if she had been clothed in scarlet, she could not have seemed more vivid. She spoke in a voice of the most arresting beauty. It was Madame Lauth who held out her hand to us—the elder of the two little sisters beloved of George Sand. She is the only one living of "nous cinq" who loved one another so passionately. She is the last of her race which ends, as it began, with an "Aurore." Madame Lauth sent us upstairs to see "la chambre de bonne mère." There the writing table of George Sand still faces the window, and through the window we looked, as she looked, on a great expanse of sky and, across the garden, to the fields and plains of Berry.

* * * * *

On one side of the garden is a wall. You open an unlocked door, and in a moment you are again amongst them. A yew tree rises like a double column in their midst. Overhead its branches are flung wide, making a dark green roof for the graves which its roots are interlacing. There is only one buried there who is not of their race, who receives from the dead the hospitality that, living, they offered him—"Plauchut, homme de lettres"—who, coming

when all "nous cinq" were there, stayed on until he and Madame Gabrielle alone were left at Nohant.

E. M. COBDEN SICKERT.

Le 10 juin, 1876, par la bourrasque et la pluie, le Berry portait en terre George Sand: hier, en ce même mois de juin, sous le même ciel pleuvieux et sombre, la petite fille s'en allait rejoindre la grand'mère: celle qui fut "la bonne mé" recevait auprès d'elle sa "Titite" d'autrefois. Elle est partie très vite, sans bruit, semblant user pour mourir de cette discrétion touchante qu'elle apportait à toute chose. On ne la savait point malade: on apprend qu'on l'enterre demain!

Douce, ferme et sérieuse, elle s'égayait pourtant volontiers, avec la candeur exquise et l'abandon d'un enfant. Le feu de la bonté brûlait en elle, d'une flamme égale et droite, et jamais vacillante. La réflexion habitait ses yeux graves.

Elle tenait de sa grand'mère, outre l'ardeur d'une consciencieuse persévérance en l'œuvre entreprise, un don profond d'observation et une véritable puissance poétique.

Pauvre Nohant!

Nous ne la verrons plus nous sourire, sitôt ton seuil franchi! La voix du cher Plauchut—si bon aussi, celui-là, si ingénieusement tendre et, à 85 ans, si jeune et délicat! Cette voix de cordiale bienvenue nous ne l'entendrons plus!

Cette jeune femme et ce vieillard, qui s'aimaient d'une si touchante tendresse, ne s'assièrent plus jamais à table, en face l'un de l'autre, se souriant avec une si confiante expression! Les voila couchés côte-à-côte dans le même enclos, sous le même arbre, au milieu d'autres tombes chéries dont l'une est pour toujours glorieuse!

GABRIEL NIGOND.

Present-Day Problems.

THE REPORT ON SMALL HOLDINGS.

By M.P.

To those who have watched the progress of the small holdings movement, who remember the debates of two years ago, when the Bill was passing through Parliament, and are aware of the hopes which it then aroused in every part of rural England, this Report comes with a peculiar, and perhaps rather melancholy, interest. For it was the establishment of the Small Holdings Commissioners, and the conferring on the Board of Agriculture, of which the Commissioners are in fact a part, of new and wider powers, that was, in the opinion of most of us, the real achievement of that Act. All previous legislation, for twenty years and more, had relied only on local authorities; and most of it had therefore failed. The Small Holdings and Allotments Act set up for the first time a central body, who were not merely to record and revise the action of the County Councils, but were to be themselves ultimately responsible for the whole administration of the Act. It is for them to ascertain the demand, and to report how it may best be satisfied—to co-operate, indeed, in the first place, with local authorities for this purpose, but ultimately—if within a given time, which the Board are to fix, the demand is not fully satisfied—to take steps without delay to satisfy it themselves. That is, briefly, their task, as laid down in the first five clauses of the Act. And here, in this rather unprepossessing form, is their first annual report* of its fulfilment. What does it tell us? What difficulties does it reveal? Above all, what indication does it give of the future progress of the movement?

In one respect, at least, it is very definite and satisfactory. No one who reads it can have any further excuse for doubt as to the reality and strength of the demand for land. Not merely have we the recorded fact that in the first few months after the passing of the Act more than 23,000 applications were made; that of these 13,000 were "approved" by the various County

Councils; and that others will still have to be approved, if the Act is properly carried out; but the Commissioners are emphatic as to the character and claims of those who have applied:—

"In the course of our visits to all parts of the country we have personally interviewed," they say (p. 11), "a large number of the applicants for small holdings, and we desire to place on record the fact that in our opinion a very considerable number of the approved applicants are industrious, self-reliant, and capable men of a very superior type. All over the country there are men who for years have been desiring to obtain land, and who have both the capital and the knowledge necessary to make them successful small holders. It is just this type of man who too often in the past has despaired of obtaining land in this country, and has emigrated to the colonies!"

Moreover, the applicants, as the Commissioners recognise, represent but a part of the real demand. There are many other would-be applicants held back by fear or caution, waiting to see how the Act will work. Such men are "sceptical as to the *bona fides* of the Act"; they want to see "how their friends and neighbors fare"; in some districts, too, there is "a widespread fear lest the fact of application having been made should be resented by their employers, and the applicants should be turned out of their cottages and lose their employment." Cases of actual intimidation—difficult as this always is to prove—have here and there been established. Altogether it is, as this report says, an "onerous and difficult task," this attempt to colonise rural England.

With regard to the work already done by the Councils, it is probably still too early to say what this really amounts to. The "schemes" which had been sent in up to the end of last year comprised altogether some 21,000 acres, and were estimated to provide for about 1,500 applicants—most of whom are no doubt by this time in possession of the land. As against a total of 13,000 approved applicants, for whom it is estimated that not less than 185,000 acres will be required, this is not at first sight a very great result; and most of it is, in fact, confined to a comparatively few counties. In a large number of rural districts, probably in the greater part of rural England, little or nothing at the end of last year had actually been done. From seven English counties, having an aggregate of more than 1,200 applicants, not a single scheme had been received. It must, however, be remembered, as the report is careful to remind us, that a good part of last year—often an unnecessarily large part—was occupied in preliminary work. In the important task of "ascertaining the demand," though this is expressly assigned to the Commissioners by the Act, the whole of the work was left to be done by the County Councils. Instead of appointing officers who would have directly represented the Commissioners and kept them in touch with the various Councils, the Board of Agriculture contented themselves with recommending the Councils to appoint their own agents, and then agreed under pressure to repay a part of the expense. If, therefore, in many districts, the progress has been slow, and applicants have been unduly discouraged, it cannot be said that the Councils are altogether to blame in the matter.

It is, in fact, when we try to discover the work of the Board themselves, that the weakness of this report appears. They are, indeed, full of good intentions. They prepare circulars and leaflets and regulations with extraordinary diligence; they "have endeavored," so they tell us, "to give all the assistance in their power by way of information and advice," they confer with committees and tabulate returns. If this were all their duty; if they were merely a recording and revising authority, to congratulate Councils which are doing their best, and to find vague threats or excuses for the rest, they must be held to have done remarkably well. But it is not in this way that the Act will be made to work satisfactorily. The forces of opposition are still active, though not at present for the most part openly. In questions affecting land, where local feeling is bound to run high, local effort alone will never be sufficient. Unless the Board of Agriculture are prepared not merely to give good advice, but to lay down a definite policy—including, of course, a time limit—to adhere to it unflinchingly, and, wherever necessary, take action

* Board of Agriculture Annual Report of Proceedings under the Small Holdings and Allotments Act. Cd. 4846. Price 8d.

themselves, there is grave danger that before very long, except in a few counties, the whole Act may be discredited. In the report before us there is no indication of any such policy. So far as any policy can be discovered in it at all, it consists in leaving as much as possible to the Councils, and putting upon them the whole responsibility for the success or failure of the Act.

A single sentence on page 5 will serve to illustrate a great deal of this report: "Every suitable applicant," say the Commissioners, "has the right to an explicit assurance that land will be offered to him with the least possible delay, and we are confident that if applicants will exercise a certain amount of patience, and if their requirements are not unreasonable, it should be quite possible to satisfy the whole of the present demand within the next two or three years." To the seven County Councils who had not sent in any scheme, and to the other councils who had not yet completed their enquiries, such observations may have a reassuring sound. But the man who made his application, as many applicants did, in 1907, who has held on in spite of discouragement and delay—often, too, at considerable risk—and now hears that if his requirements are not unreasonable, "it should be quite possible" to satisfy him before 1912, will feel rather differently about it. If he happens to be a Liberal, he will be inclined to ask whether, when C.-B. at the Albert Hall and the Holborn Restaurant spoke of colonising our own country, and of the urgent need for State action, this was really all he intended. And what of those others, who already, we are told, are "sceptical as to the *bona fides* of the Act"?

One word more as to the date of publication. It is surely unnecessary, as well as inconvenient, that a report for the year 1908 should not appear till September 1909. The official explanation for part of this delay is as curious as, happily, it is unusual. The report is dated June 15th, which is, to say the least, late enough. It was sent to the printer, so we are told, on June 22nd; "but unfortunately was mislaid by the printer, and not found until July 26th." Even then it took nearly two months more to get it ready; and it was only on September 10th that it was actually available. It may be hoped that in future years the Board will succeed in producing both an earlier and a stronger report.

The Drama.

A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY.

THERE is nothing in nature more wonderful than the British journalist in a paroxysm of propriety. Chance led me to look through a bundle of press-cuttings relating to Mr. Maugham's new play, "Smith," which I had just seen with the liveliest enjoyment at the Comedy Theatre; and I was amazed to find that I had been listening to things "*à faire rougir des singes*," as the man says in Dumas—things unspeakable and unprintable, against which two of my colleagues felt it necessary to protest in the strongest terms. The unanimity of the indictment makes it all the more impressive, and must be displayed in parallel columns:—

"STANDARD."

Mr. Maugham has fallen into the prevalent habit among our dramatic authors of calling a spade a spade. . . . Some of the things he says in the first two acts of "Smith" are almost unpardonable. They were not only in the worst of taste, but they were uncalled for and unreal. . . . These obstetrics upon our stage are growing stale as well as unpleasant. . . . We have to ask the reader to take this censure on trust—it is impossible to give chapter and verse or to prove the justice of our strictures by quotation.

"EVENING STANDARD."

Mr. Maugham's new comedy is nice and nasty, pretty and ugly, fresh and stale. At one moment it is unblushingly obstetric; the next it takes us into Fairyland. Now it is coarse and then it is dainty. Sometimes the characters are talking in a way no decent men and women would talk, and at others it is all delightful make-believe. It is quite an extraordinary mixture. I cannot prove to you the counts of my indictment—for, honestly, I could not print the things the people say to each other.

One could almost suspect these two deliverances of having proceeded from one and the same maiden lady, brought up exclusively on mid-Victorian prunes and prisms. Yet even this respectable spinster could scarcely be acquitted of a certain amount of affectation, for it is the veriest nonsense to pretend that there is anything in Mr. Maugham's play which could not be printed, and read without discomfort by any reasonable person. A brother, returning from a ten years' absence abroad, asks his married sister whether her childlessness is not a sorrow to her, and she replies, without any sort of crudity, that she does not desire to have children, and does not envy those of her friends who are mothers. I cannot print the passage because I have not the text; but to talk about "obstetrics" in connexion with it is childish absurdity. Certain words, supposed to be luminous and epigrammatic, take hold upon the critical mind now and then like a disease, and break out in a sort of eruption over the theatrical columns of the press. Ten or twelve years ago the "Ibscenity" pimple was everywhere prevalent; now it is the "obstetric" rash. I regret that Sir Herbert Tree fell a victim to it in his evidence before the Committee on Stage Plays. And the remarkable thing is that the critics who are shocked when motherhood is mentioned on the stage will accept without turning a hair the glorification of systematic adultery and the ridiculing of every decent ideal of conduct. I had occasion, a little while ago, to go through the criticisms of "Dear Old Charlie," and I do not remember any vehemence of protest on the part of the "Standard," any suggestion of unprintable horrors. Yet the gentleman who strains at "Smith" and swallows "Dear Old Charlie" would be a quite probable candidate for the succession to the Censorship, should the post become vacant. His appointment, at any rate, would not be a cynical absurdity, like others one could mention. Had he now been in Mr. Redford's place, he would doubtless, out of some respectable but entirely ridiculous scruple of propriety, have insisted that "Smith" should be docked of its sound and excellent, almost too obvious, moral, and sent forth irrelevant and meaningless. A good example, surely, of the folly of subjecting the English drama to the autocratic caprice of a single individual—a Bowdler blind of one eye.

I will not go so far as another critic and say that "Smith" is worth fifty "Lady Fredericks"; but I will say that it is far the best thing Mr. Maugham has done since "Lady Frederick," and is a work that deserves to count more seriously than even that charming comedy. The formula is not new. We are fairly familiar with the sterling, sound-natured, fresh and frank Colonial, who offers such an attractive contrast to our sophisticated and enervated, if not hopelessly corrupt, society. A third critic—you see I have been studying my press-cuttings to some purpose—tells us that in "introducing a breezy young man fresh from a Rhodesian farm," Mr. Maugham has adopted "a device used by Sheridan in 'The School for Scandal.'" At first this remark entirely bewildered me; but on reflection I presume it must be our old friend, Sir Oliver Surface, who figures in the writer's mind as the counterpart of the young man from Rhodesia. He would be a good deal amazed, I fancy, to find himself in this position. But we need not go so far as to Sheridan in search of an analogy: Mr. Sutro's "Walls of Jericho" will serve the turn well enough. Mr. Maugham, however, does not accept the formula in its primitive simplicity. He does not give us to understand that Tom Freeman's sturdy virtue is sufficiently explained the moment you know that he comes from one of the Britains beyond the Seas. In truth, his connection with Rhodesia is quite recent. He is an ex-Londoner, an ex-stockbroker, who was "hammered" only eight years ago. Rhodesia, then, has merely brought out the innate quality of his disposition. In other words, he is not a conventionally virtuous Colonial, but an essentially unconventional person, a born humorist; and his absence from England was devised solely that he might look with fresh eyes upon the trend of social life (as the author is pleased to represent it) during his absence. Nor is it only in the case of Free-

man that Mr. Maugham freshens and deconventionalises a familiar type. The same may be said of Rose Dallas-Baker, the insatiate pleasure-huntress, Algy Peppercorn, the "tame cat," and even Smith, the ideal parlor maid, the "neat-handed Phillis" of romantic fancy. All these figures we know in a general way, but all of them Mr. Maugham re-creates with a new and characteristic felicity of touch. I enjoyed his comedy immensely, and wish to say so without reserve. It is full of wit and scenic ingenuity; and its undercurrent of seriousness is very much to the purpose. I am no great believer in the direct moral influence of a single play; yet one can scarcely imagine the Rose Dallas-Bakers of the audience going away from "Smith" quite unperturbed.

No doubt there are touches of exaggeration here and there, that rouse a momentary regret. One could wish, for example, that Mr. Dallas-Baker, K.C., were a little less of an imbecile; one could wish that Tom Freeman's conduct to the hapless Emily Chapman were a little less resolutely angelic. One could wish—no, one could not wish it, but one would not complain, if "Smith" were a little less obviously a princess of fairyland. On the other hand, I am not one of those who object to the death of Mrs. Rosenberg's baby. The incident is not dragged in as a piece of cheap pathos, but supplies the occasion for a crowning display of Rose Dallas-Baker's fierce shrinking (if the expression be permissible) from the realities of life. Without it, her character would be incomplete. The baby itself, vaguely heard of on the outskirts of the action, cannot possibly interest us, and is not supposed to; what does interest us is Rose's deliberate suppression of the telephone message as to the child's illness, lest her bridge-party should be broken up. This is a cruel trait, but who shall say that it is impossible? Rose has carefully built up around herself a fortress of egoism, and is ferociously on her guard lest any breach be made in its ramparts. She has schooled herself to disbelieve in the reality of anything that could possibly disturb the round of distractions and diversions in which she finds the sole meaning of life. Birth and death are unspeakable bores to her; she will not hear of them; with a fanaticism beyond that of Christian Science, she thinks she can will them out of existence. Mr. Sutro's Rosie in "Making a Gentleman" is a character of the same type, but a little more instinctive in her invulnerable egoism. The distinction between the characters is, in fact, aptly indicated in the distinction between the names. It is odd that two playwrights, clearly without any collusion or copying, should have hit on such similar characters, and named them so much alike. And yet, perhaps, it is no mere coincidence. Is not this type of selfishness more than usually in evidence at present, on every hand? Is it only ill-bred young women who display the conviction that their luxuries and dissipations are essential to the order of nature, and that the stars shall sooner stray from their courses than the habits of British upper class life shall in one jot or tittle be disturbed?

The acting of "Smith" is as near perfection as anything well can be. It would be curious to see the title-part in other hands than those of Miss Marie Löhr, in order to ascertain whether "Smith" is incurably a fairy changeling, or only in virtue of the extreme refinement and delicacy which Miss Löhr cannot help lending to the part. In other words, there might conceivably be a more possible "Smith"—there could not possibly be a more delightful one. Mr. Robert Loraine has no very easy task in dealing with Tom Freeman; but he acquits himself admirably in tempering the Rhodesian's robust didacticism with the saving grace of humor. Miss Kate Cutler is quite excellent as Rose Dallas-Baker, and Miss Edyth Latimer's performance of Emily Chapman is singularly able. As for Mr. A. E. Matthews, he finds in Algernon Peppercorn the very best of a long line of similar parts, and he plays him in his very best style. One could not possibly have three words better delivered than those in which he introduces himself to Freeman: "I'm nobody—Algy."

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Letters to the Editor.

MOTOR ROADS AND THE PUBLIC.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—All road users, including reasonable motorists, owe THE NATION hearty thanks for its vigorous defence of their rights against the road abusers. Your article in this week's number is a welcome sign that you have not relaxed your vigilance on their behalf. It was never more needed. The further progress of the Development Bill and the proceedings taken under it must be carefully watched. For myself, I have confidence in the intentions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and of the Solicitor-General, who is acting as his lieutenant in this matter. They have listened to representations made on behalf of the general public, have given effect to some, and made promises in regard to others. The Bill has been transformed in Committee greatly for the better. In its original form it was a Motorists' Bill, and one cannot be surprised that the more aggressive motor societies looked upon it as their own affair. Now the principle has been affirmed that the object is the improvement of traffic in general, not of motor traffic only; and the fatal section abolishing speed limits on new roads has gone. But a great deal has been left in an indeterminate state, and until the complete text of the amended Bill is available it is difficult to form a judgment on several points. One of them is the relation of local authorities to the Road Board. In any proposed alterations the local ratepayers should have their say, and it is by no means clear that they will. Then there are other interests besides those of traffic. Improving the facilities for traffic is all very well; but that really means enabling vehicles to go faster, and the vehicles which want to go faster are private motor-cars. The proposed deviations, loops, and cutting down of hedges really mean that. What about the residents, who will be prejudicially affected by the increased speed thus secured and by the bringing of the fast traffic past now secluded houses? Another point is the converse of that—the old routes, presumably through towns or villages, where deviations are made. Are motor-cars, for which these expensive alterations and disturbances are made, to be still allowed a free run at top speed through the old routes if they choose to go that way? Surely there should be some *quid pro quo* in the form of restriction on the old routes.

Then there is the supremely important point of the composition of the Road Board. The preposterous demand is still freely made that this administrative Government department, entrusted with large powers and the expenditure of public money, shall be manned and run by the nominees of motor societies—that is to say, by notorious motorists, who have become notorious by defending, if not by practising, every abuse of the roads, by persons pecuniarily interested in the trade and by county surveyors who are selected because they are believed to be favorable to motorism. I have even seen it suggested that the secretary of the Motor Union should be appointed secretary of the Road Board. In short, the Road Board is to be the tool of the motor organisations. Of course, the Government cannot for a moment entertain these absurd suggestions, which merely indicate the profound state of prejudice in which their authors are sunk. They see the whole world through motor goggles. The Road Board must be a perfectly impartial, non-partisan body, consisting of men who will look only to the public interest and in whom the public can place confidence. There should be an experienced road surveyor upon it, but he should not be one selected by any motor society.

In short, the public welfare is the one consideration to be kept in view both in the working and in the administration of the Act. If not, we are better without it. The object is not to facilitate motor traffic, but to render it less burdensome and injurious without suppressing it. The idea is that this can be done by altering the roads in various ways; and possibly it may, but not by merely enabling the traffic to go faster. That in itself can only make matters worse. There must be some effective relief on existing roads. That was, I believe, Mr. Lloyd George's real and original object, but it fell out of sight when the Bill was drafted, and unless explicitly provided for, it will fall out of sight again. Unfortunately motorists cannot be trusted. There

has been a marked improvement in the behavior of many drivers since the agitation last autumn, but determined offenders are worse than ever, and they have developed a whole series of tricks for defying the law with impunity, such as false car numbers, faked speedometers, and licences obtained under false pretences. While these brigands are at large the public needs a great deal more protection than it enjoys now, and if this Bill gives none, it will only be an added curse.—Yours, &c.,

A. SHADWELL.

The Road Union,
October 6th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The public are under no slight obligation to you for the timely and temperate article on Motor Roads in the current number of *THE NATION*. Supporters of the Ministry are doubtless well-advised to couch any criticism or censure of this portion of the Development plan in measured terms, though I confess that those who, like myself, owe no allegiance to any political party, would willingly see the scheme stripped of its thin disguise with ruthless hands. Many of us who stand in daily peril of life and limb—not to speak of the lesser nuisances created by motor traffic—have for years demanded the imposition of a ten or twelve miles limit in populous districts, coupled with the closing to motor traffic of narrow and dangerous roadways. So far from any concession being made, the reasonable demands of the public seem to have received little or no consideration. Indeed, the appeals of certain large municipalities for lower speed limits in congested areas have actually been ignored; and, so far as can be ascertained, the Local Government Board have rarely exercised their powers under S. 8 of the Motor Car Act, 1903. The existing laws are openly flouted. Cars provided out of public monies, carrying officials and public servants, set the speed limit at naught. In some places the police appear to be supine or inactive. A "heavy" motor, with the statutory maximum limit of twelve miles conspicuously marked on the near side, in compliance with the order of 1904, was recently timed on a journey of thirty-four miles to *average* twenty-two miles per hour—and this occurred, day by day, without any action being taken by the authorities. A deaf ear has been turned to all remonstrance, while a Bill to secure a lower speed limit in towns and villages would appear to have as little chance of success as a Bill to repeal the Game Laws! Now, to crown our sorrows, under the guise of "taxing" motorists, costly motor tracks are to be provided for their special profit and amusement; and this, in large measure, at public charges, and by the aid of a financial device which you justly describe as "radically bad."—Yours, &c.,

A COUNTRY JUSTICE.

October 5th, 1909.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The militant suffragettes have now reached that stage in their career when someone should seriously take them in hand and save them from themselves. I am writing as one entirely convinced of the desirability of extending the franchise to women, and as one, moreover, who possesses the rare faculty of distinguishing between personalities and principles. I will not, as so many bubbly-minded M.P.'s are now doing, refuse to support the suffrage for women movement because of the suffragettes, any more than I would refuse to be a Christian because the late Charles Peace was a regular attendant at chapel. Therefore, what follows, it is evident, is written by a friend of the suffragettes, who, however, is more concerned about the securing of the vote to women than about the pleasing personality of Miss Christabel Pankhurst.

The trouble with these women is that they are too logical. It is an extraordinary sign of the persistent stupidity of human beings generally that they have always conspired together to regard men as the logical, and women as the illogical, sex. The converse is the truth. It is men who are illogical; which is why they are so frequently right.

It is women who are logical; which is why they are so frequently wrong. The plain truth of the matter is that life is not a series of logical developments, but a series of disheartening compromises. There is sufficient error in all expressions of truth to enable the opponents of any particular expression of truth to present a plausible case against it; and therefore, unless we are in so powerful a majority that we can over-ride our opponents ruthlessly (and such majorities do not and never will exist) we have to compromise with our opponents in order to obtain some of the things for which we are striving.

That is the great, tremendous truth which the suffragettes, in their logical fashion, ignore. They are like Torquemada, they are like Bloody Mary and Improper Elizabeth; they are much too logical. I have heard more logic in St. James's Hall in fifteen minutes than I am likely to hear anywhere else in fifteen years; and, between you and me, sir, I do not want to hear any more. It is not enough in this world to be logical; it is not enough even to be right. What is enough is that you bear in mind always that man is very wicked and very stupid and very full of prejudices; and deal with him accordingly. Now, one of the wicked, stupid prejudices which the average man has somehow got into his head is that the Prime Minister of this country is an important person. Another is, that he should be allowed to go about the business of the country, and certainly to eat his dinner, without being badgered by unduly enthusiastic young women. There is a sort of superstition abroad that at all events he should be allowed to pray in peace. The suffragettes, in their logical fashion, can produce all sorts of arguments to combat this superstition; but the remarkable thing about a superstition is that it has amazing vitality; and all the logic in the world will not convince the superstitious person that it is a proper thing to chase Mr. Asquith over golf courses, down dark passages, and up church aisles; nor will the most brilliant suffragette persuade him that he should give up his ridiculous belief that if you hit Mr. Asquith with a piece of lead-piping, you will probably hurt Mr. Asquith. Somehow, that very stupid man in the street does not think it quite right that Mr. Asquith should be hurt.

Personally, I have no particular reverence for Mr. Asquith. I do not know anyone who has. In this connection, he has displayed singular ineptitude. It does not appear to me to be the highest statesmanship to reply, when a woman says, "Mr. Asquith, when are you going to do justice to women?" "My good woman, don't be silly!" or to dodge behind a policeman and shout, "Shan't!" I will admit all that the most suffragetty suffragette can say about Mr. Asquith . . . but when I have admitted all that, I still contend that the suffragettes are now in serious and grievous danger of damning their whole movement; for in this connection the innocent, who are the peaceful suffragists, suffer as severely as the guilty, who are the militant suffragettes. You see, sir, the man in the street, on whom, by the way, a great deal depends, does not care much about Mr. Asquith, but he does care a great deal about the Prime Minister of this country. The suffragette, in her logical fashion, says, "The Premier is Mr. Asquith!" The man in the street, in his contemptibly illogical fashion, says, "Mr. Asquith is the Premier!" It is the inability of the militant suffragettes to see how very important that distinction is that alarms me.

The time for militant tactics is really past. It is now the time for downright, sober work. The border line between enthusiasm and hysteria is very slight; and sometimes it seems as if the suffragettes have crossed it. Even I, devoid as I am of respect for Mr. Asquith, am frequently annoyed by the silly things the suffragettes do to him. If it be thus with me, how must it be with those who do respect Mr. Asquith? If it be thus with me, who am a supporter of women's suffrage, how must it be with those who are opposed to it, or wavering between two opinions!

The suffragettes have had remarkable luck so far. Whenever they have done anything silly, such as hurling lead-piping at Mr. Asquith, the Government have capped their silliness with something sillier. The suffragettes have thrust bricks into railway carriages, and the Government have thrust feeding-tubes into the suffragettes. But luck like that cannot last for ever. The public is beginning to sicken of these silly street brawls. When the Government ceases

to be idiotic over this business, the public will sicken altogether; and then where will the W.S.P.U. be?—Yours, &c.,
ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

13, Champion Park, Denmark Hill, S.E.
October 4th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In an editorial note on the above controversy you seem to express disapproval of the attitude of those erstwhile supporters of female suffrage whom recent events have converted into opponents. The impression you convey is, that while their attitude is to be condoned on the ground of political human nature, it is not defensible *per se*, but only as the result of irritation and annoyance.

Yet surely the position of these converted Suffragists is perfectly logical. As one of them put it to me the other day: "I used to believe women to be capable of political judgment and fit to exercise political rights. They have now given evidence (at least those who want the vote have) that they are not fit for the responsibilities they claim. Hence my change of attitude within the last few months!" Can any argument be more plain and straightforward than this, or more justified by events? As I have all along held strong views on the incapacity of women to interfere with advantage to the community in public affairs, I was in the position of being able to say to my friend, "I always told you so!" But surely this conversion is a testimony to his candor and open-mindedness.—Yours, &c.,

A STEADY OPPONENT.

October 6th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I crave a small space for reply to Mrs. Byles's letter?

She asks why I do not join the militant party. If she refers to my letter in your previous issue she will see that I there gave my reason frankly. My position in that respect may be "an enigma" to her, but it scarcely warrants her in saying that I am "willing they (the militant suffragists) should break their word of honor" while declining to do such things myself. I said expressly in my letter: "As for the broken word of honor, I have nothing but reprobation for it." "In the interests of clear thinking," which Mrs. Byles sets out to champion, it is well to avoid flat misrepresentation of that kind.

As regards "the ordinary voter," Mrs. Byles credits me with wishing "apparently to get the vote without him." I am puzzled to find where such a curious idea is apparent in my letter. What I did endeavor to intimate was this, that since policy shaped "to please him" had signally failed to secure for the women's suffrage question a decent consideration and a practical acceptance, it was at least possible that policy shaped to annoy him might be more successful, even as, of old, one is said to have done tardy justice *wearied by importunity*.

To say that the electorate has never been sued for women's suffrage is merely to juggle with words. The question—the plea for justice—has been before the electorate ever since the days of Mill, and men (representatives, surely, of the only existing electorate) have been sued peaceably all that time. And in this connection, sir, may I be pardoned for venturing to protest against your dismissing, in one of your leading articles, this forty-years'-long constitutional struggle as a "five-year-old agitation," and again as "a few months of constitutional agitation"? A generation has striven in vain for what, at the close of the same article, you rightly call "justice": is it wonderful that the following generation should have, at last, despaired of their methods?

I think I know quite as well as Mrs. Byles that some men have tried with zeal and occasionally with success to amend some of the iniquitous existing laws in regard to women; but that does not for a moment invalidate my previous assertion that it was men who in the first instance made those laws, and that, in general, the whole trend of man-made legislation is towards the dominance of men and the subservience of women.

In conclusion, I submit that under existing conditions it can be only matter of unverifiable opinion whether there

are at present more men than women ("far more," Mrs. Byles asserts) engaged in fighting intemperance, insanitary housing, contaminated milk supply, and the like, seeing that women have at present no political status for the waging of that fight, and must therefore of necessity do most of their fighting behind the scenes, heavily handicapped, scantily recognised. Surely, surely Mrs. Byles cannot be unaware that it is largely for that very reason—to gain by a recognised political status the power of more effective warfare against these national evils—that women are now concentrating their energies in the present determined struggle for the franchise, believing that, once this is secured, power for good in all those directions will naturally accrue from it.—Yours, &c.,

E. M. WHITE.

Auchnabach, Ballinluig, Perthshire,
September 27th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—Mr. Rankine Finlayson writes in a recent issue: "The 'silence' of the constitutional suffragists has 'given consent' to the party of violence and disorder, and, therefore, the former cannot escape their full share of blame for the set-back to women's suffrage."

Now, Mr. Finlayson is a good Liberal, as I hope I am myself. Let him, therefore, read and digest Lord Crewe's answer to the Earl of Malmesbury when the latter complained that neither he (Lord Crewe) nor the Prime Minister had said a word to deplore the Budget protest meeting disturbances. Lord Crewe said: "The noble lord (the Earl of Malmesbury) has administered to us a lecture because we do not make a formal repudiation of these proceedings. It is entirely unnecessary." ("Manchester Guardian," September 21st.)

Let Mr. Finlayson take this also as the answer of the constitutional suffragists—who, as a matter of fact, have continually deprecated disorderly proceedings, whose methods are "by orderly propaganda and public discussion to put the question before the electors, that they may induce Members of Parliament to press it forward"—and who have obtained correspondingly little notice or attention—more shame to the Liberal members and the whole Liberal Party.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN R. TOMLINSON.

Ryefield, Knutsford, Cheshire.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FRANCIS NEWMAN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the article on Francis Newman in your issue of September 25th, you do me the honor of quoting an anecdote of mine. May I improve the occasion by submitting to you some personal recollections of him? It was in 1871 that I made his acquaintance through the agency of Miss Swanwick. The following extract from the account of her in my "Old and Odd Memories" may serve to illustrate an obscure passage in Newman's life:—

"Being on very cordial terms with Francis Newman, Miss Swanwick was surprised and shocked by the tone of the book he wrote after the death of his brother. He had spoken to her in very friendly terms of the Cardinal, and had shown her an affectionate letter which he had received from him on his birthday. It appears that Francis told John Henry that, in spite of theological differences, there was really great spiritual sympathy between them; and received for reply that there could be no such sympathy whatever. The younger brother felt this bitterly; and Miss Swanwick was inclined to regard it as one cause of his asperity. I remarked to her that Arthur Stanley—I think in his "American Addresses"—expressed the paradoxical opinion that some of Francis Newman's writings would probably outlive those of his brother. She replied that the Dean had expressed the same opinion to her in conversation. He once talked to me about the Cardinal not very sympathetically. But can he seriously have thought that any writing of Francis Newman will be remembered so long as 'Lead, Kindly Light'? People will differ as to the comparative soundness of the views of the two brothers; but almost all agree that in point of style the elder brother was infinitely superior; and style is the anti-septic of literature. *Le livre, c'est le style* would be true enough for an epigram. Miss Swanwick was startled and annoyed when, in 1873, Francis Newman and the present writer put in a plea for euthanasia."

It may here be stated that Mr. Gladstone, while express-

ing a highly creditable admiration for the saintly infidel, told me that he *hated* his book about his brother. Jowett took a more indulgent view. He regarded the two brothers as made of wholly different clay. Frank Newman carried his love of truth, or at least of minute accuracy, to the point of pedantry, while John Henry was, in Jowett's opinion, by no means thus pedantic. Let me add that Frank Newman was far from regarding Jowett as righteous overmuch in respect to truth. He spoke to me in high praise of the Master's theological essays; but he could not understand how the author of those essays could reconcile it to his conscience to remain in orders. He surprised me by showing—like Jowett, A. P. Stanley, and Pattison—a side of sympathy with the (then) ex-Emperor of the French. He told me that Kossuth had started with a strong prejudice against Louis Napoleon, but that, having communicated with him more than once, he found that his opinion of him, not intellectually only, but morally, was continually raised.

An opponent of women's rights remarked to Newman, in my presence, that, arguing from the analogy of the higher animals, we may infer that the average man is likely to be superior to the average woman in intellect, as he is certainly superior to her, not only in size and stature, but in strength and consequent endurance of work. Newman: "Let us assume that men collectively have three-fifths of the intellect of the country. Why should the remaining two-fifths be excluded from all share in the government?"

Miss Swanwick amazed me by announcing that Newman had heard in Persia of a certificate of marriage which was to last half-an-hour. I inquired of Newman concerning these toy-marriages (to use no harsher term) and his reply, somewhat abridged, was as follows:—

"Being in Persia in 1832, I knew a Government official, a religious man, and, in my esteem, highly veracious, who had the Arsenal under his command, with a control over the Persian soldiers and civilians in it. Recently he had seen a Persian walking in evident intimacy with a woman of bad reputation, and remonstrated with him about it. The man replied by producing the certificate of that form of marriage which they call, I think, *cazbeen*. My friend read it and found it signed by the priest, and all correct; but it married the man and woman for half an hour. My friend added that when a merchant who has left a wife at home desires a temporary wife, he goes to the priest, who keeps a list of women willing to become wives for a specified time, and sends for a company of perhaps half a dozen of these to meet the merchant. They are all closely veiled, and the applicant must select one without raising her veil; upon which the priest makes out and signs the document of *cazbeen*. *This custom has impressed me with great horror of all marriage that is limited to definite time, so as to contemplate any breach except by failure of life or of essential duty.*"

On another occasion I heard him somewhat qualify the opinion expressed in the words here italicised. He intimated that perhaps divorce should be allowed in cases of confirmed drunkenness or hopeless insanity. He also mentioned to me with seeming approval a custom which was said to prevail in a certain community. He had been told that in that community, when two married persons wish to be divorced for incompatibility of temper, they notify their wish to a Government official and are told by him that, if they are of the same mind after the lapse of three years, their request shall be granted. During the interval, unless in extreme cases, friends do their utmost to reconcile this semi-detached couple; and so effectual is the application of this balm that, when the three years are over, the untoward petition is but seldom renewed.

That Radical pioneer, Charles Austin, being a member of Johnson's Club, which sometimes less modestly calls itself the club, was asked by me, forty years ago, why Francis Newman had not been elected among its members. He replied that Newman was hardly distinguished enough. To which I objected that Lord Stanhope, the historian, was one of the members—was he an abler man than Newman? Austin: "I should think that Newman is at least as able as Lord Stanhope; but we have to take into consideration the various elements of distinction." This rejoinder seems to me noteworthy, or, so to say, quoteworthy, as showing the wide gulf between the Whigs of those times and their modern successors. It is marked by a quaint old-worldliness which a hostile critic might now call snobbishness, and it is curious as coming from one who had been a friend of Bentham and of the two Mills, of whose conversational powers John Mill spoke to me in high terms, and who is described by Sir G.

Trevelyan as having had "a dominating influence" over Macaulay. But in justice to Austin we must bear in mind, first, that when he took that line he had been de-Liberalised by age; and, secondly, that Newman, with his unpopular opinions and somewhat aggressive personality, might have been a source of disturbance in the club.—Yours, &c.,

LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

October 4th, 1909.

THE LORDS AND THE BUDGET.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—An objection was raised in last week's "Observer" to the remarks of THE NATION concerning the position of the King in the event of a possible rejection of the Finance Bill by the House of Lords.

But it is difficult to see how the functions of the King, the Lords, and the Commons can possibly be separated. Moreover the rejection of the Bill by the Lords would operate more as an interference with the Royal Prerogative than anything else which it is possible to conceive.

It is admitted that the Lords cannot originate or amend a Money Bill; but they can reject it. Nevertheless, the function of providing revenue is vested exclusively in the Commons. We have but to refer to the King's Speech at the opening of the present session to perceive this.

The King's Speech is well known to be the message to Parliament which the Government of the day advise the King to make, and it represents, when delivered, the final result of the King's acceptance of such advice.

On February 16th last the King addressed both Houses as "My Lords and Gentlemen," and after referring to general matters, addressed himself solely on matters of finance to "Gentlemen of the House of Commons," and proceeded as follows: "Estimates for the expenditure of the year will be laid before you. . . . The provision necessary for the services of the State in the ensuing year will require very serious consideration, and, in consequence, less time than usual will, I fear, be available for the consideration of other legislative measures." And then the Speech addressed itself again to "My Lords and Gentlemen."

Now the rejection of the Finance Bill by the Lords would be a deliberate refusal to the King of the supplies which, in response to the Royal command, the "faithful Commons" had voted, and it is almost unthinkable that the Lords could possibly intervene between the King as the source of all authority in the State and the supplies by which alone such authority can be sustained.

A short glance at the most recent form of written constitution which the world has seen may be of use in this connection. By the South Africa Act, 1909, which was the product of the united wisdom of the statesmen of the four colonies of South Africa, and which has been passed unaltered by both Houses of the Imperial Parliament and received the Royal assent, it is provided that all money Bills must originate in the Lower House of Assembly, and that such Bills cannot be amended by the Upper House, or Senate. The Senate is, however, an elected, and not a perpetual body, and if it should reject a Bill, then, if the House of Assembly shall pass the same Bill in a subsequent session and the Senate should again reject it, both Houses are to be summoned to meet together, and if the Bill is carried by a majority of those present it becomes law forthwith.

Upon the first rejection, therefore, the Governor-General, acting upon the advice of the Executive Government, would prorogue Parliament, and could at once summon a fresh session and then call a joint meeting of both Houses and so remove the deadlock immediately.

From this it will be seen that the supreme power lies in the Lower House, and this fact alone should be enough to show that resistance to a Finance Bill by the Upper House must be ineffectual if the Party in power has a sufficient majority in both Houses combined to support them in their policy and proposals. That some such provision in the Imperial Parliament will be the inevitable consequence of any attempt by the House of Lords to reject the Finance Bill seems clear; and whether the Budget is rejected or passed, ample notice has already been repeatedly given that no Liberal Government will again take office unless it is

endowed with power to prevent the veto of the Lords being effectual entirely to frustrate the measures of the Government in ordinary matters or to amend or reject Finance Bills at all.—Yours, &c.,

S. S.

National Liberal Club,
October 5th, 1909.

FISCAL CONUNDRUMS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Here is a Fiscal conundrum that has proved of inestimable value to the Free Trade argument on many a platform. Everyone has heard it: How can foreign imports be shut out in order to benefit home employment, and, at the same time, a revenue be raised by letting them in?

We cannot have too many of these. I suggest another: If the foreigner is to pay, in what form will payment be made? I think the question is a pertinent one. Its nature to the Free Trader may not be at once apparent; but let someone try to answer it.—Yours, &c.,

SCOTIA.

September 27th, 1909.

ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Have you not mistaken the report on the teaching of Oriental languages? It contrasted *London* with *Paris*, *Berlin*, and *St. Petersburg*, but you say that the British Empire has in this field "hitherto done virtually nothing." But the University of Oxford alone maintains Professors in Sanskrit, Arabic, and Chinese, and, in addition, provides teaching, satisfactory to the India Office, for "those who are sent to govern" India, and teaching satisfactory to the Egyptian Government for the few young Englishmen who receive appointments in that country. A chair of Japanese has just been established, and the Oriental publications of the University during the last thirty or forty years are well known. Cambridge offers much the same facilities.—Yours, &c.,

C.

Oxford, October 6th, 1909.

THE BUSINESS OF MARRIAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have just read your interesting review of Miss Hamilton's book, entitled "The Business of Marriage," in your issue of September 11th. The review is sympathetic, and shows a certain insight and freedom from prejudice still rare amongst masculine critics. I read on nearly to the end, with a sort of pleased surprise at your reviewer's open mind. Then, in the last paragraph but one, came the inevitable fall to earth. Your reviewer is shocked, genuinely shocked, by what he calls an "amazing sentence" in Miss Hamilton's book. Here is the sentence: "To him (man) the accidental factor in woman's life is the all important." In your reviewer's indignation that marriage should be regarded as an "accidental" factor, you have the true civilised male attitude. It is horrible to him that woman should be regarded as a free human being; that she should fail to recognise "the dominant part of maternity" in her life. Her refusal to recognise this dominance of the maternal instinct is, to the average man, the vilest of heresies. Perhaps it is for that reason that a woman seldom dares to utter it. The individuality of woman is still in swaddling clothes: she is still burdened with a heavy load of "slave virtues": she knows, subconsciously at least, that a frankly egoistic attitude will alienate sympathy from her cause, and will be regarded (*vide* your reviewer) as "the most hopeless of all solutions and the most unworthy." Therefore, at all costs, and to strengthen the weak brother, she holds aloft the banner of the Ideal, even though staggering under its weight. She seldom dares to say, "I want freedom for myself." Such plain speaking would be undiplomatic as well as startling. She says instead, "Look at my cause: it is the cause of the children, the poor, the oppressed, the weak." She must invoke

pity, or claim concessions on grounds of high polity, or seek justification for her demands by reason of her good works and her intimate connection with Nature or the World Spirit. Your reviewer is horrified at what he calls Miss Hamilton's "dogmatic assertion of feminine individualism." No wonder. Feminine individualism has been obliged to go masked, and the mask has become so familiar that we are shocked when it is thrown aside.

I have not read Miss Hamilton's book, but I am glad to know that she has had the courage to lift the curtain even a little, and to show women in another rôle from the ever-popular one of self-sacrificing race-builder.

But, having said so much, let me add a word more. I do not wish to be understood as minimising the importance of sex. My view of the enlightened woman is that she neither seeks to escape from her sex nor fails to recognise its importance. On the contrary, she accepts its responsibilities cheerfully, not because they are imposed by custom, but because she wills freely to do so. If her will, acting with the forces of nature, leads her to impose bonds on herself, well and good. But let the sanction lie in her own will. When, I wonder, shall we see clearly that not in self-sacrifice but in a glorious self-assertion—in that very "feminine individualism" which your reviewer so deplotes—is to be found the best hope for the race?

A free and joyous life for all is what we aim at: a free life that accepts bonds freely: a joyous life that in its joyousness brings joy to others.—Yours, &c.,

ELLEN DUNCAN.

Poetry.

THE THREE YEW TREES.

THE wind that talks in the trees
Is more to me than love;
Talking over the time-worn graves
Where my forefathers lie at ease:
And I heed what the wind says, as it waves
The branches, and soft o'er the worn stones move
Sunlight, and shade of the three yew trees.

I lie awake and with delight
Hear the rain along the rones,
And smile to think it beats all night
On the gray and time-worn stones;
And the thought of the beds where my fathers lie
Somehow subdues my soul, that says:
"What are the light of a woman's eye
And the feet of the children along the ways?"

I hear the ring of the stone
On the scythes at reaping time,
And take my place with them there;
But somehow I seem alone
'Midst the scythe-men red and the reapers fair
As they bend and bind, where the green hills climb
From the valley, where are the three yew trees
And all my people lying at ease.

The men look puzzled on me at times,
As I swing the scythe, and the women smile,
White-teethed women with full red lips,
And arms that shall some man beguile;
But if at the meal-time I should pass
The scones, or the jar from the long, cool grass,
And happen to touch their finger tips,
I look to the vale whence the calm hill climbs,
Where my forefathers lie at ease
'Neath the worn stones and the three yew trees.

FREDERICK NIVEN.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

A REVISED edition of Mrs. J. R. Green's "The Making of Ireland and its Undoing" will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan. It contains an appendix furnishing additional evidence, drawn from the State Papers and other records, on many points that have been controverted. Mrs. Green is able to show that an extensive and varied commerce between Ireland and the Continent was carried on throughout the Middle Ages until the Elizabethan wars, while there is no reason to hold that the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries marked a time of decay and relapse to semi-barbarism. On the question of the part played by the native Irish in town life, in commerce, and in manufactures, Mrs. Green not only gives illustrative lists of Irish names that occur in municipal life, but is also able to show by further references the extent to which the Irish were obliged to take foreign names, a matter that has been much questioned. In her new preface Mrs. Green lays stress upon the need for "a complete study of Irish sources by competent Irish scholars, an examination by historical students of the materials existing in Irish, English, and foreign libraries and collections, and an investigation by trained archæologists into the wealth of medieval ruins that should be the glory of Ireland, but are, in fact, too often rapidly disappearing through indifference."

THE autobiography of Mr. Bennet Burleigh, the famous war-correspondent, which we learn from the "Westminster Gazette" is to be issued by one of the leading publishers, is likely to be one of the most stirring books of adventure of the season. Besides the Russo-Japanese and the South African wars, Mr. Burleigh went through the French Expedition to Madagascar, and took part in practically every Egyptian campaign from Tel-el-Kebir to Omdurman. Of still greater interest than his accounts of recent events will be his recollections of the American war, where he fought on the Confederate side and was twice sentenced to death. Mr. Burleigh has been war-correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" since 1882.

AMONG Mr. Murray's announcements are "The Skene Papers: Memories of Sir Walter Scott," by James Skene, edited by Mr. Basil Thomson. Skene was Scott's intimate friend for nearly forty years, and considerable use was made of his papers in Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott." The acquaintance between the two men first came about through a common interest in German literature, and was strengthened by the patriotic enthusiasm which led both of them to take an active part in raising the Edinburgh Light Horse. It was after reading what Lockhart calls "an accurate and lively journal" of a tour in France by Skene that Scott decided to break fresh ground and lay the scene of one of his novels on the Continent. The result was "Quentin Durward," and the substance of the original introduction to that work was taken from one of Skene's chapters. The papers now to be published are said to give a very intimate and amiable picture of the poet's character.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON has finished a new book described as "a typical fantastic, philosophical romance, dealing with many problems of the day, and especially with the conflict between Religion and Free Thought." This announcement leads us to expect something similar to "The Man Who was Thursday," a book which many readers regard as the best Mr. Chesterton has yet written. The title of the coming volume is "The Ball and the Cross," and it will be published by Messrs. Wells, Gardner.

MR. FIFIELD has in the press a volume containing English translations of three of M. Brieux's plays, together with a preface by Mr. Bernard Shaw. The plays included are "Maternity," translated by Mrs. Bernard Shaw; "The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont," translated by the late Mr. St. John Hankin; and "Damaged Goods," translated by Mr. John Pollock.

CRITICS have argued as to whether women or men are

the better letter writers, and the controversy is not unlikely to be opened afresh by a collection of letters written by women, which Mrs. A. M. Ingpen is about to issue through Messrs. Hutchinson. The title is "Women as Letter Writers," and the editor begins as far back as the "Paston Letters," and closes with Christina Rossetti. The plan should furnish us with an attractive volume, since representative letters by Lady Mary Montague, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Mrs. Inchbold, Mrs. Thrale, Hannah More, Fanny Burney, Lady Morgan, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Browning, and Mrs. Carlyle will be included.

"PRIVATEERS AND PRIVATEERING" is the title of a book by Commander E. P. Statham, announced by the same publishers. The author begins by tracing the origin and development of "private men of war," and then proceeds to relate the lives and adventures of a number of these famous sailors of fortune. The book is not confined to the doings of British privateers, but includes the adventures of several French and American seamen who lived in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

A CONSIDERABLE amount of fresh information concerning John Wesley's early life will be contained in the new edition of the "Journal" which the Methodist Publishing House have in preparation. The editor, Mr. Curnock, has made use of several unpublished diaries and other manuscripts of Wesley, while he has also succeeded in reading the complex cipher which Wesley made use of in his early journals. The new material thus provided throws valuable light upon the development of Wesley's character, his literary and political activity in America, and the growth of the Methodist system. The edition is to be completed in six volumes, and the first, which will be issued within a couple of weeks, contains an account of Wesley's love affair with Miss Sophia Hopkey, written in his own hand and probably intended for his mother.

SOME fresh materials for the later history of the Tractarian Movement will be furnished by the "Letters of John Mason Neale," which Messrs. Longmans have in the press. Neale took an active part in founding the East Grinstead sisterhood and wrote extensively on theological and ecclesiastical subjects. He is the author of nearly one-eighth of the total number of hymns in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and was, besides, one of the founders of the Cambridge Camden Society which developed into the Ecclesiological Society.

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

- "A Memoir of the Right Hon. William Edward Hartpole Lecky." By his Wife. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Early Church History (To A.D. 313)." By H. M. Gwatkin. (Macmillan. Two vols. 17s. net.)
- "In the Days of the Georges." By W. B. Boulton. (Nash. 15s. net.)
- "Greece in Evolution." Edited by G. F. Abbott. (Unwin. 5s. net.)
- "Reminiscences of Charlotte, Lady Wake." Edited by Lucy Wake. (Blackwood. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Handel." By R. A. Streatfeild. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Home Life in Ireland." By Robert Lynd. (Mills & Boon. 8s. net.)
- "Chateaubriand and his Court of Women." By Francis Gribble. (Chapman & Hall. 15s. net.)
- "Rome." By Edward Hutton. (Methuen. 6s.)
- "Old Etruria and Modern Tuscany." By M. L. Cameron. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The New Socialism." By J. T. Stoddart. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s. net.)
- "Sir Walter Scott and His Friends." By Florence MacCunn. (Blackwood. 10s. net.)
- "Versions and Perversions of Heine and Others." By G. Tyrrell. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "The Cruciality of the Cross." By P. T. Forsyth, M.A., D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.)
- "The Soul of St. Paul." By A. L. Lilley. (Griffiths. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Glimpse." By Arnold Bennett. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)
- "La France de Louis XIII." Par Noël Aymès. (Paris: Nouvelle Librairie Nationale. 3fr. 50.)
- "La Critique du Darwinisme Social." Par J. Novicow. (Paris: Alcan. 7fr. 50.)
- "La Vie de Frédéric Nietzsche." Par Daniel Halévy. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)
- "L'Inspirée." Roman. Par Gabriel Sarrazin. (Paris: Perrin. 3fr. 50.)

Reviews.

THE GREEK EPIC.*

MISS STAWELL is a fine scholar and a brilliant writer. And this book, despite its grave critical weaknesses, is in the highest degree alive, sensitive, acute, and most persuasively written. In general it seems to me that where Miss Stawell is simply expounding Homer her work is of very high value, both for close observation and for imaginative quality. She has certainly made me see a number of important points which I had overlooked. Where she ventures into the field of historical criticism and the "Homeric Question" proper, I feel a marked weakness. I doubt if she has understood the point of view she is attacking or even thoroughly thought out her own theory.

Of course we Homeric scholars are apt to have each his bee in his own bonnet, and it may be that a certain deafness to the singing of my bee seems to me a more serious fault than it really is. This book was written before the publication of my "Rise of the Greek Epic," and has, naturally enough, not taken account of the re-statement of the critical case there contained. I am the more pleased to find that in many of our aesthetic criticisms and also in our protest against regarding the Odyssey as, without qualification, later than the Iliad, Miss Stawell and I are in agreement. Her whole statement of the value of Books xxiii. and xxiv. in the story of the Iliad is luminously good; so, in spite of some over-emphasis, is her exposition of the character of Achilles. In the discussions of the Odyssey I feel a less sure touch. The psychology attributed to the poet is elaborate and sometimes fanciful. And I cannot acquiesce in the treatment of Penelope, as a sort of epic Mrs. Nickleby. Seldom have I seen a noble lady so disrespectfully handled.

Miss Stawell's theory of the composition of the poems may be roughly stated thus: there was an original Iliad, containing about three-fifths of curs. It included, for instance, Books xxiii. and xxiv., but not vii., viii., ix., x., xiii., xiv. The same poet wrote practically the whole of the Odyssey, as it has come down to us. Later reciters then made "additions" to the Iliad. Now, to state what seems to me to be true in this theory, if Miss Stawell, instead of speaking of "the original Iliad," would say "a penultimate state of the Iliad," I should largely agree with her. If the Iliad was a Traditional Book, recited constantly by new poets in new generations from at least the tenth century B.C. to the fourth, it was probably in every stage of its growth a unity. Certainly every version of the Roland or the Niebelungenlied that we possess is a unity. And one of these unities may very likely have been much what Miss Stawell describes. That is, Books ix. and x. and some other long passages are, as parts of the Iliad, later than vi., xxiii., and xxiv. Again, as to the Odyssey, if instead of attributing it to "the same poet" as the Iliad, Miss Stawell would say "for a great part of its history it was recited and reshaped by the same poets" as the Iliad, she would have my cordial assent.

The thing that, to my mind, prevents Miss Stawell from reaching a satisfactory statement of the critical questions is that she operates with far too limited an idea of the processes and possibilities that are involved. She operates practically with nothing but a great "original poet" and a poor "interpolator" or "writer of additions." Now, as I have tried to show in my book, the history of any of the great traditional poems that we know involves processes far more numerous and subtle than this. To understand the question we must get back behind the days of published books and a reading public and the idea of literary property. We must get behind the distinction of the poet and reciter. Every reciter was also a poet, and was occupied both consciously and unconsciously in making his poem as good as possible. Consciously he added, altered, and expurgated; unconsciously he modernised the language. All these questions need, in my judgment, a great deal more analysis than Miss Stawell is prepared to give them. True, if we considered all the factors we should find our knowledge very uncertain and defective, and we should probably not arrive at any clear-cut theory of what verses were written by any particular bard. But that is not an argument against

analysing; it is an argument against forming too positive a conclusion.

The same lack of analysis, we fear, vitiates the whole of the authoress's full and painstaking collection of statistics, as given in Appendices B and C. B collects the Odyssean lines and half-lines in Books i. and xxiv. of the Iliad, in order to prove that one is as "Odyssean" as the other; C, at much greater length, discusses and tries to minimise the numerous minute differences of language between the Iliad and the Odyssey, as given by Monro in his Homeric Grammar. I can best illustrate what seems to me the inadequacy of Miss Stawell's method by taking a particular instance in detail. I select one where to the casual reader her case seems surprisingly strong.

The use of *ἐν* with plur. of persons (= *μετά*, among) is generally taken to be Odyssean. Monro, agreeing with Jebb, says that in the Iliad "this use is almost confined to Books ix., x., xxiii., and xxiv."—that is, to the books recognised by most scholars as late and tending to Odyssean language.

Miss Stawell totally denies this statement. On the contrary, she says, there are only thirty-four instances of *ἐν* with persons in the Odyssey and actually sixty-four in the Iliad outside the four "late" books. She proceeds to give the instances.

This seems crushing; but she has omitted to notice that Monro is speaking of those cases with persons which are "departures from the strict local sense." He means cases like: "He rose and spoke in (*ἐν*) the Argives" for "among" the Argives; where the use is clearly, though slightly, different from cases like "in the front fighters," "in the middle lines," or even "lying in the dead bodies," and "So-and-so is in the Trojans, cut off." This distinction disposes at once of 38 of Miss Stawell's instances, and if closely considered will dispose of several more.

Next, consider the instances remaining. Take those in Book i., "The Mênis," as Miss Stawell light-heartedly calls it. They are four: 520, 398, 109, 575. Of these 520 is in the Thetis episode, very generally regarded as a late addition, e.g., by Leaf; 398 was condemned as "spurious" by Zenodotus; 575 is highly suspicious. It contains a word not elsewhere found in Homer, and forms the beginning of a passage quoted from the Odyssey and containing the Attic use of the article. No one could possibly cite the passage as evidence for early Iliadic use. There remains one line, 109, of which all we need say is that it is "inorganic"—i.e., it goes in or out without affecting the sense or the grammar. Miss Stawell is wrong, then, in my judgment—(1) in not accurately seeing what Monro meant, and thereby accusing two great scholars of a very considerable mistake; (2) in labelling Book i. "The Mênis," as if, on the theory she is attacking, it was all homogeneous; (3) in not considering the credentials of each line that she quotes. These points would not matter so much were not Miss Stawell actually using the fact that these late and suspicious lines agree with the Odyssey as an argument that the Odyssey is by the author of the "Original Iliad." This is not an isolated instance. It is only typical. On the next page, for instance, in the treatment of *ἐν* with Abstract Words, we light at once on five alleged cases in the "original books," not one of which will bear strict analysis. In xv., 426, *στέλει* is hardly an abstract: it is rather "a narrow place." Cf. Miss Stawell's own excellent remark on *ἐνὶ θυμῷ* (p. 269). In xv., 741, Dionysius Thrax had a different reading; the uncertainty of the text is here vital. In xxii., 483, the passage recurs in the "late" book xxiv., and may be taken from there. xxii., 199, is in a passage generally suspected: it is condemned, for instance, by the Scholiast, Leaf, Van Leeuwen, and Christ. xxii., 61, is in a passage which Mulder has shown to be probably taken from Kallinos, and therefore not early. On the next page Miss Stawell actually quotes *ὅρη ἐν εἰαρίῃ* four times as evidence of the use of *ἐν*. The phrase is a well-known instance of the digamma; the metre proves that *ἐν* can only have been introduced after the digamma had ceased to be regarded—that is, in times far too late to have any bearing on the grammar of any "Original Iliad."

The fact is that as a contribution to the Homeric Question Miss Stawell's work does not cut deep enough. Her great literary gifts and excellent scholarship are not enough

* "Homer and the Iliad." By F. M. Stawell, Newnham College, Cambridge. Dent. 10s. 6d. net.

to carry her through that difficult and somewhat thankless subject. But as an exposition of the Homeric Poems, as they now stand—or, at least, of the Iliad, for I cannot forget Penelope—the book is very remarkable in quality and should prove most stimulating to students. It does at least treat the Iliad and Odyssey as great poetry, and with the insight of one who knows and loves great poetry.

GILBERT MURRAY.

REVALUATIONS.*

MALEBRANCHE saw all things in God; Professor Freeman in Teutonism. Of Mr. Benn it may be said that he sees them in Hellenism. This, for him, is the universal medium; in it we live and move and are. What is, perhaps, the most striking of these essays, that on "The Ethical Value of Hellenism," finds this "not in any opposition to the highest modern ideals of conduct, but in its approach to and anticipation of what we cherish as most essential to modern civilisation." The recently discovered Comedies of Menander, quoted in the preface, support this view. But for the possible intervention of the Censor—for the author does not represent sex aberrations in a comic light—"Arbitration" might be reproduced on the English stage.

The notes of Hellenism require revision. *Σωφροσύνη* was the distinctive virtue of Greek life, which was simple, strenuous, and restrained. Mr. Benn accentuates this.

"I have no desire to be classed with the neo-Pagans—if the persons calling themselves by that name still exist as a class; I detest their theories, and I believe that in most ancient Greek communities they would have been summarily lynched had they tried to put those theories into practice."

And he calls attention, rightly, to the fact that the medieval view of classical morality was diametrically opposed to the modern. The moralist of to-day opposes Pagan vice to Christian virtue; Abélard, Roger Bacon, John of Salisbury, and the rest, contrast Pagan virtue with Christian vice. Why?

"The truth is that their reading of classical antiquity was not biased, as ours it, by an apologetic interest. They accepted Christianity because it was true, not because it strengthened the hands of the social reformer, the magistrate, and the policeman. Hence there was no particular motive for exaggerating its services in that direction. Religion, no doubt, was useful; but its utility consisted not so much in making people better members of society as in saving them from eternal damnation. Baptism gave a chance, *absolution in articulo mortis* a certainty, of escaping from that dreadful fate; and the possession of so precious a privilege was the great advantage that the Christian possessed over the Pagan. Otherwise he had nothing to boast of—rather the contrary."

It may be added that to the average religious mind of the time this would not have seemed incongruous. The tie between religion and morality was loose. The former was a system of magic or spells: the priest possessed a stronger "medicine" than the moralist, who, indeed, possessed no "medicine" at all. The Reformation, which accentuated the ethical note, at the same time brought in a false historical perspective. The dogmatic prepossessions of the Reformers combined with their moral sense to produce the change of view.

"The dogmas which Luther attacked had been bound up in a peculiar way with the philosophy of Aristotle, and therefore the Aristotelian ethics became a special object of his animosity. The doctrine of moral habits seemed radically inconsistent with the doctrine of instantaneous regeneration. Men do not become just by performing just actions; they perform just actions because they have been made just."

Mr. Benn, we think, has proved his case, that the ethical value of Hellenism equals its intellectual and artistic value. If his book is as widely read as it deserves to be, the apologetic argument derived from the supposed contrast between Pagan and Christian morality must, as far as Greece is concerned, be dropped. The contribution of the Hebrews to the progress of the race was not ethical, but religious: "Whom have I in heaven but Thee?"

Nor is it the fact that Greek philosophy was without influence on public life. It taught men to regard life "from a universal point of view," thus enlarging their practical as well as their speculative outlook. The physiocratic method "made on the whole for righteousness"; both in its

defects and in its qualities it was the spiritual ancestor of Socialism, in the larger sense of the word, as we know it to-day. If it seems a paradox to be told, as we are by Plato, that the worst of the Greeks is better than the best of the barbarians, it must be remembered that the civilisation of the time lived side by side with savagery, as was the case a generation ago in the Western States of America. The wonder is, not that the antagonism between the two was strong, but that it was not stronger; that the cruelties of modern frontier warfare are foreign to the Greek temper, which was at once easy and light. Nor was there any insuperable race barrier. "According to Isocrates, what made a Hellene was not race, but education." Never, perhaps, has the dream of the philosopher-king and the king-philosopher been approached so nearly as in the Greek city commonwealth at its best. "The social question took precedence of every other. The whole object of a Greek democracy was first to secure the poorer classes against oppression, and then to provide them with a larger share of material advantages." To read that "in Athens the principal weight of necessary taxation was thrown on the rich" recalls contemporary controversies, and connects Pericles with Mr. Lloyd-George.

"The Higher Criticism and the Supernatural" accentuates the historical factor in the former: history rather than philosophy is the solvent under which the old orthodoxies have given way. History, we should rather put it, shows what the course of events has been; philosophy shows that it could not have been otherwise: it places us in a world of process not of fixed quantities, of reason not of chance. "Pascal's Wager" is an examination of an, it is to be hoped, extinct form of pietism. It is one of the ironies of theology that while the Provincial Letters have gone out of vogue in religious circles, stress is laid, by those from whom better things might have been looked for, on the less sane elements of the writer's tortured spirit—his sophistry, his asceticism, his craven fear. Such a God as he conceived must be destroyed as ruthlessly as Baal or Moloch, if Theism is to be saved.

"The Alleged Socialism of the Prophets" is a severe criticism of Renan's "Histoire du Peuple d'Israel." The author "simply ignores the more modern criticism," and writes not for students, but for the *boulevardier*, for whose taste he caters and to whose prejudices he condescends. To speak of Socialism in relation to the prophets, is to discredit them in the judgment of a community of which it may be said emphatically that its life consisteth in the abundance of the things that it possesseth. But it is an anachronism. Socialism can be developed only at a later stage of civilisation: it presupposes an experience, an abstraction, a theological standpoint foreign to the prophetic age. "Only in the centres of Western civilisation has such an elaboration of ideas ever been possible." To reach it "men must have convinced themselves that the social organism is a machine that they have created for themselves, rather than a divine creation to be altered only at the good pleasure of God." What the prophets denounce is not wealth, but unjustly acquired wealth. And, for them, the value of monotheism lay not in its correctness as a speculation but in its ethical implications: "unity of person and power implied unity of will."

"They no more anticipated the problems of modern society than they predicted the events of modern history. But balance and harmony are the most pervasive characteristics of their teaching, by whatever test it is tried, with whatever order of interests it has to deal. No minds were ever, in T. H. Green's sense, more truly organic to the eternal consciousness. None ever placed the divine so far above the human, but none ever wrought more surely for the re-union and recognition of both as interdependent elements of a single absolute existence."

The last essay, "What is Agnosticism?" is, perhaps, too speculative to be quite convincing. But the book as a whole is singularly full and suggestive: it should be in the hands of every candidate for honors in Oxford Greats.

LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

THE stream of books that is poured out on the subject of eighteenth century life and eighteenth century scandals seems to suggest that interest in this topic cannot die. This

* "Revaluations: Historical and Ideal." By Alfred W. Benn Watts. 3s 6d. net.

* "In the Days of the Georges." By W. B. Boulton. Eveleigh Nash. 15s. net.

is at first sight a strange and bewildering phenomenon. There is nothing particularly heroic or romantic about the little world that treated its pleasures, its accomplishments, and its escapades as the capital object of existence for itself and the nation which it governed. In particular there is nothing heroic or romantic about the scarcely acclimatised Court whose chief members certainly did not succeed by any gifts or graces of character in eliminating the grossness of vice or the harshness of virtue. It might seem odd that we should all still want to know how many fortunes disappeared at the gaming tables of Brooks', and still more odd that anybody should care still to pursue the squalid stories of the domestic quarrels and treacheries of the Georges. Yet this interest undoubtedly persists and the world continues to swallow all the innumerable books that are printed about the intrigues and careers of the spoilt children of this age. An analogous case is that of the contemporary Court of France, whose frivolous and monotonous life preserves its curious fascination for the modern mind, and commands an audience for any book on the memoirs or confessions of those who enjoyed or endured the life of Versailles. In that case, of course, the dramatic catastrophe that overwhelmed and extinguished this existence gives a certain piquancy to the story. The men and women who intrigued and quarrelled over the most tedious trifles about the precedence and privileges of rank stand out against a red background of engulfing realities. The English eighteenth century aristocracy has not been made morbidly interesting by such a fate, but it has succeeded in making a later age read the century with its own eyes and in provoking a permanent curiosity about its own trivial doings. This is partly due, of course, to the splendid art in which it could perpetuate even the most undistinguished features of its most undistinguished members. When we think of the eighteenth century we call up a gallery of Sir Joshua's, of Gainsborough's, of men and women painted in every dress and every disguise, as if they were determined that their faces and their graces should haunt and pursue the centuries that came after. Perhaps a democratic society will oblige all the best artists to paint only the portraits of the poor, so that succeeding generations may not forget the realities of life in contemplating the calm and leisured comfort of a small class.

Mr. Boulton's book is a good example of the kind of fiction of "eighteenth century" society that is sure to interest a great many readers. He is a pleasant and entertaining writer. He gives us a realistic picture of the business of running a faro bank at Brooks'; the sort of profession adopted by members of the governing class who, in modern times, would be directors of a company. It was in this cheating pursuit that Lord Robert Spencer made the fortune with which he bought his estate at Woolbeding, and that Lord Foley disengaged himself of an income of £18,000 a year and £100,000 in ready money, leaving an estate which he received unencumbered under a heavy weight of mortgages. It is when we peep into Brooks' that we understand the important part played by our Family Settlements, which came in with the Restoration, in keeping the aristocracy together. In the sixteenth century the estates of "unthrifty gentlemen" had a way of passing into the hands of yeomen. Another chapter in Mr. Boulton's book describes the amazing legend of George the Third's early marriage with a Quakeress. The story was that, when Prince of Wales, George the Third fell in love with a charming Quakeress named Hannah Lightfoot, that he married her, had several children, and kept her in seclusion till her death. A variant of the story represented Hannah Lightfoot, not as the wife of the Prince of Wales, but as his mistress, their relations being covered by a marriage with an obliging tradesman. This story appeared from time to time in various forms, amongst those who aided in its circulation being William Combe, the author of the "Tours of Dr. Syntax," and Mrs. Thrale. But during the life of George the Third the story did not make any very bold appearance, and remained in the stage of rumor and innuendo. After the death of the King the story made more headway and got entangled, like most things in the quarrels of George the Fourth and his Queen. The author of "An Historical Fragment," relative to her late Majesty Queen Caroline, referred to the story as follows: "The Queen at this time labored under a very curious, and, to me, unaccountable species of delusion. She fancied herself in

reality neither a Queen nor a wife. She believed his present Majesty to have been actually married to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and she as fully believed his late Majesty to have been married to Miss Hannah Lightfoot, the beautiful Quakeress, previous to his marriage with Queen Charlotte: that a marriage between King George and Queen Charlotte was a second time solemnised at Kew under the color of an evening's entertainment after the death of Miss Lightfoot; and that as that lady did not die until after the births of the present King and H.R.H. the Duke of York, her Majesty really considered the Duke of Clarence the true heir to the throne. Her Majesty thought also that the knowledge of that circumstance by the Ministers was the true cause of George the Fourth's retaining the Tory administration when he came into power." Mr. Boulton traces the later history of this story with the controversy between Jesse, the author of the "History of the Court of George the Third," and Mr. Thorne, the founder of "Notes and Queries," and its connexion with the story of a marriage between the Duke of Cumberland and Olive Wilmot. It is a curious irony that attached such a story to the memory of George the Third, of whom Thurlow once said with his brutal frankness to the Prince of Wales, "Sir, your father will continue to be a popular King, as long as he continues to go to church every Sunday and to be faithful to that ugly woman, your mother; but you, Sir, will never be popular."

No eighteenth century book would be complete without an account of Beau Brummell, the subject of Mr. Boulton's last chapter. This king of dandies was the grandson of a tradesman, who let lodgings in Bury Street, St. James's. Charles Jenkinson, afterwards Lord Liverpool, being attracted, it is said, by the elegance of the inscription, "Apartments to Let," took rooms there, and took up the son who had made such a success of his handwriting, finally giving him a clerkship in the Treasury. The next step in the fortunes of the family was the promotion of the young clerk to the position of private secretary to Lord North. This happened in 1767. By 1788 William Brummell was in a position to retire to a country house in Berkshire with the dignity of high sheriff, and some £2,500 a year in sinecures. Young George came into £30,000, went to Eton and Oxford, and made his fortune, such as it was, at his first casual meeting with the Prince of Wales, who was vastly impressed by his deportment. Mr. Boulton tells the well-known story of his rise and fall. His last phase was ignominious, but something of his strange power remained to the last. By the efforts of the Vice-Consul at Caen he was allowed milk in his bath in prison, and two hundred pounds of public money was spent in getting him out of it. "Je puis vous assurer," he said on the day of his release, "que c'est aujourd'hui le plus heureux jour de ma vie car je suis sorti de prison et j'ai mangé de saumon."

NAPOLEON'S BROTHERS.*

THE great Corsican overshadowed his brothers so completely that it is difficult to realise that two, at least, of them, Joseph and Lucien, possessed abilities far above the average. The sisters, too, as M. Turquan has recently shown, were decidedly clever, each in her own wayward manner; and we realise, at least in part, the genius of the chief of the family when we observe the way in which he dominates, elevates, and controls these seven masterful characters.

The story of the brothers is by no means an easy one to tell. Their natures were so diverse, their paths so widely divergent, that Mr. Atteridge has, as it were, to grasp four oiled billiard balls at once. True, the career of Napoleon lends a certain unity to the narrative; but to lay stress on that is to dwarf the brothers. Mr. Atteridge has not fully overcome these difficulties. His chapters are often so full of the great man that the references to the brothers come in as little more than side-shows; and, in places, the facts come so thick and fast as entirely to blur the personalities of the actors. Indeed, a lack of characterisation appears to us the chief defect of the book. There is no effective portraiture of "Madame Mère," that uncultured, prim, and parsimonious dame, whom her children revered, but not seldom disobeyed. Joseph's marriage to Mlle.

* "Napoleon's Brothers." By A. Hilliard Atteridge. Methuen. 18s. net.

Clary, of Marseilles, is also referred to without a sufficient description of her, or, later on, of her sister Désirée, the future Queen of Sweden. It would also have added to the interest of the book to present portrait sketches of the four brothers—Joseph, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome—when their characters were matured. The time at which Jerome took possession of his Kingdom of Westphalia (November, 1807) would have been a convenient opportunity to take a survey of their personality and of the means by which the family had reached its perilous height of glory. As it is, the reader has to construct for himself the characters of the brothers from the plentiful store of events and incidents here to be found.

Mr. Atteridge states his facts carefully and without manifest bias; but the discerning reader can see that his *penchant* is for Napoleon, and in nearly all cases against the recalcitrant Lucien and Louis. He is rather hard on the former. Certainly the way in which "Citizen Brutus" shirked the military duties entrusted to him in 1793-4 was far from creditable; but the young man had a strong bent towards oratory and politics. And how can an embryo statesman put up with commissariat duties? In truth, except during the few weeks which culminated in the *coup d'état* of Brumaire, Lucien never had fit scope for his undoubtedly great abilities; and he always considered, probably with justice, that Napoleon disliked him for the superior tactfulness and courage which he displayed at that crisis. The feud soon became all but irreconcilable, and Lucien settled at Rome, becoming Prince of Canino, and devoting himself to artistic and agricultural pursuits, which, by the way, we wish that Mr. Atteridge had described more fully in Chapter XV. A longer sketch of his novel, "La Tribu Indienne," and some notice of his epic, "Charlemagne," would also have been a relief to a narrative which is necessarily concerned mainly with politics. How much Napoleon missed by not always having the support of Lucien appears from the prompt and able conduct of the younger brother after Waterloo. Lucien it was who persuaded the Emperor to proclaim Napoleon II., and did much to stay the adverse tide of events. Lucien would probably have made a better King of Spain than Joseph. He had more energy; his oratory was impressive; and he would not have tried to meddle in military affairs and to command armies. If the Spanish experiment could have succeeded at all (which is very doubtful after the perfidy of Bayonne), it would have been with Lucien, or Murat, at Madrid. Joseph was doing good work at Naples; and from the beginning he was clearly a misfit in Spain. At first the scheme was mooted of placing Lucien as Viceroy of Joseph in the New World. Singular it would have been to see the *quondam* "Brutus" of the Jacobin Club of "Marathon" (St. Maximin) reigning at Mexico over more than half of the New World.

There is one side of the career of Joseph Bonaparte which Mr. Atteridge scarcely notices. The eldest of the Bonapartes was an able diplomatist, as appeared by his conduct of the negotiations with Austria at Lunéville early in 1801, and at Amiens with Great Britain in 1802-3. In both of these episodes Joseph acquitted himself most creditably, and in the latter he and Maret clearly outmatched Cornwallis and Merry. All the points in dispute were decided in favor of France, and Napoleon's gratitude for his brother's services was unbounded. Joseph himself spoke of the Peace of Amiens as "My peace." The references here given to Joseph's constructive work at Naples are also inadequate; and there is the less excuse for this, as it had been well described by Mr. R. M. Johnston in "The Napoleonic Empire in Southern Italy." None of the Bonapartes rendered more important services than Joseph, aided by his Minister, Roederer, in sweeping away feudal abuses, in transferring the burden of taxation from the poor to the rich, and in preparing to revise Neapolitan law in conformity to the spirit, though not the letter, of the "Code Napoléon." The restoring of order to the finances, and the re-establishment of public contentment and order within the space of two years (despite the revolt consequent on the British victory of Maida) was an achievement of which any ruler might be proud. Not the least of Napoleon's blunders after Tilsit was the transference of Joseph to Madrid. That the latter resented it appears from his petty conduct towards his successor, Murat, which the author rightly stigmatises.

The pettiness which occasionally manifests itself even in the greater of the Bonapartes is painfully obvious in the characters of Louis and Jerome. The author's description of Louis well brings out the morbid elements of that singular character. Perhaps Mr. Atteridge does not allow sufficiently for the growing difficulties of Louis as King of Holland under the terrible grip of the Continental system, or for the generosity of his aims for his Dutch subjects. But the general outlines of his character and that of Jerome come out distinctly, though it would have been better to describe continuously the curious story of the Patterson marriage. It is singular that the first child of that union was born at Camberwell; also that Lucien should do literary work at Ludlow and Thorngrove in and after 1809.

Turning to details, we may notice that Mr. Atteridge exaggerates the importance of Napoleon's suggestions, in September, 1793, of the means of capturing Toulon. It is now recognised by impartial inquirers that the Commissioners of the Convention had suggested a similar plan. Again, after Vendémiaire, Bonaparte was not Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Interior, but second in command, until Barras resigned the chief command. Mr. Atteridge concludes that Bonaparte wished well to the Papacy in 1797-8 because, after his success over the Papalini at Tolentino, he did not march on Rome; but, surely, he stayed his march because he had to settle matters with Austria in the North. In point of fact, his references to the Papacy in his letters breathe contempt; and after the rupture at the end of 1797 he sent Berthier to Rome with the significant remark that he was to consider himself as Treasurer for the Army of England. The account of the scuffles before the French Embassy on December 27th and 28th is, also, favorable to the democrats and Joseph Bonaparte; and the Roman populace declared the Republic on February 15th, *before* Berthier's troops entered the city. Military affairs in general are touched on loosely. The importance of the surrender of some 22,000 French and Swiss troops at Baylen in July, 1808, is not pointed out. There is also a curious reference to "Vimiera and Roliça," though the skirmish at Roliça preceded the victory at Vimiera; and the sentence concludes, "Wellesley had driven Junot from Lisbon." That is what Wellesley wanted to do, and what Burrard and Dalrymple prevented him from doing. The description of Vittoria (the climax of Joseph's career) is also less careful than that of Maida, for which Joseph was not in the least responsible. Finally, it is regrettable that Mr. Atteridge appended the hurried chapters dealing with Napoleon III. The theme, "Napoleon's Brothers," was wide enough in itself, and the work would have gained in interest by fuller and more connected treatment. Even so, he has given us an interesting and instructive work.

CHRISTIAN SYMBOLISM.*

MR. SIDNEY HEATH, the author of "The Romance of Symbolism," advances in a somewhat tentative and hesitating fashion the old hypothesis that Gothic art was the creation of secret and mysterious brotherhoods. "The (Gothic) style," he says, "may have originated from some artistic association, closely allied and confederated in different countries." The "artistic association" is, presumably, meant to indicate the Freemasons, and for the sake of the innocent and unwary, it may be well to register the very flattest possible denial of this picturesque but fallacious fancy. Hallam, writing in the days of ignorance, when Gothic was but dimly understood, may be excused for putting forward the Masonic theory; but the studies and labors of the last seventy years have shown that the hypothesis is without foundation. For the fact is that the Gothic of every country is a thing distinct and apart; Spanish Gothic is different from French, French from English, and both from German. Indeed, county often differs from county; the Perpendicular of East Anglia compared with that of South Wales is as a palace to a hovel; and an early English lancet in a Welsh Church is sometimes so rudely shaped that it may easily be mistaken for a Norman window. Gothic, then, though it was the manifestation of one spirit, was a curiously

* "The Romance of Symbolism and its Relation to Church Ornament and Architecture." By Sidney Heath. Griffiths. 7s. 6d.

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local art, the work of local craftsmen, not of a cosmopolitan society.

However, the hypothesis in question is put forward, as has been said, in a tentative manner; one is sorry to see that other statements of the author are less tentative, and, if possible, less accurate. It is with astonishment that one reads that the Temple Church was built by the Knights Hospitallers, that the position of the pulpit in the nave is peculiar to the Roman Catholic Church, that the word "porch" is derived from the Latin "porche," that βαπτίζω means "to wash," and that aspersion, or sprinkling, is allowed by the Rubric of the English Baptismal Service. Then we are told that the Fish Symbol was entirely abandoned at the beginning of the fifth century; while, on the preceding page, the author describes the seal of Aberdeen Cathedral, dated c. 1250, as figuring a *Fish*, instead of the Infant Saviour in the Manger. It is hardly harsh to say that these errors—the list might be extended—are inexcusable; and that their occurrence renders Mr. Heath's book of little value.

And then, one feels that the author has made but poor use of his opportunities; he sins not only by commission, but by omission. Take the article on the Fish Symbol. We have seen how Mr. Heath contradicts himself over the disuse of this emblem. "After gradually falling into disuse during the fourth century, it was entirely abandoned at the beginning of the fifth century." This false statement occurs at the end of the "Fish" article, which begins as follows:—

"At an early date (fourth century) it was discovered that the five Greek letters forming the word fish (Ι.Χ.Θ.Υ.Σ.) when separated, supplied the initials for the five words Jesus Christ (the) Son of God (the) Saviour, and this undoubtedly caused the fish to be adopted as a secret sign of the primitive Church."

So the symbol was "adopted" in the century in which it gradually fell into disuse! But, leaving these confusions on one side, it is necessary to say that the whole article is quite jejune and insufficient. It is not in the least likely that the cipher initials suggested the use of the symbol; this was surely a far later fancy. Moreover, the fourth century is quite a preposterous date for the origin of the symbol, which is recommended by Clemens Alexandrinus in the second century; it was probably of Egyptian source. Used generally as a Christian emblem, the fish was more especially the sign of the Elements of the Eucharist and of their Content, since the Early Church jealously concealed the matter of the sacraments from the uninitiated. Thus St. Augustine, after discussing Baptism, speaks of that other "solemnitas in qua ille piscis exhibetur, quem levatum de profundo, terra pia comedit." So an early inscription at Autun: "Offspring of the Heavenly Ichthus . . . eat with a longing hunger, holding Ichthus in thy hands." Thus, again, Abercius, Bishop of Hierapolis in the reign of Marcus Aurelius: "et apponit Cibum, ex uno fonte piscem, fides namque singulis produxit, prægrandem, impollutum, quem apprehendit immaculata virgo." These are but a few of the many *loci* which bear upon the early Christian symbol of the fish, and yet, though they are by no means recondite, the author of "The Romance of Symbolism" has contrived to pass them by unnoticed. When the need for the *disciplina arcani* ceased, when the expulsion of the catechumens and the heathen became a mere form, no doubt the Ichthus symbol ceased to be in common use; but it would be rash to declare that the meaning of the symbol was altogether lost: the imagery of the medieval seal, cited by Mr. Heath, seems to show that this was not the case. Certain parts of the Church may, no doubt, have forgotten the significance of the fish; and it is possible that the puzzling title of the Graal King, "the Rich Fisher," or "the King Fisher," together with the "piscis prægrandis," that occupies such an important position in certain of the Romances, owe their origin to misunderstanding or forgetfulness of the original significance of the emblem.

It is satisfactory to find that Mr. Heath, unsound and insufficient as he is in many ways, has not been taken in the desperate toils of the "occult" symbolists. He does not tell us that the two towers which are (sometimes) found at the west end of the Gothic cathedral are in reality high mysteries, and stand in the closest connection with the twin pillars Jachin and Boaz of Solomon's Temple, and the Masonic Ritual. He gives no space to the stupid and

extravagant hypotheses about the Templars, who are supposed by some unfortunate and misguided persons to have been Rosicrucians, Gnostics, Adepts, Freemasons, Baphomet-worshippers, and many other things, and to have left memorials of their profundities and iniquities in the sculptures of the Temple churches. The truth is that the symbolism of medieval art is of catholic, and not of particular interpretation. There are, of course, well-ascertained exceptions to this rule: the Fish, for example, the signs of the Passion, and others; but if we consider the great work of the cathedral as a whole, we shall do well not to insist, as it were, on a literal translation. The cathedral is the tabernacle of the Mass; it shows all creation, beautiful and horrible, bright and dark, gathered together to celebrate the one Event; it shows the dead stones consecrated and transmuted, made into "living philosophical stones" to praise this one mystery, and to show this mystery to the world. If one thinks of it, there is the greatest of all gulfs between the Christian cathedral and the classic temple; lovely as this latter was in its own grade and fashion. But the Greek temple was, after all, but the translation of a common and earthly dwelling into the most beautiful materials obtainable. In a hot climate there are as few windows as possible to a house, if it is to be habitable, and so the window is not a feature in classic architecture. At the same time, a verandah, piazza, or "stoop" is a pleasant and desirable addition to such a habitation; hence the columns and portico of shining marble before the temple of Athene. Still, giving due credit to the builder's fine sense of proportion, the Parthenon is a log hut translated into marble, but not by any means translated into spiritual significance. The cathedral is not a glorified house. It is not like a feudal baron's castle, built of better materials and on larger lines. The king or baron did not say "Windsor (or Arundel) is my idea of a splendid house; so, no doubt, my god will be pleased if I build him a Windsor (or Arundel) on a larger scale, and of finer workmanship." The cathedral was rather the expression of adoration, and ecstasy, and mystery, in stone; it symbolised the earth, and all that therein is, exalted and assumed and redeemed into the region of eternal beauty by the power of the Sacrifice of the Mass. Here, one might say, are all the common objects that surround us, that make up our world. Here are the hard and shapeless stones, the rough ashlers of the quarry, here are the heavy logs of the timber yard, here are the colors red and blue and yellow, here are fragments of glass, and metal, here are stuffs of silk and velvet, here, finally, are men—ourselves. And all these things are capable of vile use and ugly use; squalor can be signified by stone, color can glare hideously, silk and velvet may be the expression of vulgar luxury, and wood can make a gallows tree. But in place of these uses, the old artists made of the wood the Rood, and brought, as it were, all the visible world into this one service—the Quest of the Perfect Beauty and of that Love which moves the sun and the other stars. And when the Rood was cast down it was time to build up the workhouse; and this was done accordingly, with results that are of common knowledge.

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There are a few more serious errors which should have been avoided by anyone familiar with the Muhammadan East. Thus we find the old delusion that one who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca is entitled to wear the green turban, whereas this privilege is, of course, peculiar to Sayyids, or descendants of the Prophet; and a still more serious slip occurs on p. 119, where the author, in describing the festival of the "Umar-Kushán," which he fairly enough compares with the English Guy Fawkes' Day, says that the guy "represents Omar, who slew Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet," though any historical manual would have told him that the latter survived the former by a good many years, and was, in fact, the last of those "four orthodox Caliphs" of whom Omar was the second. This is as though a foreign traveller, describing the observance of the Fifth of November in England, should state that Guy Fawkes was held up to execration because he decapitated Charles the First!

In general the author writes in a pleasing style, but he has one mannerism which tends to get on the reader's nerves, and that is the constant use of "one" in place of the pronoun of the first person. A book of travels is almost necessarily autobiographical; it is hard to be autobiographical and at the same time to avoid saying "I" and "my," without producing such clumsy sentences as these:—

"Later on, when Persia and Persian ways have grown more familiar, *one* is forced reluctantly to acknowledge that the inner mind of the people is a closed book that no foreigner may read; but at the outset, with *one's* enthusiasm still fresh, as *one* treads the silent, narrow streets of Bushire, *one* is still restless with the desire to know and understand."—(Page 36.)

"All *one's* bedding is tied on the back, and, even more important, *one's* camera, and all *one's* films are there too, in imminent danger of total immersion. . . . This is the worst fate that has yet overtaken the baggage, but *one* takes it far more philosophically than *one* would anywhere else than in Persia. If *one's* camera and sixteen dozen films have been utterly ruined it cannot be helped. . . ."—(Page 175.)

"Fortunately a new conveyance is available, and the old *one* may be discarded. The last *one* sees of it, it is standing in the Meidan-i-Shah, a perfect wreck of all that a carriage should be. *One* wonders when, if ever, patched up and repaired, it will attempt the adventurous journey again. Yet it is with something of regret *one* parts company with it. In spite of its dilapidated appearance . . . it had carried *one* for over three hundred miles without a breakdown, and had *one* known what lay ahead *one* would have still further appreciated its powers of endurance."

Another feature of the book which lends itself to criticism is the lack of references. Translations of cuneiform inscriptions and Persian poems are quoted without any indication or acknowledgment of their source, and well-known stories, like that connected with the pathetic inscription, "Cy git Rodolfe," in the cemetery at Ispahan, are occasionally given in garbled forms, without any attempt to check them by contemporary authorities. The Index, too, is inadequate; for example, it contains no reference to the above-mentioned Rodolfe or Ralph Stadler, yet comprises entries like "American Consul, 5"; "Austria, 269"; "Charles the First, 14, 141"; "Charing Cross 316," and the like. The illustrations, on the other hand, are good, and the map at the end of the volume is satisfactory. Some of the author's reflections show a certain lack of consideration, as when he discusses the inappropriateness of the names "Kaleh-i-Dokhter," "the Maiden Fortress," and "Kotal-i-Dokhter," "the Pass of the Maiden," expressing wonder that "so mild" or "so picturesque and gentle" a name should be conferred on places so forbidding and unapproachable. Does he think the Jungfrau in Switzerland (which, however picturesque, can hardly even now, when a railway threatens its ancient inviolability, be described as "mild") ill named, or would he anticipate "mildness" if he set out to scale a "virgin peak"?

It is also curious to find absolutely no dates in a book which is essentially a diary. The author's journey was made in the spring, and, presumably, from his references to the departure for the capital of the Shírázi deputies to the "Majlis" or National Assembly, in the year 1907, since it is not clear whether a passing reference to the assassination of the Amínu's-Sultán, which happened on August 31st of that year, indicates that he was still in Persia at the time of this event. Some of his remarks about the "Majlis" (e.g., on p. 324) are unfair and misleading, though elsewhere he seems disposed to give it credit for potentialities of good, and it is to be regretted that the Persian struggle for freedom suggests nothing to him—not even an alternative expression—but "comic opera," which term he uses in at least four different places. His view of the whole constitutional movement in Persia, which really goes back for some thirty years, and was by no means the sudden mushroom creation that he supposes, is superficial; while his suggestion that it was largely inspired by "the Indian, and more particularly the Calcutta and Bombay agitator," is not merely misleading, but mischievous in the highest degree. The weekly paper to which he no doubt alludes in this passage (the "Hablú'l-Matín"), though printed in Calcutta, was entirely edited and managed by Persians, and, so soon as the freedom of the Press was established in Persia, began to appear as a daily paper at Teheran on April 29th, 1907, though it was suppressed after the *coup d'état* of June 23rd, 1908.

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sculpture achieves its end, is content, says all it wants to say. The Florentine, too, loved defining, but can he live satisfied within the limits of his own definition? There have come into the world, since the old clear-cut classic days, thoughts, emotions, aspirations, questionings which classic life was little either illumined or perplexed by. They cannot be quite answered, those thoughts and aspirations; they cannot be brought within the bounds of the definable, neither can they be cast out. It is impossible to ignore them—impossible, above all, for an artist to ignore them—for they are part of the life it is his very mission to express. Yet it is impossible completely to suppress them. They inspire, but they dislocate.

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Hence his hold upon us. We are still living in the Renaissance. Michelangelo is still our spokesman. The Problem he thought and sweated over, the problem how to reconcile the claims of the intellectual and spiritual faculties, is the problem which still engrosses and wearies and perplexes and fascinates the world.

"THE SEVEN THAT WERE HANGED."*

It is melancholy to reflect how dependent is educated opinion, for its insight into life, on the chance arrival of genius. Had a writer of Tolstoy's or Dostoevsky's force arisen in the last few years to chronicle the moral débâcle in Russia, the triumph of cynicism in the general reaction, the brutalising effects of anarchical gospels on the one hand and of callous, wanton murders under the flag of martial law on the other, Europe might have realised that it is less the tragic facts of the abortive revolution that are to be deplored than the general spiritual degeneration that follows in their train. It is, perhaps, significant that the talent that appears of most interest to the Russian public which has lived through these last years of feverish disillusionment should be that of the neurasthenic Andreieff. A most unequal writer, Andreieff has assuredly genius, but it is genius decadent in its fibres, and expressive of the disintegration of the forces of self-command and moral control. His play, "Tzar Hunger," is indeed like a series of weird hallucinations in the head of a man excited by stimulants, though it is none the less characterised by true imaginative intensity. His "Red Laugh" is almost destroyed artistically by its nightmarish atmosphere of unreality, and nothing further from Tolstoy's objective truth and Turguenev's classic balance can be conceived. The story before us "The Seven that were Hanged" will probably make a much more successful appeal to English readers than would Andreieff's other works, for it is simple, moving, sincere, and comparatively free from exaggeration and tricks of effect. Of course in the hands of the author of "The House of the Dead," or of the author of "Ivan Ilyitch," the subject might sear the conscience of the civilised world, but, as we have said, genius is so rare that we must be grateful even for its briefest flashes and its fitful glow. The story, which is written without political bias or any ostensible humanitarianism, appeals to men of all camps.

The first few pages describe the feelings of a Minister who has been warned that an attempt will be made on his life by terrorists next day, "at one o'clock in the afternoon,

your Excellency!" The Minister, who has changed his residence instantly on receipt of the news, finds it impossible to get to sleep in his new apartments, and, beset by night terrors, broods over "the multitude of inauspicious things that surrounded his life." Andreieff is evidently trying in imagination to diagnose the sensations of Plehve, who, hated and feared by all Russia, was to fall a victim to the bombs of terrorists inspired by his own official enemies. The five terrorists, Sergey Golovin, Werner, Vasily Kashirin, and Musya and Tanya Kovalchuk, are seized by the police, tried, and sentenced to be hanged. In the prison to which they are taken, two criminals, Yanson, an Esthonian farm-hand, and Michka the Tzigane, a peasant from Orel, are awaiting execution. Yanson, who has murdered his master and assaulted his mistress in a most callous fashion, is so stupid that he can only repeat obstinately to the prison warders, "I must not be hanged." But when little by little it is borne in upon him that there is no escape for him, he is plunged into a state of astonishment. "His weak mind could not reconcile the monstrous contradiction between, on the one hand, the bright light and the odour of the cabbage, and on the other the fact that, two days later, he must die. He thought of nothing; he did not even count the hours; he was simply the prey of a dumb terror in presence of this contradiction that bewildered his brain—to-day life, to-morrow death. He ate nothing more, he slept no more; he sat timidly all night long on a stool, with his legs crossed under him, or else he walked up and down his cell with furtive steps." For Michka the Tzigane, a wild and savage brigand, the seventeen days of suspense pass as a single day, filled with the thought of flight, liberty, and life. He is offered his life if he will accept the post of hangman, but he procrastinates, so loses his chance. His last days are spent in a state of animal-like fury and ceaseless agitation. He screams with rage, curses everything and everyone, and only regains his composure when he is led out to the gallows. The five terrorists are told, in prison, that they may see their relatives the next day, by which they understand that the execution is fixed for Friday at daybreak. The finest passage in the story—a passage of true genius—is the description of Sergey Golovin's farewell to his father and mother. His father, Nicolas Sergiévitich Golovin, a retired colonel, enters the cell with a precise and measured step, and greets him in a firm voice. His mother follows behind, with a strange smile. But after kissing him she sits down without saying a word. "She did not throw herself upon her son, she did not begin to weep or cry, as Sergey expected her to do. She kissed him and sat down without speaking. With a trembling hand she even smoothed the wrinkles in her black silk gown." But Sergey does not know that the colonel had spent the entire previous night in rehearsing this interview. The father has explained to the mother that above all she is not to weep—"You will kill him if you weep, mother!"—and the mother has schooled herself accordingly. Everything is unnatural in their manner and talk till suddenly Sergey asks after his sister.

"Ninotchka knows nothing!" answered the mother, quickly. But the colonel sternly interrupted her:

"What is the use of lying? She has read the newspapers . . . let Sergey know that . . . all . . . his own . . . have thought . . . and . . ."

Unable to continue, he stopped. Suddenly the mother's face contracted, her features became confused and wild. Her colorless eyes were madly distended; more and more she panted for breath.

"Se . . . Ser . . . Ser . . . Ser . . ." she repeated, without moving her lips; "Ser . . ."

"My little mother!"

The colonel took a step; trembling all over, without knowing how frightful he was in his corpse-like pallor, in his desperate and forced firmness, he said to his wife:

"Be silent! Do not torture him! Do not torture him! Do not torture him! He must die! Do not torture him!"

Frightened, she was silent already, and he continued to repeat, with his trembling hands pressed against his breast:

"Do not torture him!"

Then he took a step backward, and again thrust his hand into the front of his frock-coat; wearing an expression of forced calmness, he asked aloud, with pallid lips:

"When?"

"To-morrow morning," answered Sergey.

The mother looked at the ground, biting her lips, as if she heard nothing. And she seemed to continue to bite her lips as she let fall these simple words:

"Ninotchka told me to kiss you, my little Sergey!"

* "The Seven that were Hanged." By Leonid Andreieff. Fifield. 6d.

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"Kiss her for me!" said the condemned man.
"Good! The Chvostofs send their salutations. . . ."
"Who are they? Ah! yes. . . ."
The colonel interrupted him:
"Well, we must start. Rise, mother, it is necessary!"
The two men lifted the swooning woman.
"Bid him farewell!" ordered the colonel. "Give him your blessing!"
She did everything that she was told. But, while giving her son a short kiss and making on his person the sign of the cross, she shook her head and repeated distractedly:
"No, it is not that! No, it is not that!"
"Adieu, Sergey!" said the father. They shook hands, and exchanged a short, but earnest, kiss.

The visit of Vasily Kashirin's mother to her son is also most true to life. He treats her harshly and is irritated by her talk. The mother goes away weeping and blinded by her tears, and only when she has lost her way in the city does she suddenly realise the frightful truth—they are going to hang her son to-morrow. There are some beautiful touches here and there in the narrative, such as the description of the coming of spring in the streets and squares outside the fortress, and the light, fresh air blowing in the faces of the passers-by, and their holiday mood. The modesty of the young heroine, Musya, who is peacefully happy while awaiting the end, and tries to justify to herself that the finest of deaths, reserved hitherto for martyrs, should have been assigned to so humble a woman as herself, is, no doubt, taken direct from life. Musya's spirit is that of the flower of the Nihilistic youth who have died for their cause. Of much psychological interest is the analysis of Sergey Golovin's astonishment when he discovers that he, too, is afraid of death. "Is it possible that I am afraid?" thought Sergey, in astonishment. "How stupid!" But "it was not he who was afraid; it was his young, robust, and vigorous body." And when Sergey realises this he determines to weaken and starve his body. The description of the cold and intrepid Werner's mental transformation from contempt and indifference to softness and love of his fellows seems to us much more true to life than the accompanying analysis of Vasily Kashirin's terror. The defect of Andreieff's intensely subjective method is that he frequently projects himself into the mind of a character which is built on lines radically different from his own. The first half of "The Seven that were Hanged" is indisputably superior to the second. Could the actual scene of the execution have been carried through with the relentless force with which Tolstoy, in a well-known passage, describes the flogging of village elders by a company of soldiers, the story would be absolutely shattering. But, imperfect as it is, it is one that the English reader who is not too pre-occupied in preserving his own comfort should read for himself.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, Oct. 1.	Price Friday morning, Oct. 8.
Consols 2½ per cent.	83¼	83
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Spanish Fours	95¾	94¼
Great Western	120	120½
Union Pacific	216	213½
Steel Common	91½	93¾

THOUGH money is still plentiful, the drain of gold has been so rapid and heavy that the Bank directors were quite justified in raising the rate yesterday from 2½ to 3 per cent. The event had no adverse effect on the stock markets, which are quite buoyant. Stock Exchange leaders and financial men in the City are generally hoping that the House of Lords will not throw out the Budget. They are making so much money now that they care very little about the new taxes, and feel that the upset of a general election would cause them far more loss than they could expect to gain by the rejection of the Budget. The City petition is generally voted as a mistake, and as another evidence of the political incompetence which has marked the campaign of the Dukes and the Rothschilds. The clerks who have to sign the petition are secretly in love with the Budget just because the magnates dislike it so much. The situation in Morocco is thought to be getting more serious,

and Paris for the first time is becoming seriously concerned about Spanish politics and finance. This has affected the foreign market and many of the South American securities in which the French invest and speculate.

THE ART OF INVESTMENT.

Many people "prefer to restrict their investments and keep them homogeneous, so that without any great mental strain they can follow carefully both the movements of the market and the ups and downs of the business." This quotation is from a remarkably instructive article in the current number of the "Investor's Monthly Manual." The writer refers, by way of illustrating the advantages of homogeneity, to a wealthy man who has done very well out of London drapery shares by watching the market closely for many years past. But for the sleepy sort of investor it is better to spread than to concentrate, as the rewards of concentration have to be balanced against its risks. Here are two interesting tables to illustrate the thesis. In the first we suppose the case of a man who invested £10,000 in South American Railways in 1908 and left them there:—

Securities.	Value 1898.	Value Now.	Difference.
	£	£	£
Argentine Great Western	1,000	1,338	+ 338
Central Argentine	1,000	1,481	+ 481
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	1,000	1,633	+ 633
Buenos Ayres Great Southern	1,000	883	- 117
Buenos Ayres Western	1,000	1,182	+ 182
San Paulo	1,000	1,238	+ 238
Entre Rios	1,000	5,562	+ 4,562
Leopoldina	1,000	1,739	+ 739
Mexican Ordinary	1,000	1,857	+ 857
Mexican Southern	1,000	3,856	+ 2,856
	10,000	20,769	+ 10,769

Here it will be seen that this fortunate individual doubled his fortune. Supposing, however, some kind friend had induced him to try electric and tramway companies, he might have chosen his investments as follows:—

Securities.	Value 1898.	Value Now.	Difference.
	£	£	£
Charing Cross, West End, and City	1,000	324	- 676
City of London	1,000	411	- 589
County of London	1,000	563	- 437
London Electric Supply	1,000	586	- 414
South London Electric	1,000	523	- 477
Westminster Electric	1,000	424	- 576
British Electric Traction	1,000	43	- 957
Dublin United Tramways	1,000	688	- 312
Provincial Tramways	1,000	667	- 333
City of Birmingham Tramways	1,000	741	- 259
	10,000	4,970	- 5,030

Thus, instead of doubling his capital, he has just about halved it, and we are at once struck by the dangers of concentration and begin to return again to the theory of spreading investments.

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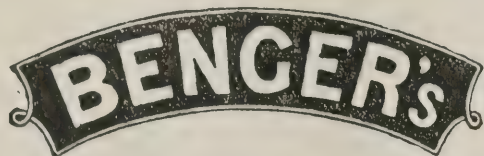
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Diary of the Week.

THE Prime Minister had an audience with the King early on Tuesday afternoon, his visit to Buckingham Palace closely following a summons to Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour. These visits, which seem to be the sequel of Mr. Asquith's journey to Balmoral and the King's interview with Lord Cawdor, a member of the "wild peer" section, have caused much comment, and, under the guise of rebuking the Ministry and their spokesmen, the Opposition Press has hardly concealed its dislike of the King's intervention, such as it is. For our part, we do not suppose that it has gone, either on his Majesty's part or that of the Prime Minister, an inch beyond the proprieties of the case. We can understand that those who are proposing to burn a man's house down have obvious reasons for desiring its master to abstain from making inquiries. But if the King has been informed by Lord Cawdor or another that the Constitution is to be put in the melting-pot, it seems both proper and timely to ask Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne to confirm or deny this account, and to inform his chief adviser that he has consulted these gentlemen. We do not know whether this has taken place, but we are quite sure that nothing more has occurred. Least of all do we imagine that the Prime Minister has either been asked to make proposals on the situation, or has made them. The King, we suppose, has inquired about it. Does anyone suggest that he has not a perfect right to do so?

* * *

AT Newcastle, on Saturday, the Chancellor of the Exchequer delivered a series of spirited and brilliantly

successful speeches in defence of the Budget, which woke great enthusiasm in his audiences and moved the "Daily Telegraph" to a vein of personal abuse almost worthy of the Duke of Rutland. The chief argumentative feature of these speeches was a graphic recital of the processes under which the Yorkshire and South Wales Coalfields were made to yield the most enormous fines by way of rents and royalties paid to the men who owned the land by all classes and grades of men who worked it. In all, South Wales had paid one and a-half million in royalties and hundreds of thousands in ground rents. As for the railways, every railway train, goods or passenger, contained at least one truck carrying interest on the excessive prices paid to the landlords. The Chancellor was very firm on the Constitutional question. The taxes would go up to the Lords and must be passed—all or none. (Great cheering.) The Commons alone had control of supplies, and they would stand to the rights their fathers had won with blood. The Constitution was sacred as long as it protected wealth. When it threw its mantle over the people it was to be torn to pieces. But if the Lords forced a Revolution the people would direct it, and then issues should be raised of which the Peers little dreamed.

* * *

As for the wrath against the Budget, it came from two classes, the Protectionists, who wanted to tax food, and the landlords. The latter hated it because of the valuation, which would end their power to get from four to forty times the agricultural value of their land when it was wanted for industrial or public purposes, and because of the expanding character of these taxes. The Budget was no attack on property, as was shown by the signs of trade recovery. There had, indeed, been a slump in Dukes, who were as costly as "Dreadnoughts," and quite as great a terror. It was against landlords and not against tariffs that the people wanted the protection which the Budget would give. Money was wanted for national defence and for pensions, and public-spirited wealth ought to be honored by the chance of putting "a little money into the poor-box." The speech, with its popular vein and power of illustration, will be read, like the Limehouse oration, by the hundred thousand.

* * *

ON Thursday the second reading of the Development Bill, persuasively commended by Lord Carrington as a measure for the relief of agriculture and even of righteous landlords, was passed by the House of Lords without a division. Moreover, Lord Onslow took occasion to remark that the financial provision for the Bill was "the affair" of the Government, an *obiter dictum* probably intended for the wrecking peers. But the threats of amendment were ominous. Thus Lord Lansdowne plainly hinted that the House would have nothing to do with the very moderate proposal (which embodies the practice of dozens of local councils) to have regard to the state of the labor market in setting up work under the Bill. He was also for stiffening the Parliamentary control of the expenditure, which points to an infringement of privilege, for assimilating the Road Board to the Development Commission, and for eliminating the power to acquire land bordering on motor roads.

THE execution of Señor Ferrer is the last and, perhaps, the worst crime of the Spanish Clericals against their country. The Government can hardly have believed the political charges against him. The only evidence of his complicity with the Barcelona rising was a document placed in his house by the police—a trick that Hébert used to be fond of; all the other evidence related to alleged incidents in Ferrer's past life on which he had already stood his trial. His real crime was that he had founded the "Modern" School and had worked to free education in Spain from the tyranny of the priest; and, in consenting to mask clerical persecutions behind a trumped-up political charge, the Spanish Government gave a painful exhibition of moral cowardice and of its subservience to the priest-politicians who are ruining the country.

* * *

THE execution of Ferrer led to serious rioting in Paris outside the Spanish Embassy; all over Italy there have been violent popular demonstrations against Spain; and this crime is certain to weaken her position in Europe just at the time when she can least afford it. Sir Edward Grey was formally correct when he said that we could make no official representations to Spain about Ferrer's case, but we think it was distinctly due to the dynastic ties between this country and Spain to point out, informally, the dangers of doing violence to popular sentiment. But if the object of the Spanish Government had been to shock the conscience of Europe, it could not have acted differently. It has done its best to prevent the facts from getting out; it has tried Ferrer by court-martial; after the condemnation it spread a rumor that the sentence would not be carried out immediately, and then, as though to leave no opportunity for repentance, it executed the sentence with indecent haste.

* * *

THE Irish Land Bill passed the Committee in the House of Lords on Tuesday, and will re-appear next week in the Commons in a form which, we imagine, neither the Government nor the Nationalist Party will accept. On Tuesday the Lords struck out the Government's scheme of compulsory purchase, carefully guarded as it was, and inserted instead Lord Atkinson's proposal, which even Lord Lansdowne declared to be surrounded with a "zareba of precautions." The Atkinson plan proposes that a scheme of compulsory purchase for the relief of congestion must first come before two Estates Commissioners, and then be referred to a tribunal consisting of a Judge from the Superior Courts and two Commissioners. The price of the land was to be fixed by an independent person. There is to be a further reference to the Court of Appeal on questions of law or mixed questions of law and fact. The Government's clause was struck out by 111 to 29, and Lord Atkinson's clause substituted.

* * *

WE much regret to see that the issue in the Bermondsey election is to be obscured by a triangular contest between Mr. Hughes, the Liberal candidate, Dr. Salter, the Labor candidate, and Mr. Dumphreys, the Protectionist. Mr. Hughes is a brilliant journalist and no man can better represent the feeling of his party over the Budget. Dr. Salter's qualifications are that he was first in the field, that he is a man of character and ability, and that he continues the progressive traditions in local politics with which Dr. Cooper, the late member, was identified. He is, we suppose, a Socialist, but he is of the stamp of Mr. Graham Wallas, who for years has been a chief stand-by of the Progressive Party. We

should have thought that, as Dr. Salter's programme, though advanced, is moderately expressed, the electors might have been left to make their choice between him and Mr. Dumphreys. Many Liberals would have liked to see a junction between the more and the less advanced forces on the practical issue which happens to unite them.

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WE are very glad to announce the formation of the People's Suffrage Federation, the basis of whose appeal is a general demand for the vote for men and women on a short residential qualification and independent of property or tenancy. This movement seems to us to bring the question of women's suffrage into line with democracy, and to associate it far more closely with the purpose and meaning of Liberalism than any of the sister agitations. Liberals have been compelled to quarrel not only with the methods of the Women's Social and Political Union but with its purpose. No such quarrel can arise on the claim of the new Federation, which aims at crowning the general political movement of democracy with a final measure of enfranchisement. The Federation appears to be strong in its *personnel* and in the body of opinion already identified with it.

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LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON and Mrs. Brailsford, who were sentenced to a month's imprisonment at Newcastle on their refusal to be bound over to keep the peace after small breaches of public order, have both been released, on medical grounds, after two days' imprisonment. We are informed, however, that forcible feeding has been resorted to in the case of the women left in gaol. We regret so early a resort to this practice, and we do not see the need for it. The offences for which these women were convicted at Newcastle were trifling and almost formal. If they insist on going to prison and on starving themselves there, a few hours' confinement ought to suffice. In such cases we greatly dislike the resort to forcible feeding, and do not see the necessity for it, however humane the intention of the authorities may be, and however indefensible the tactics that have brought this method into practice. Of course, if the suffragettes proceed to serious bodily assaults, the case will be altered. In such cases trifling sentences, followed by early release from prison, could not be defended. But we hope that, in their own interests, the suffragettes will abstain from such practices. If they do, the Government, we think, will be wise to withdraw their consent to forcible feeding.

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THE concluding words of the Beresford Committee's Report had led one to expect that a Naval General Staff would be formed on which all high executive officers would have served in their turn. The Committee evidently felt that something of the kind was advisable in view of the marked differences of opinion that existed in the Navy on some fundamental questions of strategy and tactics. But the new War Council, the formation of which has been announced this week, is not a General Staff nor is there any obvious connection of idea between them. This multiplication of Boards may be a serious matter, and there are several difficulties about the new War Councils that need clearing up. At present, the First Sea Lord is responsible (amongst other matters) for preparedness for war mobilisation, and for the efficiency of the Intelligence Department. His work is now transferred to a Board sitting under the presidency of the First Sea Lord. How will this change affect the responsibility of the First Sea Lord for the advice that he offers on these questions? What, again, is meant by the preparation of "war plans" which is assigned to the new

Board? And how, again, is the new arrangement likely to affect the efficiency of the Intelligence Department? It is obviously left in some need of improvement when one remembers how grossly at fault was its information about German shipbuilding in the spring. But to divide the work of the department into halves and to give one half to a new Board does not seem the natural way to improvement.

* * *

A VIGOROUS campaign of public meetings in the towns of England and Scotland has been arranged by the National Committee for the Break-up of the Poor Law. The first of these meetings was held in St. James's Hall last Tuesday, with the Bishop of Southwark in the chair, and Mrs. Webb, the Dean of Norwich, and Mr. Bernard Shaw as the chief speakers. A large and earnest audience listened to the eloquent appeal of Mrs. Webb in favor of a constructive scheme, upon the lines of the Minority Report, for draining the "morass of destitution," and for stopping the sources of poverty and unemployment which visibly and unceasingly feed that morass anew. Though the absorption of the public mind in other aspects of current politics may confine this educative work within rather narrow channels for the present, the Minority Report is very widely sold and read, and the Committee is receiving large accessions to its ranks, having increased since last July from about nine hundred to nine thousand.

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A REMARKABLE situation has arisen between the State Department in Washington, President Taft, and Mr. Crane, the newly appointed Minister to China. Just as Mr. Crane was on the point of departure for Peking, an article appeared in a Chicago newspaper—Mr. Crane is the head of a Chicago firm—stating that the United States Government was about to protest vigorously against the clauses in the recent Sino-Japanese agreement, which gave certain mining concessions in Manchuria wholly into the hands of Japan, and, in regard to all those on the main Manchurian and the Antung-Mukden lines, gave Japan the right of exploitation jointly with China. Mr. Knox, the Secretary of State, summoned Mr. Crane to Washington and asked him to resign, on the ground that he had betrayed confidential information to a newspaper; the offence was aggravated, it appears, by the fact that the deliberations of the State Department were still in progress. Mr. Crane, however, retorts that he was only carrying out instructions given him by President Taft, who had told him that anything which he said to the newspapers should be "red-hot." The President, whatever his responsibility, leaves the matter to the State Department, and, of course, Mr. Crane becomes doubly impossible as a Minister to China after dragging in Mr. Taft.

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THE personal question, however, is unimportant compared with the certain information that the United States is dissatisfied with the latest Japanese proceeding in Manchuria. The fact is that Japan, by constant pressure on China, is squeezing out of her every railway and mining concession possible in Manchuria; she permits China to share in the development of some of these concessions, but other Powers are practically barred out. The United States, which took a firm stand some time since against Russian and Japanese pretensions with regard to Chinese sovereign rights in the railway zones, is not minded to see the principle of the Open Door infringed to the possible injury of American interests. The question may easily give rise to serious friction.

THE powerful, subtle, and rather enigmatical man who succeeded M. Clemenceau as French Premier made an important speech at Périgueux on Sunday. For an ex-Socialist, indeed, an ex-organiser of Socialists, M. Briand went far in the direction of continuing and confirming M. Clemenceau's policy of Republican "concentration." He pleaded for a Republic which would "attract" all Frenchmen and make "fundamental" opposition absurd. He spoke tolerantly of the Church, said that social reform must be conditioned by the country's resources, looked forward to profit-sharing as a method of industrial appeasement, hinted very vaguely at a modification of *scrutin d'arrondissement*, and called for peace and the development of national as against petty local spirit. The Moderate French Press applauds the speech, but it will be curious to see whether M. Briand develops these "middle" sentiments on Radical or on Conservative lines.

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A PATHETIC and far from untruthful *communiqué* has been sent to the "Times" on behalf of the King of Greece, who claims, with justice, the great diplomatic services his house has rendered to its adopted country. The article adds the definite statement that in addition to general assurances of support from the four protecting Powers in the matter of Crete, the King received from one of them a definite promise that the matter should be settled in accordance with the wishes of the Greek people. This is a rather scandalous example of the weakness which besets European diplomacy when it acts in concert. We devoutly hope that the Power was not England. If not, who was it?

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THE great work of constitutional government in China was formally inaugurated on Thursday by the election of provincial deliberative assemblies for the twenty-two provinces. The average number of voters for each representative is said to be 1,000. The central part of the Constitution—the setting up of a Parliament without power over the Executive—will be complete within eight years, following the plan adopted by the Constitution-makers of Japan.

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SOME interesting correspondence has passed between Herr Hauszmann, a Radical deputy, and Bebel on the possibility of co-operation between the German Radicals and Socialists, the latter of whom have just won a dramatic victory at Coburg. On ultimate principles the two agreed to differ, but Bebel promised his support to any genuinely progressive measure brought forward by the Radicals. The correspondence carries the tendencies shown at the Leipzig Conference a step further, and shows how Marxian tactics are giving way to the opportunism of the English Labor Party. Unfortunately there is no indication that the German Radicals are disposed to take advantage of so favorable a turn. Dr. Barth, who preached, in and out of season, a working alliance between the Social Democrats and the Radicals (one cannot say Liberals, for the German National Liberal Party has long since ceased to be either Liberal or National), has died without leaving a leader capable of effecting a union of forces, so much in the interest of German politics. The Radical papers, with few exceptions, still incline to a renewal of that working arrangement with the Conservatives which has completely destroyed their influence in the present Parliament. United, the Social Democrats and Radicals might attain a majority in the Reichstag; if they remain divided the balance of power remains with the Clericals.

Politics and Affairs.

MISPLACED MAGNANIMITY.

THE Unionist Press is apparently unable to divest itself of the illusion that the control of public affairs is in the hands of its leaders advised by itself. Possessed with this conceit of plenary power, it adopts an attitude of beneficent patronage towards the Government, which has its humorous side. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd-George are, in its view, rash men who have got themselves into an impossible position; in which, moreover, they have in a degree entangled Lords and Commons and the entire Constitution, including therein as an integral element the prospects of Tariff Reform. Under these circumstances the Unionist workers are prepared to show great magnanimity. They prepare plan upon plan whereby the Government is to be enabled to extricate itself from this impossible situation. The latest of these proposals with which the "Times" amused clubland on Tuesday is that a Bill should be prepared to put the Budget to a popular vote. This is, in the first place, to recognise the right of the Lords to appeal to the people on the Budget, and to throw out that which has been for more than two hundred years the keystone of our Constitution, the absolute control of finance by the House of Commons. For this surrender the only motive suggested is that of saving a constitutional crisis, but as that crisis will never arise if the Lords act constitutionally, one would say that an appeal to them might be tried in the first instance by their friends. One might suppose, further, that for this immense sacrifice some valuable consideration might be expected. It might be supposed at least that the popular vote would be taken as settling the matter. Not at all. The condescension of the "Times" does not go so far as this. It may be expected, it thinks, that the House of Lords would bow to the popular voice, but if not, a dissolution would follow. Having sacrificed the main principles of the Constitution in order to secure the Budget and avoid a crisis, Liberals are to find themselves without their Budget and with the crisis full upon them. We know the view taken in the Unionist Press of their political morality and seriousness, but really our contemporaries might give them credit for some sparks of political intelligence.

The matter would not be worth discussing if it were not for a confusion on the subject of the Referendum which it involves, and which may mislead many who would not for a moment be impressed by the suggestion of the "Times." When the Referendum is spoken of, as it is by some Liberals, as a possible solvent of the Constitutional difficulty, what is contemplated is always a Referendum on legislative questions alone. No Liberal of the smallest influence or authority, so far as we are aware, has ever advocated disturbance of the existing well-recognised supremacy of the House of Commons in finance. This authority we have called the keystone of our Constitution. On it depends the control of the Executive by the representatives of the people, and to take away the control of finance would be to take away the responsibility of Ministers to the Commons and

their absolute dependence on a Parliamentary majority. For any such change there is, from the democratic point of view, no shadow of reason. With regard to legislation the case is different. The Commons have in this sphere not won that complete control which they obtained long since over supply, and it is here, and here only, that a change is required. It is in this connection, and this connection only, that Liberals have so much as discussed the Referendum as a possible alternative to the existing veto of the House of Lords. With regard to finance no change is required, and none is admissible. The situation is one admitting of no compromise. So much we have no doubt Mr. Asquith has told the King. Not only does it admit of no compromise, but, we may explain to our Unionist contemporaries, it is a situation in which all the difficulty and all the danger is for their side. Their kindness to us is really misplaced. We have neither anxiety nor doubt. We are confident of absolute constitutional right and of solid public support. We are sorry that they should disturb constitutional precedent, because any rash action of the kind will tend to extinguish our traditional belief in an unwritten Constitution, because we dislike violent changes and shocks to public security. But our own position in this case we believe to be as impregnable as it is certainly immovable. They will do well to exercise, in setting their own house in order, the ingenuity and inventiveness which they are at present devoting to our supposed benefit.

So far as the immediate crisis is concerned, negotiations and rumors of negotiations leave Liberals unmoved. They know that whatever Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour may say to the King, Mr. Asquith has only one thing to say. If they have any anxiety, it is that nothing should be done in the crisis of the moment to militate against the success of the entire campaign against the veto, to which more than ever the party now stands committed. From this point of view it seems to us a singularly ill-considered suggestion that Mr. Asquith should obtain the King's consent to the creation of peers for the purpose of carrying the Budget. There can in future be one and only one object for which the wholesale creation of peers can be legitimately employed, and that is one which shall make any subsequent creation for ever unnecessary. The battle against the veto is joined all along the line. At one point in the battle the creation of peers, or the King's assent to their creation, may become a necessary though deplorable step. That point will be reached when the Bill for the removal of the present veto on legislation exercised by the Lords has been sent to them by the House of Commons, and rejected by them. To carry that Bill it may be necessary to make a large batch of peers, and this will be justified, because those created will be pledged to destroy their own power. No other occasion would excuse any such course, for on any other occasion it would be fraught with dangers and absurdities. As to the present crisis, it needs no such remedy. If the Budget is thrown out, the appeal to the people follows, and it will be an appeal not only on finance, but on legislation; not only on this year's work, but on all that the Lords have done and can do to mutilate and

destroy democratic legislation. It is not we who have to fear such an appeal, or who need the kindness of our opponents to build us golden bridges by which we may escape the encounter.

THE OFFENCE OF THE BUDGET.

THOSE who write the history of the Budget of 1909 will not fail to note how all the license of procedure and nearly all the violence of speech which that instrument has excited have proceeded from its Conservative opponents and not from its Radical supporters. The Budget itself has been debated at unprecedented length, and has been conducted through the House of Commons by its author with a moderation of language and method for which, under the modern rule of closure, only its predecessor of 1894 affords a precedent. No great progressive measure has ever been so freely amended in the interests of its opponents; we may add that no large new scheme of taxes has ever been so mildly and tentatively—we had almost said so timidly—initiated. Never has a Government thrown a powerful and deliberately conceived measure more open to all kinds of criticism, or allowed a weak Opposition, unable to create the slightest schism in the firmly arrayed ranks of the Ministry, or to produce any impression of popular authority behind it, so large a share in amending it. Doubtless when the Chancellor has gone to the people, he has made clear the full significance of the land taxes, and the great social and economic grievances which lie behind them. He has given hard instances, not one of which has been shaken, of the way in which the landlords have "held up" the various associations and interests—town councils, railroad companies, mine exploiters, housing committees, water boards, retail traders, and the countless smaller efforts of laboring folk—in their business of developing and ministering to industrial and social needs.

But in this process Mr. Lloyd George has shown little or nothing of the sharp, cold bitterness with which Mr. Chamberlain expounded the unauthorised programme. To any close observer of the character of men and the effect of words he has appeared little less placable on the platform than on the Treasury Bench. He has indeed "chafed" the abusive dukes, and he has certainly treated them with no more respect than their language and spirit require. But the characteristic mark of the Limehouse and Newcastle speeches is that he has addressed the masses in language which they understand, using the simple, vivid, concrete lines of illustration and argument in which for centuries their religious leaders have expounded the Bible to them. The result has been to impart a reality to certain important and deep-lying facts of our social life which they have never acquired before. The Limehouse and Newcastle speeches are going "like wildfire," not because of their extreme doctrine or their class bitterness, but because they give our people the two things of which they stand most in need, hope and a vital interest in affairs—because they have quickened and illumined their sense of politics.

What therefore explains the grotesque anger of the Opposition Press? In the imagination of the "Daily Telegraph," this fresh, lively, acute, essentially good-tempered personality, is hideously magnified till it becomes a monster of coarse and revolutionary violence. The Chancellor is "a Jacobin," a "fustian Cleon," a "Communist"; he resembles the "semi-barbarian leader of a horde of brigands." When he asks if the scheme of things requires that while one man receives while he sleeps as much as one year's labor of another will produce, his working brother is only to obtain a pittance of eightence a day after a life of toil, and that by means of a revolution, he is told that he speaks after the manner of Marat and Couthon and St. Just. He is not like M. Briand, a "civilised man"; he is "a reviler and a demagogue," with "a mountebank manner"; a "political gamin," who revels in the "slang of the gutter," and, in the eyes of the chaste logician of the "Telegraph," never uses argument, and employs only the "incendiary levity" of an "inconsequential mind." Oh, that England were once more in the hands of a Gladstone!

It may be some support for Mr. Lloyd George to remember, as he seeks shelter from this storm of outraged snobbery, that the organ which once plied Gladstone with the flattery of the sycophant quickly proceeded to pelt him with the venom of the renegade. No public man in this country, especially if he does not come from the classes who think that both political power and private amenities of the more exclusive kind are their special perquisite, escapes the last salutation. The first he can always obtain by going over to the party of privilege. To desert that sacred caste is indeed a kind of *lèse-majesté* in British statesmanship. When Gladstone left "the classes" on Home Rule, the Duke of Westminster solemnly cast out his portrait from the tainted halls of Eaton. Shall it be permitted to a mere "Welshman," an "attorney," to tread the unhallowed ground where the great leader defied the Whig aristocracy, and cast himself on the support of "the masses"? But, indeed, there is a body of substantial public as well as personal causes for the hatred thus felt and expressed for the Budget and its author. The first is, no doubt, that it has not only ripped up a great social and economic abuse, but, as soon as its machinery of taxation is in full working order, will put an end to it. Under our British land system, the public has been at the mercy of the landlords. Under the valuation established by the Budget, the landlords will be, not, indeed, at the mercy, but under the control of the public. No more of those arbitrary accumulations of bloated values with which every commercial arbitrator is familiar. No more of that quiet, easily worked, almost unconscious, conspiracy of social forces which enables people like the Duke of Northumberland and Mr. Walter Long, without lifting their fingers, to secure "increments" against the public purchaser, not of tens, but of scores per cent. This, and the fact that, as the Budget expands, it creates an increasing and permanent claim on "social wealth," and makes it, in fact, the bulwark of democratic finance, and

the purse into which the social reformer will dip automatically for the wherewithal of social progress, are enough to explain the hostility to the land taxes.

But there is a further reason. There is no need to disguise the fact that the picture which Mr. George and Mr. Churchill have drawn of the state of industrial England is an avowed appeal to social discontent. So was Mr. Chamberlain's programme. So was the social writing of Ruskin and Carlyle. So was much of the economic teaching of John Stuart Mill. If it be added that the Socialist movement has given force and direction to this widespread conviction that the extremes of modern poverty are incompatible with Christianity and civilisation, we have only to say that such a force was bound to arrive, and must be reckoned with. It is not identical with Liberalism, and never can be. Liberalism is a method of politics adapted to the modern State, and accepting the institution of private property, with the implication that, as Mr. Churchill well said at Leicester, it must be based on "reason and justice." Socialism is still an attempt to reconstruct society from the bottom on the basis of complete public ownership of the means of production and distribution. Its full analysis of the sources of wealth is not true, and cannot be accepted. But from its emotional picture of the worst results of the industrial system as we have applied it in England, and from its investigation of the nature of rent and profit, valuable lessons have long been drawn by orthodox statesmen and economists; and, in turn, Socialism has accepted large modifications of its earlier theories. The land question, in particular, is one on which all forces of advanced thought, Socialist, non-Socialist, and even anti-Socialist, Radical and Liberal, here, in Europe, in the Colonies, in the United States, have long had a measure of agreement. The Budget simply stamps and seals that concordat. It does not, as Mr. F. W. Hirst, the editor of the "Economist" and a strong anti-Socialist, shows in the "Contemporary Review," tax capital. It taxes certain forms of *wealth*, great masses of which are never likely to become industrial capital. It is designed to add to the working "stock" of a nation's "capital," and to diminish the more luxurious and non-effective use of its "wealth." It creates—and here is its signal offence in the eyes of the Dukes—a real and truthful moral and economic distinction between use and superfluity—between wealth that goes to classes who live on the community, however ornamentally and plausibly, and to those who work for it. And that is a "new fact" in working British politics.

But the final cause for the explosion of hatred over the Budget is that we have in England the seeds of a reaction which for sheer violence of pretension is also a fresh phenomenon in the State. It is high time for Liberalism to cease the defensive and to begin the attack, for the enemy is at the gate. During the last twenty years the House of Lords has dared to assume a function in public policy which, save for the futile demonstration of 1860, it never claimed since the Revolution. From the theory of the right to revise Liberal Bills to that of destroying them, from the theory of destroying

Bills to that of crushing a Government and forcing a Dissolution, from that usurpation to the crowning audacity of meddling with Supplies and shattering the Constitution at the centre of its authority and regulative force, this House has advanced as rapidly as it has declined in representative character and on its right to speak for any party but the most reactionary forms of Toryism. It has to-day formed the fantastic notion that these are its rights, and that to it every form of aggrieved monopoly shall look as its saviour. The Budget campaign has not only raised against this pretension forces of unexpected magnitude, but it has revealed a man of the people who can give them the sharpest meaning and the clearest purpose. Hence these tears.

THE SPANISH PERIL.

THE execution of Señor Ferrer is a crime, and a stupid crime. It bears an ominously close resemblance to those deeds of blind and unscrupulous panic that history has marked as the forerunners of revolution. The Parisian mob that attempted to sack the Spanish Embassy, the Genoese workmen who declared a general strike, registered the instinctive judgment of Europe. Spain is a land curiously impervious to foreign opinion, but the Spanish Government can hardly in this case be unaffected by the unanimous verdict of civilisation. The personality of Señor Ferrer, his life-long labors for the liberation of the Spanish mind from the shackles of Clericalism, the unusual, secret, tainted procedure adopted at his trial by a military court, and the still more tainted evidence that he declared to have been drummed up against him, the cause for which he fought and the forces which fought him—all this lent to the enormity of his execution a significance and a poignancy that have horrified mankind. If there is one tribunal which the experience and instincts of all peoples have long since condemned it is a court-martial for the trial of political offences. If there is one power that is held universally suspect it is the power of Clericalism as it exists in Spain. Both these agencies joined hands to compass Señor Ferrer's death. Political tyranny, rendered doubly tyrannical by the influence of fear, conspired with a theocracy still permeated with the views and passions of the sixteenth century to make an end of a brilliant and disinterested worker in the cause of intellectual enfranchisement. Their triumph may well prove their doom. It may have needed Señor Ferrer's death to complete the work to which his life was devoted. For no one can doubt that from now onwards every healthy element of revolt in Spain will derive from what has happened a new and sustained impetus. No one can doubt that the social and political system of the Peninsula is about to be assailed as never before. Spain has been often convulsed but never reorganised. She is the only country in Europe that has escaped the transforming effects of the Reformation and the French Revolution. Republics, military dictatorships, and flabby dynasties have changed again and again the decorative externals of the State. But there has been no revolution from the bottom up. Now, however, the tokens multiply of a genuine *risorgimento*; and Señor Ferrer's grave

may yet prove, as he would have wished it to prove, the grave of oppression.

Canovas several years ago declared that there were in Spain many, if not most, of the signs of an impending upheaval. Except superficially things have not improved since then. Freed from the drain of her oversea dependencies, Spain has, no doubt, been more prosperous and more pacific during the past ten years than in any decade of the nineteenth century. But a rising credit, an expanding commerce, and the influx of foreign capital cannot touch the deeper sources of social and political disease. The country is "run" by a few thousands of professional politicians, who are "in politics" for what they can make out of it. Spanish politics begin and end with the question of spoils. The parties that call themselves "Liberals" and "Conservatives" have no principles except the principle of allowing one another a reasonable turn in office. The elections, so far from being a test of public opinion, are the nullification of it. The average Spaniard rarely takes the trouble to vote at all. If a man of education and breeding, he looks down on the politicians much as a New York Mugwump regards a Tammany Alderman. If a peasant or small trader, he is apt, like the Italian peasant, to think of the suffrage as a trick invented by the police to get him into trouble. Government is merely a matter of arrangement. No Spanish Ministry has yet failed in its appeal to the country, and none ever will so long as the wire-pullers stuff ballot-boxes and marshal "repeaters," and bring dead men up to vote on a hint from headquarters. The Premier of the moment controls not only all the great offices of State, but every mayoralty, prefecture, and collectorship in the land. The country, in consequence, is flooded with carpet-baggers from Madrid, whose notion of official duty is the making of hay while the sun shines. Their tenure is precarious at best; none of them knows when another "Ministerial crisis" may not supervene; their salaries are small and, as a rule, in arrears; they must plunder to live. And plunder they do. It is mainly their depredations that have given point to the Catalonian cry for Home Rule. Not only is Spain a congeries of races and provinces that have never really fused, not only do the Catalans look down on the Castilians as mere talkers, but all provincial industries and institutions are plundered or repressed by the spoilers of Madrid.

What adds to the peril of the situation is that the idea of reform by argument and popular agitation is one that bitter experience has almost driven out of the Peninsula. Seven-tenths of the people of Spain can neither read nor write, and illiteracy in revolt knows of no weapon but force. A profound scepticism of their public men and institutions, such as one notices among the Italian peasants, and to some extent among the middle classes of France, pervades and demoralises the Spanish people. They believe, and it is the sort of belief that makes for revolution, that no Spaniard can honestly become rich. The idea of even-handed justice between man and man, rich and poor, has almost vanished from their consciousness. The well-to-do can pay and bribe to escape military service and taxation, and the burden of the national revenue falls on the

earnings of the poor. Stupid regulations strangle commercial development, and it is the petty trader, the small farmer and artisan, who feels them most. Taxation grows heavier and more obnoxious, and yet the income of the State little more than suffices to cover the annual interest on the debt. The peasantry are struggling under a system of *latifundia* which makes the agrarian problem in Andalusia probably more acute than in any other part of Europe. The hope that the King might yet "find himself" and lead the nation against the politicians grows daily less tenable. He means well, we believe, but he is vapid, inexperienced, without strength of will, and absorbed in pleasure; and the short-lived enthusiasm evoked by the English marriage has already given way to the traditional Spanish jealousy of the foreigner. Moreover, the dynasty has made the political mistake of allying itself with Clericalism. Reactionary where it is not revolutionary, the Church in Spain is equally the foe of progress, order, and intelligence. The immunities it now enjoys, collectively and individually, from the operation of the civil law and from the taxes that fall all the more heavily on the lay majority, its control of education, the rapid multiplication of monasteries, convents, and Jesuit seminaries, which elsewhere are disappearing from the Catholic world, its influence at the Court, in politics, and over the domestic life of the people, its non-economic and anti-economic tendencies, its corruptions and irregularities, and especially its immense holdings of property, and the increasing pressure of its industrial competition, are hurrying on a crisis that will be both violent and prolonged. On the top of all these elements of disaffection, Spain finds herself plunged into a harassing war in Morocco from which there is neither credit nor profit to be reaped, and which may yet lead her to some such disaster as overwhelmed the Italians at Adowa. A many-sided crisis is visibly closing in upon her. In what form she will emerge from it really matters less than that she should have to face no crisis at all. The reason is simple. There is some hope in revolution; there is none whatever in the pessimism of a people and the stagnation of their national life.

THE GROUNDS OF ANGLO-GERMAN PEACE.

We hope that our statesmen are not too busy to heed the opening of Lord Courtney's series of articles on "Peace and War," in the "Contemporary Review," and Professor Delbrück's interesting, though unconscious, application of some at least of their principles to the Anglo-German situation. Lord Courtney, indeed, is plainly leading up to that situation, which constitutes the one plain danger to European peace. It has been greatly ameliorated. Our own war-scare has passed away, and the ground for it cannot be re-occupied, because in a few months Mr. Balfour will not be able to open his mouth without convicting himself of the falsity of his statements as to the prospect of Germany possessing twenty-one or twenty-five completed "Dreadnoughts" in 1912. We know now that about eleven or twelve constitute the limits within which we may approximately fix the German strength in

"Dreadnoughts" in that year. Other aids and fortifications to the cause of peace have appeared. The apparition of Austrian "Dreadnoughts" is already discredited, and within Germany itself, with the advent of a new Chancellor, a powerful backing has been found for the protest against any enlargement of the revised Naval Act, and in favor of a reversion to the earlier policy of strictly subordinating naval to military armaments. If these influences gain ground, and are not defeated by an extreme naval programme on this side and by the anti-German propaganda which gave the German Navy League much of its original hold on public opinion, Germany will, we hope, swing gradually back to her natural orbit as a land rather than a sea Power, and the way will be clear for an Anglo-German understanding.

It is, however, of great importance that the friends of peace should concern themselves not merely with the passing phases of Anglo-German politics, but with its governing considerations. Lord Courtney founds his parable of peace on the saying that while every past war was made "inevitable" by the "temper, traditions, and historic circumstances" of the men and nations who brought it about, no war is "inevitable" till it has actually broken out. The two cases which he examines in support of this theory are those of the United States and France, in their more recent relations to our Government. Both were much worse, all through the period of disturbance, than the Anglo-German embroilment has ever been. In each instance there was the memory of past conflict. In regard to France, this conflict had been of the most embittering and humiliating kind, and, with respect to the States, the memories of the past were aggravated by our gross partisanship in the matter of the Civil War. For long years the diplomacy of both countries was vexed by direct battles of policy, and even by incidents approaching actual bloodshed. The seizure of Mason and Slidell, the Confederate envoys, on board the "Trent," brought the two countries to the verge of hostilities, while the doings of the "Alabama" and the attempt to atone for them by way of arbitration made even the great Minister who negotiated the terms of settlement despair of a peaceful issue. The most urgent efforts on both sides of the Atlantic were necessary to keep the peace during the controversy over Venezuela, and Lord Courtney recalls the story of a distinguished American lady who at that time was on the point of leaving her English home and husband rather than endure the habitual tone of English society towards America. And yet in a few short years the character of our relations to the States has changed so completely that it is possible to look over a wide horizon and reduce to a very small compass even the remoter possibilities of war between the two countries.

Much the same may be said of the Victorian relations between France and Great Britain. Cobden describes the gathering and dispersal of three French panics within the limits of his own career. Others occurred before and after. There was Egypt, which arose under almost every form of French Government since 1815. There was Tahiti, there were Louis Philippe's Spanish marriages, which caused such a swift

and passionate revulsion in Queen Victoria's mind from her warm friendship with the Orleans family. Relations were not less critical under the third Napoleon and the third Republic. There was the Orsini outrage and the annexation of Savoy. There was the perilous and imminent confrontation of Fashoda, and there was Siam, as to which Lord Rosebery has himself informed us that the two countries stood within a few hours of war. Not only have England and France survived all these incidents; their power for mischief has practically been extinguished by the *entente*.

As to Germany, it is not necessary even to perform this act of oblivion. There is nothing to forget. We have never gone to war with her, and Prussia, the State out of which she grew, was an English ally. We have not even had a direct "incident," for at Casablanca we merely acted as buffers to stay the shock of French and German diplomacy. It is necessary, therefore, to examine the wider field of world-ambitions in order to discover on what the theory of an inevitable Anglo-German war rests. Professor Delbrück is an excellent witness on this point, because he is very far from being a pacifist, and supports the conventional claim of British and German statesmen that the two Powers should maintain a balance of power by means of "strenuous armaments." But he strongly denies the special German pretensions on which our "inevitabilists" build their case. Germany is no longer an emigrating but an immigrating Power, and therefore the vision of the 200,000 German babies who must expand at the expense of British territory and power need not distress us. She does not dream of invading England, and treats our ideas on this subject as "illusions or party politics," nor does she aim at a parity of strength with our Navy. She is willing to remain a secondary maritime Power, and to accept the implications of that position. She knows that a policy of anti-English aggression would be her ruin, for no Power desires the disappearance or the humiliation of the British Empire, and all would regard such an attempt as a signal of German world-domination, to be at once resisted by arms. What she does envisage about us is practically what we contemplate about her. She thinks, with our new possessions in the Mediterranean, in Africa, and elsewhere, that the world in which she is most interested is in danger of becoming English. So she desires to be strong enough to protect her commerce, thinking that the idea of an English seizure of the German fleet is far more real than that of a German invasion of England, and also to impose a measure of "caution" on British diplomacy. In a word she thinks that, considering her progress as an industrial and world-Power, she cannot gain her proper weight in the sphere of diplomacy unless she has a fleet strong enough to make us regard her susceptibilities and interests.

This seems to us a highly simple, manageable position, which, when we have made due allowance for the *fanfares* of the popular Press, is compatible with a hundred years of peace between the two countries. British Liberalism does not, of course, acknowledge the ambitions with which Germany credits us, and would not permit its leaders to foster them.

Even our neo-Imperialism is rather a thing of nerves, and the self-conscious timidity of an over-rich nation, than a method of world-conquest. What does appear from Professor Delbrück's analysis is that if the two nations are willing to accept each other's very conservative definitions of their external ambitions, there is no good reason why the ring of *ententes* which governs the European system should not be closed by a union between the two Powers which have the greatest power of blessing the world by their friendship and cursing it by their enmity.

Life and Letters.

AMERICAN AMBASSADORS.

THE Press may not have abolished diplomacy, but it has certainly made it more difficult. But for the Press Mr. Crane would now be on his way to the American Legation at Peking. As it is, he remains in America, is re-absorbed once more into his manufacturing business in Chicago, and finds his diplomatic life ended before it had really begun. The Press, however, is not to be exclusively blamed for this catastrophe. Mr. Crane's artlessness is at least partly responsible. The President, greatly concerned with the problem of how best to extend American influence, and especially American commerce, in the Far East, had appointed Mr. Crane to represent his country in China, mainly on the strength of his reputation and success as a man of business. But he had not reckoned with Mr. Crane's innocence of diplomatic usages, or with the possibility that he might share the common American belief that official affairs should be transacted in a glass house, with all the electric lights turned on, and a reporter at each window. Calling at the State Department in Washington for his final instructions, Mr. Crane learned that the Secretary of State had been closely examining the recent Agreement between China and Japan in regard to Manchuria, with a view to determining if it contained anything adverse to American interests or inconsistent with the principle of the "Open Door." With an ingenuousness that has not been equalled since the Sackville-West episode, Mr. Crane at once communicated the news to a journalist for publication, and departed for San Francisco. It was thus announced to the world that the United States Government was formulating a protest against the Manchurian Agreement, and that it would be Mr. Crane's first business on his arrival to bring the views of the Administration before the Chinese officials. The Chinese and Japanese Press, naturally enough, reproduced the telegram; some formal inquiries were made by the Japanese Ambassador in Washington; and Mr. Crane was met on the San Francisco wharf by a telegram ordering his return to the capital. He went back, not only with an untroubled conscience, but in a state of complete mystification as to the reasons for his sudden recall, engagingly confiding to the reporters that he could not make head or tail of it. It was, however, eventually made clear to him that his indiscreet "interview" had caused the Administration much embarrassment, and that the interests of the country and of the service required his resignation.

Incidents such as these are bound from time to time to occur in a country which regards diplomacy rather as a diversion than a career. Two or three years ago, Mr. Root, at that time the Secretary of State, attempted a thorough reorganisation of the American diplomatic and consular services. Among other things he insisted that the United States should lease or purchase a permanent Embassy in each of the world's capitals and should pay its Ambassadors a living wage. When Mr. Choate returned home after his six years' Ambassadorship in London, the first thing he did was to urge precisely these reforms. No one could do so with greater propriety or

with a stronger claim to have his opinion deferred to, because no one had produced such excellent results from the present system. Mr. Roosevelt several times over-entreated Congress to carry out the suggested improvements, and a Bill giving effect to them was actually introduced in the House of Representatives. But it failed to become law, and matters are still as they always have been. That is to say, an American Ambassador's first business on arriving in London or any other capital is to find a house to live in. No official residence being provided for him, he has to turn house-hunter; and the sort of house he will choose depends upon his private means. All Government officials in America from the President downwards are amazingly underpaid, but American Ambassadors can scarcely be said to be paid at all. Their fixed and inclusive salary is £3,500 a year, but of this they have to pay their own house rent as well as all living and entertainment expenses. The consequence is that only very wealthy men, who are prepared to spend from £10,000 a year upwards out of their own pockets, can afford to accept a first-class Embassy and keep up the style that the diplomacy of to-day insists upon. For though the American Republic is officially devoted to Jeffersonian simplicity, its citizens who annually come over to Europe are something more than disappointed if they find that their representative in London, Paris, Berlin, or Rome is not resplendently housed and maintaining a generous social state. They may, when in America, deride the trappings of diplomacy, but at the same time, and especially in Europe, they like their Ambassador to play an elegant, conspicuous, and, if possible, a brilliant part in the life of the Court to which he is accredited. If the Americans in Berlin, for instance, had been polled eighteen months ago, they would certainly have voted to make Mr. Charlemagne Tower Ambassador for life; and they were just as much non-plussed as the Kaiser himself when Mr. Tower's successor turned out to be a gentleman whose tastes were those of a student and a scholar, and whose resources made it impossible for him to follow in Mr. Tower's footsteps with the same assurance and *éclat*.

One result of all this is that the American diplomatic service lends itself to some strange incongruities. In one capital you will find the American Ambassador inhabiting a palace, the rent of which exceeds his official salary; in another he is worse housed than the average representative of a Balkan State. It is becoming rarer and rarer for the United States to send abroad men like Bancroft, Lowell, Motley, and Washington Irving, men, that is to say, of comparatively moderate means, who were appointed and welcomed as litterateurs of distinction, and from whom nothing in the way of a grand establishment was expected. Material standards have altered a good deal since the scholar-diplomat was the typical, the delightfully typical, representative of America in Europe. For one thing, the American Legations have themselves been turned into Embassies, and, for another, the scale of expenditure and of expectations has enormously risen. The most coveted prizes in the service tend more and more to fall into the hands of millionaires, and a nation which is nothing if not a democracy at home tends more and more to be represented by a plutocracy abroad. In London we have no right whatever to complain of the results of this system. It has given us a long line of distinguished men whom it has been a pleasure to treat rather as guests of the nation than as diplomatists accredited to the Court of St. James. But other capitals have not at all times fared so well as London, and the difficulty Mr. Taft is experiencing in choosing a successor to Mr. Whitelaw Reid shows that even in the case of London there may have to be some lowering of the almost miraculous standard of the past fifty years. When Embassies are restricted to men of wealth, who have had no training in diplomacy, and who are merely anxious to round off their career by a new and pleasant experience, it is inevitable that there should be occasional misfits. Mr. Crane's indiscretion was an extreme, but by no means a unique, instance of the pitfalls that lie in the way of a diplomatist who has never served his apprenticeship to the craft. In their purely business and bargaining

hours American Ambassadors, through the exercise of sheer native ability, have, as a rule, been eminently successful. There are, indeed, few countries that can show such a record of skilful diplomacy as the United States. But in the smaller conventions American Ambassadors are frequently to seek. They have rarely had a cosmopolitan experience, and they enter the service too late in life to adapt themselves readily to usages and an environment so far removed from the normal round of American life.

Possibly, as time goes on, the American Congress will gradually do away with the present system. But it will not, necessarily, put a better one in its place. It seems, and undoubtedly it is, an anomaly that there should be no examinations to pass before entering the diplomatic service in America, no security of tenure, no regular and recognised system of promotion, either by merit or seniority, or in any other way, and no pensions. It is an anomaly that all appointments in the service should be made by the President—usually, of course, from men of his own party—and should be liable to terminate at a moment's notice when the other side comes in. But these conditions, if they necessarily restrict the higher posts to men of wealth, have the virtue of saving the service, as a whole, from being over-run by undesirables. To establish permanent Embassies in the leading capitals and to pay Ambassadors a handsome salary is in itself a very desirable thing. But it may, and in America it would, have the effect of making an Embassy a prize for the professional politicians and their hangers-on to compete for, and the chief qualifications of an Ambassador would come in time to be measured by the amount of his political "pull." So long as every man is heavily fined for becoming an Ambassador, there is at least a guarantee that the mere political adventurer will devote himself to other and more lucrative careers.

THE "TOMMY" OF OLD.

WITH all our talk of progress, and all our restless endeavors to hurry the millennium, we constantly look back on the past with a certain tenderness and regretful admiration. A golden haze envelops those departed centuries till they gleam through it like the reminiscences of childhood; and it is a commonplace that the heroic ages always lie behind. Especially is this true of prowess, whether in sport or upon the ensanguined field. No hunter's lie, and hardly any fisherman's, can approach in splendor the traditions of the boys who captained our school before us. Certainly there was one Homeric hero who boasted his generation better than their fathers, but he stands alone among all the sons of Mars. True courage, heroism, and military skill have always been the attributes of the ancestral past. From primal ages and long-forgotten battles our army has continued steadily to decline, and the paths of glory have led but to the dogs.

If ever there was a heroic period in the British soldier's history, we should have thought it was Wolfe's. During the elder Pitt's brief years of supremacy it was the British soldier who stood firm against the French cavalry at Minden, gave us India at Plassy, and Canada at Quebec. Was it not in the very year of Wolfe's greatest achievement that Horace Walpole wrote he had to ask every morning what new victory there was for fear of missing one? When we speak of Old England, perhaps it is those bluff days we think of most. The whole nation then was surely of the bull-dog breed, while army and navy alike shouted "Rule, Britannia," in a unison of heroes. Those were the times to which our dismal prophets point backward as evidences of a sturdiness and grit beyond the reach of latter-day degeneracy. Since that happy and glorious age, it is but too clear that each generation ranks below its fathers and will produce in our descendants a progeny more vicious.

No dismal prophet likes to lose his fixed ideals of ancient virtue, or to be disenchanted of the growing corruption he sees around him. And that being so, we

should strongly advise none of the class to read a new "Life and Letters of Wolfe," which Mr. Beccles Willson has edited for Mr. Heinemann. The work has been admirably done, and it is all the better because the editor for the most part allows Wolfe to tell the story himself in his very numerous letters—we had nearly called them epistles, for they are touched with solemnity. The most are written to his father or mother, with an old-fashioned respect and unemotional precision belonging to the century; but as the father was himself a retired officer of an excellent and modest type, Wolfe is very explicit in describing to him the military situation and the condition of the army. As to Wolfe himself, the letters only confirm the estimate one had formed before. He was the type of the good British officer, raised to a higher power and illuminated by intellect. He had the average officer's love of sport, honesty in money affairs, politeness of manner, and personal consideration for his men. But in his case all these common and excellent qualities were multiplied or raised to a higher power. In sport, for instance, Wolfe is constantly speaking about his horses, his fishing, his dogs—"Romp," "Flurry," and the rest; and of one pointer he writes, "that is my happiness, my very existence." England excels in regimental officers. As Ruskin used to say, we are a nation of captains. But Wolfe evidently surpassed all the regimental officers of his time in that magnetic influence over men which the sternest discipline can never replace. Colonel of his regiment before he was thirty, he soon made it famous as the best-drilled unit in the army, and the confidence felt in him was so secure that the soldiers' wives appealed for his judgment and assistance even in domestic affairs. One such petition has been preserved, and is worth remembering, if only for one little feminine touch:—

"Colonel,—Being a True Noble-heart'd Pityful gentleman and Officer, your Worship will excuse these few Lines concerning the husband of ye undersigned, Sergt. White, who, not from his own fault, is not behaving as Hee should towards me and his family, although good and faithfull until the middle of November last. Petition of Anne White."

An excellent regimental officer, he was also a man of strong intellectual needs, and that is a much rarer character in our army. Always on the look-out for opportunities of knowledge, he deliberately went to France for self-improvement, he read widely of the best, and admitted that one of his most successful tactics was borrowed from Xenophon—a thing that few British officers would admit, even if we could imagine it true. All his letters are those of an intellectual, or even literary, mind, and sometimes they display a flush of rhetoric, a certain conscious superiority that reminds one of the Nelson touch; for, indeed, Wolfe might almost be called our Nelson on land. But it is quite evident that, among the ruck of his fellow-officers, he stood almost alone, both in competence and intellect. At twenty-two he writes to his mother:—

"Few of my companions surpass me in common knowledge, but most of them in vice. . . . I dread their habits and behaviour, and am forced to an eternal watch upon myself, that I may avoid the very manner which I most condemn in them."

Three years later he writes to his father from Inverness: "We are allowed to be the most religious foot officers that have been seen in the North for many a day," and yet in most of their quarters they had been looked upon as "no better than the sons of darkness, and given up unto Satan." He admits that even his own language would shock a father's ears. Drunkenness after mess was the accepted thing, and the chief interest in an officer's existence was debauchery with one class of woman or another.

But if this was the character of the officers, the character of the men was even worse. On one occasion Wolfe writes:—

"Nothing, I think, can hurt their discipline—it is at its worst. They shall drink and swear, plunder and massacre with any troops in Europe, the Cossacks and Calmucks themselves not excepted."

The meaning of such words is realised if we remember that in those days, as for long after, it was a law of war that a city taken by assault should be handed over to the soldiers to kill, plunder, and ravish as they pleased.

In writing of the surrender of Louisbourg, for instance, Wolfe remarks:—

"The poor women have been heartily frightened, as well they might; but no real harm, either during the siege or after it, has befallen any. A day or two more (i.e., if the place had not surrendered) they would have been entirely at our disposal."

But there are two passages especially which show the condition of the ranks in that heroic age, when regiments were still called after the officers or gentlemen who had contracted to raise them, and were recruited in war time from any debtors, criminals, paupers, and vagrants who would join. The first is written to Wolfe's father, on Braddock's defeat upon the Canadian frontier in 1755:—

"I do myself believe," writes Wolfe, "that the cowardice and ill-behaviour of the men far exceeded the ignorance of the chief. I have but a very mean opinion of the infantry in courage. I know their discipline to be bad, and their valor precarious. They are easily put into disorder, and hard to recover out of it. They frequently kill their officers through fear, and murder one another in their confusion. . . . Our military education is by far the worst in Europe, and all our concerns are treated with contempt or totally neglected. It will cost us very dear some time hence."

Again, writing from Portsmouth the very year before his own famous expedition to America, he says to Lord George Sackville:—

"The condition of the troops that compose this garrison (or rather vagabonds that stroll about in dirty red clothes from one gin shop to another) exceeds all belief. There is not the least shadow of discipline, care, or attention. Disorderly soldiers of different regiments are collected here; some from the ships, others from the hospital, some waiting to embark—dirty, drunken, insolent rascals, improved by the hellish nature of the place, where every kind of corruption, immorality, and looseness is carried to excess; it is a sink of the lowest and most abominable of vices."

When Wolfe reached America, he wrote of "sergeants drunk upon duty, two sentries (drunk) upon their posts, and the rest wallowing in the dirt. I believe no nation ever paid so many bad soldiers at so high a rate." Similarly, in his letters, he complains of the bad food and clothing of the men, and of the everlasting scoundrelism of army contractors, who then, as now, regarded their country's necessity as their own opportunity, and were eager to sell the lives of their defenders for a filthy half-crown.

Yet with these men, and under these conditions, Wolfe, at the age of thirty-two, seized the Heights of Abraham, and in the battle held his line silent and immovable till the enemy had advanced within forty yards. It was a supreme triumph of character and personal genius. "Mad, is he?" cried George II., in answer to complaints about Wolfe; "then I hope he will bite some of my other generals!" It is one of the immortal jests of history, almost recompensing us for all the dulness of the Hanoverian dynasty; and sometimes, as we watch our generals to-day, we wish that the virus of that bite had been hereditary.

No one would care to detract from the glories of the past, or to scorn the poor drunken and blaspheming outcasts who died for us, unknown and unremembered, at Plassy or Quebec. But for twenty-five years the present writer has enjoyed unusual opportunities of associating with British soldiers of all ranks, and he knows that Wolfe's descriptions of his men would be foul libels upon regulars or auxiliaries now. Within his own experience he has beheld an improvement in the private soldier's manner, habits, and intelligence, which inspires hope for the country as a whole.

It is true that, even in war-time, recruits are no longer drawn from criminals and wastrels; but, except in war-time, the enormous majority of recruits come from the "out-of-works," who usually stand low down in the orders of population. If among them, even the board-school lessons, the board-school games, and the slowly rising standard of human happiness have produced so great a change within only a quarter of a century, is it not encouraging even for those who find hope difficult? And may we not respectfully invite our dismal prophets, in the midst of their sweet lamentations over the decline of pristine virtue, to "pause and reflect," as the poetic Robert Montgomery once called upon Omnipotence to do? They do not wish to be cheerful, but if they did, they could hardly find a better corrective

to their melancholy than a comparison between the "Tommies" of to-day and Wolfe's account of his heroes.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

DISRAELI defined the "most desirable life" as "a continued grand procession from childhood to the tomb." "Tameless and swift and proud," Shelley describes himself, chained by the heavy weight of the hours. Imagine a blend of Disraeli with a grown-up Shelley, and add something of magic and majesty in prose which neither possessed—you have something of the spirit of Chateaubriand. Mr. Gribble, in "Chateaubriand and his Court of Women" (Chapman and Hall), attempts to reveal to English audiences the frequency and transitory nature of his affections, the neglect of truth in his statements of fact. Both these seem somehow irrelevant to the author of the "Memoirs d'Outre-tombe." Disraeli was frequently indifferent to veracity. Shelley was wooed and won by many women while he lived, and would have been wooed and won by many more had he lived longer. When "Le Génie du Christianisme" first revealed to a light-hearted generation how "perfectly delightful Christianity was," there were those who mocked the new discovery and its author. Madame de Staël was moved to laughter by the chapter upon "Virginity in its poetical aspects." Other writers declared that it was incumbent upon those who preached the Gospel to keep a watchful eye upon "their own hearts and reins." Chateaubriand, like the "most Christian Kings" of many centuries, found no difficulty in reconciling the warmth of women's love with the championship of a faith which denounced such waywardness. He was married by his family, without affection, the bridegroom feeling "that he possessed none of the qualifications of a husband." The marriage was arranged in order to obtain funds for fighting with the *émigré* forces on the frontier—"in order to furnish me," in his cynical commenting, "with the means of going to get killed in defence of a cause to which I was indifferent." He sees nothing of his wife for ten years. She makes phantom appearances all through that astonishing adventure which was the life of Chateaubriand. Sometimes—though rarely—she is alone with him; in which case, if he declares himself cold, she opens the window; if he complains of the heat, she throws more logs on the fire. More often there is another woman in company: that particular "other woman" for whom he feels (at the moment) the world well lost! Two old women—his wife and another; so—towards the end—Hortense Allart dismisses Mesdames de Chateaubriand and Récamier. But then Hortense was only twenty-seven; and Chateaubriand is asking of Providence only one boon—"Ah me! How I wish I were only fifty! She suggested twenty-five is still better. No! No! If I could go back to fifty that would be far enough." He could not go back to fifty. By the banks of the Rhone he conjured up the memory of "those years so painful and so bitterly regretted, when the passions of our youth were at once our happiness and our torture." The end is always a tragedy—especially amongst the great actors. Maxime du Camp has left an unforgettable picture of the dusty fifth act of so long and splendid a drama of life: Chateaubriand's wandering in the streets of Paris, "the very image of *ennui*—a man bowed down beneath the burden of an intolerable weariness." But the friendship of Madame Récamier remained the one thing prominent at the last: he praying only "in so far as he was capable of prayer, that he might die before her, and that she might be with him when he died." And his prayer was granted. At an hour when the noise of the cannon was already sounding in the streets of Paris, and he was witnessing—although unconscious—another end of another world.

And as with his affections so with his veracity. No one would read Chateaubriand's religious works for theology. No one would read the record of his life for history. Laborious pedants—quoted with some gusto by Mr. Gribble—have proved that his record of his American tour is a fiction, or an exaggeration: that he described

the Ohio as the Mississippi, that he dragged in and placed upon its banks monkeys and parrots from the "Orinoco" of a forgotten Mr. Bartram, that he had perhaps never visited Washington and made the Wabash run uphill. What does it matter whether he visited Washington or made the Wabash run uphill? He has given in "Ouvre-tombe" one of the imperishable books of the world. He has revealed in the actual, incontestable events of his own life such an Adventure as comes to but few men on this planet. He stood and stands to-day as a personality, fascinating, elusive, baffling, irresistible.

He had to record the most wonderful story in the world; and he found himself playing no mean part in that "explosion of miracles." "I was writing ancient history," he declares, "and modern history was knocking at my door. In vain I cried, 'Wait, I am coming to you.' It passed on, to the sound of the cannon, carrying with it three generations of kings." He saw it all through a life prolonged beyond the natural limits of mankind. In the gloomy woods surrounding Combours at the beginning he is cherishing the ineffable melancholy of the Celt, the poet's promise that its children shall inherit the unrest of the wind and ever seek some face elusive in some land they cannot find. And a Breton he remained to the end, despising opponents of the faith, moved—and sincerely—by its emotional appeal, filled with alternate moods of gaiety and profound sadness, vain, contemptuous of worldly success, yet driven forward to achievement by a torturing ambition, reminding himself always that he was but pacing in a funeral procession towards the inexorable grave. He set out from this remote and hidden home into the sudden vast upheaval of all the universe, into the death and birth of an age. He is wandering penniless in England, sleeping a night in Westminster Abbey—"the English Saint Denis." He is in Paris after the Terror, watching the acrobats in a church which the Jacobins had turned into a place of entertainment, compelled to retire when the waiter demanded orders. "I had not a penny," he confessed, "to pay for refreshments." Again, he is the idol of literary France, offered high office under Napoleon, but refusing service under the murderer of the Duc d'Enghien; making large fortunes and squandering them; an effective journalist and pamphleteer. He is listening to the sound of the cannon at Waterloo, outside the Brussels gate at Ghent, tortured by the realisation that "the Powers were casting lots for the robe of Christ!" "If the allies triumphed, was not our glory lost? But if Napoleon won, where was our freedom?" Later he is ambassador at Rome, Berlin, London; fêted and honored at the summit of society in a city where he had once starved and suffered. For one crowning moment he is Foreign Minister of France, making war with Spain, appearing at the Congress of Verona as Disraeli at the Congress of Berlin. And afterwards again there is Revolution, and Chateaubriand bankrupt and later a wanderer, doing faithful service for an impossible Charles X. and the child who was the last hope of a dying cause. "And I, too, have tried to nurse a child King," he could declare, "but I found ten centuries lying with him in his cradle—a weight too heavy for my arms." Yesterday he was receiving almost Royal worship, with the sick, in the little towns he visited, brought to touch the garment of the great defender of religion. To-day he is driven, at the age of sixty-five, to earn his bread by working as a publishers' hack, translating "Paradise Lost" at so much a yard. To-morrow he will be the recognised hero of letters, reading his memoirs to a select circle of the men of genius of Paris—the memoirs which were to endow him with immortal fame.

For many have written the story of those amazing years. He alone has set it to music: a kind of solemn marching organ melody, not inadequate to that "wind of the spirit" in which worlds were perishing and worlds reborn. He set the pageant as it passed in the background of the Eternities. He saw its pathetic wild enthusiasms and resistances, its terrors and laughter, with something of the grandeur and significance which rightly belongs to them, as one of humanity's great

efforts to scale the walls of heaven, and effect by mortal efforts more than is permitted to mortal hands. Into all he infused the quality of magic; so that the nightly pacing of his father up and down the old, dim-lighted hall at Combours after dinner; the *Miserère* in the Sistine Chapel with the yellow candles; the "little smoke" which is the natural image of man's life; the Mediterranean night, filled with memories of Napoleon, "the mightiest spirit that ever animated human clay"—all these and a thousand incidents in that remote century of such restless, aspiring life, now all dead and silent—stand in an earthly immortality, charged with the light which never was on sea or land. His vision of the future was darkened: but he saw something of the great changes which were coming—which are coming—on this world. He knew that the end is not yet. He knew that the end would come. Watching, at the last, the sunset gilding the Cross on the Invalides, he could affirm that society will perish unless Liberty, which could save the world, can make terms with religion. He saw that the Revolution, far from being complete, was only beginning. "Given a political state of things," was his challenge, "in which individuals have so many millions a year while others are dying of hunger: can that state of things subsist when religion is no longer there with its hopes beyond the world to explain the sacrifice?" It is the challenge of M. Brioux in "La Foi," of M. Viviani, of the inexorable logic of things as they are. "Re-compose the aristocratic fictions, if you can: try to persuade the poor man, when he shall have learnt to read correctly, and ceased to believe, try to persuade him that he must submit to every sort of privation, while his neighbor possesses superfluity a thousand times told. As a last resource you will have to kill him."

CO-PARTNERSHIP IN NATURE.

I AM the legal owner of an acre of garden land in Surrey in which stands my cottage. I cannot dig, nor have I skill to tend the things that grow upon my little plot. A hired gardener works the soil, sowing seeds and putting in the tender plants, caring for their food and watching them in health and sickness, so that they may yield timely flowers or fruit. When he speaks, as he always does, of "our" roses or "our" apples, he evidently feels, as I do, that the real right of property in this produce, as in the ground on which it grows, is his, not mine; he feels the true pride of ownership, not I, for he has mixed his mind and muscle with the land. I own it by deed, he by deeds. In any court of really human equity, I fear my parchment case would easily be set aside.

But what about the rabbits and the moles which we both denounce as trespassers, waging war on them with wire fencing or with trap? Have they no vested rights in the land which was theirs before I fenced it in? Neither my gardener nor I gets his living from the land; they do, and in so doing get into more intimate relations with the soil than any human cultivator. Surely they think and feel the land is theirs, and that they are wrongfully dispossessed by our predatory cunning. If they could get before a court not packed by "humans," justice might lean heavily to their claim. But they would not have it all their own way. There is a thrush, whose confident demeanor as he stalks the lawn the whole summer long, has won from us the sobriquet of "the proprietor." It is his hunting ground, from which he tugs his wriggling food with unerring grip; or he watches small intruders seize their quarry, and, chasing them, takes it away, true landlord fashion. But he is little better than a robber baron, after all, a greedy monopolist, and as summer advances whole flocks of common little birds contest his supremacy. Crowds of sparrows and starlings watch our planting, watering, and tending of fruits and vegetables with interest, for they have engaged us to grow them a large stock of food upon their land.

But some doubt attaches to the titles of all these birds and beasts who live upon the soil; one has a feeling that those that live in the earth must have an even better

right of property. No one else practises the virtues of an occupying owner so well as the earth-worm, his intensive culture alone is *gründlich*, he alone gets to close grips with the details of the land question. If the suit went up to animate Nature's final court of appeal, his patient, unceasing trituration would surely establish "nine points of the law." Or, quitting the earth and again coming above ground, one encounters the respective claims of all the insect world of bees and grubs and beetles. Think what a case such a counsel as M. Maeterlinck could construct for the bees, their skilled, laborious services in the critical work of fertilising plants, the manifest intention of Nature to make the world of flowers conform to their needs and capacities, their just grievances against the parasitic force and cunning of human exploitation. As man, arrogating to himself the central place in Nature, records in his Bible how that all these others, beasts, birds, and insects have been created for his comfort and enjoyment, mere *ζῶα ὄψα*, so each other species in this animate Nature makes its appropriate political economy. The avi-central or the api-central economy will be quite as specious, perhaps as valid, from the standpoint of disinterested Nature, as the anthropocentric: the undivided cloth, lifted in a different way, will fall in different folds, that is all.

But why stop short at animal species? it will be said. Intertwined with their needs and labors and their rights are those of the various vegetable world. In the elaborate harmony and conflict of organic species and their individuals, animal and vegetable continually co-operate and compete. Nor can the crude and arbitrary attempt to rule out plant rights by denying animate life or even consciousness to vegetable organisms satisfy the demands of organic justice. One might even appeal to the feelings of the interested party man against so peremptory an exclusion. Who does not feel as he walks amid the majestic oaks or beeches in some great forest, that the earth, which feeds these strong and beautiful creatures, "belongs" to them by some truly "natural right," and that the man who treats them as mere "timber" wrongs them and outrages the wider social economy of Nature? You plead "Man alone has clear conscious purposes, he alone is continually adjusting 'the environment,' all these other organic species belong to this environment of his which he has a supreme right to dispose of for his advantage: he is the sole owner of the earth." But may not the rabbit, the thrush, the bee, the worm, the cabbage, the rose, demur at this arrogant humanism, and appeal to the wider cosmic order? Are the higher consciousness of man, the greater complexity of his activities and purposes, a sufficient ground for ruling out the claims of all lower forms of Nature, and for dismissing as merely "fantastic" the demand for an extension of the feelings and obligations of "right" outside the limits of humanity? May it not be the case that just as "egoism" in its numberless subtle forms is the besetting sin of the individual man, so "anthropocentrism" is the besetting sin of humanity.

The fuller study of Nature shows my garden as the area of numberless superimposed layers of ownership. Some of these rights of property do not conflict but harmonise: I may enjoy the flowers which furnish food for the bees; the currant trees and the birds have a common interest in keeping down the slugs or fly. But on my lawn there is perpetual war between the grass and dandelions. Everywhere my gardener is engaged in expelling the aboriginal inhabitants which he calls weeds, securing an unfair preference for his delicate interlopers. Such is the familiar economy of animate Nature, which one can carry further into the dimmest recesses of that Nature invidiously dubbed "inanimate," probably because our senses are too crude to find its finer animation. Everywhere a conjunction of competition and of mutual aid, yielding some result which in its turn has friendly and hostile relations with other happenings of Nature! The net outcome of all this complicated activity we judge too exclusively from the standpoint of human welfare. I suggest that it is not really good for man to take so tightly human a view of such things as "property" and "rights." The organic view of Nature to which that freer, more disinterested, thought and feeling, termed

philosophy, inclines, should lead us to reflect that the Universe is not made for man alone, and that for man to think it is and to act upon this thought is a form of insolence for which he pays a heavy penalty. The narrow, parasitic view of property in land which we are now engaged in fighting on the field of human politics is, perhaps, an offshoot of a wider fallacy, the persistent substitution of a distinctively human economy for the larger economy of Nature. My "right" to an absolute property in my acre only holds good in the narrow confines of a conventional interpretation of certain documents constructed to express the interests of a little clique of men endowed with legislative powers in this country. Investigate my "right," even by application of distinctively human rules of equity and reason, it grows progressively weaker as you extend more broadly the area of investigation, until at last it stands as the weakest of a long series of rights of property vested in an endless variety of co-partners in the land.

J. A. H.

Contemporaries.

A FRENCH CHAMBERLAIN.

THE London correspondent of the "Matin" on Tuesday contrasted the speech which M. Briand delivered at Périgueux on Sunday with Mr. Lloyd George's speech on the previous day—to the advantage of the former. As befits the correspondent of a journal which represents *la haute finance*, he preferred the "moderation" of M. Briand, and his appeal for the union of *toutes les bonnes volontés*, to Mr. Lloyd George's incitements "to class war." There is no doubt about the contrast, whatever may be one's personal preferences. The Périgueux speech reads like a bid for the support of the Moderates; a brilliant exposition of opportunism. It was a plea for the formation of a "National Party"—that is to say, a centre *bloc*, from which only the extremists on both sides are to be excluded; they are not "*bonnes volontés*."

You have heard this plea in England from the lips of a politician whose career has had many points of resemblance with that of M. Briand. Mr. Chamberlain started from a less advanced point on the Left than M. Briand, and he has ended at a point much further to the Right (perhaps M. Briand's evolution has not yet ended), but there is a good deal of similarity between the two careers, allowing for the difference between English and French politics. There is not much similarity between the two. M. Briand is by far the abler man. His intellect is more profound, more subtle, and far more clear; his perception finer, and his ideas more lucid; his temperament at once colder and more severely and closely trained. M. Briand would be incapable of such speeches as those which Mr. Chamberlain delivered on the subject of Tariff Reform, in which he effectively answered himself. And M. Briand is a statesman; of that there can be no doubt, whether one likes or dislikes his policy.

It has been a strange career, that of the small republican's son who is now Prime Minister of France at little more than forty years of age. The revolutionary Socialist, the anti-militarist, the apostle of a general strike, is now the hope of the vested interests and the darling of the "Temps" and the "Figaro." The evolution has been somewhat rapid, and even the writers of the solemn leaders in which the Périgueux speech was hailed as the charter of moderation, must have felt a certain incongruity between the honeyed appeals of that speech to the wealthy *bourgeoisie* and certain other speeches whose date is not very remote.

The speech was indeed a remarkable one. It was not a mere brilliant piece of oratory, although it displayed all the talents of a subtle master of speech; it was the skilful exposition of a clearly thought out policy by a man who knows exactly what he is aiming at and how he proposes to attain his object. M. Briand appealed to all "sincere Republicans," but he knows as

well as anyone that the union of all Republicans is a dream impossible of realisation. There is no more reason that all those who agree in accepting the Republican form of Government should act together in politics than that all who accept the monarchy in England should do so. If and when the Republic is attacked all Republicans ought and do combine to defend it. But a party which required nothing but the profession of Republican principles would be doomed to sterility, for it would be unable to agree on any advance. M. Briand knows this as well as anyone else; the only possible meaning that can be attached to his appeal is that he aims at the organisation of a great Centre party to combat the Socialists and advanced Socialist-Radicals on the one hand, and the Clericals on the other. That is the sense in which his speech has been taken by the Conservative, as distinct from the reactionary or clerical, Press, which approves the speech with little reserve. According to the London correspondent of the "Matin," it has also met with approval from the Conservative Press in England.

It is possible that this skilfully presented policy will, for a time at any rate, attain a certain success. M. Briand will not repeat the mistakes of M. Clemenceau. He is more tactful, and less impulsive. We shall have no more prosecutions of anti-militarists on the one hand and bishops on the other. M. Briand evidently intends to *ménager* his opponents; he prefers the *manière douce* to the *manière forte*, and he will cause less irritation than his predecessor. On Sunday he was as polite to the Catholics as to every one else. Naturally, his verbal smoothness had no effect; it is unlikely that he expected it to have any. The organs of the Vatican retorted with vitriol, and they were right. The sympathetic reception of the Périgueux speech by the "Figaro," the special organ of the wealthy Catholic *bourgeoisie*, is of no good omen for the Vatican. The wealthy Catholic *bourgeoisie* were glad enough to turn to the Church when it seemed to be the only possible barrier against social change, but they would sacrifice the Pope to-morrow to escape the income-tax. The passage in M. Briand's speech in regard to the income-tax is extremely vague, and his remark that it is necessary to have "une large part de consentement" among those who are to bear the additional burden is calculated to re-assure the possessors of large incomes. If the income-tax is to wait for this "consentement," it will wait till the Greek Kalends.

It seems probable that M. Briand will have to draw very largely on Conservative forces if he is to secure the stable majority for which he asks. His speech does not fit in very well with the opinions expressed at the recent Congress of the Radical and Socialist-Radical Parties. The Congress was somewhat incoherent and chaotic, and the discussions showed very clearly the marked divergence between the two different currents in the party. But there was no inclination to make common cause with Conservative Republicans, and many of the resolutions carried are not calculated to secure that union of all Republicans for which M. Briand appeals. The Congress, for instance, was by no means disposed to ignore the aggressive campaign which the bishops have been compelled by Rome to inaugurate against the schools of the nation; on this subject M. Briand said not a word. There are many other questions which must inevitably cause a division, in which the Government will have to take one side or the other.

Nevertheless, M. Briand has a *bonne presse* even as regards the Radical newspapers, most of which emphasise his declaration of the resolve of the Government to realise the Radical programme of reform, without attempting to explain how it is to be realised by a Republican Party satisfactory to the "Temps" and the "Figaro."

The "Rappel" is mildly ironical and reminds M. Briand that it was at Périgueux that Gambetta made a similar appeal on September 28th, 1873, for the union of all Frenchmen. The most trenchant criticism of the speech is naturally that of M. Jaurès in the "Humanité." Up to the present the "Humanité" has refrained from criticism of the new Government, but

Socialists can hardly be expected to welcome the prospect of what M. Jaurès describes as "une sorte d'Union plus qu'à demi—Conservatrice." If by a policy of *détente* M. Briand means greater liberty of speech and action for all citizens, M. Jaurès welcomes such a policy. But he scorns the idea of a "national party" which, he says, means a universal acceptance of the *status quo* which can only result in universal stagnation. It is impossible to contest the common sense of this view; conflict is a necessary condition of progress. M. Jaurès, like many other Frenchmen of all shades of opinion, believes that the *scrutin de liste* with proportional representation would clear the air in French politics, and he is amazed that M. Briand, who points out so clearly the disadvantages of the present system, should be opposed to this reform. M. Jaurès, too, like the London correspondent of the "Matin," compares M. Briand's speech with those of Mr. Lloyd George—but to the advantage of the latter.

To sum up, it is plain that M. Briand cannot achieve the ostensible aim of his speech; the political union of all Frenchmen, or even of all Republicans, is impossible. But he may succeed in grouping round his Government a strong Centre *bloc*, including all the Conservative section of the Radical Party. Whether such a *bloc* would survive the General Election next May is another matter. Meanwhile the enthusiasm of all the financial interests in the Press for the Briand Ministry is one of the most interesting symptoms of the hour. One contrasts the opposition of the same papers, notably the "Matin," to M. Combes's Government, which did not contain three "Independent Socialists."

R. E. D.

The Drama.

"ONE OF GOD'S DANDIES."

If the essence of drama be conflict, the wrestle of will with will, then "Don," by Mr. Rudolf Besier, comes as near as any play I know to essential drama. It is a sparring match, in heaven knows how many rounds. Not only is the hero all the time at war with his environment, but his environment is all the time at war with itself. When I read the play, several months ago, I feared this incessant wrangling would get on the nerves of the audience; but my fears were groundless. The play interested, entertained, and moved us. It is a thoroughly good comedy of an original and quite legitimate type. Not that the element of danger which I foresaw in it was entirely non-existent. The character of General Sinclair, never departing for a moment—or only for one rather improbable moment—from his attitude of snappish pigheadedness, might easily have produced on the audience the effect I feared. But Providence watched over Mr. Besier in the casting of the part. Mr. Dawson Milward was not in the least "the man for it." An actor manager, with all London to choose from, would not have dreamt of selecting him. But the Haymarket, though not a repertory theatre, has something like a stock company, and Mr. Milward happened to be the man that came ready to Mr. Trench's hand. By playing the part with quiet discretion and distinction, he literally unconventionalised it, and carried it off with perfect success. Had it been played "for all it was worth" by the fussy and blustering type of comedian for whom it seemed predestined, it might seriously have endangered the play. This is not the first time that the policy of giving a part to a good actor, rather than to the man who seemed born to play it, has vindicated itself.

We are not bound to inquire too rigorously whether such a character as Stephen Bonington, otherwise known as "Don," actually exists. He might exist, and that is enough. It is perfectly legitimate, for purposes of comedy, to illustrate and criticise a type of character or a moral tendency by taking an extreme instance of it. And who shall say that "Don" does not exist? We are apt to salve our self-complacency by declaring im-

possible manifestations of idealistic kindness and courage which are, in fact, impossible—to us. We have all known extremely unpractical persons; and if unpracticality is not always combined with an excess of chivalry, there is no reason why it should not be. If a dramatist had drawn the character of Shelley before Shelley existed, or even while Shelley existed, but before he was revealed to the world, critics would have declared him wildly impossible. For my part, if I must quarrel with "Don," it should not be for anything that he actually does, but for the imperturbable lightness, not to say levity, with which he takes the consequences of his action, as they threaten to develop. When it seems highly probable that he may lose Ann through his championship of Mrs. Thompson, one would welcome a little greater display of feeling, some sign of his perception of a divided duty. No doubt his inability to perceive a divided duty, his utter absorption in the one enthusiasm of the moment, is the very trait which the author is presenting—and satirising. But I think he is guilty of a little overdraw. Stephen might quite well be unshaken in his sense of duty towards Elizabeth Thompson, and yet keenly sensible of the pain he was inflicting upon Ann, and of the danger to their future happiness. Again, I find it hard to believe that he would face Thompson's pistol with such absolute serenity. Fanatics of the Thompson type are nasty customers to play with. We see every day that a pistol with a passion behind it is no laughing matter; and though, doubtless, Stephen's show of intrepidity is the best possible policy under the circumstances, we would feel more confidence in its possibility if we were suffered to divine a little more effort in the matter. As it is, we feel that Stephen never for a moment believed himself in any danger; in which case he was not only foolish, but scarcely human. I think it would be both truer and more dramatic if he showed, not fear, but realisation of danger—if only, perhaps, in the form of a marked reaction when the strain was over. But these are trifling matters. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Besier's more daring psychology is justified. It may be that I am pleading for obvious plausibility rather than for essential truth. In the main, at any rate, "Don" illustrates, with excellent vivacity and ingenuity, the eternal conflict between the ideal and the practical in life. Stephen Bonington is one of the persons (rare, but, nevertheless, real), who, in working out problems of conduct, are congenitally apt to "neglect the weight of the elephant"—to ignore the potency in human affairs of prejudice, convention, pusillanimity. The much commoner tendency is to reinforce the weight of the elephant by adding our own personal pusillanimity to that of our neighbors. But a study of the rarer bias is an admirable theme for comedy: and Mr. Besier was quite justified, I think, in letting his hero's Quixotism work out to what may be called a happy ending. An excess of chivalry is so infrequent a foible that the modern Cervantes who should seek to "smile it away" would do a poor service to society.

No one can reproach Mr. Besier, as Ibsen used to be reproached, with laying too much stress upon heredity. He has, I think, left rather too wide a gap between the two generations of his characters. How Mrs. Bonington ever came to have such a son as Stephen, how the daughter of General and Mrs. Sinclair ever grew into so delightful a character as Ann, seems to me something of a puzzle. But, heredity apart, Mr. Besier has a light and deft hand at character-drawing. Mrs. Bonington is a very effective variety of the genus goose, and there is a distinct idea in Mrs. Sinclair, with her paroxysms of mirthless laughter, though I do not think Miss Granville made the intention of the part quite clear. The General, as above indicated, is the most conventional character in the play, and something of a libel, one hopes, upon the British Army. On the other hand, the old Rector is very pleasantly drawn, and shows that Mr. Besier can make a character live, while keeping him strictly within the limits of a commonplace type. But the most original figure in the play is doubtless Thompson, who assures its success by giving a new tone

and color to the last act. He is an admirable study of fierce egoism and sensuality, expressing itself in terms of religion. This is even a deep psychological truth in his artless confession of the analogy between his spiritual and his erotic experiences. One cannot put much confidence in the amenity of the reconstituted family life under the Thompson roof-tree; but Mrs. Thompson is so essentially (and rightly) a colorless character, that our apprehensions for her future do not greatly weigh upon our spirit. The comedy remains a comedy, even though this darker strand in its texture is left at a loose end.

Mr. Charles Quartermaine's performance of Stephen was safe rather than brilliant. The poetic impulsiveness, even the mere unpracticality of the character, were almost entirely left to the spectator's imagination. There was nothing whatever of Shelley or of Mr. Shaw's Eugene about Mr. Quartermaine, who seemed a headstrong and inconsiderate, but otherwise rather commonplace, young man. Even his dress did not suggest the character. The razor-edged crease down the front of his trousers was wholly inconsistent with Ann's anecdote of his appearance at a dinner-party in correct attire down to his waist, but with nether garments of blue serge. Surely he ought to have worn those baggy blue serge trousers and no others. Was it Mr. Quartermaine's fault, or the author's, or the producer's—or perhaps the fault of all three—that the end of the second act seemed quite unduly farcical? On the whole, I fancy the actor must be acquitted. The fault lay in the very idea of restraining Stephen by physical force from rushing to the encounter of Thompson. In the part of Thompson Mr. Norman McKinnell was quite admirable, and Miss Christine Silver was most happily chosen for Mrs. Thompson. Mr. James Hearn and Miss Frances Ivor were very good as the elder Boningtons, and Miss Ellen O'Malley played the part of Ann with her unfailing sincerity and charm. By the way, I have not said enough of this original and well-drawn character. It is one of Mr. Besier's happiest inspirations.

Mr. Charles McEvoy's one-act play, "Gentlemen of the Road," was placed in a very beautiful woodland scene; but the sole merit of the production lay with the scenic artist. Mr. Trench really ought not to encourage Mr. McEvoy to waste his talent on such unworthy trifles.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Letters from Abroad.

YOUNG TURKEY AS A MILITARY POWER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—To an English mind—at least to the mind of an Englishman brought up in the old Whig distrust of great armies—one of the most disquieting features in the Turkish outlook is militarism.

In the first place, the internal political situation in Turkey is so much the reverse of all we are accustomed to in England that one feels instinctively suspicious of it. The army is Liberal, and is maintaining Liberal institutions. The country is mostly reactionary, and would overthrow the Parliament if it could. When the despot does overthrow the Chamber it is the army that rushes to the assistance of the latter, not the commonalty.

When we come to consider the matter more closely, we find that the July revolution was caused by army officers who were ashamed of the weak condition into which the armed forces of the Empire had fallen under the Absolutist régime. They said: "Only the other day we were at the gates of Vienna and all Europe trembled before us. To-day we are nothing. Let us abolish the system which has brought our glorious arms so low. Let us establish a Parliament in order that our army may be reorganised and that Europe may again have to take us into account."

As far as I could see, the military leaders of the Committee went no further than this, unless incidentally. All their reforms, all their new-found tolerance,

originated in their regard for Turkey's military strength. In July last they fraternised with the Greek and Bulgarian brigands in Macedonia, because these brigands might help them in the march on Constantinople which the Young Turks then thought unavoidable. Ahmed Riza Bey and some of the civilians had broader views than this, but they did not and do not count. It was the military leaders who made the revolution of July and of April and who are maintaining the Constitution. And though the military chiefs act but never speak or write, they are the only good statesmen and politicians in Turkey. The civilians make endless blunders. Their journalistic controversies did much to bring about the April reaction. But—save, perhaps, when he threatened to march on Athens—Shefket Pasha has invariably done the right thing.

The army, therefore, has all the brains, all the power, and all the discretion. And, as its one great object is to improve itself, to increase its size and its efficiency, it has progressed enormously in every direction since July, 1908. True, the April mutiny lost it a whole army corps, but that misfortune only gave it an opportunity to show its power, for the rapidity with which Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha got together a new army corps and licked the recruits into shape before the end of July, was very remarkable.

The War Office (as I observed during a visit I paid to the commander of the First Army Corps there a couple of months ago) is now by far the busiest and most efficient of the Government departments. Filled with able Generals, hard-working chiefs of staff and staff officers, it would do credit to the headquarters of a German army corps. More money is spent on it than on any other department. Even the ludicrously inadequate Budget of the Minister of Education was recently cut down in order that the army might have more money to spend.

In the Chamber, the army has the control and means to keep it. Recently a motion was made to the effect that officers on active service could not sit as deputies without forfeiting their pay as officers. A civilian member pointed out that the popularity of the army and the attraction of double pay will lead to the Chamber being filled exclusively with officers, but the military members protested against the motion and it failed to pass.

The tone of all the Turks is, I deeply regret to say, not that of a constitutional people. It is, as a rule, that of an army. The "Yeni Gazette" recently drew a parallel between Japan and Turkey, but it failed to see the extremely important rôle which Japan's attention to commerce, industry, and finance has played in the uplifting of Dai-Nippon; all it saw was, first, that Japan devoted all her energies to building up her military and naval forces and, second, that, having done this, she turned her attention to the contraction of an alliance.

Enver Bey, the Turkish military *attaché* in Berlin, speaks in a warlike tone about Turkey stationing an army-corps on the Russo-Turkish frontier in Asia Minor; and Hussein Hilmi Bey, the comparatively peaceful Grand Vizier, says, in speaking of Turkey's future:—

"We must try to make of Turkey a military Power of the first order, to have a well-organised and instructed army, a powerful fleet," &c., &c., afterwards, going on to speak of secondary things, such as railways, industry, and commerce, and—last of all—schools.

To a certain extent this military spirit is natural and excusable in the Turks, but I am afraid that it will make them too proud, too Chauvinistic, and, at the same time (for, after all, they are a simple people), too likely to become the tool of European Powers which may seek to excite them on the subject of Egypt, India, Persia, Crete, or Mahommedanism generally.

The "Seman" of Salonica recently published, apropos of the murder of Sir Curzon Wyllie, a ferocious article, entitled "Peoples of Asia, to arms!" in which it preached the solidarity of all the Asiatic Peoples in the face of Europe's mania for expansion at their expense, and painted the wrongs of Asia in glaring colors. In the same way a leading and very able Turkish deputy,

who edits a paper called "Le Courier D'Orient," said (July 23rd), that Turkey also must have her "point of view on the Polish, Scandinavian, and even on the Irish question."

The army, of course, goes even further than this in its martial pride. When the Cretan question was acute, Mahmud Shefket spoke of a march on Athens, and the 4th Army Corps wired to Constantinople, offering its services against Greece "in case the 2nd and 3rd Army Corps are too tired after their exertions of April 24th." On the same occasion a Turkish paper, addressing itself menacingly to the Government, said that "the Cabinet must not think that the sceptre of power is a stick to lean on idly," meaning that the sceptre is, in its opinion, a "big stick" wherewith a Government should be forever laying about it, and which is in fact intended for no other purpose.

This is the naïve and martial temper of the Turk—how different, by the way, to the restrained and diplomatic Japanese temper, how similar in some respects to the tone of the foolish young Chinese who talked so loudly some time ago of abolishing extra-territoriality and who have now, under the reactionary *régime* of Prince Ching, subsided so suddenly and so completely.

Russian Publicists are already expressing apprehensions that Germany may make a cat's-paw of the Ottomans. A Constantinopolitan Russian, writing in the "Novoe Vremya" of August 5th, points to the extraordinary reception given to von der Goltz Pasha on his return to Turkey (a reception which would never be given by the Turks to Tolstoy or to the greatest leaders of European thought), when at the railway station all the officers of higher rank than Generals publicly kissed von der Goltz's hand. This German instructor was soon after made Vice-President of the Higher Military Council, and, at his instance, seventeen more German officers are to come to Turkey to teach, while twenty-nine Turkish officers are to go to Germany to learn. Moreover, at the instance of General von der Goltz, the Higher Military Council has decided, in spite of Turkey's serious financial weakness, soon to re-arm the whole army with Mausers and to order 460 quick-firing batteries. All these things, as well as vast quantities of ammunition, will be bought in Germany.

The Russian writer whom I quote is somewhat afraid of a Turkey which is only the puppet of Germany, for such a Turkey could be used to bring pressure on St. Petersburg. In 1877-1878 the Russians found it very hard to overcome the resistance of 350,000 Turks, "badly armed, half naked, and hungry, commanded by an infinitesimal number of educated officers—nine per cent. of the whole." At present the Turkish army numbers about one million. "On our Caucasian frontier we would have now against us, not 50,000 bayonets, as was the case thirty-two years ago, but 185,000 bayonets, and 50,000 sabres"—all the men being well organised, well armed, and well officered.

I shall not follow the Russian writer into his descriptions of how Germany worked up the Turks on the subject of Russia's proceedings in Persia, and how she got the Grand Vizier to invite many Germanophile Bulgarian students and officers to visit Constantinople by way of reply to Russia's invitation of a number of Russophile Bulgarian officers to St. Petersburg.

The broad fact remains, however, that Germany—not philosophic, poetical, literary, or scientific Germany, but military Germany alone—seems to have hypnotised the Turks. It may be a passing phase, but it bodes ill for the general development of Young Turkey.

Germany, of course, is not to be blamed for this, since wherever they go—whether to Tokio or to Stamboul—her military instructors do their work extraordinarily well; and, as a matter of fact, we ourselves, the peaceful, anti-militarist nation of Europe, have lent Turkey an admiral in order to carry out a most unnecessary and expensive task—the re-organisation of her fleet.

The whole evil lies in Turkey's inability at present really to admire or understand anything European save military efficiency, and in her coming just at this moment under the influence of a Power where militarism plays

such an important rôle that it must seem to the simple-minded Turks to be the unique cause of Germany's greatness.

Turkey it is hard to blame, and I certainly do not mean this letter to be an attack on the new *régime*. It cannot, of course, be expected to change in a day that military character for which the Osmanli have been noted ever since they first appeared in history.

I strongly approve of almost everything the Young Turks have done so far, and I am proud to be able to claim some of the Committee leaders as my personal friends, but I think that their intensely martial spirit is an historical fact that should be noted even by a sincere friend. European observers have shut their eyes to it, so far, but that does not improve matters in the least.—Yours, &c.,

YOUR BALKAN CORRESPONDENT.

Communications.

GOVERNMENT BY BUREAUCRACY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It seems strange that amidst all the panaceas—extensions of franchise, payment of members, proportional representation, referendum, abolition of the House of Lords, &c.—designed for democratising legislative and administrative machinery, no democratic politician should yet have been found to lay his hand on the mainspring of the real government of this country. Few free and independent electors realise that they are really dominated by a clique of gentlemen whose names are to be read in Whitaker and other places where lists of Government functionaries are recorded. Each Government Department is presided over by a permanent Under-Secretary and a Parliamentary Secretary, besides a staff of assistant secretaries of various grades. These gentlemen it is who really “run” the country. In the view of the average elector, and even of many persons who consider themselves democratic politicians, the Government staff of the departments is a necessity in order to give “continuity” to policy. This specious and sweetly reasonable sounding word, when translated into practice, discloses itself as meaning the maintenance of policy along the strictly reactionary grooves of official red tape and official solidarity. As regards the latter point, it is interesting to note that there are two classes at the opposite ends of the scale in modern civilised society that are remarkable for the strength of cohesion of their members amongst themselves and the strength of their resistance to any interference from outside—the criminal class and the official class. The professional criminal, as is well known, holds it his first point of honor to back up a brother professional when in trouble; an official personage also regards it as the first point of professional etiquette to back up his colleagues, right or wrong, against the outside world. Yet that the possession of the whole power of administration, besides a large share in the initiative of legislation, by bodies of officials or, in other words, by a bureaucracy, is radically incompatible with democratic progress and control of the affairs of the community, is realised, as already said, by few persons in the present day. Is it not the Ministers representing the Parliamentary majority of the time whose behests the permanent Secretaries and their departments and their staffs are constrained to obey? Are they not there to carry out the mandates of the party in power? This *sancta simplicitas* of the average man as to the working of the system under which he lives would be incredible did we not have continual experience of it, and it subsists, so to say, in the teeth of the daily evidence afforded by Ministerial answers to questions in Parliament concerning their respective departments.

If the omnipotence of the permanent official in matters of administration is inadequately realised by the ordinary politician, who gets his politics from his newspaper, this same person probably does not realise at all the power of the official hierarchy in matters of legislation.

He does not know, probably, that the drafting of every Government Bill is the work, not of the Minister, but of the heads of the department in the domain of which its subject-matter lies. The Minister communicates the general scheme of his Bill to his “office,” whose secretaries then prepare the draft of the measure proposed. This draft may go backwards and forwards several times, but it is rare, indeed, when its final shape is not given to it by the bureaucrats of the department—a shape in which the original and avowed intention of the measure is invariably watered down and not seldom practically nullified. However this may be, the permanent staff upon whom devolves the work of superintending the *administration* of the measure can always whittle down the practical efficiency of the measure in the direction of and to the proportions approved by its bureaucratic traditions.

As a general rule, the Minister of the day is only too willing to allow himself to be “bossed” by his permanent staff. But, even should this not be the case, it would require a veritable Napoleon or Cromwell to bear down the pressure exercised on the nominal mandatory of Parliament by the bureaucracy of his department. The organised officialdom of the Government offices regards its right to “run” the affairs of the nation as a kind of vested interest, to lay hands on which is sacrilege. The Minister, should such a one be found, who resolutely set his face to carry through any considerable change unacceptable to his departmental secretaries, would soon find his life intolerable and his position untenable. Intrenching themselves behind their assumed experience of the routine of their department, they have found the way to making themselves masters in effect of the British people.

Now, government by bureaucracy, by a ring of gentlemen, that is, for the most part belonging to, or connected with, certain high social and official circles in this country, may be, of course, all right. Opinion as to this will be largely determined by class interest and political association. But, in the name of common political intelligence, let us recognise how we stand. So long as the present bureaucratic oligarchy has the lion's share in controlling the immediate destinies of the country, to talk of the democratic character of the British Constitution partakes of the nature of a sorry joke. There is no element in the existing machinery of government of Great Britain, not even the House of Lords itself, that stands so much in the way of all democratic change, legislative and administrative, as the permanent bureaucracy of the State Departments. And yet this is a point which seems to strike no one. It is none the less certain that until this bureaucratic oligarchy is broken down, together with the kind of “continuity” for which it stands, the belief in Great Britain being even half-way a politically democratic State will remain little better than a delusion.—Yours, &c.,

E. BELFORT BAX.

October 12th, 1909.

Letters to the Editor.

THE PEOPLE'S SUFFRAGE FEDERATION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—A new suffrage society, the People's Suffrage Federation, has been formed this week. It asks for the vote for every man and woman on a short residential qualification. If the House of Commons is to represent the people truly, every man and woman must have the vote independently of property and tenancy.

The Prime Minister announced last year that he intended to bring in a Reform Bill, and would accept the decision of the House of Commons and the country on an amendment giving votes to women. At this critical time, with a general election expected, all who value representation should rally without a moment's delay, and do their best to obtain a definite promise before the election, that if the present Government returns to power, the Reform Bill shall be made a part of its immediate programme and shall give votes to all men and women.

Women's enfranchisement is urgent. They are as much

concerned in law and government as men. A large proportion of the wage-earners are women, and women control the greater part of the people's consumption. Their personal rights need protection as much as men's, and only through full citizenship will justice be done to their claims.

Property and tenancy qualifications would place women of the working class, whether married or single, at a great disadvantage on account of their relatively low earnings, and because the working housewife, though economically self-supporting, is unpaid.

In the case of men, the present qualifications give too much weight to the propertied class and make representation unstable through its dependence on transient conditions. Depression of trade, for instance, disfranchises men at the very time when their state most requires public consideration; unemployment extinguishes votes by the thousand in many a great manufacturing centre, through inability to pay rates punctually, through the necessity of moving from houses to lodgings, and through taking temporary work at the Poor Law stoneyard. In the interests of the whole nation, and especially of women and of the workers, Parliament should give the people true representation instead of the present unjust and arbitrary electoral system.

Some preliminary work has shown that the country is riper for adult suffrage than was supposed. The Parliamentary Labor Party has passed a special resolution of sympathy with the object of the Federation, and our Parliamentary Council already numbers eighty-three, including thirty-five Labor members, among whom are Mr. A. Henderson, Mr. D. J. Shackleton, Mr. F. W. Jowett, Mr. J. R. Clynes, Mr. G. H. Roberts, Mr. C. Duncan, Mr. T. Burt, Mr. Charles Fenwick, Mr. W. Brace, and Mr. Abrahams ("Mabon"). We have also the support of many Liberals, including Sir William Collins, Mr. W. H. Dickinson, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Geoffrey Howard, Mr. Norman Lamont, Sir Charles Maclean, Mr. A. Ponsonby, Mr. J. M. Robertson, Sir Charles Rose, Mr. Russell Rea, and Mr. W. F. Roch.

Among our first group of supporters were officials of Women's Trade Unions, the Women's Co-operative Guild, the Women's Labor League, and the Railway Women's Guild, and we begin active work with nearly 500 members, among whom are Miss Bondfield, Miss Florence Balgarnie, Mr. W. Barefoot, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Middleton, Miss Janet Case, Miss M. M. A. Ward, Mr. A. F. Peterson, K.C., Prof. L. T. Hobhouse, Miss Tuckwell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roden Buxton, Mrs. Russell Rea, the Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell, Mr. Aneurin Williams, Mrs. Sidney Webb, Mr. George Lansbury, Mr. and Mrs. George Trevelyan, Mr. Arthur Peters, Mr. W. A. Appleton, Mr. Crompton Llewelyn Davies, Mrs. Josiah Wedgwood, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fels, Mr. E. Richard Cross, Dr. Salter, L.C.C., Mr. A. N. Whitehead, Sc.D., F.R.S., Mr. H. W. Massingham, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, Mr. Robert Donald, Miss Margaret McMillan, Miss Millicent Murby, Mrs. H. J. Tennant, Lady Mary Murray, Miss Jane Harrison, Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Sir William Wedderburn, Mr. Arnold Rowntree, Sir Charles Radford, Dr. Lawson Dodd, Hon. Bertrand Russell. The first twenty-eight are on our General Committee.

Work in the country has scarcely begun, but already over seventy local societies, representing a membership of several thousands, have affiliated. They include executives and branches of working women's societies, branches of the Independent Labor Party, Women's Liberal Associations, Trade Unions, and Trades Councils. It is well known that the Labor Party Congress, the Trade Union Congress, and the London Liberal Federation support Adult Suffrage; and the People's Suffrage Federation looks forward with confidence to bringing together in a national movement very strong forces hitherto too scattered and too little organised to take effect. May we through your columns invite all adult suffragists to join funds and forces with us? We do not ask those who become members of the Federation to leave other suffrage societies, but we offer a new opportunity for men and women to work together for complete political freedom.—Yours, &c.,

EMILY HOBHOUSE,
Chairman of Executive Committee.
MARGARET LLEWELYN DAVIES,
MARY R. MACARTHUR,
Hon. Secs.

October 14th, 1909.

THE PERIOD OF THE DISSOLUTION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I, as a constant reader, claim some of your valuable space to give the reasons why, in case the Lords pass the Budget, the Government ought not to dissolve Parliament until the end of the year 1911?

(1) The sufficiency of a Free Trade Budget for both naval and military armaments and for social amelioration will be demonstrated in the next two years.

(2) The Tariffers will have two years more of a costly and hopeless drain on their resources.

(3) In 1900 the Government can pass (because the Lords will not reject it) their Labor Assurance Bill, which will greatly mitigate the hardships of the unemployed and take away one of the most effective arguments of the Tariffers.

(4) In 1910 and 1911 a Welsh Disestablishment Bill and a Registration Reform Bill can be passed through the Commons and rejected by the Lords, so filling up the cup.

(5) We have the certainty of two years more of peace with foreign nations.

(6) Trade is improving, and we had better dissolve in a time of extra good trade.

(7) Elections are very costly. Many a hard-working member of Parliament can afford an election once in six years, who would be ruined by elections once every three years. An average county election costs £1,500 (on the top of the annual expenses of the constituency at least £500 a year). Only a very rich man, or one whose expenses are paid for him by some trade union or other association, can afford such a sum of money very often. With the veto of the House of Lords and Irish Home Rule in front of us, elections, "notwithstanding the septennial Act," may follow fast after this Parliament ends. Frequent elections imply a Parliament composed for the most part of very rich men—delegates of associations, and seekers after place. Already good men are declining re-election, and candidates are scarce because of the cost.

(8) If the Lords force upon us a constitutional crisis, there are many members of Parliament and candidates who will be ready to make sacrifices of hardly-earned savings to save their country. But it is not wise to force such a sacrifice just because some people think the moment opportune for a party gain at the election: such opportunism will be disappointed. If the Lords have "climbed down" it will have taken all the steam out of our boiler, and it will be necessary to seek other causes of quarrel.

(9) It is always possible that, during the next two years, the Lord Chancellor may resign or may decide that the benches of magistrates, now packed with Tories, shall have an infusion of Liberals. This would make a difference in our favor of at least twenty county seats, counting forty in a division. This chance is well worth waiting for.—Yours, &c.,

LIBERAL M.P.

October 12th, 1909.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS AS A SENATE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The time cannot be far distant when the Liberal leaders will have to determine the precise nature of their appeal to the nation with respect to their proposals for the reform of the House of Lords, so that their critics cannot afterwards accuse them of obscurity. If these proposals are not clearly stated before the election, the Opposition will say that the Government have no mandate to carry out this or that reform, and yet another election might have to be fought on this very question. It is, therefore, desirable that not only the leaders should be precise, but that every Liberal candidate should state clearly in his election address the precise nature of the change he advocates in the constitution of the House of Lords, and the relations that should exist between the two Houses.

Is the appeal to the nation to be only for power to regulate the relations between the two Houses, or is it, in addition, to ask for powers to reform the constitution of the Upper House?

In the few lines which I propose to address to you, I advocate both courses, as being strictly in accordance with justice and with the spirit of the age, but especially as the

more likely to rally all sections of the progressive forces to the support of the Government.

The policy of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman was directed towards limiting the veto, leaving the constitution of the House of Lords intact; but it must be remembered that Sir Henry was an old man, and he may have justly thought that the limiting of the veto was as much as he could carry in his lifetime. But even he did not necessarily regard this as the last word on the question of the Second Chamber. Sir Henry's proposition was that, within the limits of a single Parliament, the will of the House of Commons should prevail, and his method of doing this was to send a Bill up to the Lords three times, in *different sessions*, and, on the third time, the Bill was to pass. So that the Bills of a Liberal Government of the future, in its first session, could not be expected to pass till the third session, the Bills of the second session till the fourth session, and the Bills of the third session till the fifth session, and so on, if a Liberal Government lasted as long.

Surely this is to reduce the work of future Liberal Governments to sterility, as this course almost *invites* the Lords to throw out Bills they do not like, in the hope that something might turn up to upset the Liberal Government before the third session after a Bill was first presented.

To avoid reducing the work of a Liberal Government to such sterility as this, I should advocate this change, "That within the limits of a single session the will of the Commons should prevail."

Now, a word as to the constitution of the Upper House.

I consider the constitution of the Second House of Parliament, confining its membership, as it does, to one class of his Majesty's subjects—viz., the Bishops and hereditary Peers—a gross injustice to the commercial and middle classes of this country, who are really the backbone of the country, and who do all its thinking and revenue-producing. A man may be endowed with all the wisdom of a Socrates; he may possess a brain of the greatest power; he may be a great captain of industry, possessing the most intimate knowledge of commercial matters upon which the prosperity of this country depends; he may even be a great lawyer, financier, or other professional man; but under the present constitution he cannot be a member of the Second House of Parliament unless he be a Peer of the Realm.

Further, in the present constitution of the second chamber, there is not the slightest pretence at representation of the people, the peers merely representing themselves and their class. It therefore happens that this House, thus constituted, can in no sense be regarded as a revising chamber, as is claimed for it by its partisans. It is not even impartial, especially when matters connected with the land are before it.

My plan, therefore, is to turn the House of Lords into a Senate, into which every duly qualified subject of his Majesty should have a chance of entering, and, further, it should be representative of the people. I would bring this about in a very simple manner.

I would adopt a system of county conventions in which all the members elected to the House of Commons for the towns, boroughs, and county divisions of a county should form an electoral body for the purpose of electing the members to the Senate for that county, and the number of members to be elected for that county to the Senate should be one-third of the number of members of the House of Commons for that county, and should be divided as to parties proportionately to the number of members elected by that county to the Commons. For instance, if Yorkshire returned 36 Liberals, 30 Conservatives, 9 Laborites, to the Commons, the representatives of Yorkshire in the Senate should be 12 Liberals, 10 Conservatives, and 3 Laborites. I should probably be told that by this system the Senate would be of the same political complexion as the House of Commons. This would be so, and rightly so, if the representation of the people is to count for anything, only in a reduced degree. And, further, it would follow that each party would naturally put forward its very best available men for the Senate. By this method you would call into existence a body of men who would be of very real assistance in legislation, who would give the Senate the benefit of their experience—commercial, professional, or otherwise—and not as now when 500 out of the 600 peers never attend, unless

whipped up for a special purpose, and whose stock of knowledge of matters political and commercial is of the slenderest. The new Senate would thus be a very valuable revising chamber, and its opinions would be held in much more respect than those of the present House of Lords.

Further, this method of indirect election, while being in every sense representative of the people, would enable a class of men to come forward who, while being good thinkers and good workers, have no liking for the rough and tumble of a contested Parliamentary election. The nation would therefore be a great gainer in thinking power, and the new Senate would become in the best sense of the word a "revising" chamber, which the present House of Lords distinctly is not.

This would be no revolution, but a very moderate and desirable change, and in accord with the system in force in our Colonies.

At the same time, the relations between the House of Commons and the Senate should be so adjusted that, in cases of disputes incapable of amicable settlement, the will of the Commons should prevail.

Having set forth what I consider a very moderate solution of the Second Chamber question, I invite the views and criticism of your readers on my plan; and if the Liberal leaders can see their way to ask the nation for a mandate, not only to adjust the relations between the two Houses, but to alter the constitution of the Upper Chamber on some such lines as I have above indicated, I believe they would have the nation with them heart and soul.

It must not be forgotten that the present electorate only represents a little more than one-half of the male population of Great Britain over the age of twenty-one.

The electorate at present numbers about six millions, while the number of males over the age of twenty-one is about eleven millions. This means that about five millions of loyal and patriotic Englishmen, Scotchmen, Welshmen, and Irishmen have no votes at all, chiefly through the present residuary qualification, although all of them would be paying the indirect taxes, and a great proportion of them paying taxes through their rent.

It is, therefore, most desirable that this great body of voiceless public opinion should be enfranchised as soon as possible to take their share in determining the future of the legislation of their country.

For all I know, all this may already have occurred to the Liberal leaders. Whether it has or not, I sincerely hope it will form their policy in their coming appeal to the nation. If it does, they may count on certain victory.—Yours, &c.,

HERBERT JOHN DOREE,

Late President of the Harrow Division Liberal Association, and C.C. for Farringdon Within.
104 and 105, Newgate Street, E.C.

October 14th, 1909.

SUFFRAGISTS AND SUFFRAGETTES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Since my letter in your columns of September 18th, upon which Mr. John R. Tomlinson comments in your last issue, the constitutional suffragists have deemed it necessary to publish something like an adequate protest against the perpetration of "tactics as wicked as they are foolish."

By way of reply to Mr. Tomlinson, I would point out that Lord Crewe seized the opportunity to condemn disorder at Budget protest meetings, whereas certain of the constitutional suffragist leaders have deliberately refused to condemn the disorderly and riotous conduct of the militant women. I am quite prepared to enlarge upon this, but, as a supporter of the enfranchisement of women, I prefer to refrain from criticising past procedure now that by the issue of this recent protest the outlook has been rendered more hopeful. The Constitutionalists will, I trust, realise the necessity of seizing opportunities to emphasise their "deep and abiding disapproval of tactics of violence and disorder."—Yours, &c.,

J. RANKINE FINLAYSON.

Manchester, October 13th, 1909.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE SUFFRAGETTES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Can nothing be done to prevent the Government continuing its disastrous policy in reference to the Suffragettes? Whatever view we may hold of the suffrage movement and the provocative methods of its militant supporters, we, who are devoted to Liberalism, can feel nothing but shame and distress in thinking of the force, amounting to brutality, which is now being used to break the spirit of high-minded and devoted women. For it cannot be denied that what gives power to this movement is an earnest desire on the part of these women to raise the status of their sex, and by so doing to promote purity in public and in private life. The Government has not only ignored your remonstrance and flouted the advice given to it by the "Manchester Guardian" and the "Daily News," but it has even aggravated its repressive measures. The professed guardians of political liberty appear in the light of its deliberate persecutors, and the scenes daily enacted in our own prisons contrast strangely with the indignation in which we so freely indulge with respect to the misdeeds of other countries.

Political liberty is not only a right, but a duty, and it is surely a denial of everything hitherto connected with Liberalism to hold that those who are opposed to political liberty have precisely the same right to consideration by the Government as those who are in its favor. And yet that was Mr. Asquith's contention in his reply to the Constitutional Suffragists. Slavery would never have been abolished if the Abolitionists had admitted an argument worthy of consideration that thousands of the slaves themselves were anxious to avoid the responsibilities of freedom.

Acknowledgment of the fact that technical obstruction for political purposes is a political offence would go some way to solving the present difficulties, but such difficulties might be entirely removed if an undertaking were given by the Prime Minister on the lines of your excellent suggestion last week, namely, that if in the first session a clearly pledged majority of Suffragists returned to the next Parliament carried a resolution in favor of the removal of sex disability, the Government would allow effect to be given to this judgment in a Franchise Bill. You would certainly be conferring an immense boon upon many conscientious Liberals, and you would perhaps rescue the Government from a false position, which undoubtedly must be highly distasteful to them, if by the influence of your powerful journal you could bring about this result.—Yours, &c.,

"HOW IT STRIKES A CONTEMPORARY."

October 13th, 1909.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE MILITANT SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The militant suffrage movement has reached a stage of development at which analysis becomes possible. If we examine its features we shall see, I think, that it does not differ in essentials from other eccentric movements with which history and passing events have made us familiar. It is a striking example of hypnotic suggestion. The women whose wild actions cause such widespread dismay are themselves passive rather than active, an effect rather than a cause; for the most part they are in a semi-hypnotised condition, which has always a tendency to become more intense under the application of increased stimulus. All the features of the movement, so far as it has gone, have their parallels in medieval history—the dancing epidemics, the cataleptic seizures, the devil possessions, the children's crusade, and many another manifestation, whose cause remained hidden until the power of auto-suggestion was realised. The nervous organisation of mankind has not as yet steadied itself sufficiently to withstand these attacks, which recur from time to time. Psychologically considered, there is little to choose between the impulse that prompts the ready volunteers of the militant army to disorder and something very like outrage, and that which irresistibly impels uncultured revivalists to the penitent form. Strong suggestion is there, fomented by the crowd, and repeated more and more urgently; the excitement grows until the hypnotised ones hand out money, offer service, rush out for street brawls, and finally, as the possession becomes deeper

and more complete, take to violence and indiscriminate lawlessness.

The natural centre for an enterprise of this kind is London. In London are found the over-developed nervous condition, the amenability to emotional suggestion, which have generally characterised great capitals, ancient and modern. From Teddy bears to religious fashions, new ideas are seized and transmitted with a swiftness which astonishes the slower wits of the provinces outside. No one familiar with London audiences can fail to perceive their ready suggestibility. I have seen money drawn from a London meeting by the sheer force of insistent appeal—a method which would have failed utterly with, say, a North Country audience. The ease with which funds are raised for militant suffrage campaigns, however satisfactory to the organisers, is no justification of their policy, but rather tells the other way. I have watched many social movements rise to success, and others which have failed, but I never knew a sound and well-based effort to be rewarded at once by large subscriptions from the general public. Movements which have life in them only gradually succeed in winning large public support. Those who have followed the social movements of the last twenty or thirty years will, I am sure, bear me out in this. It is the superficial appeal to unregulated emotions, the flashy expression of shallow thinking, whether in matters of religion, of sentiment, or of politics, that bring forth the instant response, open the purse-strings, drive crowds to their knees or to mischief, as the case may be.

We find, then, that there is nothing abnormal in the present manifestation, which corresponds both in features, habitat, and growth, to a large class of familiar cases. A movement of this kind may be started at any time by a small group of persons who are at once amenable to auto-suggestion and capable of communicating it to others. In its course individuals of a more thoughtful type may be drawn in, but the motive power remains the same. Its source does not lie in definite thought, but rather in a mental condition in which thought lies half dormant, and the emotion which stimulates it is abnormally active. The question remains—what is likely to be the future of an effervescence of this kind? History tells us with great plainness that there is a limit to the duration of hypnotic suggestion, and, when it passes, the crowd melts away, betaking itself to its ordinary avocations. How soon the current will cease in the present case cannot be said: either the novelty will merely fade, or some excess will frighten the wealthy supporters, in which case collapse will result. The movement has no democratic root, no organisation which could carry it over reverses. Until that moment arrives, however, more legitimate efforts for the enfranchisement of women can do little beyond marking time. The strident faction occupies, and will occupy, the field, blocking all progress and strewing obstacles along the path.—Yours, &c.,

(Mrs.) A. AMY BROOKE.

33, Acomb Street, Whitworth Park,
Manchester,

October 14th, 1909.

THE DEATH OF FERRER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Is it not conceivable that if the Tsar had not been officially received in England, Ferrer would not have been shot in Spain?

There is solidarity amongst tyrants, and to condone the crimes of one is to nullify the influence of public opinion on another.—Yours, &c.,

E. M. COBDEN SICKERT.

October 14th, 1909.

"REVALUATIONS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The kind and sympathetic reviewer of my "Revaluations" in your issue of October 9th quotes Plato as saying "that the worst of the Greeks is better than the best of the barbarians." Taken without qualifications, this might be supposed to imply that the most virtuous of contemporary Persians or Egyptians was morally inferior, say, to the tyrant Dionysius. I cannot think that Plato went so far, nor do I suppose that the reviewer means

that he did. I presume the reference is to that celebrated passage in the "Protagoras" (quoted on p. 63 of my book), where the great Humanist Sophist is represented as saying that "he who appears to you to be the worst of those who have been brought up in laws and humanities would appear to be a just man . . . compared with men who had no education, or courts of justice, or laws . . . with the savages, for example, whom the poet Pherecrates exhibited on the stage." But Protagoras—or Plato, if the credit of this idea belongs to him—is obviously speaking, not of barbarians in the sense of non-Greeks, but of those primitive folk who apparently were being held up as models of virtue by Greek advocates of a return to nature and the simple life.—Yours, &c.,

A. W. BENN.

Florence, October 11th, 1909.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AND SOCIALISM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The discussion referred to in your last issue on "Socialism from the Standpoint of Christianity," at the Swansea Church Congress, was significant both on the grounds you mention and for other reasons as well. Churchmen who are Socialists have good reason to complain that while two speakers who are known as keen anti-Socialists were selected by the Committee to curse Socialism, its defence was entrusted to the Bishop of Truro, who is *definitely not a Socialist*, as was proved by his speech at Barrow three years ago, and to the Rev. John Wakeford, a clergyman who has certainly democratic leanings, but who is not a member of any definite Socialist body. It is, perhaps, still more significant that the Chairman—doubtless from a desire that the Bishops and dignitaries present should be guarded from unbecoming intrusion—absolutely refused a hearing to the Socialist clergy present at the meeting. I happen to know that Father Adderley sent up his card *five times* without being called upon, and that Father Healy and Mrs. Mansell Moullin (Treasurer of the Church Socialist League) also sent up their cards with the like result. Non-Socialists were allowed the fullest opportunity of presenting their case; this was denied to Socialists.

This policy of boycott, which was begun at the Manchester Church Congress last year, has had the effect of alienating men of the type of the Rev. Conrad Noel and the Rev. Drew Roberts from the Congress, but has been less successful in its results than its promoters imagine. The Church Socialist League organised a series of meetings at Swansea during the Congress week. The halls were packed, and the enthusiasm so great that the London correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" thought the fact worthy of special comment. Socialism, in the opinion of the majority of our bishops, may be "undesirable and impracticable," but there is a growing and influential section of churchmen, both clergy and laity, who hold it to be the necessary outcome of New Testament teaching.—Yours, &c.,

(REV.) JOHN A. GRANT,

London Organiser Church Socialist League.

Holmwood, The Avenue,

Bedford Park,

October 14th, 1909.

COMPULSORY PURCHASE IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The prominence given to the question of compulsory purchase in the recent debate in the House of Lords on the Irish Land Bill, induces me to offer some suggestions on that important subject.

As an Assistant Legal Land Commissioner from the year 1881 to the year 1896, I adjudicated on upwards of sixty thousand fair rent applications in different counties in Ireland, and in dealing with these cases I had the advantage of studying the difficulties and anomalies of the Irish land problem in all its aspects.

Twenty-eight years ago, the far-seeing Lord Beaconsfield stated "That the only solution of the Irish land question was to make every tenant a peasant proprietor," his idea being "that by doing so he would cease to be an agitator and become a Conservative."

The subsequent progress of land purchase has verified his Lordship's prophecy, as it cannot be denied that peace and prosperity have taken the place of discontent and disorder in those districts in which the tenants have purchased their holdings. Such a fact is worth a thousand arguments, and should have its due weight in the consideration of any scheme that would hasten and facilitate the accomplishment of such a desirable end.

In this connection I should like, in passing, to refer to Lord Ashbourne's Act of 1885. Of the many Land Purchase Acts passed, it has produced the most satisfactory results, both for landlord and tenant, and had the Treasury advance sanctioned by that Act been supplemented by the millions that have since been provided for Irish land purchase, a very large proportion of the holdings of Ireland would now have been well on their way to the ultimate goal of fee-simple ownership.

Compulsory purchase is not a recent creation. In State interests the principle has long been recognised in the construction of railways, and other national and public works; and safeguarded as it has been, by just and equitable conditions of procedure, no injustice has arisen, whilst inestimable advantages have followed from its operation. What, therefore, is to be feared from its application to the purchase of agricultural lands, by occupiers whose fair rents have already been fixed. Undoubtedly, in the face of increasing foreign competition and enhanced cost of labor, it is in the interest of the State, as well as of the parties themselves, that they should be placed in a position of security against future disaster.

The application of compulsion to the purchase of the agricultural holdings of Ireland is only a corollary to the Land Act of 1881, which authorised two land commissioners and a legal chairman to determine the rent a landlord was to receive for his land. Surely, it is not advancing the principle to such an extent as should cause alarm, to say what sum the landlord should be paid in cash for the purchase of that rent. The Irish Land Acts already provide that in the case of the landlord pre-empting and electing to purchase the tenant's interest in a holding, the Court shall fix the price to be paid; it is a case of dual ownership, and why should not the same principle apply to the purchase of the landlord's interest? I must not be understood as advocating that the landlord should in such circumstances receive one penny less than the market value of his rent. His Grace the late Duke of Devonshire, speaking in Belfast in November, 1893, in favor of compulsory purchase, pithily enunciated the principle upon which purchase should proceed, namely, "The basis must be—the terms of sale being safe and fair for the owner, as well as prudent for the buyer." That being so, what injustice could arise?

I should like to add one further suggestion. According to the figures given in the course of the debate, it would appear that about one-half of the lands of Ireland have been already sold under the several Land Purchase Acts for a sum of one hundred millions, and it is estimated that another hundred millions will be required to complete the purchase of the whole—that is, assuming that the remaining moiety of the landlords can be induced to sell voluntarily. Should they not, however, elect to part with their territorial rights, the inevitable result will be that one-half of the tenants of Ireland will have secured a position of independence and contentment, whilst the remainder, patchworked amongst them all over Ireland, will be obliged to remain in their present condition of unrest and uncertainty, which, it is needless to add, will be highly provocative of disorder and lawlessness. The social and political effect of such a state of things does not call for any further comment.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD GREIR, B.L.

Dalkley, October 14th, 1909.

ELECTIONS ON SUNDAY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As a General Election is much talked about just now, allow me, through the medium of your paper, to suggest either the extension of the present polling hours or the holding of elections on Sunday.

Closing the poll at 8 p.m. on a week-day means the disfranchisement of many.

Great political demonstrations and many public meetings are held on Sunday. Many of our public libraries and museums are open, newspapers are published on that day, we indulge in various physical recreations and excursions by rail, &c., &c.; then why should not our elections be on a Sunday, particularly as it is the only day of the week when the vast majority are free? The question of seven days' work could be arranged by giving the few officials engaged in the election a holiday the following day. In several Continental countries elections are on Sunday. Why not try the experiment here? The difficulty in the way is the breaking of our national prejudices and customs. But these are, happily, going by the run. There is nothing detrimental in the suggestion to afford electors greater facilities for polling, which is decidedly a most important factor in the eventual administration of public affairs. The better the day the better the deed.—Yours, &c.,

ALBERT RAPHAEL.

The National Liberal Club,
October 13th, 1909.

"SMITH."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*

SIR,—I am afraid that Mr. William Archer is more Royalist than the King, a firmer adherent of Mr. Maugham than Mr. Maugham himself. Mr. Archer, in your last issue, castigated the reviews of "Smith," which appeared in "The Standard" and "Evening Standard," for their objections to improprieties in the dialogue of that play. Mr. Archer saw no improprieties and made a fierce onslaught upon me for being more observant.

It is a little awkward for Mr. Archer that the management of the Comedy Theatre, immediately after the production of "Smith," sent an official statement to the newspapers to the effect that Mr. Maugham had recognised that part of his dialogue was not suitable to a "mixed audience," and had already deleted all that portion to which exception had been taken. "Smith" is now performed without one of the lines to which I objected!—Yours, &c.,

BOYLE LAWRENCE.

"The Standard," 104, Shoe Lane,
Fleet Street, London, E.C.
October 11th, 1909.

[Mr. Boyle Lawrence's retort is quite justified, and I owe him an apology. At the same time I was right in protesting that there was no offence in the play I saw. The fact is, I went on the second night, and did not suspect that any change had been made in the dialogue.—W. A.]

A REQUEST FOR INFORMATION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am collecting materials with a view to helping the Comité d'Initiative de Provins and the Société d'Archéologie de Seine et Marne, who wish to know dates and details when Provins was in the possession of the English, and where archival manuscripts relating to these may be consulted and copied. Such manuscripts may be under the rubric of Provins, Champagne, or la Brie, or may have become the property of a private collector. In this case, would the owner kindly help me in my quest? I shall be much obliged for any assistance that the readers of *THE NATION* may be able to afford, either through the medium of your paper or direct to myself.—Yours, &c.,

A. THIRION.

35, Paulton's Square, Chelsea, S.W.
October 13th, 1909.

AN EXPERIMENT IN RURAL HOUSING.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It must not be accepted by your readers that the advantages set forth by "Country Vicar" in a recent issue are confined to isolated cases.

An intimate connection for forty years with freehold land, in both populous and rural districts, in the course of which I have assisted in the making of some hundreds of working men freeholders, satisfies me there is no widespread difficulty in the way of the thrifty working man living on his own freehold if he so desires, and that at a less total cost than £285, and, not merely without any charge upon the general community, but with an "unearned increment" added to the locality, in the shape of increased value of the rate assessment.

Private enterprise, combined with local building societies established on the soundest lines, and managed locally, have been the means by which these desirable results have been obtained.

Such societies have made advances on mortgage of at least 75 per cent. of the value, at a rate of interest less than $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in later years, repayable by monthly instalments amounting, with the local rates added, to little more than the usual rent, extending over a period of years.

Such has been my experience (and I doubt not the experience of many others) that scepticism invades my mind when I read of the land being "held up," and the working man's difficulty in obtaining land for house and garden at a reasonable price—a doubt which I regret you are not able to share with me.—Yours, &c.,

LEGAL

Poetry.

SIMPLICITY.

I AM a follower of Jesus Christ
To whom a lily of the field sufficed
More than the glory and gold of one
Who ruled beneath the name of Solomon.
I have the heart to be a little child,
And play among the grasses growing wild,
Gathering, gathering bright little flowers.
Men are too subtle and they waste their powers.

For life is simple to the violets,
Daisies and buttercups that Spring begets
With warmth of sun and rain on big broad earth.
There is a deep content, more deep than mirth,
Or cavil of words, or tears, or questionings,
In the slow birth and living of green things.

I have a mind to be more simple than
The twisted, racked, illusioned mind of man.

Christ walked the earth, and in his heart a rose,
And in his eyes calm stars that watched the throes
Of men embroiled and cunning. And he wept.
He gathered to Him all whom life had swept
Nearer to earth—women who sold their soiled,
Poor bodies, publicans, and men who toiled
By night upon the Lake of Galilee,
Fishing and awed. He would have taken me,
I think, for I have lain, with buried head,
Sideways, among long grasses, and have said,
These buttercups that sway beneath the breeze,
And form my sole horizon, even these
Small violets and bright daisies are more wise
Than upright men who cheat themselves with lies
Of good and evil. . . .

Christ's feet were weary of the earth he walked.
Mary, with ointment Judas would have hawked,
Bathed them, and wiped them on her falling hair.
O Mary Magdalene, the deed was fair.

So has my heart in its great weariness,
Found balm and comfort. . . .

F. S. FLINT.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

PROFESSOR PERCY GARDNER has just finished a collection of essays which will be published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate under the title of "Modernity and the Churches." Among the subjects dealt with are: "The Essential Nature of the Christian Faith," "The Function of Prayer," "The Divine Will," "The Basis of Christology," "The Translation of Christian Doctrine," "The Christian Church," and "Liberal Anglicanism." The book will appear in the "Crown Theological Library," a series deserving of the highest praise both for its excellent choice of volumes and the care shown in their production.

* * *

WE learn from the "New York Times" that the coming "Life and Letters of E. C. Stedman," which his daughter, Miss Laura Stedman, is preparing, will contain a large number of letters written to Stedman by many of the leaders of thought and letters during the last century. The characteristic letters written by Swinburne to his American friend, and published shortly after the English poet's death, are said to be merely representative of much similar material, so that a book of quite unusual interest may be expected.

* * *

ANOTHER volume in Mr. F. W. Bain's "Digit of the Moon" series will be published next month by Messrs. Parker. How far Mr. Bain's work is based upon the Sanskrit originals from which it professes to be a translation, or whether these Sanskrit originals are other than mythical, are points upon which it is impossible for most English readers to form a judgment, but there can be no doubt whatever in regard to Mr. Bain's grace and distinction of style. The title of the new book will be "A Mine of Faults."

* * *

MANY hitherto unpublished reminiscences of Edward Fitzgerald are promised in a biography by Mr. Morley Adams, which the Priory Press, Hampstead, will publish in a couple of weeks. The title of the book is "Omar's Interpreter," and it will contain illustrations of the Fitzgerald country, together with an essay by the late Canon Ainger on "The Letters of Edward Fitzgerald."

* * *

NEXT week Mr. Andrew Melrose will publish "Rosemary's Letter Book," a series of essays on literary, artistic, and theatrical topics, together with a number of poems, by Mr. W. L. Courtney. The book takes the form of letters to a woman with whom the writer is supposed to have had some sentimental passages, but who does not accept his advances, and wishes the correspondence to deal only with matters of general interest.

* * *

TOWARDS the end of the month Mr. Heinemann will issue a translation of M. Lenôtre's "The Tribunal of the Terror." M. Lenôtre's researches into the history of the French Revolution have brought to light a mass of graphic detail, and his pictures of some of its events are, in their human interest, almost as moving as Carlyle's. In the coming book he studies the procedure of the Tribunal which sat at the Palais de Justice between 1793 and 1795. As in the case of his former volumes, M. Lenôtre makes use of documents and other pieces of evidence that have escaped the notice of former historians.

* * *

MESSRS. VIRTUE announce, in a limited edition, a collection of ten essays, called "Some of the Moderns," on living artists of genius, by Mr. Frederick Wedmore. Mr. Wedmore is not only a distinguished art critic, but—as "Pastorals of France," "Renunciations," and "Orgeas and Miradon" are sufficient proof—one of the ablest living writers of the short story. Not a few readers regret that he has let so many years pass without publishing anything in the vein of these volumes.

* * *

THE Rev. Henry W. Clark, the author of a number of theological studies that have won attention for their independence of tone and freshness of treatment, among them a collection of sermons, "Laws of the Inner Kingdom," pub-

lished last week, is at work upon a "History of Nonconformity," which will be issued next season by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

* * *

THE De La More Press will shortly issue a revised and enlarged edition of Dr. Eugene Oswald's bibliography, "Goethe in England and America," containing many new entries, and bringing the work up to date. The same publishers have in the press "The Sarum Missal in English," newly translated by Canon Warren for their "Library of Liturgiology and Ecclesiology," and "The So-Called Gutenberg Documents Critically Examined," a reprint of Dr. Hessel's articles in the "Library" dealing with the controversy.

* * *

A VOLUME of considerable interest will be Sir Horace Rumbold's "The Austrian Court in the Nineteenth Century," which Messrs. Methuen have in the press. The book gives high praise to the Emperor Francis Joseph, and touches upon the lives of most of the leading personages with whom he has been associated, though it does not deal at length with the political history of the monarchy. Those who have read Sir Horace Rumbold's articles in the "National Review" will look forward to a lively and, in some ways, unconventional chronicle.

* * *

AMONG Messrs. Longmans' announcements are "A History of the Eastern Province of South Africa," by Professor G. E. Cory, of Rhodes University College, Grahamstown; "The Last Phase of the League in Provence," by Mr. Maurice Wilkinson; "Anna van Schurman: Artist, Scholar, and Poet," a book written by Miss Una Birch, and based on the autobiography and letters of a leading feminist of the seventeenth century, who was the friend of Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia, Descartes, and Huyghens; "Father Tyrrell's 'Christianity at the Cross Roads';" and "Essays Relating to Ireland: Biographical, Historical, and Topographical," by the late Mr. C. Litton Falkiner, with a Memoir of the author by Professor Dowden.

* * *

THE titles of a number of novels which happened to be ranged beside one another on our bookshelves a few days ago run as follows: "The Gift of St. Anthony," "The Woman Tempted Me," "Surrender," "The Lordship of Love," "Trial by Marriage." This series of titles, which was purely accidental in its arrangement, throws some light on the tendencies of present-day fiction.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Problem of Human Life, as Viewed by the Great Thinkers from Plato to the Present Time." By Rudolf Eucken. Translated by W. S. Hough and W. R. Royce Gibson. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Meaning of Truth." By William James. (Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.)

"Byron: The Last Phase." By Richard Edgecumbe. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Yet Again." By Max Beerbohm. (Chapman & Hall. 5s. net.)

"Maria Edgeworth and Her Circle in the Days of Bonaparte and Bourbon." By Constance Hill. (Lane. 21s. net.)

"Cathedral Cities of Spain." By W. W. Collins. (Heinemann. 16s. net.)

"An Overland Trek from India." By Edith Fraser Benn. (Longmans. 15s. net.)

"San Celestino: An Essay in Reconstruction." By John Ayscough. (Smith, Elder. 6s. net.)

"Great Britain and the Congo." By E. D. Morel. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

"My Summer in London." By James Milne. (Werner Laurie. 6s.)

"A Military Consul in Turkey." By Captain A. F. Townshend. (Seeley. 15s. net.)

"George Meredith: Some Early Appreciations." Selected by Maurice Buxton Forman. (Chapman & Hall. 5s. net.)

"The Two Empires: The Church and the World." By the late Bishop Brooke Foss Westcott. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"Cambridge Biblical Essays." Edited by H. B. Swete, D.D. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)

"The Merrie Tales of Jacques Tournebroke." By Anatole France. Translated by Alfred Allinson. (Lane. 6s.)

"The Tyrant." By Mrs. Henry De la Pasture. (Methuen. 6s.)

"The Haven." By Eden Phillpotts. (Murray. 6s.)

"Souvenirs et Causeries d'un Diplomate." Par le Comte Charles de Moüy. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 7fr. 50.)

"Les Sentiments Esthétiques." Par Charles Lalo. (Paris: Alcan. 5fr.)

"La Croisée des Chemins" Roman. Par Henry Bordeaux. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)

Reviews.

THE CHRISTIAN RENAISSANCE.*

THIS is not a book for the general reader so much as for scholars and students. It traces the authorship of famous letters which were once attributed to Erasmus, assigning them to Crotus Rubienus and Ulrik von Hutten, whose name has been long known in connexion with them. The "Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum" are an elaborate and very coarse satire upon the monastic life of the time. There is no reason to doubt the zeal or the good faith of the satirists whatever may be thought of their taste and manner. In the early part of the sixteenth century, when they appeared, the monks of Europe had lost both the learning and the piety which distinguished their medieval predecessors. It was not the object of such men as Crotus and von Hutten to repudiate the authority of Rome, still less to throw doubt upon the doctrines of the Christian religion. They directed their shafts against the corruptions and distortions to which the system of the Catholic Church had been subjected by the misuse of what was in itself pure and holy. It was not because they wrote bad Latin, but because they gloried in their ignorance, that the satirists of the Christian Renaissance assailed the monks of their time. It may, of course, be argued that the imitation showed as little reverence as the original, and that abuses of religion can only be corrected by serious reproof. But we have to consider the spirit of the time and the nature of the evil against which these satirists were contending. They had to deal with men who would not argue, who sheltered themselves from every assault by invoking the aid of authority. It was therefore necessary for them to employ weapons against which authority is powerless, and to express the faults of monasticism in the language of monasticism itself. That is the explanation of these letters, and of the mode in which the earliest school of modern thought attacked the decadent asceticism of the middle ages.

Paley said of Gibbon: "Who can refute a sneer?" Gibbon was unable or unwilling to treat Christianity fairly. The authors of these letters were perfectly honest in their attempt to dissociate the Church of which they were members from knaves and hypocrites who brought discredit upon the creed they professed. They did not think, like Luther, that the Church could only be reformed by revolution. They inclined rather to the method of Erasmus, holding only that it was too refined and delicate for the work on which they were engaged. To separate piety from ignorance was their object, as it was his. But while Erasmus proceeded by such indirect means as revising the text of the New Testament from the best Greek manuscripts, and proving by example that good Latin could be written on religious subjects, they relied upon the simple process of showing up monkish delinquencies in the language of monks themselves. Their success was immediate. They were at once accused of profanity for adopting in satire the grotesquely incongruous images employed in sober earnest by the theologians of the day. But, indeed, their victory was not merely for the time. They produced a permanent change for the better in the mental development of Catholicism. They did not, like the great scholars of the literary Renaissance, substitute Pagan for Christian ideals. They destroyed by their pungent ridicule the idea that learning and letters were incompatible with the religious life. The Church of Rome knew better than to rest upon simple denial of flagrant enormities, even when the hand of the satirist disclosed them. There is in these letters no attempt to make religion responsible for the shortcomings of its professors. On the contrary the whole argument is that religion has been degraded by association with ignorance and sloth. We should altogether fail to understand the true significance of the "Epistolae" if we did not bear in mind that they assume the absolute authority of the Christian religion as axiomatic and unassailable. To cut it adrift from practices and performances not less alien from the spirit of Christ than from the standard of the world, is the underlying purpose of the satire so ruthlessly employed. "Cucullus non facit monachum" is the motto of the whole.

* "Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum." The Latin Text with an English Rendering, Notes, and an Historical Introduction. By Francis Griffin Stokes. Chatto & Windus. 25s. net.

The literary interest of these essays is, of course, comparatively small. They are intentionally written in the worst possible Latin, and their substance is essentially trivial. They are valuable as a picture of manners, and as evidence of contemporary opinion. Steele, in the eighteenth century, was taken in by them and supposed them to be the real correspondence of actual monks. Though a graceful and charming writer, Steele was not an expert or acute critic of documentary evidence. It is the remarkable excellence of the imitation, however, that distinguishes these letters from ordinary parodies. They were intended as a mirror where the monks of the day should see their own lives and habits. Even they themselves were scarcely apt to betray with more ingenuous frankness their confidence that orthodoxy covered a multitude of sins. No ordinary artist would have ventured on such a faithful reproduction of phraseology at once so genuine and so absurd.

Mr. Stokes is perhaps too ready to assume that this kind of satire has no serious aim. If that were so, these letters would be hardly worth reproducing. Leo the Tenth certainly did not take that view of them when he pronounced against them the anathema of the Church. They were directed at abuses which brought religion into disrepute, and they were not intended to satirise anything in itself good. There is no real reverence in treating hypocritical sanctimoniousness with the same respect as saintly virtue. In reading these caustic delineations of ignorance condemning knowledge, and sloth denouncing activity, we have to remember that the weapon chosen was the only one available for the purpose. The persecutors of Reuchlin and Erasmus were not amenable to argument and persuasion. It was necessary, if any effective defence were to be made at all, that an appeal should be carried to the intellect and scholarship of Europe against the claims of blind authority. There was a definite object to be gained by showing that those who demanded recourse to persecution did not know what it was they applauded, or what it was they condemned. Whether ridicule be or be not a test of truth, it is certainly a test of presumptuous ignorance wearing the mask of theological truth. Those who do not know what can be discovered by the light of nature are obviously unfitted to sit in judgment upon men of ability and learning. If they had not set up as arbitrators in the region of logic and scholarship, the monks might have been left to themselves. The educated world rose in self-defence when learning was threatened by pedantry, and an orthodox bigot asserted the right of condemning free inquiry into matters which he did not understand himself. The satirists were not the aggressors. They employed only intellectual resources. But they naturally objected to be called heretics by men who could not be made to understand what the dispute was about. If Pope Leo had taken the trouble to ascertain the cause of monkish prejudice against Greek, he would soon have found that it had no more respectable origin than ignorance of the Greek language. He cared, of course, nothing about the matter. The guiding spirits of the Christian Renaissance had no support or encouragement except the superiority of their own knowledge and reasoning. They were driven to the use of irony and sarcasm because they were met with denunciation instead of argument.

The idea of breaking away from the Church never occurred to these satirists and reformers. They only wanted to purify that which was good from the taint of hypocrisy and false pretence. If the rulers of the Church had understood the interests placed under their charge, they would have enlisted the new learning on the side of ecclesiastical authority. They would have seen that it could not be suppressed, and that it was capable of being used for religious purposes if those who directed it were learned as well as pious. In that case the Church would have had nothing to fear from the weapons of satire, and would have been able to contend on equal terms with those who assailed its credentials. It was not ecclesiastical supremacy so much as monkish ignorance which the school of Erasmus and Reuchlin criticised and condemned. They were willing to argue in defence of their own position with any one qualified to understand it. But they would not accept the verdict of unqualified sacerdotalism. The appeal to reason did no harm to faith. What endangered the influence of Rome was the claim of incompetent persons to sit in judgment upon difficult questions of history and philosophy. Pascal long

afterwards admitted that the sentence against Galileo for saying that the earth went round the sun was erroneous, and explained the error by the reason that the Church could not hope for divine guidance outside its proper sphere. Science cannot discover what is untrue, and therefore, as wiser men than the cardinals of Leo the Tenth have taught in better times, cannot be injurious to religion. Science was in a rudimentary stage when these letters were composed. But the moral is the same. In striking at men like Reuchlin and Erasmus, the exponents of orthodox belief confounded their enemies with their friends. Erasmus reconciled theology with scholarship, and taught that knowledge could not be inconsistent with the revelation of Him from whom all knowledge proceeds.

That the letters have also their social and entertaining side is undoubtedly true. They were written for the polite and learned public of the day. But it was not their primary object to amuse. They aimed at showing by example that religion was best served by associating it with qualities congenial to the taste and respected by the intelligence of man. In that way the resources of wit and fancy, of poetry and eloquence, were brought to bear upon the struggle for mental freedom, which began with the dawn of the sixteenth century. Such is the origin, and such the explanation, of these famous epistles. Polemical in a sense, because, connected with the fringe of the movement which became known as the Reformation, they are yet detached from the main stream of controversy, and literary in the sense of artistic in their form, because they reproduce, in order to ridicule, the style and doctrine of monkish dogmatism. With that clue they are neither difficult to appreciate nor hard to understand.

HERBERT PAUL.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ADVERTISERS.*

IF life is to be studied comprehensively we must not reject its meaner truths. Advertisement is a sordid fact, but it is a fact, and what is worse, it pays. Recoil as we may from the daily and hourly insult to our higher faculties, the vendors of soap and cereals know what they are about. Man is in every age a carnal and credulous creature, and the continued existence of so much unlovely, ignoble, and unveracious matter is a proof that the lowest appeals are not the least successful. But let not the idealist sicken and faint; time is a great magician. "Graffiti scratched on stucco walls," says Mr. Lewis, "or scrawled by idlers in red chalk upon pillars in Pompeii . . . are said to afford more vivid side glimpses of the intimate everyday life of the early empire than do the histories of Tacitus"; washing lists of ancient Egypt draw tears from the eyes of the least poetic; and so we may hope that breakfast food, beef essence, and purging pill will be similarly sanctified by the mellowing influence of centuries.

Those who are curious of the intimate details of a bygone age cannot do better than consult "The Advertisements of the Spectator." In the charming little volume just issued, Mr. Lewis shows us how much we may learn from them of the history, literature, and manners of the reign of Queen Anne. The advertisements range from publishers' announcements, notices of operas, plays, sales and auctions to "Chocolate made from the best Cracco nuts," "extraordinarily fine Bohea tea," and cures for leanness, stuttering, loss of memory, and difficulties with the breeding of teeth. How history may be traced is shown by the announcement of Swift's pamphlet on "The Conduct of the Allies and the late Ministry, in beginning and carrying on the (then) present War," and the indignant denials it instantly provoked. Literature is represented by various editions of the works of Steele, Prior, Gay, Cibber, and Locke; exploration by the famous Alexander Selkirk, whose solitude Commander Peary might envy, and whose right (unlike Dr. Cook's) there was none to dispute; and religion by "neat Elzevir editions" of "Preservatives against Popery," sermons attacking dissenters, and their no less spirited retorts. Nor are man's physical needs neglected. Nowadays we suffer from "brain-fag"; in Addison's era it was called the spleen and could

be cured by Mr. Bell, bookseller at the Cross Keys and Bible in Cornhill, for the sum of 3s. 6d. a bottle. It is interesting to compare the bright and breezy colloquialism of the modern advertisement with the Burtonian majesty of the following:

"Famous Drops for Hypochondriak Melancholly: Which effectually cure on the Spot, by rectifying the Stomach and Blood, cleansing them from all Impurities, and giving a new Turn to their Ferment, attenuating all viscous tenacious Humours (which make the Head heavy, clog the Spirits, confuse the Mind, and cause the deepest Melancholly with direful Views and black Reflections) comforting the Brain and Nerves, composing the hurried Thought, and introducing bright lively Ideas and pleasant Briskness, instead of dismal Apprehensions and dark Incumbrance of the Soul, setting the Intellectuals at Liberty to act with Courage, Serenity, and Steady Cheerfulness, and causing a visible diffusive Joy to reign in the Room of uneasy Doubts, Fears, &c., for which it may truly be esteem'd infallible."

Cordials and elixirs are prompt to remedy every human ill. "An incomparable pleasant tincture" will "restore the sense of smelling tho' lost for many years"; a "most excellent Chymical Balsam infallibly cures the Gout or any rheumatick Pains, though the most exquisite and sharp that were ever felt"; and a Volatile Spirit of Viper secures the instantaneous rout of that fashionable 18th century female complaint, the Vapours. Ladies fearful for the loss of charms could hie them to

"the gentlewoman who liv'd 20 Years in Racquet-Court and served most of the Quality in England, Scotland and Ireland, also the East and West Indies with the most excellent Curiosities for preserving the Face, Hands and Teeth in present Beauty; for colouring red or grey hair to a lovely brown or black, a Cosmatick that certainly takes away the Spots and Marks remaining after the Small-Pox, with many other rare secrets in Physick";

and tender mothers of puling infants could take comfort from the assurance of the grateful Raiser Maker of Gray's Inn Passage, whose child

"being almost reduced to the very Grave from the extream agony he underwent by its violent Breeding of Teeth, was thro' God's goodness restored to perfect Ease and Safety, upon the use of that truly Noble Medecine, prepared for those Cases, by Mr. Perronet, Surgeon in Dyot-street near Bloomsbury."

The most noted charlatan of the age was Sir William Reed, who was raised to knighthood by Queen Anne for a successful operation on her eyes. That Mr. Spectator printed indifferently all the advertisements of quacks and nostrums, although abusing them roundly in his pages as "Imposters and Murderers," shows, remarks Mr. Lewis, "a marked variance between editorial protestations and business policy."

The optimist should be cheered by the evidence that this book affords of so marked an advance in publishers' ethics since the reign of Queen Anne. The "Spectator" boasted of its moral and reforming tendencies; it was "to set up the Immoral Man as the Object of Derision" and to form "a new Weapon against Vice and Irreligion." Yet it did not hesitate to advertise brazen swindling schemes, notices of prurient books, and scandalous "personals." That such conduct is no longer possible nowadays should help to console us for the fact that we have neither an Addison nor a Steele to cheer our morning press, although we do not suffer from any decrease of advertisements.

THE PLACE OF GRIEG.*

MR. FINCK, the lively American critic, had the distinction of writing the first book in English on Grieg. It was published in 1906. On September 4th, 1907, Grieg died; and Mr. Finck now brings out a new edition of the book, with a quantity of new and interesting material, Grieg's death having left him free to quote largely from their correspondence. The main defect of the earlier volume was that it was enthusiastic rather than critical; Mr. Finck, when he gets an admiration into his soul, is about as torrid a hot-gospeller as one could meet with anywhere in literature. Remarks like this—"The celestial cradle song of Solvejg, which I would not give for all the songs of Brahms, Hugo

* "The Advertisements of the Spectator." By Lawrence Lewis. Constable. 6s. net.

* "Grieg and his Music." By H. T. Finck. Lane. 7s. 6d.

Wolf, and Richard Strauss put together"—showed an enthusiasm so violent and so ill-balanced as to make one suspicious, perhaps unduly suspicious, of Mr. Finck's critical faculty as a whole. Even Grieg, as we see from some of the letters that Mr. Finck very candidly quotes, shied at the thickness of the gilding that his biographer insisted on laying on him. "So far as your estimate of my works is concerned," he writes, "I must echo the words of our poet A. O. Vinje in his 'The Last Spring': 'More I got than I deserved—and everything must end.' There are certainly passages in which you have done yourself and me a questionable service by an excess of superlatives." And again, after a second reading of the book—"I still must reproach you with having placed me too high." But he was grateful to Mr. Finck for having done him two services—cleared away the current obscurities as to how much in the music was Grieg and how much was Norway, and combated the notion that he was only a miniaturist. On both these points Grieg had evidently felt very sore for many years.

Had Mr. Finck been content to correct a number of misapprehensions with regard to Grieg the man, and to show that his music was better, deeper, and more original than its superficial scorers thought, his book would have been a valuable one, for no one knows and loves Grieg's music better than he, and no one could start with a sounder case to defend. Grieg has been the butt of every pompous wind-bag who measured the value of a man's music by its quantity rather than its quality. He has been sniffed at for working, for the most part, only in the smaller forms, and because he is popular with the general public. Mr. Finck's generous advocacy of Grieg's real claims to respect, and his handsome trouncing of the academics who think more highly of a bad symphony than of a good song or piano piece, are both good to see and hear. But he overdoes his own case. We will all agree with him that it is mere snobbishness to despise the art of little things, and that many a composer who imposes his banalities upon us for half an hour at a time with the aid of an orchestra of a hundred players is not worthy to tie Grieg's shoe-lace. But it is rather a far cry from this to accepting Grieg at Mr. Finck's estimate, and calling him "a genius of the first rank." Mr. Finck would have done well to reconsider some of the extravagances of his earlier volume. A little reflection, for example, on the remark already quoted as to Solvejg's cradle song might have shown him the uncritical wildness of it. But in his second volume he is still unrepentant. He does, it is true, now say in a footnote, that reviewers of the first edition were wrong in supposing him to mean that the song in question was "worth more than all the songs of Brahms, Wolf, and Strauss." All he did was to "express a personal preference." The reader will probably ask what the difference is between the two statements. The essential point is that to prefer the "Solvejg" song to all the songs of Brahms, Wolf, and Strauss put together, shows such a narrowing of critical discernment that one becomes suspicious of every other judgment of the critic; if his palate is so insensitive to some good things and so hypersensitive to others, there is plainly no trusting any of its verdicts. So with other defiant reassertions of the more questionable dogmas of the earlier books, such as the insistence on the "superb virility" of much of Grieg's music. A sober comparison of the passages that he thinks superbly virile with the really virile work of other men would have shown Mr. Finck how overdone the description was.

The book is thus less a critical study than a rhapsody; it dwells with enthusiasm—and rightly—upon all that is good in Grieg's music, but turns a blind eye to his limitations. We cheerfully agree that he has much originality, is a charming melodist and a striking harmonist, and, in his songs especially, one of the most genuinely poetical of musicians. But there is something to be put on the other side of the account before we can admit that he is "a genius of the first rank." He is undeniably short-winded; it is not merely that he showed such an affection for the shorter forms, but that even within these he can seldom run more than a yard or two without having to stop for breath. His phrases have rarely any length or breadth of flight; they lack the power of wing to sustain themselves for more than four, or two, or even one bar at a time. Think of the far-flung melodies of some other men, which, though they may dip and rise in their flight, never really pause till the whole

long distance has been covered—the E flat theme in Bach's "Wachet auf," for example, or some parts of the "Meistersinger" overture, or the love theme in Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet," or the opening theme of Elgar's symphony, or that of the adagio in the same work, or any typical melody of Chopin's, or the "Countess" or the "Donna Anna" theme in Strauss's "Don Juan," and you will see at once the difference between athletes like these and the valetudinarian Grieg. Virile, indeed, he can be in a phrase here and there, but his music as a whole is assuredly not virile. The man's music was the counterpart of himself. In posing that fine head on the poor, frail little body, weakened from boyhood by the loss of one lung, Nature decreed the parallel contradiction of the big desires and the small manner of his music. He wanted to make great statues; but his strength would mostly go no further than the carving of small figures in wood or ivory. Hence the curious disparity between what he meant to do and what he actually did in things like the March in "Sigurd Jorsalfar." He wants to draw primitive heroes; but with their little legs going pit-pat, pit-pat at each bar or two of the music, they are hardly more than Viking hop-o'-my-thumbs. They are certainly not life-size. Two salient instances of the failure of his speech to rise to the height of his desires may be seen in one of his best works—the Funeral March he wrote for his friend Nordraak. How largely it begins, and how it narrows down in the piping middle section! And for cadence to his really fine first theme, we practically get again the cadence of the "Ase's Death" from "Peer Gynt"; Grieg has only one mood for the death of the simple old woman and the death of the thoughtful Norwegian musician.

There are other traits that bar him from the company of the greatest. He is a mannerist both in his melody—with its frequent falls of a third, its intermingling of rhythms of two and three, and its peculiar form of cadence—and in his harmony, the chromatic quality of which, and its habit of descending step by step in the bass, make it easy to imitate. Mr. Finck snorts at the word "mannerism"; he prefers "individuality." Well, mannerism is of course individuality, but with a difference too obvious to need analysis. Balancing these and other limitations of style and of conception against the many virtues upon which Mr. Finck does well to insist so strongly, we cannot agree that Grieg is a genius of the first rank. He is a miniaturist, however strongly he objected to being thought one; for if we except the piano concerto, written in his early manhood, the bulk of his most characteristic work is miniature in form and in idea. Mr. Finck, as we have said, rightly protests against the theory that a long work *per se* is necessarily better than a short work *per se*; a song like Grieg's "Ein Freundschaftsstück" is worth a dozen average oratorios or symphonies. But Mr. Finck, characteristically rushing to an extreme, does not see that, other things being equal, mere bulk counts for a good deal in art as in everything else. The man who carves the Lord's Prayer on a three-penny piece, however well he does it, cannot claim to stand on the same footing as the man who builds the Forth Bridge. The ability to conceive and to handle big ideas is as much the sign of the more-than-average brain as the ability to juggle with enormous weights is the sign of more-than-average muscle. Workmanship and all the rest of it being equal in both cases, we would all say that the brain that conceives the cathedral is bigger than the brain that conceives the cottage, the brain that conceives "The Ring of the Nieblung" bigger than the one that conceives "L'Après-midi d'un Faune." Mr. Finck only beats the air when he fights against these universal standards of measurement. His safest line would have been to accept frankly the estimate of Grieg as a small master, and show how precious some of the work of the small masters can be. Neither Heine nor Burns could have written "Hamlet" or the "Hippolytus"; but that does not make their lyrics any less exquisite. Chopin could not have written the B minor Mass; but neither could Bach have written the B flat minor Scherzo. And when German critics sneered at Grieg because he could not beat Beethoven and Brahms on their own ground, Mr. Finck could quite safely have retorted that neither Beethoven nor Brahms can beat Grieg on *his*. By so doing he would have done both himself and Grieg a greater service than he will by defying the world to mortal combat on a thesis that the doughtiest fighter could not defend.

THE SOUL OF ST. PAUL.*

THE Pauline phrase, "the foolishness of preaching," has occurred to many a weary listener in a sense other than that in which it is used by the apostle. The Duke of Wellington found himself, he tells us, "much exposed to authors." The church-goer is in the same disadvantageous position as regards preachers: he suffers many things at their hands. "Fifty minutes is his shortest" was said a generation ago of a man of light and leading. There were country parishes in Scotland where, for the convenience of worshippers from a distance, the two Sunday services were held right on end. Our three-bottle grandfathers sat them out: we, a feeblener progeny, have not their appetite either for port or prayer. Prolixity beyond a certain point would not now be tolerated. But brevity, too, may be ponderous. "I was short," said a Cambridge preacher to a famous Master of Trinity. "You were." "I did not wish to be dull." "Ah!" was the answer, "but you were dull." Ecclesiastical have taken the place of moral platitudes. "Christ said, I am the way. Therefore we must wear vestments," was a saying attributed to a well-known divine; and the writer has heard the "Great Forty Days" described with a fulness of detail which suggested a personal knowledge of the events covered by them on the part of the orator. *Quorum pars magna fui* seemed the burden of his discourse, which was a reminiscence rather than a commentary—the evidence of one who had been there. The decline of church-going is a frequent subject of discussion at Church Congresses and similar gatherings. Here is one at least of its causes. Vapidity in the pulpit produces vacuity in the pew.

It is probable, however, that no one whose experience of the pulpit is that of a hearer only can realise the difficulty of the preacher's task. He has to address persons on widely differing levels, intellectual and spiritual: the proverb "One man's food is another man's poison" applies. The critical sermon which saves the faith of one, undermines that of another; the dogmatic teaching which in this case gives something to lay hold of, serves in that only to irritate and repel. The position of a professional moralist is embarrassing; the personality of the speaker frames the spoken word. Again, a man's moods vary: he is not always in the mood for the pulpit, yet the pulpit must be filled irrespective of mood. Hence the value of the written sermon. Not as a habit—that means woodenness—but to fall back upon when inspiration fails. Nor is he always equal to the intellectual and spiritual strain of preaching. This, when the sermon deserves the name, is considerable, nor must it be forgotten that it demands a corresponding effort on the part of the hearers. An easy tongue is the complement of itching ears; the result is emptiness, aridity and leanness of soul. The How is as important as the What: magnetism imparts magnetism; fire kindles fire.

Perhaps the best preachers and hearers—the two go together—are found in the Church of Scotland. Those who have "sat under" such men as John Kelman or William Macgregor know what can be made of a sermon, how the idea of the preacher runs like a thread of gold through the whole service from the opening psalm to the last prayer. In the English liturgy the sermon is less central. It is an interlude, and rather comes in than pervades. From the standpoint of art the former system is preferable; for practical purposes the latter has its advantages. We may prefer, but need not exclude. In the sermons before us, Mr. Lilley represents the best traditions of the English pulpit—its thoughtfulness, its balance, its sanity, its large and spacious view of life.

The title of the book must not mislead us.

"These sermons are not studies in the theology of St. Paul. They are attempts to keep hold with my own intelligence upon certain strongly contrasted elements of common religious experience, which I see nowhere more vividly than in the soul of St. Paul."

"There is a saying of Grotius which, true as it undoubtedly is in the order of formal logic, seems to me inapplicable to the order of life and of the logic which derives from and would be equal to the interpretation of life. 'Ex duobus pugnantibus inter se destructio sequi potest, ordinata constructio sequi non potest.' I have on the contrary ventured to believe that from such conflicts, where they occur in the order of life, there will always emerge an 'ordinata constructio.' I

have here made the attempt in certain instances of such conflict to seek the ordered construction which the conflict demands and to which it seems of itself to point. I cannot, at any rate, satisfy myself with an easy simplification of the religious problem, or of any phase of it, by eliminating one of the contrasted factors which constitute it. Where life pledges two apparently opposite tendencies in itself to permanent battle, it is that they may incorporate and not destroy each other."

Such words might have come from Father Tyrrell: the tongue of the wise is one. They are of no one Church, but of the experience which underlies the several Churches, which they express each in its measure, and which it is their mission to develop and enlarge.

The antitheses of experience, the One and the Many, law and liberty, tradition and change, the outward and the inward, are not for thought only, but in things. This is why they must be mediated rather than overcome. To forget this is the radical sin of faction whether in Church or State. In the fine sermon, "Revolution and Evolution," this is illustrated by St. Paul's attitude towards the old and the new in the religious crisis of which he was the embodiment—that which liberated the Christian Church from the Jewish Synagogue. Such crises recur in virtue of the laws which govern human affairs. And,

"of one thing we may be certain, that when they recur, their main features will be the same. There are not wanting signs that we ourselves are living in the midst of such a crisis. The established religious systems are losing their spontaneously religious character. Instead of nourishing their free and native faith in God through membership in a religious society, men are forcing a faith in the society in order that they may find it possible to have faith in God. The society has ceased to be the instrument of their faith, and has become its object. Ecclesiolatry is for us, as it was for the Judaism of the first Christian century, the specialised form of idolatry. . . . There is, indeed, no religious society which will admit that membership with it dispenses with personal faith, that it assures a magical salvation. But then, neither would the Judaism which St. Paul knew, and in which he had been nurtured, have admitted that it made such a claim. It, too, would have assured St. Paul that he was but travestying its real religious attitude. None the less, St. Paul was right. He exposed the real religious weakness of Judaism. Religious exclusiveness is not only harsh and unkind in itself, not only a denial of God, by shutting Him off from a part of His world. It also tends inevitably to the creation of a false security for those who are within the favored fold. It leads to the idolatrous worship of the system, to a proud and arrogant trust in it, which is always the implicit and often the explicit denial of God."

Were the English pulpit more commonly tuned to this pitch, its note would be truer and more effective. Preachers may be divided into two classes—those who preach because they have something to say, and those who preach because they have to say something. Mr. Lilley belongs to the former class.

CLASSIC AND ROMANTIC.*

MR. SYMONS's title leads us to expect an examination of the main characteristics of English romantic poetry, an account of its origin, an estimate of the forces that called it into being, and an attempt to explain its development. What Mr. Symons gives us is something quite different. His book consists of twenty pages of introduction in which some highly disputable theories regarding the nature of poetry are maintained, and three hundred pages of essays dealing in chronological order with practically every poet who was born in the eighteenth century and survived into the nineteenth, all others being excluded. The defects of this plan are so obvious that one cannot even conjecture the reasons that led Mr. Symons to adopt it. Hitherto he has treated criticism as a fine art. He has been careful, even fastidious, in his regard for form. He is, perhaps, the chief living representative of the school of criticism which, to use Carlyle's words, endeavors "to reproduce under a different shape the existing product of the poet; painting to the intellect what already lay painted to the heart and the imagination." Several of the essays in the present volume are, both in their beauty of diction and in their power of suggestion, among the best Mr. Symons has written, but this only adds to our amazement that he should have adopted a plan at once so arbitrary and so slovenly. Indeed, it almost seems as if he had prepared copious notes for a study of

* "The Soul of St. Paul." Sermons preached at St. Mary's, Paddington Green. By A. L. Lilley. Francis Griffiths. 3s. 6d.

* "The Romantic Movement in English Poetry." By Arthur Symons. Constable. 10s. 6d. net.

English romantic poetry and then presented them to the reader without troubling to work them up into a coherent and digested whole.

But, even from this point of view, there are serious defects in the volume before us. What are we to think of a book called "The English Romantic Movement" which includes writers like Wolcot, Mrs. Barbauld, John O'Keefe, Mrs. Tighe, and Robert Pollok, and which excludes Chatterton? The year 1800 has been chosen "for convenience" "as a sort of centre," but on what grounds was that particular year selected? It excludes Walpole and the Gothic revivalists; it excludes the Wartons; it excludes Gray, Collins, Thomson, Akenside, Shenstone, and the whole group of imitators of Spenser who, by the study of old authors, attempted to revive the past. Yet no definition of Romanticism can shut out that return to our older literature which Pope saw and disliked.

"Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old:
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry was learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote.
One likes no language but the Faery Queen:
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the muses met him at the devil."

These lines show that even in Pope's lifetime the English Romantic Movement had begun.

But Romanticism is a word that covers a great deal and is used with widely different meanings by different writers. To some it stands for an attempt to reproduce the life and thought of the Middle Ages. Others think it is most appropriately used of the literary or artistic treatment of themes that are vague and mysterious or even wild and extravagant. Others, again, lay stress upon the element of individual freedom, and treat the movement as an impulse to progress, freeing the poet or artist from the shackles of antiquated rules and opening up new worlds for him to conquer.

Mr. Symons cuts the knot by identifying romanticism with poetry itself. "The great poets of every age but the eighteenth have been romantic: what are Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Coleridge, if not romantic?" One may answer the question in the affirmative, while not admitting the truth of the statement that precedes it. To regard romantics as merely classics in the making is to lose sight of a valuable distinction which lies at the root of all artistic endeavor. Mr. Symons quotes Pater's phrase about "strangeness added to beauty" as being the distinctive quality of romantic art, but the essay from which the phrase comes also tells us that "What is classical comes out of the cool and quiet of other times, as a measure of what a long experience has shown us will, at least, never displease us." And Pater goes on to say that "in the classical literature of Greece and Rome, as in the classics of the last century, the essentially classical element is that quality of order in beauty which they possess, indeed, in a pre-eminent degree." That there are romantic elements in the ancient classics, in Euripides, for instance, no one will deny, but there are periods when these qualities are for the most part held in check, and these are classical periods. There are periods, also, when they are predominant, and these are romantic periods. Moreover, certain works of art are from their very nature classical, while others are romantic. The Church of the Madeleine, a drama by Corneille, Landor's "Hellenics"—these are classical, and will remain classical as long as time exists, just as a Gothic cathedral, a painting by Delacroix, a poem by Scott, and Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris" are, and will remain, romantic. We may dislike the romantic or we may dislike the classical, but to ignore the distinction between them and to claim that the best of either belongs to the other, is simply a misuse of language.

We have hitherto dealt with what we conceive to be the fundamental weakness in Mr. Symons's plan and method. There are other points deserving of notice—for example, the almost unqualified statement in the Introduction, that it is the critic's business to regard the poet as something apart from his age and his environment. We would urge in reply that the criticism which traces the stream of thought connecting age with age, and which shows how the content of a poet's message has been affected by the ideas current in his epoch, has also its usefulness. But to confine ourselves to Mr. Symons's theory would be doing him a great injustice.

In the essays that comprise the greater part of his book he often forgets his theory and gives us a number of carefully poised and suggestive judgments. He is not always free from the decadent perversity of his early manner—witness this sentence: "In one song of four stanzas, 'Proud Maisie,' published in 1818, in the 'Heart of Midlothian,' Scott seems to me to have become a poet"—but for the most part his criticism is criticism of the centre. His treatment of Wordsworth, Byron, Coleridge, Landor, Shelley, and Keats leaves little to be desired. Few living critics have an equal gift for opening up trains of thought which the reader feels compelled to pursue further on his own account. As examples of this, what could be better than these few sentences concerning Coleridge's power of imagination?—

"It must not be forgotten that Coleridge is never fantastic. The fantastic is playing with the imagination, and Coleridge respects it. His intellect goes easily as far as the imagination will carry it, and does not stop by the way to play tricks upon its bearer. Hence the conviction which he brings with him when he tells us the impossible. And then his style, in its ardent and luminous simplicity, flexible to every bend of the spirit which it clothes with flesh, helps him in the idiomatic translation of dreams. The visions of Swedenborg are literal translations of the imagination, and need to be retranslated. Coleridge is equally faithful to the thing seen, and to the laws of that new world into which he has transported it."

Equally just and balanced is this, speaking of Shelley: "In the clamorous splendor of the odes there is sometimes rhetoric as well as poetry, but is it more than the tumult and the overflow of that poetry?"

At his best Mr. Symons is one of the freshest and most suggestive of living critics, and this book contains a great deal of his best. For a sympathetic, yet discriminating, account of the English poets who lived at the beginning of the nineteenth century, we do not know anything to which the reader can turn with more advantage. But it is far from being an adequate account of the English Romantic Movement. We regret this all the more because we believe that nothing but a perverse method of approaching his subject has prevented Mr. Symons from contributing to literary history a volume not merely engaging and brilliant, but one of permanent value.

THE WORLD INVISIBLE.*

It would be interesting to have Mr. Arnold Bennett's and Miss Underhill's opinion of each other's latest novel. "The Glimpse" is Mr. Bennett's first flight into the fringe of spiritual regions with which Miss Underhill has familiarised us in her former books, and though there is no near kinship between them in outlook, the two novels have this in common, that the attempt, in each, to pierce the veil of earthly appearances is fortified by very penetrating criticism of mundane matters. Miss Underhill is something between a poet and a metaphysician. For her heroine, Constance, the busy tangle of organic things, and a world founded on the illusion, supported by the considerations of matter, growth, and sex, are *maya*, and even both sides of the veil, the mortal and the immortal, only exist by "being in the Idea," which is God. It is difficult to extract from the extremely illusive, if suggestive, spiritual creed of "The Column of Dust" any particular passage which adequately conveys the author's standpoint, but we may glance hastily here at the features of the story, while premising that the novel is one that necessitates attentive study at first hand.

Constance Tyrrel, a highly educated and refined woman, has broken with her life of cultured emptiness, and, hungry for realities and for legitimate satisfaction of her womanhood, has taken the plunge and disappeared from the ken of her comfortable friends. She re-appears some years later with an ugly and unprepossessing child, Vera, and supports herself by her daily work in a London book-shop. With remarkable daring the author introduces us to the sphere of the Invisible, by making Constance possessed by an invading, familiar spirit, The Watcher, which has become accidentally entangled with the plane of earthly existence, through his passing curiosity to fathom "the absurd paradox of creation." It is proof of Miss Underhill's artistic cleverness that we accept the presence of this supernatural

* "The Column of Dust." By Evelyn Underhill. Methuen. 6s.
"The Glimpse." By Arnold Bennett. Chapman & Hall. 6s.

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visitant as unquestioningly as, say, a visit from a friend who has dropped in for a chat. The achievement of "The Column of Dust" is that, whether we accept or not the existence of the supersensual plane which The Watcher superimposes upon the visible scheme of things, we are forced to see life through the eyes of Constance, who "had found a little hole in the wall of appearance, and, peeping through, had caught a glimpse of that seething pot of spiritual forces whence, now and then, a bubble rises to the surface of things." It is not that "the atmosphere of the infinite" penetrates our consciousness so much as that we are "made aware of a new angle of the universe; of an angle from which we might perceive the splendor, aliveness, and mysterious quality of natural things, the inconceivable lunacy of most man-arranged things." The thesis of the book, that our earthly life is a dream, and that the Real is the sum of the spiritual forces working within and behind the dream, may be illustrated by a quotation:—

"Constance was helpless before the misconceptions of a creature who applied the standards of the infinite to civilised daily life. The Watcher was amazed by all that he saw: by that love of the aboriginal burrow which constrains the Londoner, whenever possible, to perform the secret operations of storage, cookery, and travel underground; by the teeming streets, in which our urban dwellers are everlastingly content to fidget. He could not comprehend the incessant pouring to and fro of people by all the spacious highways and plaited alleys. Seen from his universe, they were like mercury scattered on a disc, which runs without reason in a hundred little processions and solitary drops, unites into a formless, wriggling mass, and breaks away again to an unending repetition of the process."

"But the children will die in their turn. They will all die. Then they will exist in the Real for ever and ever, without earning, or eating, or any kind of fuss. Why undertake this weariness and struggle, just to stay a few more hours within the dream? It is so ugly, miserable, and meaningless! Why do they not all try to die as soon as they can? Why do you not try to die—now, at once? Disentangle yourself from the dream?"

"She said to him suddenly, 'Go! Go! find all the wonders, look for the thread. Don't stay in this corner with me.'"

"But he answered almost in anger, 'I cannot go, for no one else will receive me; and without a habitation how am I to stay in the dream?'"

"Her eyes were opened for an instant then. The cliff of books fled far away; and she saw the tideless and everlasting sea of spiritual existence, and Life, like a little iridescent ball of foam, blown across the surface of the waves. She was an infinitesimal bubble in that formless mass. In an instant it would be dissolved, re-absorbed in the dream; with its cherished separateness for ever gone. Meanwhile the Watcher, meshed within her bubble, was blown with her over the deeps."

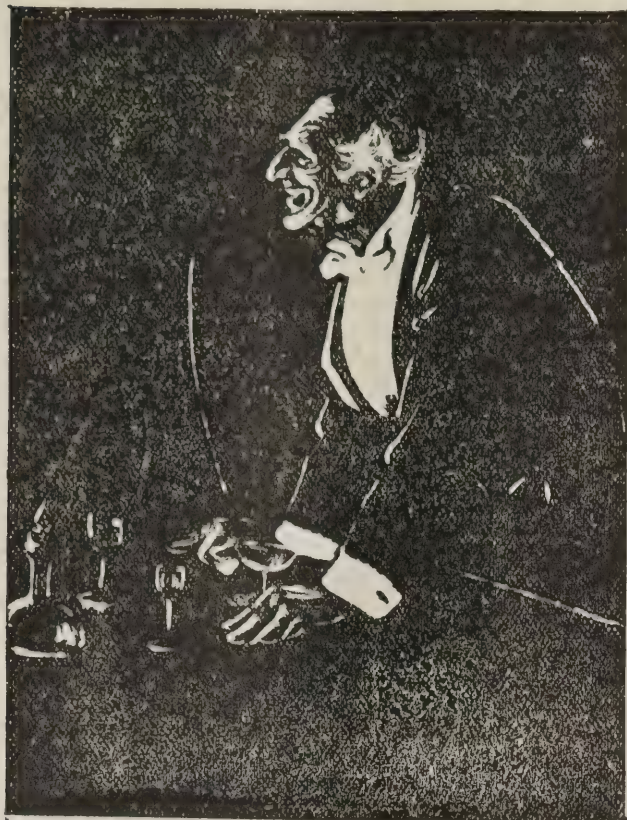
It is in the mingling of this "atmosphere of the infinite" with the atmosphere of the London streets that "The Column of Dust" is *sui generis*. The realistic scenes are undeniably enhanced by the spiritual commentary. Moreover, Miss Underhill's poetical metaphysics are backed by a most disconcerting vein of irony, and relieved by a most feminine sense of humor. A prosperous circle of aesthetic ladies who are interested in "the occult" is hit off with a quiet and discriminating malice that is absolutely delicious. Constance is introduced to the bosom of these searchers after truth by her materialistic friend, Andrew Vince, a gentleman on the Stock Exchange, who is nowhere less at home than in his own house. The Vinces are thus described by the caustic Mrs. Wetherbee: "A good, honest fellow with sound business instincts, and his living to get at his trade, shut up with a painfully unique and exquisite wife. Everyone else on their knees before her, and he feeling that attitude rather fatiguing after a hard day's work. How coarse and ugly all the ordinary little comfortable bad habits must appear in such company! Could you drink bottled stout with that sitting at the other end of the table? Would it be possible to snore in the presence of a really spiritual woman? That is Andrew's condition all over. Muriel enjoys her own virtues thoroughly; but his don't agree with the furniture, and so they have to be kept out of sight." It is impossible, here, to indicate the series of spiritual adventures and experiences that befall Constance. Naturally a novel shot with veins of mystical poetry and of high spiritual emotion, a novel that succeeds both in its ironical analysis of human pettiness and in its spiritual interpretation of human endeavor, is not without some artistic discrepancies. The character of Constance, for example, is not homogeneous. While her attitude towards her right "to

dip myself into life, deep in; to touch the ground, stir the muddy depths if I chose," is fine and convincing, it is scarcely credible that a woman of so passionate a nature could take the chill-blooded and wholly negative tone she adopts towards her child, little Vera. There are, in fact, two distinct women incorporated in Constance, and the mystic has been grafted on to an individual of a more womanly type, so that the spiritual struggle may be presented to us. It would be short-sighted, however, to insist on minor defects, such as these, in the case of so original a work. Occasionally the atmosphere of spiritual ecstasy becomes strained, as in some of the latter chapters where the Graal is brought on the scene, and Constance thereby is led to snap the threads that bind her to life; but in the main the illusion of unseen supersensual forces mixing with and irradiating our ordinary consciousness is wonderfully sustained.

Mr. Bennett's novel is both an entertaining and daring piece of work. The first part describes the relations of a husband and wife, Morrice and Inez, who, after three years of married life, have fallen out of love. By accident Morrice overhears a snatch of a conversation one evening between his wife and his friend Captain Hulse, and on his casually repeating it he discovers, to his amazement, that it relates to a clandestine meeting between the pair. The wife's avowal of the truth and the husband's attitude are narrated with the frank and cynical honesty that give Mr. Bennett's analysis of character its peculiarly refreshing note. The scene ends in the husband's being attacked by a paroxysm of the heart. Most convincing are the sensations of the dying man when his wife and the doctor are hovering round his bed. In the second part the author essays a daring flight into the unknown by his highly imaginative description of the experiences of Morrice's disembodied spirit. Most authors would sink into the fantastically unreal if they failed to thrill us by the shadow of the supernatural, but Mr. Bennett steers successfully a middle course. He does not, indeed, reach the spiritual plane of "The Column of Dust," but creates for us a most plausible illusion of a supersensual universe. And, like Miss Underhill, he gets some of his happiest effects by contrasting the elastic consciousness of the enfranchised spirit with that of the "moving prison of the earthly body." The imagery is ingenious and firmly handled, and in the ambitious chapter entitled "The Glimpse," he carries us backward into the story of creation by a description of his hero's chain of past incarnations. It is true, of course, that the spiritual depths of Miss Underhill's heaven and hell are in no danger from invasion by Mr. Bennett's hero, whose soul never soars far from the plane of earth. In Part III. the author lands us again on terra firma, and there is almost a scientific precision in the details of Morrice's unwilling return to his "blighting prison of putrescent clay." Some of the artistic strokes at this stage are uncanny in their daring, such as the description of the unhappy wife returning to the chamber of death and finding that her dead husband's eyes are open, and that the coins she has placed on his eyelids have fallen to the floor. There is unflinching grimness touched with pathos in the sequel. Inez, in her outburst of grief over her dead husband, has taken poison, and Morrice's spirit has returned too late from the Unknown to save her. The remaining chapters, which analyse Morrice's relations with Captain Hulse, are full of penetration. Mr. Bennett has done more notable work than "The Glimpse," but in firmness and sureness of handling it is equal to his best.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

A COMPARISON between the manner of Mr. Chesterton and that of Mr. Lucas would be mainly a study in contrasts, and two volumes of essays just published, "Tremendous Trifles," by Mr. Chesterton, and "One Day and Another," by Mr. Lucas (Methuen, 5s. each), show that the only quality common to both writers is that each has written essays which are excellent of their kind. Mr. Lucas is urbane, polished, and a trifle sentimental. Mr. Chesterton is hearty, slapdash, and sometimes perverse. Mr. Lucas chooses a subject with deliberation, looks for its most engaging aspect, and



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presents it to the reader dressed in as becoming a manner as he can. Mr. Chesterton is like a French fowler in that he lets fly at every bird that presents itself. The first subject he thinks of will serve his purpose. Accordingly, he takes hold of it in the oddest and most unexpected way he can imagine, tosses it about in a manner calculated to create the utmost possible bewilderment in the reader's mind, and then lays it aside with an air of calculated unconcern and assumed ingenuousness. Mr. Lucas woos his reader; Mr. Chesterton startles him. "Tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux," and neither Mr. Chesterton nor Mr. Lucas has yet shown any disposition to provoke boredom. Mr. Chesterton's "Tremendous Trifles," are reprinted from the "Daily News," and are described by their author as "a sort of sporadic diary—a diary recording one day in twenty which happened to stick in the fancy." The connecting thread which runs through most of them is the significance of the trivial, though several, and not the least entertaining, give us Mr. Chesterton's impressions of Continental scenes. Mr. Lucas derives most of his inspiration from books, and shows a pretty gift for presenting passages from out-of-the-way writers in a framework that sets them off to advantage. After books, cricket comes in a good second in Mr. Lucas's pages—we have a notion he would protest it ought to be first—and the two papers, "Winter Solace," and "A Rhapsodist at Lords," the latter treating of Francis Thompson's keen interest in cricket, are among the best in the volume. The reader who possesses these two little books together with Mrs. Meynell's "Ceres' Runaway," which we noticed a couple of weeks ago, will have the best of the season's output in that charming, though unhappily not very popular, literary form, the essay.

The Week in the City.

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THE last Stock Exchange account, concluded on Tuesday, was a remarkably prosperous one for brokers and dealers, more especially in the home industrial market, where prices have been rising in anticipation of the higher profits which should naturally follow a general improvement in trade. Home railways, however, have been unaccountably dull, and gilt-edged securities show a downward tendency in consequence of the rise in money and discounts. The increase of our Bank rate yesterday from 3 to 4 per cent. was expected, as the Directors obviously could not allow the reserve to be depleted without taking steps to attract gold. Consols fell a little in anticipation of the borrowing that will become necessary if the House of Lords throw out the Budget—a contingency which came home to the City when Lord Rothschild and his friends started their petition to the peers. Foreign bonds have also declined, the chief cause being the rise of the Berlin rate to 5 per cent. and the expectation of another big Imperial loan in Berlin. Financial conditions in Germany are unsatisfactory, and the Socialist triumph is considered to be an index of general discontent with the new taxes. The City petition to the Lords has proved a complete failure, and the opposition to the Budget is practically dead.

WHEAT, WOOL, AND RUBBER.

During the last few months the dearest important articles of commerce have been wheat, wool, and rubber. The price of wheat began to go down in August, and bread is happily already a halfpenny per quarter cheaper than it was in July. A further fall seems probable and will prove a boon to the working classes. Wool also rose during the spring and summer to prices resembling those which prevailed just before the disastrous slump of October and November, 1907. It seems to have reached its climax at the recent London sales; for telegrams from Australia, where sales are now proceeding, state that a decline of prices has occurred. This again is a favorable feature, for just as the

decline of wheat is caused by the abundance of the world's harvest, so the decline in wool is caused not by any falling-off in the demand for cloth, but by the flourishing condition of the Australian sheep runs which have just yielded a record clip of wool. The price of rubber still stands at an absurd figure, and the trade is living from hand to mouth. The difficulty here is that rubber plantations take several years before they begin to produce anything, so that the price can only fall with the demand. The principal articles for which rubber is required are motor and bicycle tyres, goloshes, waterproofs, and electrical apparatus. Ceylon and the Malay peninsula appear to offer the best conditions of soil and climate for the cultivation of tame rubber, and the plantations are now being made at a great rate, as the number of new rubber companies floated in London may serve to testify. Unfortunately, the financial methods adopted by their promoters have encouraged gambling.

INDUSTRIALS.

Now that trade is improving, investors ought to be turning again to the industrial market, though whether the demand for these shares will actually revive is a point on which I should not like to be dogmatic. But it may be useful to indicate the sort of return that an investor can expect when he buys in this market. The yield, of course, varies enormously—from 3½ per cent. obtainable on J. and P. Coats, to very nearly 20 per cent., given by various motor shares that need not be considered. First-class industrial debenture stocks and preference shares yield about 4½ or 4¼ per cent. On the ordinary shares of any manufacturing company, however prosperous, one ought, I think, to ask very little less than 5½. The ordinary shares of Brunner Mond and English Sewing Cotton and Harrod's Stores all yield about 5¼ per cent. at their present prices. Such companies as these have the possibility of greater development and higher dividends in the future, but with industrials one can never be quite certain. So much depends on the personality of the managers that there is a very appreciable element of speculation in buying even the soundest of the ordinary shares. Many people would prefer a railway stock like Buenos Ayres and Pacific second preference, which gives very nearly 5 per cent. to an industrial giving 5¼. Investors who like fishing in troubled waters may be interested in a few high yields to be had from the shares of rather unsuccessful companies. Calico Printers preference give nearly 6½ per cent. at present, and it is not so long since the company was paying an ordinary dividend of 6¼. British Aluminium preference yield 8¾ per cent., and in this case, too, there have in the past been good ordinary dividends, though at present the company is very unsuccessful. Associated Cement preference yield between 8½ and 9, while Savoy Hotel ordinary give 10 per cent., and it is reported that a champagne lunch is thrown in with the annual meeting. Investors with a taste for high yields may like to consider some of these shares, but they should be careful.

JAPANESE RAILWAYS.

The nationalisation of the railways in Japan is not proving a financial success. According to an estimate of the Railway Bureau, the revenue for next year is estimated at 90,000,000 yen in round figures, and the expenditure about 51,500,000 yen, leaving a balance of 38,500,000 yen. Of this sum about 32,500,000 yen must be deducted for interest on railway bonds and money borrowed from the Deposit Bureau in the Finance Department, leaving a net profit of not more than 6,000,000 yen (£600,000). This is the total amount available to be added to the capital account for the cost of improving the existing lines and constructing the proposed lines, for which it is estimated 29,470,000 yen will be required next year. The authorities are accordingly straining every nerve to devise ways and means for raising the money to cover the deficit. Moreover, the railway authorities have to balance an outstanding deficit for the last two years, amounting to 7,000,000 yen. The Railway Bureau, according to the "Hochi," proposes to increase the passenger fares in order to obtain additional revenue. Yet a socialistic parson told the Church Conference that if we nationalised our railways we should be able to increase wages 30 per cent. and lower freights by the same amount! On the Mexican lines, which have also been recently nationalised, the highly-paid foreign employees are being turned off to make way for cheaper Mexican hands. The change adds to the risks of travelling.

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Diary of the Week.

NEXT week's number of THE NATION will contain an article on the Budget from the pen of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

* * *

THE most careful and authoritative observers of the political situation feel themselves unable to predict the course of the Lords in regard to the Budget. The most significant fact is that two forces are working with energy to secure its rejection. Lord Milner and Lord Curzon, the latter of whom has completely thrown over his Free Trade theories, are constructing a visionary constitutional case for such action, and the liquor interest threatens to withdraw its forces from the electoral field unless the licensing duties are destroyed. If these counsels prevail the Lords and the Trade between them will have incidentally perpetrated something like a fraud upon the public. The Trade have for months been collecting from them, in the shape of increased prices (with a profit superadded), the licence duties which they only began to pay this October. They will also be entitled to get back from the Treasury the spirit duties they will have paid since the spring. In the event of rejection, the public, even if the price of spirits be reduced, will still be hundreds of thousands of pounds out of pocket, and the Lords will thus be parties to one of the most iniquitous private speculations we have ever heard of. While these activities are in progress Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne abstain from every indication of their opinions, thus discharging themselves of all the functions of leadership. These statesmen perfectly embody Ledru-Rollin's pathetic cry to the friend who met him toiling after the Paris mob which had just

tumbled him in the gutter, "Je suis leur chef; il fallait bien les suivre."

* * *

LORD CURZON's attempt to build up a case for rejection was more argumentative and more cautious than Lord Milner's. The gist of it was that the Constitution being unwritten, the question of the privileges of the Commons rested merely on their resolutions, which the Lords had in terms declined to accept. He quoted Gladstone as admitting in 1861 that the House of Lords had never given up the power of amending a Budget and were right in declining to record against themselves such a limitation of their power. Lord Curzon forgot to add, first, that Gladstone's action in 1861 made not only amendments but rejection out of the question to all but deliberate Constitution-breakers, and, secondly, that the Lords for hundreds of years allowed judgment to go against them by default.

* * *

HAVING re-affirmed the Lords' general right of rejection, Lord Curzon went on to suggest that its assertion was fully justified by the tacking on to a Money Bill of matters "not exclusively financial." He suggested the licensing duties were such material, and also the land taxes, for they contained the "germ" of land nationalisation. The House of Lords were also free to reject on the ground that they regarded the passage of the Budget, on their conscience, as injurious to the State, and that the Government had no "mandate" for such legislation. Why do not these gentlemen say frankly that they are going to kill the Budget, Constitution or no Constitution, because they hate and fear it? Finally, Lord Curzon, while denouncing Mr. Lloyd George's demagoguery, suggested that £150,000,000 of manufactured goods were pouring into this country and depriving the people of employment.

* * *

ON Tuesday Lord Curzon was reinforced by Lord Milner, who admitted that he had abandoned all his Liberal doctrine, including Free Trade. According to Lord Milner there was no question as to the right of the Lords to reject the Finance Bill, especially if the Budget contained four or five other Bills. It was wild claptrap to say that the Lords represented no one but themselves, that they were thwarting the will of the people, and that it was high time to sweep them away. The Budget might make some rich men poorer, but it could not make any poor man richer, while Tariff Reform was fair as between rich and poor, because rich people consumed food as well as poor ones. This profound argument was followed by the suggestion that, so far from chaos following the rejection of the Finance Bill, it would merely—if the Government behaved nicely and meekly—give the revenue officials some extra work and cause "a certain amount of disturbance in the money market." If a General Election went against the Government it would prove that they were wrong, but if it went for them it would not prove that the Lords had not been right. Our politics would seem to have found a brilliant recruit in Lord Milner.

* * *

ON the other hand, the "Edinburgh Review" joins the "Quarterly" in an impressive and evidently much disturbed warning to the Conservative leaders against

revolutionary tactics on the Budget. The "Edinburgh," while hostile to the Budget, admits that it has been greatly improved during its passage through the Commons, and will have nothing to say to the attempt of the wild peers "to establish for the House of Lords control over the supplies of the year." Such a step would be entirely beyond the "usual and recognised functions" of the peers, already suspect through their extreme Tory partizanship. They were, in fact, claiming the right to "make Liberal administration impossible. The right and power to reject the Budget means the right and power to dismiss the Ministers." This, we need not say, is a power which all Constitutional authorities declare to be denied to the House of Lords. If this revolutionary design is consummated, large changes in the Constitution will, thinks the "Edinburgh," be inevitable.

* * *

MEANWHILE, the Lords are making hay while the sun shines. In the intervals of abusive rhetoric, the caste of Vere de Vere are turning the Development Bill into a scheme for subsidising rates. Among other changes infringing the privileges of the Commons, they passed, on Thursday, an amendment enabling the Road Board to make advances for the maintenance of existing roads, *i.e.*, for the relief of rates. This purpose is directly at issue with the object of the Bill, and interferes with the character and disposition of a money grant. The Speaker will unquestionably treat the amendment as a breach of privilege

* * *

MR. CHURCHILL made a powerful argumentative defence of the Budget at Abernethy on Saturday, in which he exhibited, in striking form, the enormous growth of the capital wealth of the country. The Government asked for a further contribution from direct taxation of less than six millions a year. That was less than a thirtieth of the increased income assessable for income-tax. Wealth or wages must be taxed, for he would decline to discuss "the gospel of quacks and the creed of gulls," which preached the taxation of the foreigner. And it was fair to look to revenues which in ten years had increased ten or twelve times more than wages. A Christian country could only build on the one foundation of social reform; namely, a healthy family life for all. As for the action of the Lords, who ever heard of its leader proposing to decide whether he would tear up the British Constitution after he had consulted the drink trade? It was only necessary for Mr. Balfour to say now what he said last October, that it was the House of Commons and not the House of Lords which settled uncontrolled our financial system, for these crazy threats of rejection to cease.

* * *

On Monday Mr. Churchill met a deputation of suffragettes, and gave them some direct and sound advice. He told them that their cause was marching backwards, that it was childish to think of converting a great community by irritating crowds, breaking up public meetings, and appealing to women's worst enemy, violence. He thought there was now no chance of a Government or a party considering the suffrage, a forecast which we hope and think is over-wide. But we are bound to say that we do not know one Conservative or Liberal leader, and we are aware of only one Labor leader, who is now prepared to advance a cause which some months ago had certainly a majority of the Cabinet in its favor. Thus, in the world as we know it, do bad tactics prejudice good causes.

THE movement of indignant protest against the execution of Señor Ferrer has spread to two continents. As far as Uruguay there has been a sympathetic strike, and in Germany some of the foremost men of letters, science, and art, have protested as vehemently as the proletariat. Perhaps the most significant demonstration of all was something new in the history of Paris—a peaceful procession through the streets of some 100,000 men. In this country there have been indignant meetings in London and most large towns, and an effort was made to move the adjournment of the House of Commons. The motion, however, failed to secure the support of more than fifteen members, doubtless because it was initiated by Mr. Grayson.

* * *

DESPITE the activity of the censorship, the people of Spain have become aware of this universal indignation, and it has already had a profound influence on Spanish politics. The Government has naturally tried to identify the attack upon itself with an attack upon the nation, but it has failed, and Señor Maura has resigned after a plain hint from the Liberal leader, Señor Moret, that his maintenance in office threatened the Monarchy. Señor Moret has formed his Administration, and though the Liberal leader is not altogether trusted by his party, he will probably aim at internal appeasement and a gradual termination of the war in Morocco. Señor Maura still has a majority in the Cortes, but that means very little in Spain; and the nervousness of the Crown at the situation into which Señor Maura and his Clerical friends have flung the country is as intense as the anger of the nation.

* * *

ON Tuesday Mr. Henderson asked Sir Edward Grey what action the Government had taken to prevent the shooting of Señor Ferrer without trial in a civil court. Sir Edward Grey replied that the Ministry could not depart from the rule not to interfere with or to express opinions on the internal administration of other European countries, while neither British subjects nor treaty rights were involved. This, he said, was the rule of European Governments and could not be departed from. It seems to us to be a very wide doctrine, which would rule out not only Queen Elizabeth's expulsion of the French envoy after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, but also the withdrawal of the representatives of France and England from the Court of Naples after Gladstone's exposure of the horrors of Neapolitan prisons, and the official boycott of Serbia after the murder of King Alexander. We are inclined to think, however, that Sir Edward Grey has been a good deal better than his word. So far as private and informal counsel was concerned, our Government endeavored to do a service to the unhappy Administration which came to its deserved end on Thursday last.

* * *

ON Thursday Sir Edward Grey expounded his doctrine of non-interference in an interesting speech at Sheffield. Government could not, he insisted, interfere in the internal policy of other countries; moral influences must be left to the play of public opinion which, with its sympathies and antipathies, was a formidable factor in the world of civilisation. The Foreign Offices were doing very well—witness the questions of Persia, the Balkans, and Morocco, all settled without war. On the Congo, we should still press for the cessation of forced labor and for free trade as conditions of recognising the Belgian annexation. As to the industrial outlook, the spirit of hatred could solve nothing on either side; nor could labor do without

capital. The way of peace lay through the threshing out of difficulties by competent and trusted organisations on both sides.

* * *

THE Tsar has at last set out on his visit to the King of Italy, every mile of his way being guarded, a new source of irritation arising from the scandalous proposal to sever the province of Viborg from the Grand Duchy of Finland. He should reach Racconigi this (Saturday) afternoon. The visit is long overdue, and has been looked forward to with great anxiety by Italian opinion. Italy is restless in the Triple Alliance, where she feels herself somewhat cramped and dependent, especially in her relations with Austria. For this reason Italian statesmen are desirous of getting on as intimate terms as possible with Russia, a connection which might counterbalance the Austro-German predominance in the Triple Alliance. A measure of the importance attached to the Russian understanding is given by the attitude of the advanced parties in Italy. A section of the Socialists were anxious to demonstrate against the Tsar; the Radicals and the Republicans, however, refused to associate themselves with this manifestation, and, apparently, even among the Socialists the more politic element has proved the stronger, for a projected general strike has been abandoned. Doubtless our own Foreign Office could throw some light on this visit to Italy, but in so far as it helps to break down the dangerous and artificial division of the European Powers into two camps it is welcome.

* * *

MR. GEORGE LAMBERT, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, made a most important statement on Wednesday at Penicuik as to the German "Dreadnought" building. Germany, he said, had laid down eleven "Dreadnoughts," and had ordered two more, which had not been laid down. She would thus have thirteen ready by the middle of 1912, when we should have twenty. This is, we think, a sanguine estimate of Germany's powers, for she has yet to prove that she can finish a "Dreadnought" in less than three years, and we are inclined to wager with Mr. Lambert that her tale of "Dreadnoughts" in 1912 will be, not thirteen, but eleven. We have to consider not only existing facts as to building, but the still more serious handicap of a net German deficit of twenty-four millions, and the inability to borrow even at four per cent. In any case, Mr. Lambert's statement absolutely destroys Mr. Balfour's prediction of twenty-one or twenty-five German "Dreadnoughts" by 1912, and convicts him of reckless exaggeration, while it also qualifies the Prime Minister's and Mr. McKenna's calculation of seventeen. Is it contended that we are now to strive for twenty-four "Dreadnoughts" to Germany's eleven or thirteen, *plus* our superiority of four or five to one in other non-obsolete types of warships?

* * *

THE report that the whole of the Russian force at Tabriz had been withdrawn turns out to be inaccurate. General Snarsky and the greater part of his men are to go, but 1,000 are to remain over the winter. There is no good reason why the evacuation should not be complete, and many strong and obvious reasons why it should. A Russian force in Persia is a standing temptation to the wild spirits in Russia, and a source of fear to every Persian. This is in a particular degree the case with the force at Kazvin, within a few hours' march of the capital. The Persian Parliament is expected to meet at the end of this month, and its deliberations

cannot be secure or free so long as the shadow of Russian military power is thrown across them. The evacuation of Kazvin by Russia is an insistent necessity, if the work of reform and reconstruction in Persia is to be carried through. And that evacuation ought to be completed before the Persian Parliament meets. It is a disturbing fact that there is no hint yet of such a movement on the part of Russia.

* * *

PRESIDENTS TAFT and Porfirio Diaz exchanged visits on Saturday on the Mexican frontier, a meeting without precedent on the American Continent. The relations between Mexico and the United States are very intimate nowadays. The two big States co-operate to keep the small central American Republics in due subordination, and a vast amount of United States capital is invested in Mexican enterprises. President Diaz's Government has not been of the gentlest, and he has never concerned himself much about such political luxuries as liberty, but the concession-hunter has found him a good, if at times a critical and scrutinising, friend, and the concession-hunter has in most cases been an American. The United States have in return occasionally done President Diaz a good turn by rendering Mexican exiles innocuous.

* * *

MR. J. H. HOFMEYR, the famous chief of the Afrikaner Bond, and, after Kruger, the greatest and most characteristic of contemporary Dutch statesmen in South Africa, died on Saturday in London in his sixty-fifth year. He was the most successful organiser and the most inveterate moderator of Dutch opinion in Cape Colony and the sub-continent. He only once held office, but his gifts as a journalist and his understanding of the Dutch character made him a power behind the throne. He was both Imperialist and Protectionist in his leanings, and one of his last acts as a statesman was to modify the Constitution of the Bond after the war so as to bring it into strict harmony with the British hegemony of all South Africa. He keenly resented his personal betrayal by Mr. Rhodes in the matter of the Raid, but then, and afterwards, he worked both for peace and for compromise between the Republics and the British power. His statesmanship erred at times on the side of caution, but it had no real quality of "slimness." Personally, Mr. Hofmeyr was a man of marked amiability of character, a scholar and a student and lover both of Dutch and of English literature. Milton, in both languages, was, perhaps, his favorite author.

* * *

PROFESSOR LOMBROSO, the founder of the modern European school of criminal psychology, died on Tuesday at Turin, aged seventy-four. His later theories have somewhat obscured his first great service to mankind, namely the discovery that the hideous disease known as pellagra was due to the eating of bad maize, and his crusade against the shocking poverty among the Lombard peasants, of which it was a symptom. His most sensational work, however, was his attempt, pursued for many years, and recorded in many books, to fix and classify the criminal type, and to connect it with definite physical peculiarities. His books record his minute measurements of the skulls and bodies of criminals, and, if his theories had been pressed a little more gently, they would have made a deeper and healthier impression on prison discipline. As they stand, they have perhaps re-inforced the reactionary school, which treats crime as, in the main, a mark of a hopeless and permanent degeneration. He was undoubtedly a great inquirer, but the scientific value of his work is undetermined.

Politics and Affairs.

THROUGH REACTION TO REVOLUTION.

FOR four generations since the Revolutionary Epoch began in Europe, British Constitutionalists have thanked God that we were not as other nations are. Our rulers, since we settled accounts with the Stuarts, had never stiffened their backs against the forces of liberty. They had kept the letter of their privileges and abandoned their substance; they had maintained the forms of their dignity and preserved its moral influence by foregoing the literal interpretation of its claims. As with the monarchy, so with the aristocracy. In this land of old and great renown, no revolutions were needed, because there was no cast-iron sphere of privilege. Freedom broadened slowly down, and asked for no written guarantees, as it advanced from precedent to precedent, because it could trust always to the political genius of the nation, to a sense of constitutional loyalty pervading all classes, to a wise Conservatism which made progress sure if slow. There was a political honor among politicians of all parties, which enabled us to dispense with written guarantees and to enjoy the advantages of a more elastic, unwritten Constitution. The Crown had never formally resigned its power of veto. What did it matter? There was a tacit understanding, sanctified by long usage, that the veto would not be exercised. The Lords possessed an unrestricted veto on Bills passed by the House of Commons. This was more serious, because it was from time to time exercised; but there was an understanding that, none the less, the Lords occupied a secondary place in the legislature, and were bound to accept the clearly expressed will of the people, as formulated by their representatives. The Lords further were asked for their formal consent to the Finance Bill, and here no one doubted about the power, because it was understood by long tradition that it would never become a reality. Understandings of this kind made it possible for popular Government to develop peaceably, without revolution, and without hampering the future by a written Constitution. This is the development which leading members of the party supposed to be constitutional are now seeking to bring to an end.

To do them justice, they are still hunting for some shadowy kind of justification in history. Lord Curzon has entered the fray with a quotation from a speech of Gladstone on the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill of 1861 when the right of the Lords to reject a Money Bill was, as we had fondly supposed, for ever set aside. It is strange, on the surface, that a speech by the Minister in charge of the Bill by which the undivided responsibility of the House of Commons was finally asserted should be used in defence of the present claim on behalf of the House of Lords, and a perusal of the speech as a whole makes Lord Curzon's selection not less strange. It is quite true that Gladstone, both here and in later speeches of the same series of debates which have been quoted by Mr. Gibson Bowles, places the right of amendment and the right of rejection on the same plane. But anyone who will consider the circumstances of the debate will easily see what is the true meaning of this

conjunction. It is not that the right of amendment is a substantial right, but that the right of rejection is merely a formal right. Now, what Gladstone remarks in the passage referred to by Lord Curzon is (1) that the House of Lords have never "by any corporate and formal act of their own" abandoned the right of amendment. But (2) "speakers in the House of Lords, the highest individual authorities in the House of Lords who may in some sense be called representatives of it, have abandoned it" (this has later on been fortified by unqualified declarations in the same sense by Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery); and (3) in Gladstone's opinion the Lords had been right in not making any record of this "limitation of their privileges," because "cases might arise in which from the illegitimate incorporation of elements not financial into financial measures" it might be wise for them to reassert their privileges as construed by themselves. The last expression of opinion is, it seems, to be quoted as a justification of the rejection of a Finance Bill on the ground of "tacking." But before Gladstone's speech is quoted for this purpose it will be well to read it as a whole. It will then be seen that Gladstone was at the moment subject to attack on precisely the same ground. He was accused of "tacking" on the ground that he combined several financial operations in one Bill, and a considerable part of his speech is concerned with the proof, based on numerous precedents, that there is nothing relevant to finance that may not be included in a Finance Bill. He refers in particular, in a passage which we commend to Lord Curzon, to the Bill of Supply of the 7th of Anne:—

"There is no one form of financial operation material either to revenue, to expenditure, or to the contraction of debt, which is not compressed within the limit of that Act of Parliament, passed when the minds of men were still warm and fresh with the remembrances of conferences between the two Houses on the subject of 'tacking,' and on the respective jurisdictions in matters of finance."

Now, if Lord Curzon can show that the valuation of land is not an operation material to the raising of revenue by a tax on the value of land, he may prove Gladstone on his side. If not, he had better say no more of this speech. And when Mr. Gibson Bowles quotes Gladstone to prove that no formal surrender of the right of amendment was ever recorded, he may usefully consider the bearing of the following sentence in which Mr. Gladstone remarks that the privileges of the two Houses "from their nature are best maintained by the good sense and wisdom of the two Houses in putting them into action from time to time." By this wisdom and good sense alone can an unwritten Constitution be maintained. If the Lords think it will be shown in this instance by upsetting an understanding which the subsequent forty-eight years have only strengthened by undeviating usage, they will only precipitate a crisis which will end in the formal withdrawal of these and other privileges which they have hitherto enjoyed. If the executive power in this country does not depend on the control of finance, and if the control of finance is not in the hands of the House of Commons, then our Constitutional history is a tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing. The appeal in these

cases is not really to the judgment of individuals, nor even to the people as a whole. The appeal is to the facts, and the simple fact is that the whole of our Constitutional machinery is pivoted on these relations of the Purse, the Executive, and the Representative House. The proof will be seen in this, that if this relation were dissolved, a completely new Constitution would automatically arise. What it would be none can tell. But that it would be fundamentally different from our present Constitution is certain. Of all this the Constitutional Party reckon little. Men like Lord Milner will overthrow the traditions of home government as readily and cheerfully as the traditions of Colonial administration. For them nothing with a touch of freedom in it is sacred. The element of liberality suffices to secure their contempt for the best established tradition. For in our day the historic sense allies itself with expanding liberty, and the Opposition is no longer the party of Conservatism but of Reaction, leading swiftly and inevitably to Revolution.

THE CASE OF FERRER.

WE doubt if any single event in European history has called forth such spontaneous and violent indignation among the peoples of Europe as the execution of Ferrer by the Spanish Government. From all over France, from the chief cities and coast towns of Italy, from the German capitals and working centres, from the lesser States, such as Holland and Sweden, and even from the University of St. Petersburg, comes the same story of indignant protest, stormy meetings, riots, boycott, and savage denunciation of clericalism and despotism. It is natural that the flame should have burnt most fiercely among the Latin races, partly owing to their more demonstrative temperament, and partly because clericalism is to them still a present or a very recent danger. But, in reality, the indignation has been no less strong among ourselves, who have known that danger only in mild forms or by old memories. Even if we made light of a Trafalgar Square demonstration and attempts to threaten the Spanish Embassy as mere turbulence, there would remain the large and orderly meetings, the resolutions of societies of every kind throughout the kingdom, and the condemnation of the act by all the important newspapers, except those which feel bound to deride every expression of the popular mind, unless it supports the forces of reaction.

What were the causes of the shock thus felt through Europe when the streets were placarded with the news that Ferrer had been shot? We think that two main causes were combined. It was believed that the trial had been a mockery, and that the Spanish Government, largely under clerical influence, had used this mockery of a trial to exterminate an innocent man whose teachings were opposed to their interests. No one would deny that Ferrer's teachings were opposed to the interests of the present form of government in Spain and to the power of the Church as it is there exercised. One has only to look at the long series of red-bound text-books which he published for the use of the Modern Schools

to understand why Monarchists and Clericals alike feared and detested him. The books are simple but scientific treatises, sometimes of Spanish origin but more frequently translated from the French or other languages, and, as a rule, they were written by men of eminence in European science. They treat of such subjects as physical geography, physiology, psychology, education, war, and the history of man, according to modern scientific methods, and when the prevailing forms of government or religion are mentioned, it is in comparison with other forms, and with reference to their history and development. In this country we have been long accustomed to such methods. They used to be called rationalist: probably now most people would call them simply scientific. When first they were introduced they created much alarm, and a few politicians may have trembled for the Monarchy. But we did not shoot Huxley or Herbert Spencer on that account; still less do we now propose to shoot Mr. Edward Clodd, whose scientific writings come nearest to the publications of the *Escuela Moderna*.

In Spain the shock of the scientific method is more recent, and it was sure to be more violent, because education stood at a lower standard and had been controlled almost entirely by the Church. There was plenty of reason why clericalism and the supporters of the Spanish system of government should desire to destroy Ferrer and all his works. In the province of ideas he was their avowed and dangerous enemy, and the natural result of his teaching would be their overthrow. Causes of hatred abounded, and if relentless opposition to the established forms of government and religion is sufficient ground for execution, we need go no further to justify the action of the Spanish authorities. A large number of their supporters do go no further. Ferrer, they say, was admittedly an enemy of Church and State, as those terms are understood in Spain, and therefore he was justly put to death, as all heretics and rebels should die. If that doctrine is accepted, there is no need of further discussion; the question falls. But, outside the governing circles of Russia, the doctrine is no longer accepted by the greater part of modern Europe. Among ourselves, for instance, no one thought of having Mr. Chamberlain shot in what he once called "his Republican days," and though there was an effort to keep Bradlaugh out of the House, even Lord Randolph Churchill did not demand his execution. It appears to us that the doctrine did in fact weigh very heavily with the Spanish authorities and the officers on the Military Tribunal. But even they did not depend on it entirely, for some attempt was made to establish a charge against Ferrer of active complicity in the Barcelona rising. In order to estimate the fairness or unfairness of the methods of the trial, and to discover how far these two issues were either separately established or confused, we may briefly summarise the process and such of the evidence as the Spanish authorities have allowed to appear.

Ferrer was arrested at a village some ten miles from Barcelona on September 1st. According to the accounts of himself and his friends in England, he had recently returned from London to Barcelona owing to

the illness of a niece, and was living in retirement, devoting all his time to his educational books. After his arrest, he was brought before the Governor of Barcelona, who passed him on to an examining magistrate, or "juge d'instruction." This magistrate, by Ferrer's account, was an impartial man, but he warned him that "military law was not the law of the ordinary courts." The meaning of this phrase is evident, for the Military Tribunal, consisting of a colonel and six captains, before whom the trial ultimately took place, did not allow witnesses to be called or cross-examined, and its knowledge both of law and evidence was no more than might be expected from the ordinary officer. The evidence was prepared for the Tribunal beforehand by the "juge d'instruction," who, at the trial, simply read out the charges and depositions of witnesses on both sides, after about five weeks had been spent in collecting evidence. These charges ranged over a large number of subjects—addresses and proclamations (some of them dating from fifteen or even twenty years ago), letters from freemasons, freethinkers, and revolutionaries abroad, and passages from published books. Many of these documents had already appeared in Ferrer's trial before a Civil Court three years before, when an attempt was made to implicate him in the crime of Morral, who threw the bomb at the King's wedding and had once been librarian to Ferrer in the Modern School. The Civil Court then acquitted Ferrer, and it was proved that Morral had spoken of him as "a simple-minded man who thought one could do anything with speeches." Other documents found in Ferrer's house, especially a supposed letter from Lerroux and a crazy proclamation exhorting the people to general destruction and violent revolt, were declared by Ferrer's counsel to be obvious forgeries inserted in the house by the police. It appears incredible on the face of it that any active revolutionist, recently engaged in the Barcelona rising and perfectly conscious of his danger, should allow such letters or such proclamations to lie about in his rooms for the police to lay their hands on when they chose; and it is equally unlikely that he would leave, as the police evidence maintained, "documents begging his adherents to let him know if they had supplies of arms, money, and dynamite." But the value of such evidence cannot be estimated either way by a tribunal of officers who had neither seen the documents nor cross-examined the witnesses.

Still less credit would be given in ordinary law to some seventy witnesses who are supposed to have supplied evidence of Ferrer's participation in the Barcelona rising. Here, too, the evidence was taken "in camera" by the "juge d'instruction," while Ferrer was not allowed counsel nor cross-examination, though he might call witnesses on his own side. The witnesses for the police stated that Ferrer had been seen at various places in the neighborhood, inciting the populace to declare a Republic, that he visited the office of "El Progreso" on July 26th, and was among the rioters on that and the following day in Barcelona. Ferrer admitted that, in ignorance of the outbreak, he had entered Barcelona to visit the newspaper office on July 26th, but asserted that he had returned to his place of retirement

at once and there remained. His counsel at the trial also complained that anonymous denunciations had been admitted as evidence before the "juge d'instruction," and opinions had been collected from entirely unqualified witnesses. Where evidence on either side thus clashes with direct contradiction, it is essential that the actual witnesses should be produced before the Court, whether judge, jury, or officers, and that the counsel on both sides should be given full right of cross-examination; otherwise the truth cannot possibly be discovered. But nothing of the kind was allowed before the Military Tribunal. The "juge d'instruction" merely read out the charges and the depositions which had been made before him without further examination of any sort; the officer appointed to prosecute then followed, restating the case and demanding the death penalty; and the counsel for the defence—a young officer not chosen by the defendant, ignorant of law, and acquainted with the case only during the previous week—spoke for an hour, apparently with great eloquence and skill. The seven officers were then left to consider their verdict, and they sentenced Ferrer to death.

Whether he was guilty or not, such a form of trial is obviously a mockery of justice. The "Times" has been a hostile witness, steadily growing more hostile to Ferrer, yet, writing of the trial, its Madrid correspondent said:—

"However high the character of those who administer this system, the guarantees of justice offered by it are scarcely sufficient, in view of the gravity of the case, according to English notions."

Señor Maura, the Spanish Prime Minister, who resigned on Thursday, declared the Government had further convincing evidence which they would produce. Let them produce it by all means for the sake of their own credit and conscience, but evidence after the trial is not admitted, nor will it be easy for them to get it believed. To us it is only too plain that Ferrer in his last speech was justified in protesting that he was condemned, not for any definite or recent events, but on account of his past reputation as a teacher, and the general impression upon the minds of officers ignorant of the law and of the essential part in evidence that he was "a dangerous man." And by a dangerous man, officers are only too likely to mean a man opposed to them in politics, just as clericals mean a man opposed to them in doctrine.

THE BUDGET AND THE GROWTH OF TRADE.

THE fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc* is so deeply rooted in the human mind that the improvement of trade is a very fortunate event indeed for the Budget and the Liberal Party. All that the united forces of Tariff Reformers and Primrose Leaguers could do has been done to stop the swing of the labor pendulum. How many favorite valets have been dismissed in order to reduce employment and mobilise flunkeydom against the Budget, nobody will ever know. It seems a pity that the Dukes do not send in returns to the Board of Trade, for

at present that department only draws its statistics of unemployment from the Trade Unions, and a trade union of menials has not yet been formed. But in spite of all efforts the progress of the Budget has coincided with the revival of trade. We are not so foolish as to suppose that additional taxes are in themselves a means of promoting trade. In so far as the new revenues are merely devoted to the withdrawal of men from the ranks of industry into the navy or army, there is a waste of capital and labor which is bound to tell unfavorably on commerce. But Old Age Pensions are a distinct stimulus to the staple industries. They mean that this winter the poor will be able to buy more boots and clothing than before, and the expenditure of the poor upon necessities creates a far wider pool of employment than an equal expenditure by the rich upon luxuries and superfluities. A reduction of flunkedom is as good for the country as a reduction of the army. To suggest, as Lord Rosebery suggested, that the Death Duties are destroying capital, is absurd, except in the rare cases where it can be shown that some great factory or business has been pinched of funds in order to provide for the building of an unnecessary ironclad. No capital expenditure is better justified than that which ameliorates the conditions of the masses, and enhances their efficiency in field and factory by making their lives more stable, their physique more robust, their homes more comfortable and healthy. Moreover, if the grant of Old Age Pensions is accompanied, as it seems to have been, by a diminution of intemperance, it may safely be concluded that the conditions and prospects of our workmen will be distinctly better at the end of the year than they were at the beginning.

In his admirably clear and closely reasoned speeches at Dundee, Mr. Churchill laid proper stress upon this country's marvellous expansion of wealth. He showed that the very classes which are called upon to contribute most to the required revenue are those which have advanced most rapidly. He mentioned an estimate of Sir Robert Giffen that every year somewhere between two and three hundred millions are being added to the capital wealth of the nation; he reminded us that the paid-up capital of registered companies has doubled from above one to above two thousand millions sterling in the last fifteen years, and that the gross amount of income assessable to income-tax has risen in the last ten years from 762 to 980 millions. That wages in the same period have risen to a less degree is a good argument for throwing new burdens on the shoulders of those who are growing rich rapidly rather than on those whose poverty is diminishing slowly. The President of the Board of Trade also touched upon the ducal argument that the Budget is playing havoc with labor and driving capital into exile. Neither contention has any foundation in fact. Money is far cheaper in England than in Germany or the United States. Our manufacturers and merchants can borrow money far more easily and at much lower rates than their competitors. Our national, municipal, and industrial credit stands higher than theirs. Since the Budget came in, Consols, it is true, have fallen a couple of points, but within the same period German Imperial bonds have fallen four points, which

does not argue well for Tariff Reform as an alternative to Free Trade, or for the German plan of laying taxes exclusively upon poverty and industry.

Let us return to the tests and standards of internal well-being. The Board of Trade returns show that our exports have steadily increased, month by month, since the Budget was brought forward. The Local Government Board's returns of pauperism since April, the month before the Budget, point in the same direction. The truth can be ascertained by comparing the monthly statements issued by the Board. At the end of April, 808,525 persons throughout England and Wales were in receipt of poor relief, the total population on the same date being over 35,000,000. In other words 22·9 out of every thousand were paupers. Of this ratio, 7·7 were in receipt of indoor relief, and 15·2 in receipt of outdoor relief. During the four months which followed these totals steadily declined.

			Indoor.		Outdoor.		Total.
April	7·7	...	15·2	...	22·9
May	7·5	...	14·9	...	22·4
June	7·4	...	14·8	...	22·2
July	7·2	...	14·5	...	21·7

During August the number of paupers began to increase, as usual; but the increase was comparatively slight, and the latest figures issued—indoor, 7·3; outdoor, 14·5; total, 21·8—are better than those for the corresponding month of last year, which were, indoor, 7·2; outdoor, 14·7; total 21·9. In April, 1908, the pauperism figures were better than in April of this year, so that there is distinct evidence that poverty of the worst sort has declined during the progress of the Budget.

Take now another side of the national life, the activity of our home industries. The industrial market on the Stock Exchange has been cheerful and active for many weeks past in spite of the tendency towards dearer money. Here is an illustrative table:—

MISCELLANEOUS SECURITIES.

NAME.	Lowest Price in March, 1909.	Price on Oct. 19th, 1909.	Rise or Fall
Associated Portland Cement			
Pref.	51½	6½	+ 1½
Bradford Dyers' Pref. ...	1¾	1½	+ ¾
English Sewing Cotton Ord.	1¾	1¾	+ ¾
Guinness & Co. Ord. ...	372	400	+ 28
Calico Printers' Pref. .	¾	¾	+ ½
Coats, J. & P., Ord. ...	8¾	8½	+ ¾

The rise in Portland cement may be taken to indicate an improvement in the building trade, and the groans of the brewers are curiously reflected by the jump of 28 points in Guinness & Co.'s ordinary shares. Sewing Cotton and Calico and Dyers illustrate the state of the textile trades of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and it would be easy to provide other examples.

Lastly there are the statistics of employment. Each month in its "Labour Gazette," the Board of Trade publishes figures which serve as an accurate barometer of the labor market. They are compiled from the returns of 416 trade unions. During the last six months the actual number unemployed at the end of the month has fallen from 57,250 at the end of April to 51,749 at the

end of September. The following table shows the movement in percentages, as compared with last year:—

				1908. per cent.	1909. per cent.
April	7.1	8.2
May	7.4	7.9
June	7.9	7.9
July	7.9	7.9
August	8.5	7.7
September	9.3	7.4

If the relation between the Budget and trade be what Tory orators and journalists declare it to be, we should be justified by these figures in asserting that the Budget has already produced a marked revival in trade and employment. Certainly our governing industrial forces look with no kind of perturbation on this instrument, for they know that it touches, not working England, but idle England, not the laboring and money-making community, but its more elegant and imposing parasitic growths.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE PRESS.

THOSE who have followed with some critical concern the later history of the London theatre will feel little surprise at the "incident" between Mr. George Edwardes and the "Westminster Gazette," unless it be that a journal so scrupulously, even so meticulously, moderate as the "Westminster" should be its victim. The facts are barely disputed on either side. The musical critic of the "Westminster Gazette" in writing an amiable notice of a "musical comedy" called "The Dollar Princess," produced at Daly's Theatre, found his patience exhausted by a perusal of the "book" and described it as "tiresome." He repeated this criticism in a more indirect form in some later remarks on a musical play at the Savoy, called "The Mountaineers." In this article he gently contrasted the method in which musical comedy is presented at the Savoy Theatre with that which finds favor ("in costumes by Paquin and Lucile") with Mr. George Edwardes. We cannot imagine a duty more proper to the critic, or one of which the kind of drama produced by Mr. Edwardes stands more in need. But the director's wrath was kindled, and he wrote to the "Westminster," declaring that a critic thus dealing with his productions could only be "actuated by spite and malice," and that as it was an "anomaly" for a theatrical manager to be helped in his business by a newspaper in one (the advertising) column and hindered by it in another, the literary portion, he withdrew his advertisements from a journal which had become a "menace" to him. The Editor of the "Westminster," being unwilling to give Mr. Edwardes a standing advertisement in two columns of his paper, when he had only paid for it in one, or to falsify the name and worth of literature in order to please an exacting customer, promptly backed his critic and published the correspondence, which now appears for the tardy enlightenment of the public. We do not know whether the maligned critic will require Mr. Edwardes to withdraw his charge of "malice and spite," and either apologise or pay for the attempt to injure him with his employer. If he is moved

to any such action, we hope that the Institute of Journalists will fight his case for him.

Meanwhile, Mr. Edwardes's theory of the function of dramatic criticism requires some examination. Let us remark that he is not its only professor. Mr. Sydney Brooks points out in another column that the theatrical business in New York has been strong enough to impose it on one of the oldest and most respected of American journals, the New York "Tribune." The famous critic of that newspaper was required to effect something like the harmony between criticisms of plays and the paid announcements of them which Mr. Edwardes called for. He refused, in the interests of decency and critical independence, and he lost his position. With us, a daily newspaper, the "Mail," has largely accepted this view of a journal's responsibilities to its readers in the department of literature, by proposing to issue a Christmas book supplement, in which the publishers were offered space in the "literary" columns, to be "devoted to a well-written and illustrated description of the particular lines" they wished "to specially push." And, we observe, as a further instance of the growing fear of the money-power, that, according to the "British Medical Journal," several newspapers of standing have refused even to advertise a volume called "Secret Remedies," issued by the British Medical Association, and disclosing the composition of quack medicines. Thus the free and independent force of the Press on matters of deep importance to the public—the cure of disease and the character of literary and dramatic art—is already subject to siege by those who are interested in attacking and overthrowing it. In the case of the "Westminster" we see the assailant resisted and repelled. But in the case of the New York "Tribune," he has entered the fort; and in the other two examples we have quoted, its defenders have either opened the gates or acknowledged their servile position.

This is a serious matter, for it coincides with the growth of the strictly commercial view of the modern newspaper, conducted, as the Harmsworth Press is mostly conducted, on scientifically arranged lines of profit-making, and subordinating matters of opinion to that supreme end. It is, of course, clear that Mr. Edwardes's demand is both an exorbitant and a foolish one. What does he advertise for? Presumably that the public may see the announcement of his wares, and patronise them. The advertisement columns of a newspaper are miniature and movable hoardings, which are continually catching the eye of fresh passers-by. The spaces in them are let, because there is a steady competition for them. If they did not possess this value, the advertiser would not use them, and presumably he gets his money's worth. But a newspaper has also its affinities to the worlds of art and literature—an association, we are afraid, which gradually declines—that is to say, to the world in which a deliberate choice is made as to badness and goodness in ideas and the dramatic or pictorial or musical presentment of them. The claim of men like Mr. George Edwardes is to assimilate the one department to the other. The unwisdom of such a demand is obvious, for if the public come to understand that the criticisms of a play are merely descriptive and decorative expansions of the advertise-

ments, they will cease to read or to trust them, and the dramatic profession will lose its most powerful stimulus to progress, the most coveted reward of the actor's talent or the author's genius. But its impolicy is still more striking. Evil will be the day when Mammon controls the Press, and cowardly and treacherous the editor who will sell his right of direction and choice, of warning and repugnance, in the sphere of art and literature. In the end such a Press would be of no service to the theatre. It would only serve the most mechanical, the least moral, the least truthful and inspired, form of dramatic production. It seems to us a matter of some seriousness that the manager who had the audacity to come before the Committee on the Censorship and describe "The Spring Chicken" as a "perfectly harmless play," should seek to weaken the Press precisely in the function of which that type of drama stands urgently in need. In such an attack it is the business of the Press to stand together, and we shall hope to see, as we mark the treatment of Mr. Edwardes's plays in other daily papers than the "Westminster," that this critical vigilance has not been relaxed.

And here, we think, there is some ground for quarrel with the dramatic criticism of the London Press. If the critics had done their duty from the first, would even a powerful manager have dared to open this assault on their independence? In this country we live in the atmosphere of good-natured tolerance in matters of art. We lack the fixed standards of the French critic and the intellectual conscience of the Germans. And the habit of criticism—of speaking one's mind—was never more in abeyance in our journalism. Critical journalism requires that the entire scheme and method of a work of art—its motive, plan of production, its author's ideas and view of life, as well as its skill and merely pleasurable quality—should be laid bare with all the critic's knowledge and force of thought and expression. This is not the mark at which much of our current writing on the drama is aimed. A correspondent of the "Westminster" maliciously describes the London dramatic critics as "half lackeys and half descriptive reporters." How much of this is true? And if we could imagine an heroic resolve on the part of half-a-dozen great newspaper proprietors, to buy seats for their critics instead of getting them for nothing, and to risk the loss of every theatrical advertisement in their journals, would not the public have a keener and more profitable exercise of the function of criticism than they obtain to-day? And would not the British drama, when it had recovered from the shock of such surgery, be all the better for it? The Press must make its choice. The theatrical manager will either master it or be controlled by it. It can go on swathing the commercial drama in the pleasantly enticing phrases in which it is so easy to describe all forms of decadent art, it can make the public more and more in love with its commonplace allurements, its sumptuousness, its empty, sensual prettiness, or it can endeavor to create the taste for a more truthful and a more serious theatre. If it chooses the first path it will sooner or later fall a victim to Mr. Edwardes's bow and spear. If the latter, it will at least restore to journalism something of its fast waning authority in the spheres of the intellect and the emotions.

A LETTER TO A BUSINESS-MAN ON THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION NOW PENDING, FROM THE THREAT OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS TO REJECT THE BUDGET.

I.

THE reasonings which you have submitted to me upon the great constitutional question now at issue, have been so strange in their character and so dreadful in their import that I cannot forbear writing to you at length upon them. I believe that the opinions which you hold are those not at present perhaps held, but likely to be held in the immediate future, by a number of citizens of this country—respectable, worthy, and law-abiding. The prospect is so dreadful that I cannot avoid warning you of the consequences, for if the principles which you profess, and the consequences which they carry with them, are accepted by the mass of this country, revolution must supervene. Nor will the revolution that occurs be a small one; it will be a revolution affecting every part of the oldest and most historic of constitutions; it will enter into every crevice, strain every joint, press on every hinge, of that ancient furniture and decoration and framework which we know as national institutions. This revolution will submit our ancient polity, which has been worked out by ages of experience, to the passion of the moment, and confide the practical knowledge and the embodied wisdom of generations of lawyers, statesmen, and judges to the noisy clamors of a mob—fanned by passion, diverted by interest, and stung by injustice. As the class to which you belong is one that is in all respects the reverse of the mob above described, I cannot but hope that you will have reason to draw back from this fatal advocacy of revolution.

In order to bring home to your conviction the deadliness of the cause to which you devote yourself, I will not seek to disguise or to color my exposition by personal advocacy, I will appeal to you on the broadest grounds—and where my own passions can enter. I will show you the door and the passage of their admission.

To divide systematically your objections to the existing Budget, the first I observe to be a legal one. Your first contention is that a "legal training" is needful to understand this issue, which raises at once the method of reasoning to be pursued in interpreting the constitutional issue. Here at first sight we come across an error, besides which any other error is pardonable—for the question is necessarily not a legal, but a constitutional one, and, of all persons least likely to understand it, the strict lawyer is precisely the most obvious. Our constitution—being based, not upon a charter composed at one time and strictly adhered to, but upon an infinite variety of statutes—differently interpreted at different times, and upon a yet larger number of customs, traditions and precedents, again subject to different interpretations—is in no sense law. A written constitution—if in any way a complete one—is loose history and strict law, therefore its best interpreter is a lawyer. But a historic and traditional constitution is loose law and strict history, therefore its best interpreter is necessarily a historian.

The customs of the British Constitution have changed so often even during the last three centuries that no legal precedents—unless those referring to definite statutes—are of use, except they be confirmed by continuous action and sealed by perpetual execution, unless they are true to the existing spirit, tradition, and atmosphere. Now in England it is the spirit of anything that the strict lawyer is deliberately taught to avoid, the letter and the letter only is his law. For interpreting the Constitution, therefore, strict law must be laid aside and strict history be substituted. Nothing so far tends to establish the truth of this contention as the fact that the greatest lawyers of the present age are the first to admit it. Blackstone as an exponent of our Constitution in the eighteenth century is universally derided, and the three greatest living authorities on our Constitution, Bryce, Dicey, and Anson—all lawyers—have agreed in

admitting that it is custom which is the decisive law of the Constitution. Now custom is something different from law proper; the last may be the safeguard, but the first is the atmosphere, of a whole people. The air which they breathe, the food they eat, the ideas they express, the acts they commit, the dreams they dream, all these shape and mould the custom of their Constitution. Only the historian is fitted to interpret this, not because he neglects the strict law and the letter, but because he harmonises it with the spirit.

In viewing this question of custom historically, as regards the Commons and the Budget, only one opinion can be held. Since 1678 the Commons always have maintained their right to supreme financial control. If we penetrate still further back to the remote dawn of our Constitution we see the principle always clearly realised, if not so definitely expressed and defined. The whole business and condition of the Lower House has always been one of finance. For that it was first summoned, by that it gained its powers, by that alone can it continue them. From remote history another principle also emerges—that the parliamentary system of government has always existed in England, in some sense independently of popular influences. That is a necessary result of historic antiquity, and in the same way the Hungarian Parliament—the only legislative institution comparable to the English—has always preserved the same attitude. The independence of the Lower House, as against the people it represents, and the supremacy of its financial control, are the two chief parliamentary legacies England inherited from the Middle Ages.

The question arises, how have these two principles been modified since the great changes in the Constitution which the seventeenth century produced? Between 1688 and 1832 I can perceive no modifications whatever, except in so far as custom deepened and strengthened the operation of these principles. The voice of the people became the voice of God, but only when it was uttered through the House of Commons. The purse of the noble became open to the tax-gatherer, but only when the House of Commons pulled the string of it. In my judgment it is not till the period of the Reform Bill that any alteration is perceptible.

In 1832 we get an element introduced (which no strict lawyer would observe and no strict historian omit) that was destined to have great effects on the relation between the two Houses. The Lords opposed the Reform Bill, but by the aid of popular opinion the Commons vanquished them. Henceforth the Lords became distinctly inferior to the Commons, became registers of their wills in principle, if critics of their Bills in detail. From this time forward until 1884 the attitude of the House of Lords was entirely subdued and such that, though never confronted with a Commons majority half the size of that now existing, they over and over again suffered their dearest wishes and prejudices to be overridden. From 1884 onwards this attitude has changed; we no longer have a Commons, domineering and supreme, but a House of Lords—aggressive, alert, and rigid. However, during the interval of their submissiveness, in 1861, one change of great financial moment was acquiesced in by them. Their rejection of the Paper Duties Bill caused the consolidation of the Budget in one gigantic Bill, a principle which they accepted and have never since ventured to question or violate.

The general question of the attitude of the House of Lords does not concern us here, except incidentally. It is only of concern to establish that the House of Lords, so far from following old precedents, are gradually evolving new ones, and assuming an attitude of independence quite at variance with the spirit of their and our Constitution since 1832. For example, the India Councils Bill was recently modified by them in important particulars, though passed without criticism by the Commons. As each House contains distinguished Anglo-Indian authorities, the only possible conclusion is that the Commons refuse to arrogate to themselves an authority in such affairs, regarding them as non-party and Imperial ones, which the Lords openly and avowedly claim. That the Lords should occasionally exercise their

interests as a class, whether as sportsmen or landowners or brewers, and throw out Bills on that account, is a species of action to which no reasonable historian can object. The rejections, for example, of such Bills as the Licensing Bill, the Scottish Land Bill, and the Cruel Sports Bill, are measures which the politician and humanitarian can assail, but which cannot be specially reprehended by the historian, who recognises the hereditary selfishness of a class or corporation. But in so much as the historian concedes much to measures inspired by the selfishness of a class, he can concede nothing to a resistance which opposes national measures in the arrogance of a fancied superiority over the Commons. Such a measure was the rejection of the India Councils Bill, an emphatic proof that the House of Lords seeks to extend its powers, to push them into regions hitherto secure from the invasion of party, and contrary to the spirit which has informed their chamber since 1832—a spirit created by one of the most zealous supporters of their power, and by one of the most earnest upholders of their historic rights who ever lived—by the Duke of Wellington.* It is only by a similar forswearing of the past, by a similar trampling upon the ashes of precedent, that they can venture to assert their sovereignty in finance by rejecting the Budget.

H. W. V. TEMPERLEY.

(To be continued.)

Life and Letters.

THE "IDEA" OF HELLENISM.

OF the white, clean avenues which make up the fashionable quarter of modern Athens, the whitest and the cleanest bears the name of "The Street of the Phil-hellenes." Of the cafés where in every town and village the modern Greek worships the Logos and the spirit of dialectic over his white raki and his brown coffee, the proudest and most popular is apt to bear the name of Byron. Amid poverty and defeat, under the scoldings of the world's Press, with his ports in danger of blockade and his frontier menaced with invasion, the Greek child grows up with this superb consolation that there are Phil-hellenes even in the sunless regions of the North, that there always have been Phil-hellenes, that there always will be Phil-hellenes. It matters very little to what class or grade of society he belongs. He may go abroad, laborious, ingenious, to keep a grocer's store in Khartoum, or cultivate oranges in Florida. He may find himself wealthy, well-educated, elegant, among the "intellectuals" of Paris. There is always around his head this enviable halo. His enemies are Mis-hellenes, the foes of culture and light. His friends are Phil-hellenes, who have done their best to compound for an unlucky accident of birth, by doing honor to his race, his traditions, and his manifest destiny. His good fortune is unique and he knows it. There are people who have lived in Bulgaria and Servia and learned to like and, it may be, with some reservations, to admire their "barbarian" inhabitants. But there is no cult of Philo-Bulgarism, and Sofia has no Street of the Bulgarophils. The tradition never dies. Byron might burn away the sacred fire in mortal fever. It kindled the eloquence of Gladstone. Gladstone dead, there still is Clemenceau. The most commonplace citizen of modern Athens speaks and votes and arms with the consciousness of a great crowd of witnesses which lurks amid the pillars of the Acropolis and flits with ghostly steps upon the road to Marathon. He might in some rude moment of

* A similar proof was their attempt to amend the Old Age Pensions Bill, though in this case they submitted to the decision of the Speaker of the House of Commons, who ruled it out of order. A third is in their proposals for reforming the House of Lords, in which they attempt to limit and restrain the royal prerogative.

prose and disillusion shake off the obsession, but behind him is the sentiment which sustains his pretensions wherever there are educated men in Europe. He cannot forget that a Legion of Phil-hellenes fought at Pharsala and Domokos. He is pleasantly aware that a group of distinguished Frenchmen, archaeologists, scholars, journalists, is ever ready in distant Paris to defend his claims and perpetuate the cult of his race in graceful lectures and neatly turned articles.* He cannot, if he would, lose the sense of being Greek in all he does. He serves the national idea when he sells brandy to Egyptians; he is conscious of patriotism when he defiles the sky of Attica with his mill-chimneys. He is never a lonely individual. He is always a Hellene with a backing of Phil-hellenes. If, under all these goads to self-consciousness, he develops a chauvinism which runs at times to a deplorable intolerance and extravagance, he also attains a patriotism which has no equal in its capacity for self-sacrifice and devotion.

The sentiment which has canonised the modern Greeks with something of the affection which we feel for the ancients, is to some critics a splendid unreason, nor is it difficult to erect against its impetuous sympathies a formidable barrier of objections. It is not easy to decide how far the modern Greek inherits the blood of the ancients; it is even harder to say in what respect he represents the old tradition. There are undoubtedly islands on which the race has survived almost unmixed; there are as clearly large tracts of mainland Greece of which the population is chiefly Albanian, Wallachian or Slavonic in its origins. The nationalist patriotism of the Greeks is an essentially modern spirit, which owed its awakening to the French Revolution. Their democratic institutions are not centred in the city; they are based on a modern Liberal theory, and go to form a national State under a limited Monarchy. Their culture is predominantly French. Their Church, profoundly patriotic though it is in sentiment, is rather Eastern than Hellenic. It differs neither in doctrine, nor ritual, nor intellectual atmosphere from the churches of Bulgaria or Russia. It has none of the keen polemical spirit, the passion for speculation, the tendency to heresy and schism which were a distinctly Hellenic element in the early Christianity of the East. Nor can one honestly say that in letters, or philosophy, or the arts, the modern Greeks have as yet given proofs of the awakening of any hereditary genius. In literature their tradition is French, in architecture their masters were Germans, in music Italians. Promise we may detect, but as yet there is no great or spontaneous native achievement. In literature their advance is checked by the still undecided battle between the vigorous and natural vernacular, and the pedantic pseudo-classical language, imposed upon them by scholarly writers who knew something of ancient Greek but nothing of the laws which govern the evolution of a living tongue. Finally, despite the continual references in leading articles and public speeches to a classical past, the memory which really governs the thinking of the average Greek is not that of Periclean Athens, but rather that of Imperial Byzantium. The alluring dream, the "great idea," is not to restore the intellectual glories of the city-state, but rather to create again something resembling the Empire which the Turks overthrew. If this analysis—true so far as it goes—exhausted the truth about the modern Greeks, it would be a mere confusion of thought which caused the scholar, the poet, the idealist to expend upon them an affection which he denies to Servians or Roumanians. They would be simply one among several more or less promising Eastern peoples, all democratic, all as yet imitative in their culture, which are struggling through a difficult and often sordid present towards a future which we cannot divine. We know what we mean by the "Hellenism" which inspires the reverent study of Plato at Oxford, which clothes itself in Professor Gilbert Murray's translations of Euripides, or speaks to us in the pages of Pater. But Hellenism in

that sense of the word was not involved when the Greek bands went out to meet the Bulgarian bands in Macedonia.

But there is none the less a sense in which the Greeks are splendidly right when they claim to be in a special sense the pioneers of civilisation in the Near East. They began some generations before any other Christian race in the Near East to organise their education and to cultivate letters. They pursue culture to-day with a disinterested and liberal passion. The Bulgarians and the Armenians are to-day no less eager to learn, and they are more at home in the modern world of thought. Socialism, for example, has as yet no footing in Greece, but it thrives among the younger generation of Bulgarians and Armenians. Both these races turn with avidity to the study of the natural sciences. But throughout Turkey the atmosphere of a Greek school, whether for boys or girls, is almost exclusively literary. The present writer has seen a class of girls of thirteen or fourteen in a Macedonian town, busied while the world beyond its walls was seething with revolution, in construing the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon and attempting to follow its thought. The boys in the Bulgarian gymnasium a few streets away were writing essays on Darwin and spending their afternoons on experimental chemistry. In a Cretan wayside inn one may chance upon a commercial traveller who will delight his clients by reciting long passages from the *Odyssey*. Among the leaders of the great insurrection was one who boasted the ability to recite by heart four plays of the Attic dramatists, another was translating Kant into modern Greek, and a third would lie on the roof of the insurgent headquarters, lost in a volume of Plato. It would be an exaggeration to pretend that such tastes are general or even common. The Greeks are not yet a reading people. But the astonishing fact in their social system is that this keenly commercial people is none the less anxious that boys destined to become clerks or store-keepers should spend valuable years in acquiring a by no means contemptible knowledge of the classics. That is but one illustration of the spirit which distinguishes the Greeks. The Bulgarian who reads Tolstoy in the original Russian may be a more thoughtful and a better educated man than the Greek who can recite by heart an oration of Demosthenes. But the latter acquirement is a proof of a disinterested love of letters which is rare among the other peoples of the Near East. It is in a utilitarian spirit that the Bulgarian acquires Russian and chemistry. The Greek goes to his classics with a passionate idealism which asks for no reward more sordid than the sense of pride in a great heritage. While this gifted race represents this spirit in the East, it fulfils a mission. Political success it does not need. Conquest and expansion would not assist its task. Its centre is the school. A wise Phil-hellene will not desire that Greece should greatly strengthen her army, or expend her strength in attempting territorial aggrandisement. The "great idea," as we see it, is not the restoration of the Byzantine Empire, but the development, wherever Greek is spoken, of this active intellectual temper, which has conceived, amid the perils of a racial struggle and the meanness of Levantine commerce, the conception of a disinterested intellectual life. There lies the true Hellenism, and the best service which the Phil-hellene can render is to help the Hellene to know himself.

THE SACRED RAGE OF THE PEOPLE.

THE blaze of indignation that has swept from one end of the civilised world to the other, from Paris to Montevideo, on hearing the tidings of the execution of Señor Ferrer is significant in various ways. In the first place, it is a vindication of what we may term the inherent virtue of the people. Historians and sociologists have been too prone to dwell upon a certain susceptibility to sheer brutality, and to base suggestions of blind ferocity which they attribute as dominant motives to the collec-

* See "Greece in Evolution," a series of lectures translated from the French, with a preface by Sir Charles Dilke, under the editorship of Mr. G. F. Abbott. T. Fisher Unwin.

tive mind. A crowd, they argue, is a lower organ of humanity than its individual constituents, its emotions and its conduct are more irrational and more unjust, unfounded fears and suspicions operate as more potent irritants, it rushes into violent action and always repents too late. Even when for the visible chance crowd we substitute popular opinion, the same faults are found by those who from conviction, interests, or temper are enemies of democracy. For in this analysis of the general mind it is nothing else than the whole cause of democracy that is at stake. If the people in its aggregate capacity is irredeemably ferocious, credulous, and incapable of self-control, it is difficult to maintain that the ultimate control of government is better left in their hands than in those of some oligarchy of superior persons trained to act upon their individual judgment, and perhaps possessed of enough goodwill to keep in check their selfish proclivities.

It is because it affords a practical refutation of this partial judgment of the popular mind that we are glad to witness this powerful display of the popular sense of justice. There is in every people a wisdom, an instinctive intelligence and a passion for right, a veritable voice of God. It is often beclouded, poisoned, and perverted to mean ends. But in the suggestion which works so powerfully upon the popular mind there is almost always a nucleus of sound passion; the mob of lynchers is goaded to a not wholly ignoble fury of sympathy with the victim of some cruel deed; "Mafficking" itself, with its degrading orgies, has its kernel of perverted patriotism.

The people is better as well as worse than its individuals, a crowd is capable of nobler judgments and greater heroism than its average member. Superior persons who sneer at or denounce the voluble indignation of ignorant folk who hardly know the place of Spain upon the map, and never heard the name of Ferrer until last week, only convict themselves of the ignorance which belongs to their superiority. It is true that this popular judgment is not based on a cool consideration of detailed evidence: it is largely instinctive. But the instinct is not so blind, so ill-informed, as is represented. The plain lessons of the secular struggle for toleration and for liberty are branded by just, though formless, traditions upon the minds of millions who have never heard of Lord Acton or buried themselves in the archives of national history. The unholy alliance of Church and State for the suppression of free thought, free speech, free Press, and free action, is perhaps the greatest, the most potent, and the most oppressive iniquity that history discloses through the ages, and even in the most liberal countries to-day the forces of reaction are constantly working towards re-establishing in some new shape this famous confederacy of spiritual authority and physical power. It needs no minute research into the methods of judicial inquiry prevalent in Spain to recognise in the legal assassination of Ferrer a modern instance of a once familiar procedure. Those who lecture the peoples for their want of self-control say they ought to accept the informed judgment of the tribunal which must be presumed to have before it facts and evidence of criminal intent not publicly disclosed as yet. But it is this procedure, the secrecy, the preference of a military for a civil court, the selection of witnesses, the hurrying of the execution, that furnish the substance of our indignation.

It is not, as some foolish persons suggest, a sign of growing anarchism that leads our great cities to organised protest against this action of the Government of Spain. On the contrary, this protest is the most powerful testimony that could be given to the growing recognition of the modern State as a standard and security of justice. In earlier times, nay, in times not remote, such acts of a State were so common as to awaken less indignation and no surprise. The most Christian monarchs employed false charges, cooked evidence, and hurried executions, as usual methods of dealing with the propagators of dangerous doctrine: the Church used the secular arm freely and openly to rid her of her enemies. We cannot affect surprise that the

Church and the compliant Government of Spain should have failed to recognise that the age has gone when these things can be done with ease and impunity. For the force of the indignation of the civilised world against the judicial outrage in a little known country has surprised those who are in sympathy with the movement. It is, in the first place, a new testimony to the solidarity of labor. For though the shock of the outrage was felt among all classes of the nations, it is significant that the working-class organisations have everywhere and alone exerted themselves to give immediate and vigorous expression to their sentiments. Others have followed their lead. In some ways it is to be regretted that the public manifestation of an almost universal feeling should have been left so exclusively to the spokesmen of the Extreme Left. But any such consideration is outweighed by the revelation that the parties of urgent discontent in every land join in demanding plain public justice as the first and most urgent duty of the State. This sense for justice is the basis of democracy, and it is only natural that it should find earliest and most vehement expression among the workers, who in every country are still most exposed to the dangers of an officialism wielded by class or creed, and who see in liberty of speech and education the best security against such abuses of power. This internationalism of moral sympathy is not the mere vapid sentiment which some represent it to be. The official answers of Foreign Ministers still belong to the era of separatism which ever asks "Am I my brother's keeper?" International relations on their formal side still remain so inchoate that no open expostulation with a foreign Government is possible, unless it be covered by the assertion of some special interest upon the part of the intervening nation, or unless the erring State be very feeble or very backward. But the international character of this ferment of feeling must be itself a factor of growing import in the relations of States and Governments. Perhaps the time may even be approaching when it will be recognised, not merely as the right, but even as the duty, of the responsible statesmen in the foremost civilised nations to denounce as disturbers of the international peace Governments which commit or permit atrocities that shock the conscience of humanity and stir dangerous emotions of riot and distrust throughout the civilised world.

It is profoundly to be desired that the keen general sense of justice widespread among the peoples should grow so strong and find such vigorous expression as to compel their Governments to seek modes of realising in peaceable forms of representation this reality of the moral and emotional solidarity of nations. The enlistment of the Labor movement in the different nations in this cause of humanity is an admirable rejoinder to those who charge it with materialism, class-hatred, and anarchic tendencies. For the agitation has evinced in the workers the most passionate conviction that the State stands first for justice, that the education of the people is their truest and safest method of advance, and that a martyr for education is even more sacred than the soldier who suffers or is slain in the narrower political and economic struggle. But while such an act as the execution of Ferrer thus testifies to the general conviction of the supremacy of justice in the State, its criminality lies in the direct lead it gives to anarchism in Spain. It is a right feeling which regards this cold, calculated iniquity on the part of a State as an incomparably worse crime than the maniacal or desperately reckless act of the individual bomb-thrower. The one is a comparatively feeble assault upon the fortress of the State from without, the other a betrayal from within. A State, which thus implicitly declares that it is not strong enough or wise enough to stand upon right, has *ipso facto* abandoned its moral claim upon the respect and obedience of the people. Its spiritual foundations are sapped, and an abandonment to such a policy of terror, each instance inducing another by a fatal chain of vicious causation, must in time come to extinguish any claim it may have had upon the comity of nations.

FOREIGN POETRY AND ENGLISH READERS.

AMONG the few European newspapers which are over a century old, and which are able day by day to reprint matter from their issues of a hundred years back, is the "Journal des Débats." One day during last month it printed a piece of its dramatic criticism in 1809, which was remarkable as showing how cultivated Parisians at that time regarded German letters. The subject was some performances in Paris of the works of Gessner. The "Débats" critic (1809) observed that Gessner was the only German dramatist of any real merit. The fault of the Germans, he said, was that they were too much obsessed by "the monstrosities of Shakespeare" and "his more monstrous imitator, Schiller." No mention of Goethe is made in the critique.

Recollect that Schiller was then dead, and the whole body of his work was before the public. Goethe was sixty years old, and though the output of his wonderful old age had not appeared, practically the whole of his dramatic achievement had—a mass which in volume, weight, and splendor, utterly transcended the achievement of anyone then alive. And who was this Gessner, who effaced them all for the critic of the "Débats"? You may read of him in histories of literature, where a fraction of a page is now usually sufficient to catalogue his pretentious "Death of Abel" and the less pretentious pastoral idylls. The latter, perhaps, a few people with an especially keen taste for the eighteenth century pastoralism do still occasionally take down from their dustiest shelves.

Of course, it was time, as well as place and nation, that led the "Débats" critic of 1809 so far astray. The Romantic movement was then unborn in France; twenty years later it would have been different. But the real difficulty, when all is said, is national. For a considerable part of the eighteenth century German poetry, like English, had tried to form itself on French models. And then came the influence of those "monstrosities of Shakespeare," and by a mysterious inner harmony linked itself to the forces of native revival to produce a poetic literature which English and Germans can comprehend and which Frenchmen constitutionally cannot. The same thing happened in England shortly afterwards. And what is as noticeable, is that Englishmen, and to some extent Germans too, lost therewith much of that power of appreciating French poetry which they had spent a century in laboriously cultivating. The Englishman to-day, and in some measure the German, is constitutionally incapable of doing justice to Racine or Corneille. Perhaps he may tolerate it as literature; he cannot pass it as poetry.

On the French side, as on the English, this incomprehension remains. In spite of Hugo and the Anglicising or Germanising of other leaders of the French Romantic movement, English and German poetry only come to a Frenchman with difficulty. English poets, like Swinburne and Meredith, who have paid special poetic attention to France, are unread there. Such a fine contemporary French poet as M. Henri de Regnier, writing in the same "Journal des Débats" only last August, confesses the naivest ignorance of them. We may leave this to Frenchmen to deal with; presumably it is they and not we who are the chief losers; at any rate they alone can alter it. But the other half of the incomprehension devolves on us. It is we who are the losers through our failure to appreciate such a noble poet as Racine. It is we alone who can repair our omission and our loss. It is we whose interest it is to build bridges so far as we can across the gulf which separates us from the poetry of the most civilised and civilising of modern peoples.

If the gulf is ever to be bridged, one must begin by measuring it. It is not merely from Racine and Corneille that most English readers are divided, not merely from classicism or the Louis Quatorze school; it is from all the greatest French poetry, from the nineteenth century no less than the seventeenth and eighteenth. When a posterity sufficiently remote to be impartial compares the poetry of the different great nations since the death of Goethe, there cannot be much doubt which will bear

away the palm. It will be the nation of Hugo, Lamartine, and Leconte de Lisle. Nearly all this splendid literature is a closed book to English readers, not only to average laymen but to critics and poets. A few of the lesser stars in the French galaxy—François Villon, André Chénier, Verlaine—have from time to time appealed upon what may be called accidental grounds to leaders of our literary fashions. But to the main lights they are blind. Take even one of them so sympathetic towards much that is French, as Matthew Arnold. Arnold observes, almost off hand, that in his judgment the single volume of André Chénier outweighs all the volumes of Hugo. Now André Chénier is an extraordinary genius. Considering when he lived and how early he died, we cannot easily put limits to what he might have been. But to draw the comparison which Arnold draws between what Chénier actually wrote and what Hugo actually wrote, is criticism nearly on a level with that of the "Débats" critic of 1809 upon Gessner, Schiller, and Shakespeare. It is, too, very similar in origin. The "Débats" critic did not praise Gessner for any fundamental excellence as a German poet, but because his pastorals were Frenchified and made an appeal *ad hominem* to the Parisian. In the same way it is evidently not Chénier's fundamental excellence as a French poet but his happening to be a precursor of Arnold's Hellenism that especially commends him to Arnold.

Arnold himself illustrates, and half explains, in another place, what is part of the reason—the part which most affects Englishmen and Germans in common. This is simply ear. The general system whereby words and sentences are accentuated is very similar in English and in German. It is wholly different in French, and this difference translates itself into a wide difference in the rhythm and scansion of verse. Very few Englishmen can really make head or tail of the rhythm of French verse. Arnold quotes a French Alexandrine couplet:—

"Ah! que me dites-vous, et que vous dit mon âme?
Que dit le ciel à l'aube, et la flamme à la flamme!"

and then quotes a couplet from Heine:—

"Siehst sehr sterbeblässig aus,
Doch getrost! du bist zu Haus,"

and his comment is that the latter is by contrast very refreshing, to us "with the German paste in our composition." It is these last words which explain the verdict. The Heine couplet is strong in feeling, but as a piece of pure poetic sound—and it is as such that Arnold cites it—it cannot get over the horrible cacophony of its elements, which are an aggravated string of sibilants and gutturals. The Alexandrine couplet which Arnold quotes on the other hand, though not specially remarkable, has real music. But to the average English reader (Arnold included) the rhythm of the former affords the pleasure which comes from recognising something quite familiar beneath a curious (but not baffling) disguise. Whereas the rhythm of the French Alexandrine is something which he does not know and could not arrive at by guessing. Even the cosmopolitan Byron evidently did not know it. He called it "monotony in wire"; which is just what it is as read and heard by an Englishman, but not at all what it is as a Frenchman reads it and hears it.

The other bar to our appreciating French verse is one of language; and this is peculiar to us—the Germans do not share it. French is for an Englishman the easiest foreign language to translate somehow and the hardest to translate rightly. It is because half the words in English are of French origin, but these words practically never mean in English just what they mean in French. "Son coeur enflammé" does not mean "her inflamed heart"; it means "her heart on fire." "Des transports ardents" do not mean "ardent transports." It is not often that "audacieux" can be rightly rendered by "audacious," or "farouche" by "ferocious," or even "rage" by "rage." When the English reader, who forgets that, or has never been told it, turns to Racine or Corneille, he obtains a quite false impression of tinsel and bombast; the ardent transports and inflamed hearts are altogether too much for him; he gets tired of hear-

ing bold men called audacious, and so forth. He translates Racine's French words not by their English equivalents, but by their English derivatives, and consequently comes to think Racine's style just as stilted and insincere and unpoetic as would be the style of an English poet who used no English words except those derived from French. The impression is so unjust and the reason for it so obvious, that one can only marvel at its quasi-universality among English readers to-day.

That excellent Anglo-French poetess, Madame Duclaux (Mary F. Robinson), in a recent book on French literature has put Racine to the single-line test beloved of Matthew Arnold. The lines which she compares with "Absent thee from felicity awhile," and the rest of the Arnold touchstones are not ill-chosen. She quotes the yearning cry of Antiochus in "Bérénice":—

"Dans l'Orient désert quel devint mon ennui!"

and Hippolyte's noble protest:—

"Le jour n'est pas plus pur que le fond de mon cœur."

It has been interesting to notice the English reviewer's absolute bewilderment at these instances. While he mentally translates "l'Orient désert" "the desert Orient," and renders "ennui" by "ennui" (*i.e.*, mere "boredom"), it is certainly not easy for him to feel the poetry of the first. The second depends partly on the force of the French word "jour," which combines the ideas of light and life and the well-springs of both, in a way for which there is no English equivalent.

The gulf is alas, then, very wide and very much to be deplored; yet not unbridgeable. A less slovenly and more literary teaching of French in schools would go far to bridge it. Meanwhile everyone has more or less to construct his own bridge. The only fatal obstacle is a conscious or unconscious acquiescence in the notion—to which the old Adam in us all clings so persistently—that it is better to ignore and belittle foreign achievement than to understand and to profit by it.

"TOADSTOOLS."

THE warm, clinging nights that brought the mushroom into being are for the most part done with. Or they have retreated to the woods where they bring up all manner of poisonous and suspect beauty known by the comprehensive name of toadstools. Every day presents us with some new decoration of decayed stump, tall dead tree, or seemingly bare bank where leaves are rotting under the soil. You cannot walk far without being attracted by some *russula* under foot in the open alleyways of the wood, for the hues of the *russula* are almost as the flowers of the field, ranging from nearly the blue of chicory to the gloomy maroon of dusky crane's-bill.

On our heathery common where the birch trees grow, the most brilliant of all our fungi scatter themselves like ripe red tomatoes, each strewn with white spots that serve to enhance the brilliance of the scarlet. Nobody is likely to mistake the fly agaric for one of the many edible species that are to be found among the mob of toadstools. Even the slugs that batten on the *russulas* that no human being may eat, give these a wide berth. But if you split them you will find now and then the galleries of some fly in the grub stage, surely a very special fly to forage in so poisonous a mess. The association between the fly agaric and the birch tree is very marked. We scarcely ever see it ten yards from a growing birch, and have usually found some stump or trace of the tree whenever the fungus has apparently sprung up outside birchland. It is not, as most people imagine, a parasite or a battener on the decay of the tree, but a partner, very much as the nitrifying nodule is a partner to the great leguminous class that it almost exclusively serves. At any rate, we make bold to think so, and long ago shook out some of the spores under the birch on the lawn, and have added to the glory of the pale golden leaves the fiery glow of what the gardener calls "them nasty cankers."

"Mushroom" has become the last word of reproach

for the rapidity with which it springs up, apparently out of nothing. It is because no one sees the long preparation by which the miracle is preceded. The flowering of a fungus is a complete triumph of organisation. For months the thin mycelium-threads spread through the country which is their source of supply, often a country full of chasms, fissures, faults, which must be bridged again and again by these airy message-lines. A pheasant's footstep is a catastrophe breaking many bridges, but they are silently and swiftly renewed and all the communications made once more intact. The invisible army of occupation goes on extending week by week, and still nothing else happens. Then, as though at a word of command, concentration becomes the order of the day. Supplies pour at breakneck speed along those countless roads. They meet at the arranged point which yesterday no one could have foretold. Their infinities of little pile up into an infinitely great, a dome like that of St. Paul's, but reared on a single central column. On the under side it is fretted with deep grooves with walls as slender as a barb from a bird's feather, and deep in the grooves are placed millions on millions of highly elaborated bodies, the germs of future fungi. It is the miracle of Aladdin's palace, performed by the million every brooding autumn night.

We have not the hardihood to dine on fungus except when we can get a basket of the one pink-gilled, easily skinned species which, under the name of mushroom, we lift from its fungus class into a position of special honor. Yet in fact there are tons of food just as good as the mushroom among these other fairy palaces. In the dank grass where the mushrooms grew are umbrella-like champignons which we could surely pick without an atom of doubt. Among the bracken gleam greenish yellow caps which, being turned over, reveal a pin-holed sponge instead of the usual gills. Drop it quickly. A thing so remote from *Agaricus campestris* as this must be not merely poisonous to the palate but even dangerous to the touch. Not so. This half-pound *boletus* would make for us, if only we had the courage to cook and eat it, a dish superior to mushroom. They eat it in countries where they deem the mushroom poisonous, and the Italians exiled to this land of fogs carry away the dainty by the handkerchief-full. But be it known that there are five or six *boleti* and only two of them edible, the others being compounded of baleful fire and stomachic torment. A safer experiment in mycophagy is to climb an oak and fetch down thence a fungus that looks like a pound or two of beef steak, for it is indeed the beef-steak fungus that juts out there like a rolled ox tongue—a link between vegetarianism and a carnivorous diet. Indeed, vegetable graves most beefy in flavor are sometimes of fungoid origin. Again, those pearl-grey half-moons jutting out in a big cluster from a decaying stump are oyster mushrooms—if only we could be perfectly certain of them—and one of the most delectable of all mushroom dishes.

A beech tree that has been dead some years, and still stretches its branches but not its twigs far up towards the still sky, is begemmed from top to bottom with shiny, slimy, white fungi, with here and there a blue-grey boss as a link between them and the dead grey bark. A hornbeam has been rent as though with an explosion where the mycelium insisted on coming through, and it has built there a pile of blossom that looks like a dish of nearly two dozen very large and very appetising penny buns. The golden-brown caps are glazed in the pastry-cook's best manner with sticky sugar through which you seem to see the gleam of saffron and other tasty contents. A water-dripping bank that seemed to be covered with huge dead leaves turns out to be covered with sad-brown fungi, the edges of the caps turned upward, twisted and curled like the wasted leaves of butter-bur or colt's-foot. But look into the hollow branch where once a little owl nested. While a red fungus unfolded its button there, a spider spun her web across, and now the button has become a full-grown umbrella, and has scattered the whole grotto with brilliant spores the color of fresh chloride of gold. The gossamer has become gold-spangled muslin; the sides of

the cavern glow like fire; it is almost impossible not to talk nonsense about some fairy queen inhabiting there.

To what end all this magnificence? It is one of the unanswerable questions. It does not appeal to the aesthetic sense of any useful insect. When a fly is wanted to carry the spores about, the stink-horn knows well enough how to get scores of them, that is by a stench of bad eggs and sulphur that fills the wood from one end to the other. But the spores of the stink-horn are borne on the outside of the cap, while the gorgeous *russulas* and others protect them under the dome. We must fall back on the theory of warning colors, though not with entire confidence. The fly agaric no doubt effectually calls out, "Thou shalt not eat." There is no ambiguity about its red and no doubt about the reality of its ultimatum. On the other hand, the difference between a poisonous and an innocuous *boletus* is merely the difference between one "Liberty" tint and another. And many of the most gaudy of woodland fungi are not only nibbled by slugs but torn up and devoured by squirrels and mice. The most brilliant of all fungus gems is the *peziza* that we call "moss-cup," which blossoms on dead black sticks in gloomiest and dankest ditches. It is almost as woody and uneatable as the stick on which it blooms, and even if it had the color and the fragrance of honey, nothing would feel disposed to eat it. The outside is brilliant mauve and the inner concavity the intense carmine of unwinking fire. It is in the cup that the spores are pitted in clusters, but what adventurous insect goes in there when the frost is on the bog where *peziza scutellata* delights to blossom? And what animal even in the rigor of winter would wish to eat so unlikely a morsel? Surely it is as a pure delight for the eye that this splash of carmine is produced next to the black of rotted oak and the vivid green of mid-winter moss fringed with the feathers of hoar frost.

Communications.

THE NEW CENSORSHIP.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Against a paper of the standing of the "Westminster Gazette" nothing that Mr. George Edwardes can say will have any weight whatever with those who still retain some sense of proportion. Everyone is capable of assessing for himself the comparative values of the "Westminster" in the world of journalism and of Mr. George Edwardes in the world of drama. Nevertheless, I am glad that public attention has been drawn to the issue which has arisen between these oddly matched antagonists. It is an issue which touches the prestige, dignity, and usefulness of the Press very closely, and even the insignificance of one of the parties cannot detract from its gravity. When Mr. Edwardes declares that he considers it "an anomaly to advertise in one column and to be attacked in another," and when he orders the managers of his various theatres "to withdraw my advertisements and to cease my connection" with a journal that has the audacity to pass a mildly adverse judgment on one of his productions, it is perfectly clear that he regards the Press as a branch of the box-office, and that, as a patron of the counting-house, he expects also to influence, if not to dictate, the opinions of the editorial room. All journalists, as it seems to me, are equally concerned in seeing that his expectations are disappointed. Otherwise there is an end of all honesty and independence, not merely in dramatic criticism but in every other branch of the profession. The "contagious character," as Lord Rosebery might call it, of Mr. Edwardes's claim would be very quickly apparent if once it were submitted to. All the other advertisers would demand the privilege for which Mr. Edwardes is contending, and the journal of the near future would be one in which every publisher and theatre proprietor wrote the notices of his own books and plays, every manufacturer puffed his own goods, and so on; until, instead of an organ of opinion, you had nothing but a commercial circular. The forecast sounds fanciful; but nobody who has watched the change in English journalism from individual to corporate proprietorship, and the growing pre-

dominance of the dividend point of view which that change has brought with it, will deny that it is impossible. We have, as a matter of fact, in the very recent history of a famous New York paper, a pertinent illustration of what the dictatorship of the advertiser, and especially the dictatorship of the theatrical manager, leads to; and anyone who thinks *Vaffaire Edwardes* a matter of small moment, either to journalism or to the public, may be invited to ponder over the case of Mr. William Winter and the New York "Tribune."

The New York "Tribune" is one of the oldest and most reputable journals in the United States. A generation ago it was to America what the "Times," also a generation ago, was to England. It shaped and influenced American opinion more decisively than any daily paper, than any half-dozen daily papers, now published in the country. It was the only journal that could at all be held to speak for America. Even to-day, though much of its old authority has left it, it is still an organ of very considerable weight, admirably written, carefully edited, and with a wide range of interests. Its foreign, and especially its London, correspondence is one of its most excellent features. In domestic politics it represents the best conservatism of the nation; it is nearer than any other journal to being the official spokesman of the Republican Party. In international, and particularly in Anglo-American affairs, it has consistently thrown its influence on the side of peace. It discusses serious questions seriously and with knowledge. Against the sensationalism which has swamped too much of American journalism it has always taken a firm and effective stand, upholding the old traditions of sobriety and dignity in the face of a constantly dwindling circulation. I am very far from agreeing with all its opinions, but I found myself when in New York subscribing to it for longer periods, and reading it more frequently, than any other journal. It is a paper, in short, that by its appearance, its tone, its informed moderation in controversy, naturally attracts the exiled Britisher. For more than forty years Mr. William Winter has been its dramatic critic. He is a poet and essayist as well as a critic, a man of letters known and highly honored by all Americans. I think myself that his countrymen have somewhat overrated his abilities, and in reading his criticisms I have often been conscious of what seemed to me grave limitations, angularities, and petulanties in his attitude towards the best work of the modern dramatists. But that is a mere personal opinion. The great majority of Americans look upon him, not only as the *doyen*, but as the ripest and most scholarly and representative of native critics; and his resignation from the "Tribune" some two months ago, after a connection that had lasted since 1865, was felt as a national loss. When the reason of his resignation became known, it was felt to be a national scandal as well. The correspondence connected with it has been published, and from it I transcribe the salient passages:—

"I resigned from the 'Tribune' staff," wrote Mr. Winter, in a letter to the editor, "because of a perfectly plain, diametrical, irreconcilable opposition of judgment as to editorial policy and duty, in the public interest, relative to theatrical conditions and affairs. Since July, 1865, up to about two years ago, I opposed and denounced in the 'Tribune' every bad, vulgar, indecent play, and every person and every proceeding in the theatrical world injurious (in my opinion) to the public welfare. In doing so I not only did not incur censure from the editor, but I was often encouraged and sustained in that obviously right course. About two years ago there came a change. Many articles of mine, dealing with manifest abuses in the theatre, have been within that time rejected altogether. Many others (some of the same kind, some containing critical condemnation of plays) have been cut or modified in important passages. In protesting against that injustice I wrote to your managing editor, Mr. Brown, January 17th, 1909: ' . . . My articles, relative to indecent, and therefore reprehensible, plays, have been, and are, framed for the purpose of doing as much injury to the business of the persons exploiting them as is possible; of informing respectable persons of what is going on in the theatre, and of keeping as many readers as possible away from obnoxious and injurious plays.'"

The difficulties of an editor in dealing with a well-known and, possibly, exacting contributor are by no means among the least of human trials. But the editor's reply to

Mr. Winter shows that the difference between them did not concern their personal relations, but was based, as Mr. Winter declared, on "a perfectly plain, diametrical, irreconcilable, opposition of judgment as to editorial policy and duty." The editor wrote to Mr. Winter:—

"Your policy of placing, on the Sunday theatrical page, *beside our theatrical advertising* (my italics) matter 'framed for the purpose of doing as much injury as possible to the business' of some of our advertisers . . . may or may not be the right tone, and the publication of such articles may or may not be the duty of the journalist to society. I do not attempt to decide the question. All I say is that my instructions with regard to that page are that the articles are not to be framed with any such purpose, and the excisions which I made were in strict and necessary accordance with those instructions."

In another letter to Mr. Winter, the editor of the "Tribune" said:—"It is my opinion that the theatrical news published on Sunday should not be condemnatory. . . . That a play is well attended, that there has, or has not, been a change in the cast, &c., &c.—these are facts which can be properly stated, whether the play is good or bad."

There, sir, you reach the culmination of the Edwardes policy. It begins by the withdrawal of advertisements from any newspaper that publishes a hostile criticism. It continues until it compels even a famous and reputable journal like the New York "Tribune" to get rid of a distinguished critic, whose ineradicable vice it is that he will insist on telling the truth and serving the public in honesty and good faith. That is why the "Westminster Gazette" deserves the thanks, not only of all journalists, but of all playgoers and of the public at large, for so steadfastly exposing and resisting a manœuvre which can only end, unless crushed at the outset, in the degradation of two great professions—of journalism, by robbing it of its sincerity; of the drama, by depriving it of informed and candid criticism.—Yours, &c.,

SYDNEY BROOKS.

80, Addison Road, W.
October 21st, 1909.

THE ULTRAMONTANISM OF LORD HUGH CECIL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The Welsh Church question has done a great deal to bring out a new school of Anglicanism. In fighting Welsh nationalism the Church of England has placed itself in a difficulty similar to that which confronts the Radical politician who opposes Woman's Suffrage. So far as the Anglican claims against Rome can be upheld, they must be supported from any but a purely Protestant standpoint, by an appeal to the principle of nationalism. And this very principle of nationalism hopelessly condemns the existing Welsh establishment. The late Mr. T. E. Ellis once put the Welsh case in a nutshell, when he asked if Wales has not the same right to repudiate Canterbury as Canterbury herself had to repudiate Rome. The historical and canonical arguments on which in Church defence meetings and Church Congresses Anglican dignitaries attempt to prove that the Welsh Church has of its own free will become part and portion of the province of Canterbury are as flimsy in the eyes of the historian as they are irrelevant in the judgment of the politician. It is a fact, no doubt, that the old Cymric Church in Wales and the Marches, which originally defied Augustine at the Herefordshire oak tree, in the course of the centuries accepted the discipline and ritual of the Latin Church, and entered into friendly relations with the Church of Canterbury. But when, after the Norman conquest, the Archbishop of Canterbury endeavored to make his jurisdiction effective, national feeling arose in revolt. It is far from being a fact, as the audience at the Swansea Church Congress may have imagined, that when Archbishop Baldwin, with Norman spears behind him, celebrated High Mass at the altar of St. David's Cathedral, the struggle was over. It was only a few years after Baldwin's visit that the chapter of St. David's elected Gerald de Barry, the very man who had been Archbishop Baldwin's guide, to the throne of St. David and sent him to Rome to ask for the pall, as the emblem of Welsh ecclesiastical independence. And every Welsh Prince stood by Gerald in the mighty, if hopeless,

war that he waged in the curia for the "honor of Wales," for it was not by the decree of the Apostolic See, but by armed violence that the Ecclesia Walensica (so ran the Princes' petition) had been subjected to the power of England and Canterbury. Nor was the voice of Welsh freedom hushed when, nigh a century later, Archbishop Peckham, flushed with the final victory of the Norman Crown and the Norman Church over the last of the Llewelyns, came to set up his cross in the valley sanctuary of Menevia. He was greeted by the Bishop with the protest, "We receive you as Primate, but not as Metropolitan."

And once again, when, in the fifteenth century, the Wales of the old Princes and the Wales of the Marches rose to make Wales an independent State under the Red Dragon and Owen Glyndwr, the first demand of the patriot leader was for a national Church and an Archbishopric of St. David's for Wales. It is a strange reflection on the modern Anglican theory of the canonical identity of the Welsh and English Churches, that two of the Welsh bishops and the mass of the Welsh clergy, as well as the Franciscan friars, stood by Glyndwr in his fight against England and Canterbury. Rowland Williams, of "Essays and Reviews" fame, was not a High Churchman, yet his almost forgotten drama of "Owen Glyndwr" drew an over-true picture of the Wales that seethed under the oppression of foreign Lord Marcher and alien bishop, which is not undeserving of the attention of those ecclesiastical dignitaries who preach from Congress platforms that Welsh nationalism was never an ecclesiastical force since the day that Archbishop Baldwin carried his cross into the shrine of Dewi.

It is true that, after Bosworth, Wales acquiesced for a time contentedly in English rule, and that Elizabeth and Cecil, who understood something of Welsh nationalism, gave her the Bible and Prayer Book in Welsh. But with the accession of the House of Hanover, the old evil of an episcopate alien in race and language from Wales revived. From the days of Walpole to those of Gladstone, no Welshman sat on a Welsh episcopal throne, and the result of the alien rule appeared in the religious revolution that swept Wales into Nonconformity. Whether it be regarded in the light of past history, or of the practical needs of to-day, the incorporation of the Welsh Church in the Province of Canterbury is alike inexpedient and indefensible. From a strictly Church point of view, a Welsh episcopalian Church, free from State control and united to the Anglican communion by the same loose ties that bind the Colonial Churches, would make a tenfold stronger appeal to the Welsh people than does the present establishment. The practical advantages that would ensue from a reconstruction of the Welsh Church on nationalist lines, with an Archbishopric at St. David's, and Welsh services in the Cathedrals, would be bought cheaply by a sacrifice of a part of the ancient endowments. Sagacity has seldom, however, been the distinguishing feature of the Anglican episcopate, and it is easy to understand why it hesitates to take a course that would involve an immediate loss.

It is harder to explain at first sight Lord Hugh Cecil's position and his contemptuous tone at the Swansea Congress to all ideas of a compromise with Welsh nationality. For he does not speak in ignorance. He has sat on the Welsh Church Commission, and has heard the case for Wales put forward from the lips of her ablest Nonconformists. He must have known that his words at Swansea would carry pain to the Welsh clerics, who, apart from the establishment question, are good nationalists. Yet he spoke them all the same. Nationality as a force in religious matters he sternly refuses to recognise, either for England or Wales. Between Church and State there may be a concordat, but not between Church and nation, and he cynically explained that, in practice, the establishment system does not work badly in England, for when Churchmen are united they can make Parliament do what they wish.

One could easily criticise this cynical view, but it is more important to realise that its chief champion is, for good or evil, fast becoming practically the dictator of the Church of England. Lord Hugh is, as the Bishops well know, the only man of first rank in the country who has alike the will and the power to interest the public in ecclesiastical questions, and they must follow him, because he is their only possible leader.

He has led them on this Welsh Church question to repudiate that very principle of nationalism in religion on which Anglicanism itself rests, and one asks, in surprise, how much further he may lead them. Those who know most of his views believe that for the ideas of the nationalist Liberal and the Jingo Tory he has little but contempt. His support of Free Trade indicated a tendency to cosmopolitanism, and some of those who know him think that his sympathies are with the medieval idea of one western empire and one western Church. His emphatic repudiation of ecclesiastical nationalism, Celtic and Anglican alike, at Swansea, is a proof that, probably without realising it, he is drawing nigh to the Ultramontane position. Indeed, he is, philosophically, probably far nearer to the Church of Rome than Lord Halifax ever could be. That interesting and pious nobleman has for a long time dreamed of a kind of Anglican and Roman reunion, in which the Church of England, while incorporated in the Latin Communion, should enjoy an extensive autonomy. The dream, redolent of the studies of past ages, has never seriously affected Englishmen, nor has it much appealed to Roman Catholics themselves. It is in truth an anachronism. But it has been the dream of a distinctly nationalist Englishman, perhaps a medievalist, but in no sense an Ultramontane. Lord Hugh may not be in the technical sense a ritualist, but he shares to the full Lord Halifax's belief in sacerdotalism, and adds to it, as his Swansea speech showed, that contempt for nationalism as a religious force which is typical of the modern Curia. Moreover, on the questions of Socialism and the education of the poor, Lord Hugh and the Vatican see eye to eye. If English religious ideas continued to run on the lines of the past, the ecclesiastical idiosyncracies of Lord Hugh might no more seriously affect the development of English politics than did those of Gladstone. There are, however, many tendencies in the current of opinion of to-day that might harmonise with an Ultramontane policy. A French journalist recently remarked that the old English hatred of Rome has given way to the new hatred of Germany. At the same time a common dread of Socialism is tending to unite reactionaries all over the world. The "Libre Parole" and the "Daily Telegraph" have united to curse the Budget, and English Tories in the main are at one with the Spanish clericals in an approval of Ferrer's death. The anti-Papal shouts of Sunday were raised by the Socialists; the bourgeois journals, that once championed the Church Association, are to-day the apologists of Spanish clericalism.

If the struggle between Socialism and the classes becomes acute throughout Europe, and the Roman See, as Mr. Belloc has prophesied, proves itself Socialism's most implacable opponent, the feelings of the English classes will naturally tend to an *entente cordiale* with their ancient enemy, the Pope. A reaction inspired by Lord Hugh Cecil will require an intellectual background, and it must of necessity seek a better philosophical support in its war against Socialism than it can draw from the arid common-places of the "Spectator" or the cheap jingoism of Mr. Garvin. So the statesman who has already turned his back on ecclesiastical nationalism may yet live to lead his country into an alliance with the clerical reaction of the Continent. The first Cecil was a Welsh nationalist, for he gave Wales the Welsh Bible and Prayer Book. His descendant has already repudiated his Welsh policy. Will he upset likewise that ancestor's greater work—the laws and policy of the Elizabethan Reformation?—Yours, &c.,

A NATIONALIST CHURCHMAN.

October 19th, 1909.

Letters to the Editor.

THE LATE MR. HOFMEYR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—On returning to town after a belated summer holiday, I am deeply shocked and grieved to hear of the death of my old friend of over thirty years' standing, Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr—the honored chief of the Afrikaner Bond! This is a national calamity for South Africa.

Mr Hofmeyr, with his gentle wife and niece, took tea

with us just before they left for the Continent, and we arranged to meet on their return. I never saw him in better form; and he regaled us with a racy account of their recent entertainment by the King and Queen, and witty descriptions of men and functions; of his visit to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain; speaking most appreciatively of all the attentions and kindnesses shown to the South African delegates by the members of the Government and others.

On being pressed by some of us to stand for election to the Union Parliament, the great man characteristically objected, pleading his age and infirmities. "Besides," he added, "I am already *politically dead*, and I can prove it: they've put my bust in the vestibule of the House of Assembly at Cape Town. There it is; so that old fellow's shelved," he added, with the humorous twinkle in his eye which his friends were accustomed to look for. And he went on to say: "They've placed my bust just where I like it best, next to that of Mr. Saul Solomon. Didn't I sit beside him in the House itself for many and many a year?"

There was a touch of pathos in his tone; and when it was suggested that there must have been points of difference between himself and his old friend, he exclaimed, warmly: "A few perhaps, but I am proud to think of the many big questions on which we were agreed."

Then he launched forth on "the good old times," and spoke earnestly and hopefully of the South African Union. "Although," he forcibly exclaimed, "I don't believe in all this Lion lying down with the Lamb business! We shall all be fighting away on the old sides as we used to do. Don't imagine, as I've said before, that it's going to be a mutual admiration society—this Union Parliament! You won't see the leopard changing her spots, and so forth. But"—and he said this gravely—"I expect the Union to do great things, and to carve out the future destinies of a grand nation."

Little did we think, as the dear man stood up to give that cordial shake of the hand, so significant of his kindly heart and genial nature, that we were to hear his Afrikaner farewell for the last time on earth—"Tod wiedersens!"—Till we meet again!—Yours, &c.,

GEORGINA M. SOLOMON.

6, Belsize Avenue,
Hampstead, N.W.

October 18th, 1909.

THE GROUNDS OF ANGLO-GERMAN PEACE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your article on "The Grounds of Anglo-German Peace" will commend itself to many who have anxieties about that peace, by the soundness of its thought and the rightness of its tone. May one whose anxiety is not yet removed note briefly where it is that you leave him unsatisfied?

No better advice could be given to our people than your counsel not to talk about "inevitableness." Let us allow no one to say war with Germany is inevitable. But one main means of avoidance will be a clear recognition of a thing which is inevitable—a contest, from which we hope to exclude arms, between their national ambition and our own. They want not only to grow richer by commerce, but to have a greater place in the world than now, and we are in the way of this. Such contests lead to quarrels, which lead to war, that *ultima ratio* of national will: but though they lead to war, they will never get there, if war can be made to seem too costly. This is one way of denying the "inevitable"—to arm till war is too costly. How much arming will do this, one must leave to experts.

Many favor, as perhaps do you, as an alternative course, that we should seek peace and ensue it by a better understanding of our neighbor's position and intentions. I would not call the two courses alternative, but complementary. But I cannot be satisfied with your understanding of German intentions. It is thirty-nine years since I heard *der Krieg ist erklärt* shouted by men and sobbed over by women in a German street. It was in a deep sympathy that my own observation of German facts began: but that sympathy has not enabled me to read in a sense happy for England the course of that observation. The sinister

revealings of the attitude of statesmen there towards international fact, in '70, '71, '75, and later dates less convenient to specify, the writings of their historians which suggest a relation of inspired or else inspirer between them and the statesmen, the scarce mistakable propagation among the masses of a sentiment which is the known correlative of warlike design in the leaders, and whether, with or without propaganda, the steady growth since '71 of a suspicious and hostile temper in almost the whole of German society, these things (which I particularise with some restraint of language) make me unable to think that this "inevitable" can be abolished by amending only our own understanding and spirit, or by accepting that moderate estimate of our neighbor's purposes which is Professor Delbrück's. It can be abolished, and you are to be thanked for wise words which make for that abolition. They will be wiser and stronger yet if they can find room for these considerations of some quite unscared persons, whose doubts you have not set at rest.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN H. SKRINE.

October 20th, 1909.

[We quite agree with our correspondent that the abolition of the Anglo-German difficulties cannot be left with complete assurance in the hands of the statesmen on either side. An energetic and continuous intervention of men of good-will on both sides will also be necessary. See Professor Harnack's very interesting article in the "Hibbert Journal."—ED., NATION.]

THE BUDGET AND WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—No man or woman, alive to the trend of events, can doubt that Liberalism is rapidly approaching that supreme conflict, on the decision of which its continuance as a political force in the life of England will depend. The tardy removal of obstacles accomplished in the past generations has opened up the road across which the entrenched army of monopoly and privilege is preparing for the last stand against the people. The failure of Liberalism at this juncture will mean its disappearance as a political factor, the temporary sway of what Burke called an "austere and insolent domination," followed by the irresistible advance of a Labor Party against which nothing will stand.

Those of us who believe that the mission of Liberalism, far from being accomplished, is only just coming to fruition, realise that the coming struggle with the Lords (quite apart from the rejection or acceptance of the Budget) will call forth the energies of every man and woman of any party who understands that feudalism has to be finally dislodged. Ten Budgets like the present, leaving the Lords' veto intact, will not avail to put things right. Across every movement for good government lies stretched the shadow of the Lords, and until it is removed the weary round will continue to be tramped. Unless Liberalism tackles this situation manfully the task must be left to some other political group with courage more equal to its opportunities. What then, in this supreme conflict, is to be the attitude of the official Liberal women? Now that the great battle is to be joined, surely the women who have helped to clear the ground are not going to stand aside from the conflict?

I ask this because the Countess of Carlisle has just informed me that the Women's Liberal Federation, by a policy framed in 1902, is refusing to help in any constituency where the Liberal member or candidate is not prepared to support the immediate suffrage demand. Can any clear-minded man or woman doubt that the suffrage will not be an issue at the next election? What cause, however great, could displace in the public mind the stupendous issue of the Budget and the Constitution? To suggest that women's suffrage can be expected to turn men's thoughts away from a constitutional crisis of the first magnitude is to argue one's self a perfervid enthusiast who has lost the power of consecutive thinking. What, then, in these circumstances are we to say of this policy of abstention laid down in an old resolution by the Women's Liberal Federation? Are Liberal women going to be tied by a resolution of 1902 in face of the greatest conflict of our time? Incredible as the supposition is, the result will not be the weakening of Liberalism, but the collapse of the Women's Liberal Federation. No association of women, however earnest, who could

be so blinded by prejudice as to stand idly by in such a conflict as the one we are nearing, would have any prospect of surviving as a political force.—Yours, &c.,

HOLFORD KNIGHT.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W.
October 21st, 1909.

AGRARIAN POLICY IN HUNGARY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—One of your recent issues, in dealing with the matter of the Hungarian Coalition, foreshadows its break-up and seizes the opportunity to attack its political aims. It levels accusations which ought not to be allowed to pass without refutation. In the hope that you are not impervious to the truth, I beg to call your attention to another side of the picture.

According to the article referred to, "the Coalition Government spent most of its time warring upon the non-Magyar nationalities, tightening the yoke upon agricultural laborers, &c."

I can scarcely mistake if I accept these references as pointing to the law passed in 1907, relating to the adjustment of the juridical relations between farmer and servant.

As the member in charge of the Bill, in the course of its passage through the Lower House, and as the Director of the Hungarian Farmers' League, I am, of course, interested in the question as to how far the laws of various countries protect agricultural laborers and domestics as against the employer. These investigations tend to show that no single country has interfered so minutely nor so sympathetically with the question as has Hungary, as evidenced by her law.

Development in most countries has been very one-sided, and I regret to say that Great Britain, admired as it is by myself, forms no exception. Your country interests itself very specially and with admirable foresight in the condition of industrial laborers, but neglects almost wholly the interests of agricultural laborers and domestics. This result cannot be attributed to the fact that the numbers of industrial laborers tend to increase nor to the parallel facts that, as is well known to you, the villages are becoming depopulated and the arable land, which has hitherto responded to the demands made upon it, now remains uncultivated.

If, sir, it is your opinion that I have not correctly gauged the situation, would you be so kind as to explain more circumstantially the grounds upon which your accusations are founded? I am willing at any time—and ready—to refute them, nor am I in the least inclined to doubt upon which side victory will at length rest.—Yours, &c.,

ST. BERNOTT,

M.P., Director of the Hungarian Farmers' League.
Budapest, October 18th, 1909.

THE ANTI-BUDGET PETITION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of October 16th you state that the bankers' petition against the Budget has missed fire. I believe that Lord Claud Hamilton is the chairman of the Great Eastern Railway Co., and therefore was not surprised to find a petition against the Budget in the Great Eastern Hotel, Liverpool Street.

It is possible that amongst the numerous shareholders of the Great Eastern Co. there may be some Liberals, and even Conservatives, who are in favor of the Budget. It is also likely that amongst the people who make use of the hotel there may be some who favor Lloyd George's scheme.

The chairman of the company does not usually take a broad view of such matters. It seems to me a particularly silly blunder, when all shades of opinion are connected with such a company, for the chairman or any other high official to take sides in a controversy.—Yours, &c.,

BUDGET.

October 19th, 1909.

THE TACTICS WITH THE LORDS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As an ardent Liberal worker in South Dorset and an eager reader of your excellent paper, may I say a word as to what many of us down here are thinking about

the vital struggle of the nation in connection with the Budget and the veto of the House of Lords? In an article in your last issue you say: "If the Budget is thrown out, the appeal to the people follows, not only on finance, but on all that the Lords have done or can do to mutilate and destroy democratic legislation." But if the Government were to take this course they would admit a right on the part of the Lords to force a dissolution, a right which is strenuously denied by the Liberal Party and by the experience of nearly three centuries. You condemn the suggestion that the Premier should obtain the King's consent to the creation of Peers for the purpose of carrying the Budget, and urge that it should only be adopted when the Bill for the abolition of their veto has been sent to them. I think the primary object of the Liberal Party should be to get this great democratic Budget passed by the most expeditious constitutional method available. There is the precedent of the great Reform Bill of 1832, when the bare intimation of King William IV. that he would create a number of Liberal Peers was sufficient to induce the Lords to pass the Bill. Such an intimation on the part of King Edward would probably have a like effect, and the Budget would at once become law. What an immense gain this would be! The Government would then be free to prepare for the final struggle with the Peers, as they could not, without great injury to themselves and the Liberal cause, continue much longer to "plough the sands" by sending up Bills only to get them rejected or mutilated. For this preparation why should not the Government hold office until next spring or summer, and bring in another Budget developing the present one, besides dealing with such great measures as National Insurance, Welsh Disestablishment, &c.? This course would enable Free Traders to complete the work of exposing the fallacies, inanities, and falsehoods of the "Tariff Reformers," which have misled many electors in this district; and if the Peers dared to interfere with next year's Budget, the battle for the abolition of their veto—accompanied possibly by a sweeping reform of their House—must speedily follow.

The public enthusiasm for the Budget is certainly very remarkable, and should be utilised to the utmost. But the strength of all the progressive parties should also be concentrated for the attack upon the Lords and for jealously guarding the precious citadel of Free Trade. The suggestion of an able writer that if the Lords reject or amend the Budget, Mr. Asquith and his Government should resign and make way for the King to send for Mr. Balfour is, to my mind, almost unthinkable. The fate of the Liberal and Democratic Party at this great crisis depends largely upon the tactics, as well as the political capacity, of the Government, and it would be a national calamity if through any mistake on the part of the Prime Minister the magnificent reforming majority returned at the last General Election were to be dissipated, at least until it had carried out many of the most beneficent measures of the Ministerial programme. I, for one, have full confidence that Mr. Asquith and his brilliant Cabinet will do what is wisest and best, both for the Liberal Party and the country.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED DENNIS.

Southcliff, Weymouth,
October 21st, 1909.

THE DEATH OF FERRER.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—During the last twenty years or so we have been the horrified spectators of three tragedies—we have witnessed the torture or murder of three victims of Clericalism—Rizal, Dreyfus, and Ferrer. The crimes associated with these names will assuredly not be forgotten. The very names themselves, like those of Giordano Bruno and Jean Calas, will be fresh counts in the long indictment of Humanity against the Church.

I write as, in some sort, a Clerical. I believe that Humanity cannot do without the Church, that she can give men more and do more for them than anything that can be taught in the rationalistic schools for which Ferrer has paid with his life. I believe that in a completely Catholic atmosphere the mass of the people are happy—they are contented, cheerful, courteous, they bless the Will of God. The teaching of Anarchy and Rationalism robs them of all this. Personally, I care little for the priests,

much for the people. The faith of little children for the masses is perhaps gone; the faith of grown men—one hesitates to say anything which sounds so unchristian—might possibly be better. But if any reconciliation of the seemingly opposed, but equally real, needs of mankind is to be made, or if the future of the race is not to be violently severed from its past, the Church should make some adequate act of contrition, confession, and satisfaction, for the long series of the crimes of her priests, of which the shooting of Ferrer at Montjuich is the latest.—Yours, &c.,

R. L. GALES.

Gedney, Holbeach,
October 15th, 1909.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The question, "How About England?" asked by the "*Vossische Zeitung*" in connection with the murder of Ferrer, is a disconcerting one.

There are things one would willingly forget, but which can become not wholly dark only by being remembered. Such are, I think, the following facts:—

In the bulletins of the evening papers of October 13th (including the "*Westminster*") Ferrer's death had to give way before the more interesting item of a divorce case.

The official Church of England, to which I understand all we belong who belong to no other, has achieved the perfect dignity which is the crown of well-bred acquiescence.

Finally the "*Times*," in its leader on October 14th, points out that while nothing was proved against Ferrer, and even the so-called evidence did not go to establish the charge on which he was condemned, yet since those on the spot know best, and there is, after all, no particular reason why he should not have been guilty, to protest or demonstrate is most unseemly. Nay; excitement on such a point were un-English. Can it be that the "*Times*" is right?—Yours, &c.,

C. S.

Richmond, October 19th, 1909.

"GOVERNMENT BY BUREAUCRACY."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It would be a kindness if Mr. Belfort Bax would develop one or two points in his communication. I share the *sancta simplicitas* which regards the Civil Service as about the best of our institutions. There are two points in which I seek enlightenment. First, what system would Mr. Bax substitute for the present? A system which made administrative officials change with each change in the Government would, no doubt, be more democratic, but is it really more desirable? Does Mr. Bax wish to set up the American "spoils" system in the name of democracy? Second, can Mr. Bax point to any important instances in which Bills have been watered down or nullified in the drafting, or practically repealed by ineffective administration? It is strange that, so far as I am aware, no responsible Minister has complained of the way in which the permanent staff constantly thwarts his best intentions! No doubt, Mr. Bax will say, that all our Ministers are debauched by the permanent staff. That Cabinet Ministers are largely influenced by the heads of their departments is undeniable. To base on this fact the charge that the Government is controlled, or ever paralysed, by the Civil Service is a little silly. Does Mr. Bax, or any one else, really believe that the Civil Service prevents any Government carrying its main policy into effect? As it stands, Mr. Bax's letter rests on nothing but the widely known fact that an administrative body is, and must be, influential. That this influence is detrimental and obstructive Mr. Bax surmises, and does not attempt to prove. Perhaps so few people realise that our administrative "bureaucracy is incompatible with democratic progress," because it is not true.—Yours, &c.

H. G. WOOD.

Jesus College, Cambridge,
October 16th, 1909.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Perhaps you will allow me to supplement Mr. Belfort Bax's letter on the subject of the growth of the power of the bureaucracy by giving a recent and very re-

markable instance? Early in 1908 there was tried a case, "Wilford and others v. West Riding County Council," concerning a school at Garforth. The contention of the defendants was that the matter in dispute was entirely excluded from the jurisdiction of the High Court, and was wholly dependent on the Board of Education. The trial lasted several days. In giving judgment for the defendants, on February 4th, 1908, Mr. Justice Channell made the following remarks: "One thing certainly neither the local authority nor the Board of Education can do, and that is to say that, because they do not like the law as it stands, they will give directions which will frustrate its objects. They do frustrate its objects if they destroy this school as it has existed. . . . I further think that the directions given to the defendants were *ultra vires*, that there was no jurisdiction in the Board of Education to decide that they were *intra vires*, and any decision purporting to do so was *ultra vires* of the Board. To decide that the law is not what it was declared to be by the House of Lords is, in my opinion, *ultra vires*. . . . In truth and substance the course taken in the present case seems to me to be simply an attempt to get out of the decision of the House of Lords that voluntary schools must be taken as they are."

Seldom has a public department received such a severe castigation at the hands of a judge. But the Board of Education did not lay the rebuke to heart. It renewed its attempts to set itself above the law. On November 20th, 1908, the fourth Education Bill was introduced into the House of Commons. Section 11, sub-clause (5) ran as follows:—

"Every decision of the Board of Education purporting to be given on any matter which is to be determined, fixed, or computed by them, or on which they have to be satisfied under this Act, shall be final, and shall not be liable to be called into question in any court of law or otherwise."

The Bill was withdrawn, and with it came to nought this attempt of the Education Board to set itself above the law—or, to speak more exactly, to place itself under the protection of a new law, the object of which was to abolish the right of citizens to refer to the courts for the decision of questions at issue between them and the Board. The alarming thing is that the Bill, presented by Mr. Runciman, was supported by the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Attorney-General, and Mr. Trevelyan. It is, I think, fairly open to doubt whether twenty years ago any department would have ventured to ask a Minister to sanction such a provision. If asked, no Minister would have ventured to come to Parliament with such a demand. Finally, if we can imagine such a proposal made to Parliament, there would have been a storm to be quieted only by the throwing over of a Jonah. Of course, if the attempt had succeeded, other departments would speedily have claimed to be on the same footing as the Education Board, so that in a few years we should have been entirely deprived of the protection of the law against arbitrary rule by the several departments of the Government.

The maxim that the King can do no wrong is admissible where the King is a constitutional monarch acting solely on the advice of his Ministers who are accountable to a Parliament which can turn them out of office and impeach them for wrong-doing. The grotesque application of the doctrine to the Board of Education, and, by implication, to all other Boards, presages a tyranny more grievous than any suffered by men in the past at the hands of king or priest.

The case cited is, perhaps, the most instructive revelation of the new spirit of the bureaucracy, but it does not stand alone.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED MARKS.

155, Adelaide Road, N.W.

October 20th, 1909.

HOW HABEAS CORPUS PASSED THE LORDS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Among the historical precedents lately cited of difficulties between the Houses and means of settling them, I have not seen any mention of the passing of the great Habeas Corpus Act of 1679. May I draw the attention of those interested to the story of that event, as related in Bishop Burnet's "History of His Own Times" (Book III., p. 485, folio ed.)? "It was carried by an odd artifice in the

House of Lords. Lord Grey and Lord Norris were named to be the tellers. Lord Norris, being a man subject to vapors, was not at all times attentive to what he was doing, so a very fat lord coming in, Lord Grey counted him for ten, as a jest at first: but seeing Lord Norris had not observed it, he went on with this misreckoning of ten; so it was reported to the House and declared that they who were for the Bill were in the majority, though it, indeed, went on the other side, and by this means the Bill passed."

Could similar tactics be used in the present emergency?—Yours, &c.,

CANTAB.

October 21st, 1909.

THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is common, and it ought to be commoner, to provide music at political meetings. May I suggest the use of the song, "When Britain Really Ruled the Waves," from "Iolanthe," in Liberal meetings just now? It hits the situation with all Gilbert and Sullivan's felicity, and if it were well sung would certainly bring down the house—and that is just what we want to do! Failing a singer in the flesh, there is an excellent gramophone record to be had, that would serve the purpose on a good instrument (and all but the best should be taboo). The words are such pleasant reading just now that perhaps you will take the risk of breach of copyright by printing them:—

(Solo) "When Britain really ruled the waves
In good Queen Bess's time,
The House of Peers made no pretence
To intellectual eminence
Or scholarship sublime.
Yet Britain won her proudest bays
In good Queen Bess's glorious days.
(Chorus) Yes, Britain won her proudest bays
In good Queen Bess's glorious days.

(Solo) "When Wellington thrashed Bonaparte,
As every child can tell,
The House of Peers throughout the war
Did nothing in particular,
And did it very well.
Yet Britain set the world ablaze
In good King George's glorious days.
(Chor.) Yes, Britain, &c.

(Solo) And while the House of Peers withholds
Its legislative hand,
And noble statesmen do not itch
To interfere with matters which
They do not understand,
As bright will shine Great Britain's rays
As in King George's glorious days.
(Chor.) As bright, &c."

Yours, &c.,

MILITANT.

October 19th, 1909.

LORD CURZON'S ECONOMICS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Is there, or 'is there not, such a thing as economics? Am I, or am I not, right in thinking that the following sentence, occurring in a paper on elementary political economy, would cause the candidate to be ploughed without more ado?

The sentence is: "And all the while £150,000,000 worth of manufactured goods are pouring into our ports from abroad untaxed . . . to deprive the working men of this country of employment."

I really should like an answer, for I feel dizzy.—Yours, &c.,

TRIPOS.

October 19th, 1909.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE COUNTRY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—From a party point of view, it is easy to share the optimism recently expressed by "A Radical Member," but it is not so certain as he seems to think that, "in the event of amendment or rejection, the course is clear enough."

That such an event would create a constitutional crisis there seems no room to deny. But it would be more disastrous if it were allowed to create a commercial crisis. A constitutional crisis is a question of Government, and

the Government in such a case should distinguish itself from the country, which must bear the brunt of any commercial crisis. The result even of an election would be materially modified if the Government permitted the constitutional crisis to cause a commercial crisis.

We contend, by very solid, and so far unanswered, argument, that the Lords have no right to touch the Budget by way of amendment or rejection. If they do so, they will, therefore, have done an illegal act. It would involve no new principle of English law to ignore altogether such an illegality. The Lords, having no choice in the matter, are under the duty of merely registering the decision of the Commons. Are we to understand that if they fail in this duty the Government are to go to the country to ask whether the duty should be enforced? And, if so, how will the result of a General Election, determined, as it must be, on so many issues, make clear the answer to that question? Even assuming that the undeniable popularity of the Budget sends the present Government back to power, what weapon will they then have which they do not already possess for enforcing that duty? The Lords set them at defiance on other subjects when they were newly elected with an overwhelming majority.

The present position seems to me, as a man in the street, one of grave peril from a point of view far more serious than that of the result of an election. Opinions necessarily differ as to the amount of good accomplished by the present Government. But a false step in the case of a crisis, such as would be created by the rejection, or virtual rejection, of the Budget, could do more mischief than all the good accomplished could counterbalance. The very popularity of the Budget enhances this danger. It tends to produce disregard of the paramount importance of retaining in the hands of the Commons absolute control over taxation. Loss of that is loss of all.

If, on rejection of the Budget by the Lords, the Government proceed to a dissolution, so far from asserting the right of the Commons, they simply acknowledge the right of the Lords not merely to dictate the time of dissolution, but also to control taxation. It would mean that the Lords could at any time hereafter, by the simple expedient of rejecting the Budget, dismiss at their own time an unwelcome Government which they thought had lost its popularity. For, without the Budget, Government could not be carried on at all. Rejection of other Bills carries no such consequence.

Worse than that incidental gain to the Lords would be the main fact of their having rejected a Budget with impunity. The financial disaster to the country would be nothing to them. They would be able to pick up cheap bargains in land, mines, and works, and invest their surplus wealth at high rates of interest. The same Government might go back to power, but the mischief would have been done. The financial disaster would, however, go against the Government at the polls. In any event, a substantial right would have been lost; for the Lords could always stake the risk of a new lease of power to their natural opponents against the chance of destroying a disagreeable Budget. They would not be likely to stultify themselves by a formal consent to abandon for the future a right they had just successfully exercised, because the result of that exercise had not fulfilled their hope of throwing the Liberals out.

On the other hand, the Government, on being advised that the consent of the Lords to the Budget is matter of form, not of substance, could proceed to ignore the form and ask the King's assent without that of the Lords. They would thus rivet the right of the Commons, instead of losing it. If the King's assent were refused, their resignation would be the alternative. A new Ministry, if one could be formed, might ask for a dissolution, despairing no doubt of support by the present Parliament, and they would get their answer from the country. But for a Ministry whose Budget has been rejected by the Lords to consent to carry on the Government even for the shortest time, would be to throw away the privilege of the Commons to grant supplies on which the whole consent of Parliament depends. To ask for a dissolution and retain office meantime would be to confirm the Lords in their action of controlling taxation and fixing the time of the dissolution.

Here is the need for courage and determination rather

than in deciding to dissolve when there is no compulsion to do so. It may be most desirable to seek confirmation and a fresh mandate when the Budget has been passed, whether with or without the formality of the Lords' assent. Their real assent we know is impossible, and we contend it is immaterial. But, if the form can neither be obtained nor dispensed with, it is infinitely better that government should come to a standstill than that the business of the subjects should do so or the people lose their right to grant or withhold supplies. And if the Ministry in power do anything whatever to facilitate the temporary carrying on of government under the illegal interference of the Lords, they will jeopardise the people's right and the country's trade.—
Yours &c.,
LEX.

Derbyshire.

THE BUDGET AND SNOBBERY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I think that there is one possible indirect result of the Budget which is being too much overlooked. There is a great outcry against the meanness of the great people who announce the abandonment of their subscriptions to various philanthropic or otherwise helpful institutions. But would not the more manly and practical course be, first, to acknowledge that the people who have started these societies have attached an undue importance to securing a long list of titled or otherwise socially influential supporters who have no real interest in the movements which those societies represent or capacity for administering them; and, secondly, to resolve that, for the future, a more independent course shall be taken. If hospitals, for example, could be taught to abandon their very vulgar dinners at which it is announced amid loud cheers that my Lord This and Sir John That have given 100 guineas to the funds of the hospital, I think our sick folk might in the end be quite as well cared for. Even scientific and other learned societies are not free from this taint, though they do not confess it often quite as frankly as one secretary of whom I once heard. It was in a country district, where the chief squire, a baronet, had really acquired a considerable knowledge of Eastern languages. Rather late in his life, the secretary of a society for promoting these languages applied to him to become a member. "Oh," pleaded the baronet, "I fear my knowledge of Persian is becoming rather misty, and I should give you little help." "It is not the Persian scholar we need," answered the secretary, "but the baronet."

If Lloyd-George can strike a blow, and neatly, at this sort of thing, he will have continued the work so admirably begun in the eighteenth century by the letter of the great man whose bicentenary we recently celebrated.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens,
Hampstead.

Poetry.

DREAD NOUGHT.

DREAD not the power of kings who have kings to brother,
And truly have none other.
Dread not the captains whose far-killing art
Pierces their own hard heart.
Dread not the lords who pay not; they shall pay
Their own heaped dues some day.
Dread not the craft of priests, for priests are fed
Upon man's baser dread.
Dread not for iron or anger or the loud cry
Which is of them that fly.
Dread not though foes thine earthwork's weakness find,
Strong soul entrenched behind!
Dread God: if even Him thou canst not dread,
'Twere well to love instead.

GUY KENDALL.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Last Poems" By George Meredith. (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)
 "After Death—What?" By Cesare Lombroso. (Unwin. 10s. net.)
 "Marie Antoinette." By H. Belloc. (Methuen. 15s. net.)
 "Shelley, the Man and the Poet." By A. Clutton-Brock. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth: A Narrative in Contemporary Letters." By F. A. Mumby. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Meaning and Value of Life." By Rudolf Eucken. Translated by L. J. Gibson and W. R. B. Gibson. (Black. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "The Life and Times of Bishop Challoner (1691-1781)." By E. H. Burton, D.D. (Longmans. 2 vols. 25s. net.)
 "The Austrian Court in the Nineteenth Century." By the Right Hon. Sir Horace Rumbold. (Methuen. 18s. net.)
 "Irish Ways." By Jane Barlow. Illustrations by Warwick Goble. (Allen. 15s. net.)
 "Memoirs of the Duchesse de Dino (1831-1835)." Edited by the Princess Radziwill. (Heinemann. 10s. net.)
 "The Ethic of Jesus." By the Rev. James Stalker. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)
 "Sailors' Knots." By W. W. Jacobs. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)
 "Pages d'Histoire et de Guerre." Par le Marquis Costa de Beauregard. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3 fr. 50.)
 "La Politique Extérieure du Premier Consul." Par E. Driault. (Paris: Alcan. 7 fr.)
 "Le Troisième Rang du Collier (Souvenirs de Ma Vie)." Par Judith Gautier. (Paris: Juven. 3 fr. 50.)
 "La Maison qui dort." Par Camille Lemonnier. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)
 "La Porte étroite." Roman. Par André Gide. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3 fr. 50.)

* * *

THERE is a rumor that the Nobel Prize for literature will be awarded this year to M. Anatole France. Former recipients of the prize were Sully Prudhomme, Theodor Mommsen, Björnsterne Björnson, Frédéricque Mistral, José Echegaray, Henry Sienkiewicz, Giosué Carducci, and—most astounding selection of all—Rudyard Kipling. It is noteworthy that no Russian writer has as yet received the distinction.

* * *

MR. HENRY JAMES's recent contributions to the "English Review" and other publications would make up a fairly large volume, and it is not unlikely that a collection of stories from his pen will soon make its appearance. A story called "The Bench of Desolation," the scene of which is laid in an unfashionable English watering-place, and which is rather simpler than most of Mr. James's later work, is at present running as a serial in "Putnam's Magazine."

* * *

THE bi-centenary of the final suppression of the convent of Port Royal, which falls on October 29th, will be marked by the publication, through the Oxford University Press, of Miss M. E. Lowndes's "The Nuns of Port Royal: As Seen in their own Narratives." The history of the convent is also touched upon in a biography of Pascal by Viscount St. Cyres, which Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have in the press. Although later research has brought to light many facts of minor importance, Sainte-Beuve's great work still holds its ground as the best account of Port Royal, both in its religious aspect and its influence upon French literature.

* * *

THE Georgian Society, which was founded in Dublin a little over a year ago with the object of inspecting and noting the eighteenth century architectural and decorative work which remains in that city, has published its first volume through the Dublin University Press. The illustrations form a valuable record of the beautiful Georgian domestic architecture of Dublin, and an interesting series of notes throws much light on the rise and development of the Dublin school of eighteenth century designers and craftsmen, whose work is, perhaps, the finest of its period.

* * *

ONE of the most interesting of the books of verses about to appear is one by Mr. Yone Noguchi, printed and decorated in Japan, and published here by Mr. Elkin Mathews. Mr. Yone Noguchi has written and published poetry in America and in England, which he visited with his

countryman, the artist, Yoshio Markino. "From an Eastern Sea," published five or six years ago by the author himself, contained some beautiful unrhymed verses, showing the contact of a genuine Eastern artist with European things, and they were, in a sense, a literary equivalent of Mr. Markino's pictures. The poet is now a teacher of English in Japan. His last book, also printed and decorated at Tokio, was reviewed in "The Speaker" some four years ago.

* * *

IN "South African Memories," by Lady Sarah Wilson, a book to be published next week by Mr. Arnold, we are promised some fresh side-lights upon South African politics at the time of the Jameson Raid and of the War. Lady Sarah Wilson describes a meeting with the raiders when on their way home to be tried after the failure of their enterprise. She also gives a sketch of Cecil Rhodes at Groot Schurr, just before the war began, and records his estimates of Lord Milner and others who were there at the time. Lady Sarah Wilson's adventures in Bechuanaland, where she was made a prisoner and released in exchange for a horse-thief, her experiences in the siege of Mafeking, and the work of the Yeomanry hospitals, are treated in detail. The book runs to fifteen chapters, the last of which describes a visit to Victoria Falls, and a hunting expedition north of the Zambesi.

* * *

THE effect of reviews upon a writer's reputation is a topic likely to be raised by a selection of twenty-three articles dealing with George Meredith, which Messrs. Chapman & Hall have just reprinted in a single volume. Its title is "George Meredith: Some Early Appreciations," and Mr. Maurice Buxton Forman, the editor, made his selection with the object of representing "critical judgment on George Meredith's writing from the year 1851, when his first book was published, till 1883, when he issued 'Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth.'" The selection is open to some objection, for, of the twenty-three reviews, four are by James Thomson and three by George Eliot. Moreover, we are given two reviews by George Eliot of "The Shaving of Shagpat," and two by James Thomson of "Beauchamp's Career." The range of choice might have been widened with advantage, but many readers will be interested in seeing the impression made by Meredith upon the small band of his early admirers. It is hardly too much to say that they compelled a reluctant public to accept him at their own valuation, and Meredith is an instance of a writer of genius who might never have won proper recognition were it not for the persistent praise of his reviewers. Mr. Forman has chosen the best of these—among them Mr. W. M. Rossetti, Kingsley, George Eliot, Swinburne, Dr. Richard Garnett, James Thomson, R. H. Hutton, and W. E. Henley—and his collection of their opinions will be of value alike to students of Meredith and to students of English literary criticism.

* * *

M. GUSTAVE DAVOIS is preparing a bibliography of French works relating to Napoleon which have appeared before 1908. He has been assisted in his task by members of the Bonaparte family, as well as by a number of historians, librarians, and collectors interested in the subject, so that the "Bibliographie Napoléonienne Française" promises to be much fuller than any earlier bibliography of Napoleon.

* * *

MR. C. DELISLE BURNS, who was some time ago deprived of his Professorship of Philosophy at the Roman Catholic College of Old Hall, Ware, because of his Modernist views, and who has since definitely abandoned the Church, has written a book called "The Development of Modern Philosophy," which Messrs. Sampson Low will publish during the present season.

* * *

A TRANSLATION of "Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century," by Dr. Oskar Fischel and Max von Boehm, will be issued immediately by Messrs. Dent. The aim of the authors has been to show how changes in the fashion of dress, furniture, architecture, and similar matters illustrate the tendency of thought and tone of society at different epochs. The work will contain a large number of illustrations from contemporary pictures and engravings, which it is claimed give an accurate idea of dress and manners during the century.

Reviews.

MEREDITH'S LAST POEMS.*

THE gleanings of a mighty crop should be garnered—provided they are not taken to be the harvest. It was right to publish this volume. But it is to be feared lest that part of the public who have recently been persuaded into a respectful belief that there was more in Box Hill than was dreamt of in their philosophy, may seek for what Meredith's admirers have proclaimed to be his poetic genius in this little volume of septuagenarian and octogenarian verse, suited as it is to the public's desires at least by reason of its extreme brevity. But his greatest poems must be sought elsewhere, between red covers for the most part. Here we have merely his "Last Poems," which, like those of Browning, Tennyson, and others, have interest for two reasons: because here and there comes a flash of the old inspiration, and yet more because the volume shows what kind of spiritual profit he drew from old age, and with what countenance he sat in the shadow of death. Did earth grow dark and terrible to him as he watched it from the sentinel chair to which illness so long confined him in that last, long watch? Or did all our affairs grow far away, and dim and foolish in the light of some higher reality drawing near? Did the new world of machines and mobs and vulgarity that had grown up since his youth seem to him at the last, as it did to Carlyle and to Tennyson, just a bad mistake and nothing more, a driving of the car of humanity into the ditch? Or did he, like Browning, fixing his eye on the curtain behind which he himself was about to pass, "greet the unseen with a cheer"?

Meredith does none of these things. Although his attitude resembles that of Browning more closely than that of Tennyson or Carlyle, yet to him the unseen remains unseen, and if he had his last thoughts on it he carried them away with him. But, indeed, he had already said what he had to say about death and the beyond, in his earlier works, when he was more speculatively interested in such questions. In these last years, when the question of death became personal to him, it ceased to occupy his mind. It was long years ago that he first asked in a rapturous irony:—

"Into the breast that gives the rose
Shall I with shuddering fall?"

And then again he wrote:—

"If there is an eternal rest for us, it is best to believe that Earth knows, to keep near her, even in our utmost aspirations."

And there he left the matter, peacefully at rest. During the long years when he waited with kindly patience for death, he was entirely preoccupied with fears and hopes, not for himself, but for the actual world that he was to leave behind, and for the races to come. Here was the scene where he felt his own future to lie, in the survival of his influence; and here, on Mother Earth, would live the race of Man, with whom he had, in his altruistic philosophy, absolutely identified himself. And so we find that Meredith's "Last Poems" are almost entirely concerned with—history and politics! There is no "Crossing the Bar," no "Epilogue." With a characteristic touch of independence and dislike for curiosity, he squares his own accounts with death in private. But he is gravely concerned that we should give Home Rule to Ireland and have conscription! His last voice is raised to commemorate Nelson and Garibaldi, and to proclaim sympathy with the struggle for Russian freedom. There is a valor and a jollity in this way of ending life that, to me, is infinitely touching, in view of the grave, beautiful things that he has formerly written about death in the fourteenth chapter of "Lord Ormont," and again and again in his other novels, in "The Ballad of Past Meridian," in the "Faith on Trial," and in the incomparable sonnet on "A Friend Lost."

There is only one intimate personal confession in this volume. It is a perfect expression of what old age was to him, and what we may pray that it will be to each of us. The poem is called "Youth in Age":—

"Once I was part of the music I heard
On the boughs or sweet between earth and sky,
For joy of the beating of wings on high
My heart shot into the breast of the bird.

"I hear it now and I see it fly
And a life of wrinkles again is stirred,
My heart shoots into the breast of the bird,
As it will for sheer love till the last long sigh."

That is the feeling that constantly inspired this athlete and lover of life, as he sat crippled alike by disease and age. But he was the man who had written, "There is nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by." His soul enriched itself with all the pleasures and activities that his once splendid body was now compelled to forego. Youth never left him, but became transformed into a gracious spiritual repossession of youth's joys, by memory and by seeing them in others. He loved the presence of the young, and to hear how they fared in their work, and in the same pursuit of Artemis and Aphrodite. I have seen him watching the esplanade from a seaside-lodging window. To an ordinary person, old or young, it would have seemed a very ordinary lodging-house window indeed, but to him, and to those who heard him talk, it was a peephole on glorious life. A girl passing on a bicycle set him prophesying the fuller life that was now setting in for women. A boy leading a pet goat up and down aroused his envy and delight, made him again in spirit a boy, a Crossjay. One went away from a talk with him feeling as if one had been plunged by Esculapius into the healing waters of youth.

Well, then, what of these political and historical poems which Meredith has left as his last word of all? The finest, to my mind, are the two on Nelson ("October 21st, 1905," and "Trafalgar Day") and the one on "Garibaldi" and the one on "Milton." I will not spoil the market by quoting them. Let readers get the book, and they will find, in those four poems, rare stuff indeed, fine thought, magnificent expression, keen historical insight and knowledge—and all quite easy to understand.

The rest of the volume, except the beautiful portrait idyll beginning "The years had worn," seems to me on a relatively lower plane poetically, though one never knows till one has read Meredith many times over if there is not some great merit concealed. But the poems in favor of Home Rule and conscription are very interesting. There are not very many people, perhaps, who will agree with both these pieces of advice. That should enable his countrymen to look impartially at the advice of this democratic and Home Rule supporter of large armaments. The temper of his patriotism, based on an intense respect for the patriotisms of other people, is all too rare. Whoever is right about the particular questions of Home Rule and conscription, both Liberal and Conservative sadly need a long draught at the sacred well of the spirit of Meredith's patriotism. His word to Britain and her Colonies is:—

"How wise will be
The Power that trusts to love.
A love that springs from heart and brain
In union gives for ripest fruit
The concord Kings and States in vain
Have sought, who played the lofty brute,
And fondly deeming they possessed,
On force relied, and found it break.
That truth once scored on Britain's breast
Now keeps her mind awake."

The *once*, I suppose, refers to the War of the American Revolution.

In the poem on "Ireland," he would apply this principle to the case of "England's broken arm." "The Call," the conscriptionist poem, has almost exactly the same points as the verses, "To Colonel Charles" and "England before the Storm," in the second volume of the collected poems; and the older versions of the theme are the most vigorous of the two, though all have vigor.

Lastly, I cannot refrain from calling attention to the exquisitely characteristic little grumble of this fine gentleman of letters at the cacophonous name of "Atkins," which we, as a people, give to our heroes in war.

"Exquisite humour! that gives him a naming
Base to the ear as an ass's bray."

In the same spirit I remember his holding up to horror and ridicule the song of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," as the national method of expressing approval. There are, doubt-

* "Last Poems." By George Meredith. Constable. 4s. 6d. net.

less, worse vulgarisms now descending on us than the name "Tommy Atkins," and the song, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." But Meredith came down from Olympus and judged us by certain standards. We can submit to be judged by him, for when all is said and done :—

"He has been our fellow, the morning of our days;
Us he chose for housemates and this way went.
God! of whom music
And song and blood are pure,
The day is never darkened
That had thee here obscure."

G. M. TREVELYAN.

THE PLAINNESS OF ROME.*

MISS POTTER begins her book on Rome with the remark that "Rome is the most beautiful web that the hands of man have ever woven." Mr. Douglas Sladen, who contributes a few pages of preface, asserts that "Rome is a city of color." On the other hand, Mr. Yoshio Markino, a young Japanese artist who supplies the pictures, writes, in a letter to the author, that he, for his part, is "rather disappointed with Rome," and adds, "I prefer Newcastle-on-Tyne far better."

It is odd that it should be so, but, so it is, that ninety-nine travellers out of a hundred, if they have occasion to praise any scenery or city for any cause whatever, always add the praise of beauty to their eulogies. It makes very little difference if beauty has anything to do with the matter in hand or not. They may be dealing with subjects of merely intellectual interest, and describing monuments and scenes closely associated with the past history of the human race, but without any pretensions to aesthetic merit; but, in the majority of cases, they will quite overlook the distinction between things interesting to the mind and beautiful to the eye. Let some old building or ruin move them by its ancient historical associations, and they are quite certain to endow it with all the lofty aesthetic qualities of the Parthenon. They are quite certain to praise it for its beauty and magic loveliness and transcendent charm of color and line. In reality, in spite of its interest, it may very likely be one of the ugliest of places.

About no town in the world, perhaps, is this truer than about Rome, for in Rome the proportion of actual beauty to historical interest is extraordinarily meagre. Rome may lay solid claims to being, at least to a European, the most interesting city in the world, but, apart from the contents of her galleries and museums, which no more beautify the city itself than the Elgin marbles beautify London, her claims to beauty are altogether of the slightest. In what sense are the classical remains of Rome beautiful? They are extremely interesting. They convey to us, as nothing else can, the life and character of the Imperial city. But there they stop. The Romans had no conception at all either of the nature or the uses of aesthetic beauty. It did not enter into their philosophy to consider what the influence and effect might be of a visible representation of unity and symmetry, and the consequence is that, not only were their temples and other buildings ignoble in themselves, but they were ignobly placed, and tell for little in the appearance of the town. The Greek temples, most worthy of being looked at and models of perfect symmetry, were placed where they can be best seen. Raised on lofty rock or hill tops, they overlooked the city at their feet, and still, in salient and lonely relief, their ruins attract the gaze which their beauty justifies. The Roman ruins, on the contrary, stuffed into the little hole of a Forum, seem anxious to avoid a scrutiny which their coarse proportions and misapplied ornament can ill repay.

But it is not only that in Rome there remain for us only the baser elements of classic art; the second best period of artistic activity, the Renaissance period, likewise failed to manifest in Rome its highest characteristics. All the genius and talent which could be transplanted was attracted to the capital; but the genius and talent which could be transplanted—the merely individual genius and talent, that is to say—was an altogether unimportant and secondary

affair in the evolution of the great Italian cities. The great Italian cities do not owe their beauty and dignity to any such individual efforts. What is it that gives dignity and beauty to an old city like Pisa? Largely the mighty group of buildings which cluster together in the ample cathedral close. What gives beauty and dignity to Florence? Chiefly, there, too, the similar great group in the Piazza del Duomo. And Venice, what is the chief source of her beauty and dignity? The Piazza and Piazzetta, of course—those squares, not large, but by the beauty of their buildings raised to pre-eminence among all architectural views. No doubt, several of the features which go to make up these great scenes and centres of city life may be traced to one individual hand or another. But in their entirety and general composition such scenes are more than individual: they are national, or, at least, communal. They are the outgrowth of certain social conditions and of a certain high consciousness of civic unity and patriotism, and, as is evident to anyone who sympathises with Florentine or Venetian history, they are so far independent of individual effort that had one individual not been forthcoming, another would have taken his place. The need of these things, the power to live up to them, the resolve to possess them, were incentives animating the whole community. Such motives create their own instruments.

These noble and dignified architectural views are the background and setting of the life of a free community. They are found wherever the northern, barbaric blood, the blood that re-established the instinct for freedom in the west, is sufficiently pronounced to assert its influence. Nine-tenths of the beauty we associate with old Italian cities is due to these great scenic effects. They date for the most part to an age anterior to the Renaissance, yet they cannot be separated from it. The tendency was, as the intellectual movement spread, for the creative faculty to become more and more an individual gift. But the individual gift grew out of the communal. It was the free cities that bred the great artists. Thus the noble civic scenes we have been speaking of, which form, as we said, the background and setting of a free communal life, form also the right and appropriate background for the individual works of genius in which that life eventually both expressed itself and expired. This, indeed, is often what we are in danger of forgetting. We lay too much stress on the individual. We forget that the works of Tintoret and Veronese which clothe the walls and ceilings of the Ducal Palace are part of the same effort which raised those walls themselves, together with those other encircling walls and colonnades which make the square beneath the noblest on earth.

But still, even if our eyes are now and then drawn off from the whole to the parts, and if sometimes we are inclined to think more of those individual achievements which can be carted about and housed in galleries and museums than of the great collective achievements which expressed the national life, and are fixed there where the national life was lived, still it only needs for us to recall the thought of the cities themselves for the balance to be redressed. Venice, Florence, we say to ourselves, and there rises before our eyes the image of those splendid vistas of broad space and arch and column which were the arenas the city's life made for itself. We realise, easily enough at such moments, that nine-tenths of the beauty of these cities is non-transferable, that it is built into their aspect and proportions.

But this source of so much of Italian beauty is not in Rome operative at all. A vivid and strenuous local vitality was inconsistent with the part which Rome was destined to play in human affairs. Consequently, all the manifestations of that vitality are absent. The transferable works of individual genius, painted or carved by artists attracted by the munificent papal patronage, she possesses in abundance, but she does not possess those ordered spaces and clusters of noble and varied architecture which are the glory of the free cities. This is why Rome is not beautiful. The two main sources of beauty in classic and Christian art have been, in classic art, the aesthetic instinct of the Greeks, and, in Christian art, the vigorous initiative of free communities. Neither of these influences has been indigenous to Roman life, and therefore Rome, though she is the most interesting city in the whole world, is not a beautiful city.

*"The Color of Rome." By Olive Muriel Potter, illustrated by Yoshio Markino. Chatto & Windus. 20s. net.

With those clear-sighted Japanese eyes of his, Mr. Markino saw this readily enough. But Miss Potter has not seen it, and the consequences of her not seeing it are detrimental to the style of her book.

"Rome is a dream city after rain. Her silken robe of mist, blue as the heaven above, makes her a city of desires."

"But, although Rome is wonderfully gracious with the dawn lightening over her hills, at nightfall, when the setting sun gilds her palaces and ruins, and turns the diamond spray of her fountains into tender amethyst, and the echo of vespers is in your ears, she is the City Beautiful." . . . "That veil of inexplicable beauty through which her eyes gleam with eternal youth."

If there is beauty in such passages, the overstrained sentiment, the tendency to rhapsody, is also evident. The actual facts do not sufficiently support such a style, and the consequence is that the author is driven to rely too much on her own moods. She invokes the aid of mist and night. She indulges unduly in dreams and visions. The tendency is common among writers who mistake interest for beauty. What the book wants, it seems to us, is less emotion and more thought. The realisation of the significance of Rome is through the intellect.

We must add a word of praise for Mr. Markino's illustrations. We have seen none to equal them. There is not the slightest tinge of trickery or exaggeration in them, yet each is presented with such force and freshness that it is felt by the spectator as an experience of the scene itself. The combination of such clear, unspoilt eyesight with such a gift of execution is rare. It is to be hoped Mr. Markino will retain it.

OUR NEW PATRIOT.*

MR. ELLIS BARKER (we still know him best under his recent name, Eltzbacher) writes upon problems of "Motherland and the Empire" with the holy glee of a new patriot. The most industrious and audacious of our scaremongers, he has the art to support his sensationalism by a pomp of easily got erudition, well-calculated to impress the sort of "educated" men whom our public schools turn out yearly by thousands into the business world or a narrow professional career. In a grandiloquent preface, Mr. Barker acknowledges "the deepest obligation to Mr. Chamberlain. He has been my teacher. He has formed my views, and he has influenced my writings."

Mr. Barker's "views" are strong and simple. In a broad, historic survey of the empires of the past, which follows conveniently the audacious misinterpretations of Mr. Welsford, Mr. Barker shows how this procession of empires, from Phœnicia to Holland, have one and all gone the road to ruin because they have allowed prosperity to debauch their energies and to blind their intelligence, so that they permit agriculture and solid home industries to fall into decay, and become more and more dependent upon foreign labor for their supplies, and upon mercenary soldiers for their defence. England stands "at the parting of the ways"—nay, she is already on the downward slope. Her wealth is already "stagnant, if not declining," the world-trade she once held is passing from her, Free Trade is "converting once highly skilled and highly paid workers into badly paid unskilled laborers." Unemployment, exceptional in other nations, is chronic here, and is growing even worse, though its dimensions are concealed in part by the immense immigration; our taxation is twice that of Germany, and, falling on "the masses of the people," cripples industry. Meanwhile, our national physique is deteriorating, and our Empire, for lack of organisation, is subject to a constant strain which may soon reach the breaking-point. Even our naval supremacy is destined soon to disappear, for certain statements about German incomes, which Mr. Barker describes as "facts," indicate that "Germany is financially able to out-build the British fleet, and the result of the recent Reichstag elections seems to show that the nation has also the ambition and the will to do so."

Mr. Barker fortunately is able to diagnose the exact nature of the peril which threatens us, and to prescribe the right remedies, so all is not yet lost. For Germany, the

villain of the piece, has shown her hand to the watchful eyes of Mr. Ellis Barker. He sees through her little game. Ever since the establishment of the German Empire of 1871, the far-sighted statesmen of that nation have bent all their diplomacy to weakening France and Russia, not because they feared attack from either of these quarters, but because, ever contemplating a career of conquest, they wished to pave the way for subjugating Central and Northern Europe, and for establishing an over-seas Empire which would inevitably bring her into conflict with Great Britain. Her earliest active advance will consist in the absorption, largely by fiscal and political pressure, of Holland, Austria-Hungary, and Switzerland. So she establishes "a German Empire stretching across Europe from Hamburg to Trieste," which "would dominate not only the continent of Europe, but Asia Minor as well. Such an Empire would be able to threaten Constantinople, Egypt, and India, and it might legitimately aspire to the domination of the Mediterranean, of Asia Minor, and of North Africa." What is then to become of little England? "When Germany once has 80,000,000 to 100,000,000 inhabitants, a standing army of 1,000,000, and a war army of 5,000,000 men, and a large number of excellent harbors; in short, when her position on the Continent is absolutely secure against her neighbors, she can, with her flourishing industries, soon build a fleet sufficiently strong to defeat the British Navy."

Is it not a terrible prospect? What shall we do to be saved? Mr. Ellis Barker tells us in two words, Tariff Reform and Compulsory Military Service. These reforms will restore our agriculture, recuperate our national physique and morale, organise an Anglo-Saxon Empire on a self-sufficing economic basis, which, by alliance with the United States, will place at our disposal a population and a finance adequate to match, and even over-awe, the military and naval power of Germany.

It is difficult to treat quite seriously such a medley of misstatements, false imputations of motives, and impracticable policy. The only really serious factor is that the articles of such a man should now be found occupying in our reviews the place of prominence which used to be accorded to such men as Gladstone, Huxley, or John Morley. This seems to imply a degree of credulity among our "educated" classes which a generation ago would have been impossible.

Let us rehearse a few of Mr. Barker's really salient "facts." Germany, he holds, is already determined to spend a minimum of three hundred million pounds upon her fleet, and is able to do so. "The wages in Great Britain are low in consequence of Free Trade. They are low in those industries in which foreign manufacturers and producers compete freely, and they are high in those industries which are naturally or artificially protected against foreign competition." "Taxation per head of population is exactly twice as high in this country as it is in Germany." Such statements, supported by sham or irrelevant statistics, abound in Mr. Barker's book. Every one of his comparisons between Great Britain and Germany is vitiated by considerations which have been set forth in countless documents, official and others, since the beginning of the fiscal controversy. "I shall prove," writes Mr. Barker, "that in no industrial country in the world is there such widespread and such permanent unemployment as in Great Britain, and that the prevalence of that widespread unemployment coincides with the rise of Free Trade" (p. 127). Now, even were there any tittle of truth in these statements, there is no way of proving them. There are no statistics enabling us to compare, even approximately, the proportion or the amount of unemployment in England to-day with those of the times under Protection. Again, our Board of Trade has expressly and repeatedly warned us that the official figures of English and German unemployment are not comparable, and has even given detailed explanation of the reasons why they are not. Yet we find Mr. Barker crudely parading the percentages of unemployment among trade unionists in the two countries, without a word of qualification, and deducing the utterly false conclusion that "unemployment among trade unionists was, as a rule, from three to four times as large in Great Britain as it was in Germany." He plays in a similarly unscrupulous fashion with statistics of savings-banks and of wages, in order to support, in face of the conclusive evidence of a carefully conducted inquiry by the Board of

* "Great and Greater Britain." By J. Ellis Barker. Smith, Elder.

Trade, the false statement that "the German working masses are considerably better off than are the British working masses."

Germany has not the industrial and financial strength he accords to her. As every intelligent reader knows, her financial embarrassments are far graver than ours. The attempt simultaneously to be a great military and naval power is eating into her resources, and is lowering the real standard of life of her population through the persistent and large rise of prices due to her protective tariff. She is likely, as time goes on, to be rent by constantly growing dissensions of class and party, and even should pan-Teutonic sentiment bring Austria some day into organic union, the whole superstructure of aggressive policy which Mr. Barker builds upon this basis is a growth of his heated imagination.

Perhaps, however, we are wrong, and Mr. Barker's imagination is not heated. He is, perhaps, merely an ingenious gentleman who has fastened upon the Tariff Reform movement in that spirit of full-blooded patriotism common to his race and order. The success of such a movement, as in other branches of finance, figures itself to him simply as a problem of credit, of creating confidence. The raw material of such confidence is credulity. Now in order to convert credulity into effective confidence, what are needed are such statements of facts and figures as by their circumstantiality will carry conviction. Figures can be found, and facts can be faked, by the play of a lively imagination on the loose material of history. To do this sort of thing requires a certain knack which Mr. Ellis Barker undoubtedly possesses.

"MAX." *

BLESSED are they who possess the gift of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers: it is the privilege both of the humorist and the poet. Wordsworth found that thoughts too deep for tears could spring from the contemplation of the meanest flower; Mr. Max Beerbohm, with no less insight, discovers matter for a tragedy in a hat-box. Both temperaments are deficient in what is vulgarly known as common sense, but both enjoy spiritual experiences which are to the ordinary mind unknown. For example, Mr. Beerbohm, with a pathos which no sympathetic reader can resist, describes how, with infinite patience and ingenuity, he has for many years made a collection of luggage labels. Pasted on to a common, brown, pigskin hat-box, these labels symbolise all the keen and varied sensations of an enthusiastic traveller. But one day, owing to the misplaced zeal of an unimaginative trunk maker, they are all washed off. A simple theme, but with what profound emotion it is penned!

Again, Mr. Beerbohm goes a journey by a midnight express; a stranger enters the compartment somewhat hurriedly; they both settle down for the night. That is all. And that is all it ever would be to those who cannot see beyond the primrose. Not so, however, with "Max." Opening his eyes he looks at the intruding stranger, and instantly perceives him to be a murderer.

"Screwing up my courage, I fixed the man with my eye. I had never seen such a horrible little eye as his. It was a sane eye, too. It radiated a cold and ruthless sanity. It belonged not to a man who would kill you wantonly, but to one who would not scruple to kill you for a purpose, and who would do the job quickly and neatly and not be found out."

"... He was standing now with his back towards me, pulling his hatbox out of the rack. He had a furtive back—the back of one who had born many an alias. To this day I am ashamed that I did not spring up and pinion him there and then."

Presently the murderer opens conversation by inquiring whether the two have met before. They have not; but in the course of the explanation it dawns upon the other that the man is no murderer but quite a harmless commercial traveller. His feeling of terror changes to one of friendship, and finally to an emotion of profoundest pity. There are tears in his eyes as he alights on his doorstep. Yet for neither of these two deep and powerful emotions was there the slightest real justification. As Max rightly surmises, the philistine will reject these experiences as

unreal and possibly ridiculous. He condemns himself; for there is no clearer mark of a superior mind than a sustained capacity for disinterested feeling.

Mr. Beerbohm chooses themes that are common and simple, but treats them with conscious art. He sees a club in ruins, and muses epigrammatically on man's mortality; a rocking-horse outside a toyshop, and writes a study in dejection. In a slightly more serious mood he sits down before a fire: the attitude is favorable to meditations, and those arising from the flames are among the writer's brightest.

"Time (he writes) has not tamed fire. Fire is as wild a thing as when Prometheus snatched it from the empyrean. Fire in my grate is as fierce and terrible a thing as when it was lit by my ancestors, night after night, at the mouths of their caves, to scare away the ancestors of my dog. And my dog regards it with the old wonder and misgiving. Even in his sleep he opens ever and again one eye to see that we are in no danger. And the fire glowers and roars through its bars at him with the scorn that a wild beast must needs have for a tame one. 'You are free,' it rages, 'and yet you do not spring at that man's throat and tear him limb from limb and make a meal of him!' and, gazing at me, it licks its red lips; and I, laughing good-humouredly, rise and give the monster a shovelful of its proper food, which it leaps at and noisily devours."

But there are readers who thirst for realism. Let them turn to the essay on "Seeing people off" and convict the author, if they can, of artificiality, or of any undue leaning towards the poetic. A traveller bound for America is sitting in a railway carriage, and his friends, who have come to see him off, are waiting on the platform.

"'Have you got everything?' asked one of us, breaking a silence. 'Yes, everything,' says our friend, with a pleasant nod. 'Everything,' he repeated, with the emphasis of an empty brain. 'You'll be able to lunch on the train,' said I, though this prophecy had already been made more than once. 'Oh, yes,' he said, with conviction. He added that the train went straight through to Liverpool. The fact seemed to strike us as rather odd. We exchanged glances. 'Doesn't it stop at Crewe?' asked one of us. 'No,' said our friend briefly. He seemed almost disagreeable. There was a long pause. One of us, with a nod and a forced smile at the traveller, said, 'Well!' The nod, the smile, and the meaningless monosyllable were returned conscientiously. Another pause was broken by one of us by a fit of coughing. It was an obviously assumed fit, but it served to pass the time."

This, to use a phrase which has done much good service, is a page torn straight from the book of life.

"Max," however, is no lover of the commonplace. He is an aristocrat, ever on the side of the Graces, who chooses his words carefully and puts his commas in the right place. The simplicity of his themes serves but to enhance the elegance of his mind. His emotions, though sincere, are seldom universal, and there is a hint of preciousness in his style. In this age, which people in the country tell us is rapidly becoming Socialistic, distinction has a hard struggle to survive. Mr. Beerbohm has, however, achieved, not only a style, but an orthography of his own. With an artist's fierce individuality, he writes of a miser's "horde." The dictionary and the gross bulk of the reading public are against him—but we admire *panache*.

EDMUND GARRETT.*

THIS book is a work of affection; and merits the respect due to a sincere tribute of one friend to another. Let us say also that Garrett himself had the personal attraction which flowed from high spirits, a love of adventure in journalism, considerable talent and ardor in its pursuit, and the always pathetic spectacle of a losing fight, conducted with the utmost gallantry, with mortal disease. Beyond this, we shall not agree with Mr. Cook that Garrett's career deserves special commemoration. His literary skill was undeniable, as any reader of his spirited version of "Brand" and his early brilliant sketch of political Africa, entitled "In Afrikanderland," will allow. But these two works, the best, in our view, which he ever produced, have hardly proved to be less ephemeral than his later contributions to English and South African newspapers. Professor Herford's "Brand" is far superior to Garrett's; and, "In Afrikanderland" belongs to a passing and past phase of South African life. Indeed Garrett's powers of

* "Yet Again." By Max Beerbohm. Chapman & Hall. 5s. net.

* "Edmund Garrett: A Memoir." By E. T. Cook. Arnold. 10s. 6d. net.

production did not mature. Nature had laid on him too heavy a handicap, and his early training was scanty and hurried. His impatient advocacy of the policy of Mr. Rhodes and Lord Milner can be applauded only by those who, like his biographer, were thick-and-thin apologists alike of the Raid and of the diplomacy which preceded the South African War. Mr. Cook does, indeed, claim for his hero a certain independence of these political figures, or even a share in shaping their action. We are not able to trace this influence. Garrett's more refined and sensitive temperament was not, perhaps, in complete sympathy with all the political ways and means of Mr. Rhodes. But that powerful character had no use for half-and-half sympathisers, and Garrett's espousal of the Raid and his later endeavor to restore its author to public life in Cape Colony were mere acts of uncritical advocacy. How far this championship led him the incident recorded in pages 118 to 120 will show. Mr. Cook describes Garrett's conduct as "injudicious." We will say nothing of its moral aspects—we will only suggest that it seems to us an exact model of conduct which journalists who desire to obtain the confidence of public men, and to retain their respect, should avoid. Garrett was shown, in confidence, a copy of the draft proclamation in which Sir Hercules Robinson strove to recall South Africa to its senses after the emotional disturbance of the Raid. He suggested and obtained the omission of a paragraph calling on British citizens to abstain from demonstrations likely to disturb public order. Having obtained this concession, he telegraphed privately to the editor of the Johannesburg "Star," warning this gentleman that the proclamation would put Jameson "formally in the wrong," but that this course was forced on the Imperial authorities, and that the Progressives need not concern themselves about it. What could be worse: first, to falsify the character and meaning of the proclamation, on the strength of a private confidence freely bestowed by its author, and then to sow such a crop of tares in soil where they were certain to spring up and multiply exceedingly? There were better sides to Garrett's journalism than this episode discloses. It is unfortunate that, if Mr. Cook thought it necessary to mention it, he should also deem himself bound to excuse it. The only palliation of such conduct was that Garrett was always something of a boy and never had time to grow up; and that his was not the type of journalism which thrived in the forcing-house of the "Pall Mall Gazette" under Mr. Stead. John Morley would have applied a temperature more suitable to the development of Garrett's veritable graces of mind and character.

MODERNISM.*

THE subject of this volume is of urgent interest, and the writer is a man of eminence, yet it has little chance of giving us much illumination. There is always something defective when a writer gives an account of a highly controversial subject from the outside; but the defect becomes a fatal flaw when he is not only outside the controversy he is describing but also quite unreservedly in favor of one side of it. M. Paul Sabatier is a man who has gained reputation by his studies upon St. Francis, and has indeed endeared himself to many by the charm and the spirituality which distinguish those studies: the writer has high claims upon our attention. And the subject is in the front of those which engage the minds of thoughtful people to-day—the severe conflict which has opened in the Roman Church between the Liberal movement, now designated Modernism, and the Conservatism of the official authorities in that Church. But to look to M. Sabatier as a guide in this conflict is another matter. For he is vehemently with the Modernists at every point of their position, and yet he is not one of them: he remains a Protestant, and that of an extreme type. We fear, therefore, that if men are to be judged by the character of their champions, M. Sabatier's vigorous advocacy will tell against the Modernists in the estimation of the Romanists of a Conservative temper. See, they will say, what Modernism really is: here is an ultra-

Protestant, fervent in his admiration of its principles and deeply sympathetic with its leaders; and, they will add, wholly unable to attribute to the Conservative Catholics either sincerity or intelligence, or at least to allow that both of these together can characterise any person in their ranks. If followers of the Curia were to say these things, there is nothing in this volume which would put them to silence.

Under these circumstances, we do not see that any detailed account of the volume is called for. All that need be said is that it contains some statements of the general position of Modernism, of its orientation, as M. Sabatier calls it, and a continuously antagonistic criticism of the ultra-Conservative policy which at present is dominant at the Vatican, in theology, in scholarship, and in ecclesiastical administration. At the same time, an English reader who has inadequate access to the literature of the controversy, and no personal acquaintance with any of the protagonists, will find here a good deal of useful and interesting matter: notably upon M. Loisy and the nature and significance of his voluminous contributions to thought and learning, and upon the Catholic laymen who, in Italy, France, and in England, are eloquently and under difficulties making this new learning known. They are described with the warmest sympathy by M. Sabatier, and at the same time with due respect for their loyalty to their Church. The "Jowett Lecture" was the occasion of M. Sabatier speaking on the subject in England, and perhaps his eloquent advocacy will have drawn attention to the controversy in quarters in which it was being insufficiently noticed. In order to constitute a volume even of moderate size, the editor has added a number of important documents: the Encyclical of 1906; the Petition from a group of French Catholics (Liberal), deprecating it; the Syllabus *Lamentabili*; and especially the official English translation of the Encyclical of 1907, *Pascendi Gregis*. These documents are indispensable to anyone who desires to be informed as to the movement; but for a general statement of the thoughts and the aims of the Modernists, recourse should be had to the same publisher's volume, "The Programme of Modernism," by Father Tyrrell, translated by Mr. Lilley.

ANN VERONICA.*

THE story is simple enough. Ann Veronica, living in the suburbs with a suburban father, breaks away from his suburban dominance: determines to "live her own life." She speedily discovers the impossibility of a pretty girl with no wage-earning capacities "living her own life." She borrows money from a man who, in return, demands a customary and expected reward. She engages herself to a sentimental humbug, and breaks off the engagement without compunction. She essays various outlets for unsatisfied and stifled woman's desires: mingling with the pitiful company of the ineffective "moderns," who discuss, egotistically and with tragic futility, various methods of unattainable reform. She plunges into the "Suffragette" agitation, goes wearily to prison, emerges disgusted and disillusioned. Finally, in passionate and reckless love for her teacher in biology (a married man), she snatches at one crowded hour of glorious life: heedless of honor and the moralities, confident in the attainment of some transfiguration beyond them all. The end of the book is, in reality, the journey of Capes and Ann Veronica to the mountains and their sojourn there. The rest is the conventional conclusion which Mr. Wells, good artist as he is, might well have spared us. The phantom Mrs. Capes has disappeared: Ann Veronica becomes decently married to her lover: father and aunt accept reconciliation and dinner with affable forgiveness: Capes makes a huge financial success as a writer of plays. The author must have mocked at himself as he added this fairy tale ending to a work that is otherwise a study of reality. It may have been necessary for the quieting of the public conscience: but it lacks the sombre sincerity of Mr. Lewisham's gaze from his dingy lodging into the London darkness with some vague, faint hope that, through the child who has been born, his life

* "Modernism: The Jowett Lectures, 1908." By Paul Sabatier. Translated by C. A. Miles. Unwin. 5s. net

* "Ann Veronica." By H. G. Wells. Unwin. 6s.

will be linked with a less intolerable future: or the passage of George Ponderevo on his destroyer past a world symbolic of waste and confusion down to the large breath and salt airs of the open sea.

It is less a story than a study: a study of the unrest and dissatisfaction which has entered into the soul of the modern city-bred girl, who from the beginning has been relieved from the need for wage earning, and finds herself condemned to waiting for the suburban husband who will condescend one day to ask her to be his wife. In part, Mr. Wells is dealing with present peculiar conditions, the revolt which comes from idleness, and artificial occupations, and the circumscribing tumuli of dead moralities, dead conventions, dead religions. In part the study is more universal: of the stimulus and great desires of adolescence, with the world suddenly opened to the mind first attaining self-consciousness, oppressed partly by vague unattainable longing, partly by revolt against the "shabby second best," which is the utmost most can make of life. Ann Veronica finds herself called to a crusade—to a dozen crusades. Here are things so obviously out of joint: here are evils eagerly demanding remedy. A little propagandism, a little preaching of reasonableness, a little general kindly feeling, and the world can be made beautiful and dramatic again. Only towards the end does she realise that she is campaigning—with no adequate weapons but egoism and some vanity and a wavering resolution—against the inheritance of a hundred centuries, and all the solid amalgam of good and evil of a world which is very old. Her meditations in prison amongst the "Suffragettes" bring her sharply against the blind jagged edges of reality. Religious faith is gone. "I suppose I believe in God. . . . Never really thought about Him—people don't." "Violence won't do it" (again). "Begin violence and the woman goes under." "Life is difficult," she cries; "when you loosen the tangle in one place you tie a knot in another." She has descended suddenly into regions she had never appreciated—the underside of civilisation, the kingdom of force, against which even the refinements and securities of suburbandom maintain their continuance but hardly. "This is the real texture of life," she cries. "This is what we secure people forget. We think the whole thing is straight and noble at bottom: and it isn't. . . . One doesn't realise that even the sort of civilisation one had at Morningside Park is held together with difficulty." "Life is many-sided and complex and puzzling. I thought one had only to take it by the throat." "It hasn't got a throat."

That absence of throat to grapple with in life is the crowning discovery. Having lost all through its apprehension, Ann Veronica can gain all through the acceptance of one transfiguring passion in which the world (without a throat) becomes remote and negligible. Capes has come "damaged goods": with a wife that refuses to release him, "of a very serene and proud and dignified temperament." "I worshipped her and subdued myself." He has come through the divorce courts as co-respondent in a "shabby, stupid, furtive business." He and Ann had met dissecting dog-fish in the atmosphere of the laboratory amid the smell of decay and cheap methylated spirit. They escape to moonlight on the mountains: through great waste spaces of snow and star-lit sky, in which for one moment the "earth life" of the "earth bowed" confusion below vanishes in an ecstasy of intoxication. And the place of return is still the region of dissecting dog-fish and the smell of decay and cheap methylated spirit: in which the "wrapped" conventional existence, the set grey life and apathetic end, seem only less unendurable than the feeble efforts of all who essay escape except into the Kingdom of Passion—where man and woman, indifferent to all pasts and futures, are plucking the red petals which they know must fall.

Mr. Wells devotes all his extraordinary ironic power to destructive, savage criticism of the modern emancipators. Their dinginess, their utter futility, their intoxication with words, their egotisms and vanities, fill him with bitterness and disgust. Perhaps his revolt is, in part, the resentfulness of one who once resided in that fantastic world, and is angry at the time wasted there. Fabians attempting to transform modern civilisation with surreptitious intrigues, "Suffragettes" whose "martyrdoms" in prison consist in howling before the midday meal, and imitating "the noises made by the carnivora at the Zoological Gardens at

feeding time," little literary coteries who discuss the sincerity of Tolstoy or the significance of Chesterton, or whether Bernard Shaw should be elected to Parliament—all this appears to him less as a revolt than as a disease, compounded of unrest and ineffective vanity. He sees the huge, clumsy world, blundering along with its Atlantean load, in some strange progress towards an uncertain goal. He sees all the apparatus of sedentary life, the small cunning and hysterias of those who have never faced death or been challenged by Hunger and Cold, producing not even a scratch upon the surface of this Cosmic Colossus. Life and Death, huge stark forces of Lust and Avarice and Hatreds and Affections, judge and condemn all these "sloppy" and gushing and furtive movements towards change. And when Ann Veronica borrows forty pounds from a man who had appeared a genial suburban gentleman of unimpeachable reputation, she finds that the wolf and tiger instincts have only dressed themselves up in thin clothing—that "primitive man will feed and must take his pasturage." Ann Veronica is out for sincerity, while others are wrapped in deception. She is breaking her teeth biting at her chains in prison, while her comrades are content with making noises like the carnivorous animals. "Your queer code of Honor"—she can say to Capes at the end—"Honor! Once you begin with love you have to see it through." It is this demand for bedrock fact—for some hard ground beneath all the slush and make-belief of contemporary illusion—which drove George Ponderevo into the study of machines, aviation, something solid and real—which drove Ann Veronica into open repudiation of it all.

"Morningside Park had been passive and defective: all this rushed about and was active, but it was still defective. It still failed in something. It did seem germane to the matter that so many of the people 'in the van' were plain people, or faded people, or tired-looking people. It did affect the business that they all argued badly, and were egotistical in their manners and inconsistent in their phrases. There were moments when she doubted whether the whole mass of movements and societies and gatherings and talks was not simply one coherent spectacle of failure protecting itself from abjection by the glamor of its own assertions."

It is the revolt of the stomach against a diet of "Justice," "the Vegetarian," "Friends of Egypt," "Votes for Women," and other similar periodicals. Ann Veronica escapes for a moment—to the mountains. The hero of "Tono-Bungay" finds less satisfying experience in the sense, haunting and persistent, of a search never attained: all life the secret—revealed as but for a moment in a sudden sunset, in music, in a passionate love episode, in moments of half-apprehension—eluding and baffling those who would solve the mystery. At the end one may still, like Ulysses, resolve to "sail beyond the sunset" or blow dauntlessly "Childe Roland to the dark tower came." Meantime the Mountains cannot be occupied for ever: and back again, half-stiffed in the crowd, its visitants must set themselves to the wrapped life with but little guidance from sun or star.

"Some day, perhaps," says Ann Veronica's lover, "some day the old won't coddle and hamper the young, and the young won't need to fly in the faces of the old. They'll give facts as facts, and understand. Oh! to face facts! Gods! What a world it might be if people faced facts. Understanding. There is no other salvation." All Mr. Wells's later work has been an attempt to face facts. He has brought an enthusiasm for reality, born of his scientific training, into union with an enthusiasm for humanity, born out of disgust at the disorder of life, and pity at its sufferings. "Ann Veronica" is his latest attempt to face facts. It is lacking in the intimacy and kindness and humor of "Kipps." It has little of the broad, sombre, epical effect of "Tono-Bungay." It is written in irony and in bitterness. But it is extraordinarily honest, and in consequence extraordinarily readable. Here is a man who is applying the dissector's scalpel to the society of modern England. The ordinary investigator will deliberately omit the tearing open of certain parts; you must leave the heart intact, or make no search for this nerve ganglion, or confine yourself to slices cut off the surface of the skin. Mr. Wells will have none of it. He will tear the whole organism into tatters, till the skeleton and all the organs stand revealed—"far too naked to be 'shamed.'" He is not content with attacking illusion: he will dissect also the revolt against illusion itself, and the revolt against the revolt against illusion: until no wrappings and curtains

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and figments and phrases remain. He may not—by such method—achieve the naked Truth. But at least he is sincere in his effort towards that perilous attainment.

SIX NOVELS.*

It is an odd, but an incontestable fact, that the most, if not all, of the truly natural things, are wholly irrational. In the Park, and in more exalted circles of debate, one learns that religion is utterly irrational, and there is a good deal to be said for that position. It is certain that the acts of eating and drinking would be hard to justify in terms of the logical understanding; and it was not until the days of Coleridge and Wordsworth and their successors, that men were brave enough to confess to the mystery and incantation of woods, and streams, and hills. To Smollett and his contemporaries Gothic architecture seemed lunacy in stone. And there is another thing for which it is really very difficult to find a true *rationale*; that is the act of laughter. Rabelais, who saw into the deep places of the human complex, has told us that laughter is the property of man. True; but why do we laugh? Why, for example, does Mr. Jerome K. Jerome make food not only for reflection—and this Mr. Jerome continually does—but for mirth, restrained or less restrained according to company? Well, here are some examples, which we offer without answering our question:—

"It is unexplainable, the average woman's passion for cupboards. . . . I knew a woman once who was happy—for a woman. She lived in a house with twenty-nine cupboards: I think it must have been built by a woman. They were spacious cupboards, many of them, with doors in no way different from other doors. Visitors would wish each other good night and disappear with their candles into cupboards, staggering out backwards the next moment, looking scared. One poor gentleman, this woman's husband told me, having to go downstairs again for something he had forgotten, and unable on his return to strike anything else but cupboards, lost heart, and finished up the night in a cupboard."

Then, again, there is the description of the "average woman's" contempt for any natural water-supply, whether from wells or tanks. She never believes "that water can be good that does not come from a waterworks. Her idea appears to be that the company makes it fresh every morning from some old family recipe." Mr. Jerome is certainly an orthodox Rabelaisian; he knows that it is better to write of laughter than of tears; and most cordially is "They and I" to be commended to all disciples of the High Pantagrueline Wisdom.

Neither laughter nor tears—rather curious, subtle, and shadowy emotions—are dealt with in "Confessions to My Wife." Mr. Kipling has prophesied against all attempts to unite West with East, and M. de Noussanne has written this singular book to show that the best of Frenchmen and the most charming of Englishwomen are not designed by nature to intermarry. There is no tragedy in the book; Josiane, the English girl, engaged to "Jean René Raymond Desormes, cavalry officer in the French Army," visits her lover's French home and sees the incompatibility of it all: even the Limousin peasants, who seem to Jean worthy and happy folk, strike her as poor, earth-tortured creatures, veritable martyrs of the soil which they till. So Josiane goes on her way, and Jean marries the Frenchwoman to whom these "Confessions" are supposed to be made. It is probable that the "moral" of the tale is a true one, in most instances at all events; and some might say that the gulf between any man and any woman being of necessity a great one—the very differences which make the passion of Love possible tending at the same time to make real understanding difficult—it is unwise to add to the natural and inevitable grounds of disagreement the artificial barriers of race, education, and convention. The problem is an interesting one, well treated by M. de Noussanne.

* "They and I." By Jerome K. Jerome. Hutchinson. 6s.

"Confessions to My Wife." Translated from the French of Henri de Noussanne. By M. Harriett M. Capes. Melrose. 6s.

"A Sword in Ambush." By Lillias Campbell Davidson. Cassell. 6s.

"Great Possessions." By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. Longmans. 6s.

"The King's Signet." By Morice Gerard. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

"The Rose of Dauphiny." By Philip L. Stevenson. Stanley Paul. 6s.

There has been a discussion going on for some time as to the merits or demerits of the "detective novel." Some experts—real detectives amongst them—have urged that Scotland Yard knows nothing of Sherlock Holmes, that the thief and the murderer are not, in crude fact, found out by the exercise of the deductive faculty. The writer is free to confess that he holds this objection to be altogether frivolous, that he regards the detective story as a rich and variegated and curious pattern, to be compared rather with mazes, and Persian carpets, and such musical forms as Canon and Fugue, than with the tedious and practical transactions of the "Yard." Only there is one proviso to be made; there is no place for the second-rate in the art of detective fiction; if it is not of the best, it is clearly a weariness. And so with the story of plot; if we are to be interested in a plot it must be a very excellent plot. It is to be feared that "A Sword in Ambush" and "Great Possessions" hardly attain the standard indicated. Each story turns on the theme of unjust possessions, and of the misery and dissatisfaction that wealth wrongly held brings on the wrongdoer. The moral is, doubtless, just, but the interest is not absorbing. "A Sword in Ambush" is the simpler tale, but the characters are somewhat shadowy and indistinct. "Great Possessions" is more complicated, more elaborate; but its somewhat bewildering plot is redeemed by the interesting character-study of "Molly," and there are scenes which show the possession of the literary sense, and of even better things than that. "She had the born mystic's love of little kind actions, little presents, things treasured as symbols of the union of spirits, all the more because of their slight material value." It is a profound truth that is indicated in this sentence; and in an age which is apt to believe mysticism to be an affair of signs, wonders, and Eusapia Palladino, it is well to be reminded that the popular opinion is a mistaken one, and that the true wisdom is largely a matter of little things, just as literature and art are largely matters of the alphabet and the paint-box. Between mysticism and occultism there is all the *magnum chaos* that intervenes between the gospel and the gnosis; and Mrs. Wilfred Ward's remark shows her to be fully aware of the distinction between two things that are often confused.

Sir Walter Scott remarked, shrewdly as usual, that he, as a writer of historical or "costume" novels, had a great advantage over his imitators. Sir Walter wrote out of the abundance of his heart; the study of old "nick-nackets," of old manners and customs, and costumes, and weapons, had been his hobby for years: he was not a very accurate antiquarian, but he was thoroughly devoted to antiquity. But his imitators wrote historical novels because historical novels had become a "business proposition," because such tales were fashionable; and their antiquarian knowledge had been laboriously acquired. It would be harsh to pass this judgment on Mr. Morice Gerard, or on Mr. Philip L. Stevenson; but in each case, though the workmanship is careful and conscientious, one is aware of a certain lack of freshness. "The Rose of Dauphiny" is a tale of the French religious wars of the sixteenth century; "The King's Signet" begins with the escape of King Charles II. after the battle of Worcester. Each period is various, adventurous, and good to write of; but the "properties" seem somewhat worn and dusty. Mr. Gerard's secret chamber is not so secret as it must once have been, and the swords in Mr. Stevenson's duel have lost something of their flashing brightness. The art of romance is, above all, the art of adventure, a passage into strange and unknown territory, into regions where we hold our breath, not knowing what may lie hid in the wood, what figure may not appear on the long white road. It is only an infinite cunning that can take known and familiar figures, and show us that they are in truth strange and unearthly shapes of beauty or of terror.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

EXCEPT to a few curious inquirers the name of Dr. John Dee, astrologer, alchemist, theologian, scientific investigator, mathematician, and mystic, is quite unfamiliar, but his career was so interesting, and throws so odd a light upon the progress of scientific studies in Elizabethan days, that

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KENDAL (Westmorland). FURNISHED HOUSE to Let Monthly, Ten Beds, Wide Views, Golf Close. T. Wilson Wilson, Kendal.

Miss Charlotte Fell Smith's "The Life of John Dee: An Elizabethan Crystal Gazer" (Constable, 10s. 6d. net) has a much better right to existence than many of the biographies that swell the publishers' lists. Early in his career Dee attracted the notice of Elizabeth and was invited to cast her horoscope, though he had been accused of directing his enchantments at Queen Mary's life. He was acquitted of the charge, and thenceforward Elizabeth consulted him on many occasions, visiting his house at Mortlake, but turning a deaf ear to his petitions for some place that would secure him a livelihood. The only piece of preferment he got was the Wardenship of Christ's College, Manchester, which came when he was in the direst straits. Dee's search for the philosopher's stone and the *elixir vitae* was pursued in the company of Edward Kelley, a charlatan who robbed him and injured his reputation. Miss Fell Smith's book shows that Dee was a dupe rather than an impostor, and justifies her claim that the attitude of modern men of science to such precursors as Dee is wanting in generosity. Among his other claims to an enlightenment above that of the general body of his contemporaries, it may be said that he advocated the establishment of a national library nearly 200 years before the British Museum library was opened, and that he himself collected 4,000 volumes which were always at the disposal of his friends. Miss Fell Smith's description of Dee's pursuits and travels is capably done, and presents him in an engaging light, though she rates his services to science somewhat too highly.

* * *

MESSRS. METHUEN have issued "A Woman of No Importance" and "Lady Windermere's Fan" (5s. each) in their smaller uniform edition of Oscar Wilde's works. The volumes are tastefully produced, and handier for reading than those of the limited edition. Wilde allowed himself some devices in construction which are ruled out by later dramatists, but it is safe to say that his incisive and witty dialogue will cause him to be read for many years to come.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, Oct. 15.	Price Friday morning, Oct. 22.
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THE sensational event of the week occurred on Thursday, when the Directors of the Bank at their usual court decided to raise the Bank rate from 4 to 5 per cent. They had raised it from 3 to 4 per cent. on the previous Thursday, so that the upward movement has been unusually, and quite unexpectedly, rapid. Until last week money in London for short loans was very cheap and abundant, but in order to make its 4 per cent. rate effective, the Bank borrowed freely and removed the superfluous floating supplies, with the result that both money and discounts were driven rapidly upwards towards the official minimum. But the situation in Berlin and New York was such (in consequence of excessive speculation at both centres) that rates abroad have gone up faster than in London, and our 4 per cent. rate proved inadequate to check the outflow of gold, of which Brazil, Egypt, Constantinople, and other places have been in urgent need. Most significant is the fact that Berlin has been importing gold at unprofitable rates and selling stocks freely for several days. In fact, there is a good deal of anxiety and uneasiness there. From the tone of the German Press one gathers that discontent with the new taxes is rife, especially among the beer and tobacco people, and that the Government is very unpopular indeed. Our trade with India and the Straits Settlements is much better, and there is no need to fear the brief spell of dear money which is necessary to enable the Bank of England to replenish its

reserve. The stock markets generally and gilt-edged securities in particular, are naturally lower, and it is quite likely that American railway shares will decline rapidly. But in the end no great harm need be done. Speculators ought to have their wings clipped; but London is in no danger, as the open account for a rise is not particularly large apart from the rubber market.

THE AMERICAN MARKET

A market that works on borrowed money as much as the American does is bound to be upset by a sharp rise in money rates, and on Thursday, when the 5 per cent. Bank rate was announced, some curious movements took place in American prices. Union Pacifics, whose rise of a month or two ago to 226 now begins to look rather ridiculous, collapsed at once, and dropped to 206½ in New York—which was either unable or unwilling to support the stock. Other speculative securities fell, too, and a comparison of American prices over the week shows some very remarkable changes. At this time of day it ought not to be necessary to warn people against dabbling in Yankees, but, just to show how extraordinarily variable the market is, I may quote the recent prices of a few speculative stocks:—

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Erie first preference... ..	58 ¹ / ₂	49 ¹ / ₄	—9
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Southern Pacific	142 ¹ / ₂	132	—10 ¹ / ₂
Union Pacific	226	206 ¹ / ₂	—19 ¹ / ₂

The highest prices are comparatively recent, so that the drop has been very sharp, and is probably not finished yet. The fact is, of course, that the market is completely in the hands of professionals, and so long as they have ample funds to draw upon, they can do what they like with it. When the pinch comes in the money market it is a different story, and we are all waiting to see what will happen now that the interior is withdrawing funds from New York, and London is chary about filling up the gap. It is an interesting position.

SPAIN AND NICARAGUA

Spanish bonds are mainly controlled by Paris, and it is rather odd that the fall since the Morocco war began has been so small. It takes a great deal to make the French investor sell, as the history of Russian credit sufficiently testifies. But the death of Ferrer, the assassination of his prosecutor, and the outburst of indignation in so many parts of the world caused much uneasiness, and the fall of Señor Maura's Ministry was hailed with relief by the Paris Bourse, which hopes to see the war against the Riffs and martial law in Catalonia put an end to by a new Government. The tyranny of President Zelaya in Nicaragua seems likely to be upset, as the revolutionaries appear to have seized some of the principal ports. The Nicaraguan Government is bad, and the people are, perhaps, worse. The best hope of Central America lies in the prospect of increasing friendly supervision from the United States, which has recently created a Court of Arbitration in Costa Rica.

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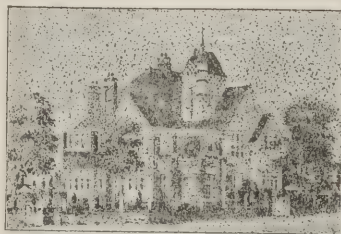
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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

A PAUSE in the critical situation which the country is fast approaching has been secured by an agreement between the rival leaders to defer the second reading of the Budget in the House of Lords till November 22nd. A day later the House of Commons will meet, after nearly three weeks' adjournment. We doubt whether the pause will affect the decision of the Tory "backwoodsmen," led by the brewers and the Protectionists, to throw out the Bill, to disregard all counsels, however exalted, against such a course, and to flout Lord Lansdowne, who is obviously opposed to it. The Liberal Party must, therefore, prepare itself for immediate and vital action towards the end of November.

THE fifth of the series of bye-elections which have taken place since the Budget was introduced has been less satisfactory than its predecessors, but it has yielded the same result, a majority of votes for, and a minority against. Mr. Dumphreys, the Protectionist victor at Bermondsey, polled 4,278 votes; Mr. Leigh Hughes, the Liberal pro-Budget man, 3,291 votes; and Mr. Salter, the Socialist supporter, 1,435 votes. In other words, Bermondsey contains 4,726 friends of the Budget and 4,278 opponents. The result, fought under every disadvantage—the presence of a famous local "character" as the Conservative champion, the division into two camps of the Progressive strength, and all the confusion and doubt which such a distraction of forces brings about, and the fact that the brilliant Liberal candidate fought an improvised battle as a complete stranger to the constituency—should not cause Liberals a moment's discouragement. It may, indeed, like the

first Southwark election, push the peers over the precipice. And THAT need not daunt us either.

MEANWHILE, on the general feeling about the Budget, more especially in the rural districts, we print the following communication from "A Country Candidate": "Strange things are happening in rural England. At C—— last night, the village school was so packed for the Budget League meeting that there was no standing-room left. No such audience has been seen there, even in the height of an election contest. C—— is eight miles from a railway station, in a purely rural parish, and the meetings hitherto have been small and absolutely quiet. Last night the principal man in the parish, a retired major, came with two or three friends to shout out interjections and to ask questions. The answers given by the speakers were wildly applauded, and the outspoken attacks of a local orator on the *quondam* potentate were greeted with howls of delight. There is much good humor and little bitterness in all this. It is simply that we are waking up. We are suddenly beginning to think that the fear, which has brooded so long over the land, is largely a groundless one. The democratic spirit, familiar enough in the towns, is making its appearance among the fields and along the miry lanes."

"SEVERAL months ago, before the Budget League was even thought of, I wrote in your columns that the Lloyd George Budget, once explained, was immensely popular. It has now been so widely explained that there are few districts where it is not fairly well understood. It has been an education. Direct and indirect taxation, the nature of rent, the distribution of wealth, the incidence of mineral royalties, the relations of capital to labor, these and other problems have been raised, and raised for the first time. They are grasped very vaguely, but they are felt to exist. In crude form, but often with apt or quaint illustration, they are handled to-day in the barn, in the smithy, in the public house. They will not, for they cannot, be dropped or forgotten. It is a golden moment for the cause of reform. The demand for fairer social conditions is being put forward, but it has not yet developed into a class war."

"WHETHER it will so develop or not, depends largely on the coming election. The new demand will be fought, bitterly and hard. The Unionists are as well aware of the real issues at stake as we are. Workmen will be dismissed from work, or evicted from their houses. Subscriptions, on which the success of some little local enterprise depends, will be withdrawn. Corruption will supplement intimidation. If the election comes in January, Christmas gifts and parish charities will be arranged with a keen eye to the ballot-box. Beer will flow freely from unseen sources. The armory of wealth, never fully utilised yet, will be employed to the best advantage. The contest will be no easy one. Yet, if the Liberal Government is returned to power, the extremes of class feeling will, I think, be avoided. The forces of reaction will throw up the sponge. The conflict of ideals and interests will continue, but it will not deepen into mutual hatred. That, however, is the alternative we

shall have to face if the Liberal programme of social and financial reform is arrested in its inception."

* * *

ON Tuesday Mr. Balfour, in a speech of outrageous, but calculated, violence, denounced Mr. Ure in terms never within our recollection applied by one public man of eminence to another. Mr. Balfour's assumption was that Mr. Ure, the Lord Advocate, had repeatedly stated that if the Tory Party came in it would repudiate the obligation to provide old age pensions. He declared this statement to be "a frigid and calculated lie," "carefully thought out," "deliberately coined," and then "put into legitimate circulation." He also said that Mr. Ure had repeated the calumny, which he must have known was a calumny, to audience after audience. He had also committed a "crime" against the pensioners, and had acted with "the deliberate object" of perverting public opinion.

* * *

THIS insolent language, addressed to a man of very high character and obvious sincerity, rests, so far as we know, on no statement of Mr. Ure's which deserved it. The Lord Advocate's charge was in the nature of an argument, which he fully developed at Rochdale on the following day. Mr. Ure showed, first, that Mr. Balfour had put forward Tariff Reform as the only possible alternative to the Budget, which he repudiated, with all its works. He excluded from his Protectionist scheme any increase in the proportion of food taxes to be paid by workmen, and any tax on raw material. That left him dependent for revenue on duties (ten per cent.) on foreign manufactures. But such duties, after allowing for the cost of collection and the exclusion of effectually protected goods, would only provide five millions' worth of taxes, instead of the fourteen millions required to fill the deficit. Mr. Balfour would, therefore, have to choose between breaking one kind of pledge and breaking another. Supposing that he chose not directly to break the promise over old age pensions, for which he never voted, but to substitute a scheme of contributory pensions? Statesmen in a quandary have done such things before.

* * *

THE Prime Minister briefly announced on Wednesday that the Lords' amendments to the Irish Land Bill would be dealt with under a single motion, which would enable them to be put as a whole from the chair. This probably means the rejection of the substantial amendments of the Lords, but not necessarily of all the changes they have introduced into the Bill. Essentially, however, it will be restored to its old form. The Lords treated the original measure as a mere sketch and substituted for it a Bill with different machinery, different intentions, and different objects. One peer went so far as to propose that the provision of funds should be left to a committee consisting of a representative of the landlords and a representative of the tenants, with Lord Macdonnell and Lord Milner as "*amici curiæ*." The British Exchequer and the British taxpayer were left out of this quaint tribunal.

* * *

THE report on the clauses dealing with the Licensing duties was concluded on Wednesday, the Government making some further concessions to hotels and restaurants, and proposing reduced duties where the receipts from the sale of intoxicants formed less than two-fifths (instead of one-third) of the total receipts. The general policy of the duties was re-argued on Tuesday, when the Prime Minister powerfully defended the call for additional taxation from a class to which the State

had granted a valuable monopoly, while he ridiculed the possibility of adhering to the 1880 scale. Mr. Sherwell, indeed, pointed out that, excluding hotels valued at over £3,000, the old average duty was £21, while the future average duty would be at £49. Mr. Balfour, however, insisted that many publicans would be swept out of existence, that this would give them "a sense of rancorous wrong," that they would be "oppressed," and that the licensing trade would feel that the House of Commons could not be trusted to deal fairly with it. Nothing, he said, would persuade him that this was "legitimate finance." His language, though very guarded, is thought to have given slight encouragement to the policy of rejection. It is significant that, on the same day, the Tory leader declared that it was clear that the controversies now being raised in Lords and Commons must soon be transferred to a higher power than either.

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THE Tsar, after seven years, has paid his return visit to the King of Italy, and the toasts have contained the customary fluid generalities. M. Isvolsky gives some solidity to them by saying that Italy and Russia have identical interests in "the preservation of peace, the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Near East, and the development of the autonomy of the Balkan peoples." The unofficial Italian commentators make no doubt that the visit means an important addition to Italy's power of resisting Austria in the Balkans. To judge from the Press of the "Triple Entente," the particular group of Powers of which England and France are the centre has been strengthened, and the new European balance of power has received its finishing touch. There is a good deal of diplomatic fudge in all this, but the cant becomes a little perilous when the *Temps* says that now the peace of Europe is threatened only by the Socialists. The plain truth of the matter is that the cement of the Triple Entente is much more hatred of Germany than love of peace, and if the Triple Entente is to be a new Holy Alliance against Socialism as well as against Germany, it contains graver seeds of peril than even its critics have hitherto suspected.

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THE dramatic eviction of the Conservative Cabinet in Spain by the Liberals seems to have violated the conventions of Spanish politics. Some of Senor Moret's old friends are disturbed, and Senor Maura, in a speech of singular violence, has put the Liberal Party outside the pale along with Anarchists—tactics closely resembling those which the Protectionist Reactionaries adopt here. Senor Maura is a great political power, but, on the other hand, the Republicans and Socialists, who are now in alliance, have begun a campaign designed to make his return to politics impossible. As the conventions of Spanish politics are responsible for the ruinous state of the country, there is some prospect now of the old game of the Ins and Outs ending at least for a time and of some real reform work being taken in hand. Senor Moret has not yet officially proclaimed his policy, but unofficially he has made it known that the operations in Morocco—where the Spanish army is in a bad way—will not be extended but brought to a close as quickly as possible. He approves the execution of Senor Ferrer, but apparently is against cold-blooded repression continued months after the trouble is over. So that an amnesty and measures of conciliation may be expected.

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PRINCE ITO, the foremost of modern Japanese statesmen, was shot dead on Tuesday at Harbin in the presence of M. Kokovsteff, with whom he was about to enter

into important negotiations. Prince Ito was born in 1838, a Samurai of humble extraction, and by sheer ability he forced his way rapidly to the front. He was one of the first Japanese to travel in the West, and what he learned during his four years' stay in Europe he applied in his own country as Minister of Public Works. At the age of thirty-four he introduced railways and telegraphs, and modernised Japanese finance and Japanese political institutions, and he was four times Premier. It was during his Ministry that the war with China was carried on and he led Japan along the road to the Russian war. His great administrative talents marked him out for the mission of absorbing Korea, and in the sense that he secured complete Japanese control and recast the whole Government without provoking foreign protests he was successful. But his methods were harsh and he did little to check the ruthless exploitation of the Koreans by his countrymen. Korea was swept by revolt, and hatred of Japan became Korean patriotism.

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AFFAIRS in Turkey have just taken two notable steps forward. The Young Turks have decided that things are settled enough for a return to something like normal constitutional methods, and they have realised that they cannot push Ottoman conformity too far or too fast. In accordance with the first decision the Committee of Union and Progress has converted itself from a secret society into an ordinary political party, and the army has taken an oath not to intervene in politics. In accordance with the second an agreement has been made with the Patriarchs to recognise them as in some respects the representatives of their nationalities. It would be too optimistic to hope that the Young Turks will in an instant throw off the habits of the secret society or that the army will be able to carry out its self-denying ordinance with perfect fidelity. But it is plain that the Young Turks appreciate what is implied in constitutional institutions, and think that the critical period of transition is passing. Still less likely is the arrangement with the Patriarchs to be permanent, for the nationalities are the Turkish problem. But even a temporary settlement implies that the Young Turks are modifying their rigid Imperialism and are on the way towards a saner and more prudent handling of the most difficult political problem that faces them.

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THE past week has offered several tests of political sentiment in Germany. There have been State elections in Saxony and Baden and Berlin, and a bye-election to the Reichstag in Coburg, and in every instance the Socialists have exhibited astonishing strength. They carried Coburg, which had been held by the National Liberals ever since its existence as a constituency; they increased immensely their votes and their membership in the Saxon and Baden Diets, chiefly at the expense of Conservatives, Clericals, and National Liberals; and they again won the Berlin seats in the bye-elections to the Prussian Landtag. In Saxony, the franchise has been altered since the last elections, so that comparison is difficult; but in Baden the Socialist vote has gone up some seventy per cent. The parties that voted the finance reform or opposed it with least vigor have suffered most, and there is no doubt that the electorate is voting Socialist as a vigorous protest against that most unpopular measure. Whether or not the present Socialist wave is enduring, nobody in Germany questions that the check inflicted on the Socialists by Prince Bülow was a mere episode, and that the Socialists will take ample revenge at the next Reichstag elections.

THE sending of a Russian army into Finland seems to have been postponed; the Government, we are told, was misled by some obscure Finnish powers into anticipating a revolt. The incorporation of the Finnish province of Viborg into Russia has likewise been put off, or is to be carried out gradually. That it is to be carried out seems certain; the reactionaries and the military men want it done, and even M. Homiakoff, the Speaker of the Duma, says "it is impossible to pass judgment." Meanwhile the new Finnish Senate of Russian nominees has bowed to the Tsar's decree for a subsidy of £800,000 in lieu of military service. It is impossible for foreigners to decide the niceties of constitutional law raised by M. Stolypin's Finnish policy, and it is also impossible to deny that the curious position of Finland in the Russian Empire does raise some difficult problems. But it is equally impossible to approve the methods of M. Stolypin. The tangle of Russo-Finnish relations cannot be satisfactorily adjusted except by mutual agreement. What the Russian Government is doing is to settle them of itself, and ride rough-shod over the will of the Finnish people, as though M. Stolypin was at least as anxious to cripple the constitution of the one relatively free province in the Empire as to abolish inconveniences arising from the uncertainty of the respective legal rights of the Russian and Finnish Governments.

* * *

ON Sunday the Secretary for Scotland released the five Suffragettes who were sentenced at Dundee for attempting to break up Mr. Churchill's meeting. These women had already undergone a fast of ninety-six hours—a quite sufficient punishment for the not very serious offence of which they were guilty. No attempt was made to feed them by force, and here, again, we think that Lord Pentland has shown his wisdom. We imagine that he acted with the consent of the Home Secretary, and we cannot see why the precedent thus set should not be followed in all cases where the offence is trivial and has a distinct and easily recognisable political color. Some of the recent sentences have not been wanting in a touch of vindictiveness on the part of the magistrates, or, at all events, of the irritation which this unhappy conflict has aroused. In such cases it is, we think, all the more incumbent to keep the law on the side of tact and leniency.

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THE Committee for establishing a national theatre as a memorial of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death has issued an appeal signed by the Lord Mayor of London, Lord Lytton, and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, for the sum of £500,000. Half of this sum will be devoted to an endowment fund, and the other half to the purchase of a site and to building and equipment. On Saturday a resolution moved by Mr. Birrell at the Mansion House pledged the chief local authorities to the support of the scheme, which will have behind it the authority of the Crown, of the learned societies, of the municipalities, and of the Imperial Dominions. Local committees will be set up for its promotion.

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WE believe that Mr. Herbert Gladstone is to be the first Governor-General of South Africa. The selection is a fortunate one, and there will be special satisfaction in the thought that the first representative of the British Crown in the new Federation is to be the son of the man whose portrait is seen in thousands of Colonial homes, and whose memory is deeply cherished there.

Politics and Affairs.

THE ISSUES OF THE BUDGET.

BY THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

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THERE are ominous signs that we may be approaching one of the greatest Constitutional struggles waged in this country for over 250 years. If the struggle comes, it is a subject for gratification that it should arise over a measure which probably raises, in a clearer and more decisive fashion than any other legislative proposal within living memory, some of the most important issues that divide Liberalism from Toryism. There is the question of Free Trade and Protection. Should taxation be used as a means of artificially raising prices so as to enrich a few at the expense of the rest of the population? I observe that this week the "Times" dwells upon the advantage of keeping up the prices of wheat in this country in the interests of agriculture, and as experience proves that the landlords constituted the only agricultural class that profited by that expedient when it was tried before, it means that the cost of living is to be permanently enhanced for over forty millions of people in order to benefit a group of persons who barely number a few thousands. The frantic efforts made by the Tariff Reformers to defeat the Budget prove that they at any rate are fully alive to the fact that when it has become law it will make it much more difficult for any succeeding Government to carry through the great operation which Protectionists have in contemplation for passing on the burden of taxation from the banking accounts of the rich to the bread and meat of the multitude.

That is not the only fiscal issue raised by the Budget. There are others of equal importance. Should taxation be borne by those who can best afford to bear it or by those who can least afford to pay? Should it fall on the necessities or on the superfluities of life? Most momentous question of all, has the time not arrived for the State to call to a reckoning those who have secured valuable monopolies at the expense of the community, and too often abused those monopolies to its detriment? And when you come to the purposes to which the State ought to devote its revenues, should not the national resources be charged with the avoidance and prevention of unmerited poverty and distress? Lastly, has the State no responsibilities for the organised development of the neglected wealth of the land? All these fertile and suggestive questions are raised by this year's Budget. As a constitutional conflict between

Lords and Commons is, having regard to the events of the last few years, inevitable in the immediate future, I think it is well it should be finally and definitely challenged over a proposal, or rather a series of proposals, which embodies so much of the Liberal plan for dealing with the social problems which confront statesmanship throughout the world.

It may be said that these projects are not a part of the Budget upon which the Lords will be called upon to pronounce. But personally I look on the Budget as a part only of a comprehensive scheme of fiscal and social reform—the setting up of a great insurance scheme for the unemployed, and for the sick and infirm, the creation, through the Development Bill, of machinery for the regeneration of rural life. All these constitute as essential and vital parts of the Budget as the taxation of ground values and the imposition of a super-tax.

The mistake made by the Liberal Government of 1894 will not be repeated. Sir William Harcourt's great financial proposals raised a huge revenue for the State, but it was not hypothecated by the author and his colleagues to any specific purpose. The result was that when the Tory Government came into power they reaped the abundant harvest sown by Sir William Harcourt, and proceeded to squander it on the most reckless and wasteful enterprises. The very first year two millions of the yield was voted practically to arrest the decline in landlords' incomes due to the fall in agricultural rents. That sum soon went into the pockets of the landowning class. It ought to have been devoted to a well-conceived plan for aiding and improving agriculture, for assisting the establishment of small holdings, for improving rural transport and organizing co-operation, so as to help farmers, great and small, to bring their produce to market under conditions which would enable them to compete successfully with the foreigner, for the endowment of scientific research in agriculture, and for the training of the population engaged on the soil. Had that use been made of the £2,000,000 expended under the Agricultural Rates Act, not merely would the agricultural community have derived a hundred times as much benefit as they have ever received from that barren grant towards rates, but the nation as a whole would have profited in the enrichment of its land. It would be safe to say that even the landlords themselves would have now been deriving much more advantage, direct as well as indirect, from such an enlightened expenditure than from the crude dole so precipitately and unintelligently handed over to them out of the yield of Sir William Harcourt's Budget taxes.

What was done with the balance of that yield? Can any one point to one useful national enterprise promoted by it?

What was left after the landlords had enjoyed the first cut was frittered away over futile expenditure on armaments. How futile that expenditure was the South African war demonstrated to the world. It was part of my plan in raising a revenue for the urgent national needs of the hour to raise it by means which in succeeding years would grow into a substantial and a swelling surplus. It was also part of the same plan that this surplus should be earmarked from the outset, in so far as the declaration of the Government could accomplish that object, to ends which might in themselves be beneficent and fruitful. That is why I devoted so considerable a portion of what would have been even otherwise an overburdened Budget statement, to an elaboration of the schemes sanctioned by the Government for social reform and national development.

The Protectionist Party in this country are more alarmed about these schemes than about our methods of taxation. They recognise that these plans when matured will appreciably increase the bank balance of Liberalism. For that reason, even if the Budget goes through, I predict that another concerted effort will be made to rouse a fresh naval or military panic, so as to rush the Government into the criminal extravagance of unnecessary armaments on land and sea. A successful agitation of that kind would bankrupt social reform, and the enormous advantage which would otherwise be gained by means of the Budget surplus would be completely thrown away. Nothing would be left for our pains but the bare taxes. So there will be the usual crop of rumors about German plans and preparations. We know now how little foundation existed for the last scare. In the light of established facts the March fright which shook Britain and convulsed the Colonies looks rather foolish. Mr. Balfour's twenty-five German "Dreadnoughts" in 1912 have, for the moment, disappeared from the stage. The sensational drama of a foreign invasion has ceased to draw. It is not now to the interests of the Tory Party to dwell too much on the "grave national emergency" whilst the country sees them fighting with grim tenacity in the House of Commons against contributing a penny towards the fund which the Government are raising to meet it. But when the taxes are established, the Tory members will strive to divert their produce from the channel of fruitful reform, which may win gratitude for the party which initiates it, to the barren waste which ends in popular disappointment and national restlessness or even

disaster. Liberals will have themselves to blame if they lack the perspicacity and firmness to resist these manufactured cries of national danger.

I sincerely hope that our schemes of social reform will not end with the establishment of a national system of insurance. The Budget has revealed the intensity and the universality of the interest taken in the land question in this country. It affects not merely every *class*, but every industry. My opinion as to the feeling in the country on this subject is not in the least affected by the result of the Bermondsey election. We have had five bye-elections since the introduction of the Bill. They all showed a majority of voters for the Budget, and Bermondsey is no exception to this rule. And if a comparison is instituted between the ante-Budget and the post-Budget contests, it will reveal a startling change in the electoral prospects of Liberalism. Bermondsey may perhaps indicate that the London democracy has not up to the present grasped the importance of the land question to the same extent as the rest of Britain. A rational land system lies at the very root of national well-being. Liberalism will commit one of the most fatal blunders of its career if it allows this question to rest until it is settled. The real meaning of the enthusiasm aroused by the Budget is that the country has risen in revolt against the land monopoly. It has impoverished our rural districts, it has driven old industries away from our villages, and has prevented the establishment of new ones; it has emptied the Highlands, and scattered the robust population from which flowed the most splendid material for the defence of the country to the ends of the earth. It has cramped the natural, healthy growth of our towns. Streets which might have been filled with real homes, affording ample breathing space to restore the energies of our laboring population, in all ranks of life, have been crushed into airless blocks of unsightly buildings which are the eye-sore of our great cities and a danger to civilisation. Traders, manufacturers, professional men, business men, builders and workmen, in town and country, have long been smouldering with disaffection against this oppression of landlordism, and with the Budget their discontent has burst into flame. If Liberalism leaves the matter there and does not substitute some more rational system, it must inevitably suffer for its lack of courage and foresight.

The Budget campaign must be the beginning and not the end of the Liberal effort in land reform. The intelligent foreigner who supplies the Tariff Reform party with ideas has foreseen that the British democracy are profoundly dissatisfied with the conditions under which land is now owned and managed. He has therefore

pressed upon his leaders—and has met with some measure of acceptance—a scheme of State purchase. But the success of such a scheme must necessarily depend on the price paid for the land. If the extravagant prices which have hitherto accompanied every acquisition of land for public or industrial purposes are to rule in future, the peasant proprietary of Mr. Ellis Barker is doomed to a subsidised insolvency. The new State valuation must be the basis for all plans of communal purchase. On this basis municipalities ought to buy the land which is essential to the development of their towns. And the State could also buy up land necessary to the policy of re-creating rural life in Britain. We are pledging credit to the extent of some scores of millions for the purpose of giving Ireland a fresh start in life, freed from the crippling influences of landlordism. Is nothing to be done for Britain? The Budget has excited a real hope in the breast of the people as to the answer which the Liberal Party are prepared at last to give to that question. The future of Liberalism depends on the courage and the firmness with which the party faces the task of realising that hope.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.

THE COMING STORM.

THE Liberal Party and the people of this country may, we think, now take it for granted that the House of Lords will destroy the Budget, thus depriving the House of Commons of the source and centre of its age-long authority, and arrogating to itself the power, superior in effect to that of the Throne, of dismissing Ministries and dictating the course of national policy. The day after that event, every power in the Constitution will have suffered a shock. The power of custom and tradition, which regulates the balance of forces, will have been seriously, if not fatally, weakened. The Monarchy will have been enfeebled, even if not repelled by the rejection of its counsels. The representatives of the people will have suffered in the two main sources of their strength. They will have lost the uncontrolled power of the purse, built up under Plantagenets and Tudors and Stuarts, and continually fortified since the Revolution. And they will have sustained a wide breach in the equally vital and deeply grounded doctrine of the responsibility of the Executive to the elected Chamber. As for the two political parties hitherto enjoying an equality of opportunity with their fellow-countrymen, the Liberals may consider themselves disinherited of their rights under the present Constitutional order, and shut out from all future share in government under the new tyranny set up by the Lords. The Tories will have undergone a change of a different but to them a not less fatal aspect, though its immediate consequence will be psychological even more than political. They will have ceased to be a Conservative party in any sense of the word. They will be the fully responsible authors of a Revolution comparable in importance to any sudden change that has ever overtaken a modern State, and will be liable to all the perils, accidents, and reprisals that a revolutionary period entails.

These being the facts and consequences of the overthrow of the Budget by the House of Lords, let us next

examine the character of the parties and the circumstances responsible for an act of this magnitude. The first truth is that the overthrow of the old British Constitution will be brought about by the pressure of the drink trade on the Tory Party, by the threat of a withdrawal of what is at once the strongest and the basest asset in the finance and the popular strength of the Opposition. The second most powerful factor is the organised effort of the Protectionist Party to destroy the Budget as the main obstacle to its scheme for the taxation of labor and industry for the benefit of all rents and some selected profits. An equally powerful volume of pressure comes from the landed interest, which sees the community released, under the valuation scheme, from the immense grip it possessed on every form of industrial and social activity.

But the power of these three elements depends on an equally important phase of the political situation, namely, the demoralisation of the Tory Party. All the movements we have described have come from the ranks, or rather the depths, of Toryism. Mr. Balfour has done nothing to forward them, just as he has done nothing to check them. He is drifting to Revolution, as he drifted to Protection, because, save in the unreal contentions of Parliamentary debate, he has never led the Tory Party. Its policy is still directed by the adventurer who led it to disaster four years ago, and who will now complete from his sick bed the ruin he planned and executed in the full vigor of his powers. Under that veiled, but still effective, direction, the entire political country has already been divided up between "Tariff Reformers" and "Socialists," as if Liberalism and Conservatism counted for nothing, and England hung on the verge of a dramatic plunge into the void. Not less reckless than this disposition of forces is the selection of the means by which the great political change is to be brought about. The most reactionary and antiquated of hereditary chambers, with a direct financial stake in the controversy before the country, is summoned to break down our unwritten laws and customs, so as to let in a fiscal on the top of a constitutional Revolution. Thus does British Conservatism turn the sword on its own bosom, despising the forces that give it strength and beckoning to those that intend or imply its fall. Well may the "Edinburgh Review" suggest that, if it comes to exceeding constitutional powers, it may be not the Tory peer, but the Radical Prime Minister, with a deposed and outraged House of Commons at his back, who will turn such a situation to account. When custom goes, as even Sir William Anson, rejecting his written testimony on the Constitution, is willing that it should go, it is the party of tradition, not that of innovation, which suffers.

Indeed, if the storm is to burst, the Liberal Party, which has not provoked it, will say: "By all means let it come, and sweep away with it the feudalism which still cumber the land, checks its material and intellectual progress, keeps its country-side empty, characterless, and dependent, and forbids it to mix with the main stream of European democracy." Any democratic party possessed with faith and spirit must feel that all its public work and teaching are but a preparation for such

a conflict. The language and demeanor of the Dukes have shown the people how far unbridled wealth and power have warped the amenities of the old landed system, and how much it needs a drastic purge, such as we hope this Budget and following Budgets will provide. Could they desire a better, a clearer, issue? The old enemy is, at last, to be met on his weakest ground—the land question. He must put forward in his defence what cannot be defended—the hereditary principle, stretched to the monstrous demand that it shall overbear the historic, the central, power of the ancient British Constitution. He has also chosen to tie himself to an industry possessing and exercising (as in Bermondsey) great capacity for public corruption, whose political power must now be destroyed, in the interests of the State and of public morals. Is it likely that we shall lose such a battle? And even if we were defeated to-day, are we going to lose to-morrow? It may be necessary for the full purpose of the conversion of our democracy to these large ends, that our statesmen should become agitators, and the ordinary processes of party politics be suspended until, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer says in another column of *THE NATION*, the double issue of the Lords and the Land has been settled. But we are very certain that the England that will emerge from such a crusade will be a different country from the England that exists to-day, and that neither the House of Lords nor the present Tory Party will find a place in it.

A SHAM PASSION AND A REAL DILEMMA.

THE pose of Olympian indifference to the passions of men is something which in skilful hands may be made effective. It irritates and it is meant to irritate. But it has its dangers, and in particular it is a dangerous pose to exchange suddenly for the opposite pose of melodramatic passion. The one is not a good preparation for the other. Of the pose of indifference Mr. Balfour is the supreme master among living politicians. No one else can speak with such lofty negligence on matters that touch the passions or involve the misery of thousands. No one else can keep so cool if he chooses when accused of harsh or questionable dealing. In these matters Mr. Balfour has had a long practice, and has attained mastery. Who but he would have endured the long-drawn-out discredit of a nominal leadership? But when Mr. Balfour suddenly throws off this pose for the contrary attitude of righteous indignation all his experience militates against him. He shrieks as loud as the wildest of his henchmen. He "calls names" in a style which is rather that of the street than of Parliament. He gives his opponent the lie direct—"the frigid and calculated lie" are his own choice terms. The object of this indecent wrath is Mr. Ure. The Lord Advocate, according to Mr. Balfour, "has dishonored the profession to which he belongs. He has dishonored the office which he holds, and he has dishonored the country in which he was born." He exercises a "mendacious imagination." He has gone on "repeating a calumny which he must have known was a calumny," and how a man of his traditions can have sunk so low Mr.

Balfour knows not. This and much more through a column of the "Morning Post."

What is it all about? Mr. Ure has been making a number of very effective speeches on the Budget, full of knowledge, sincerity, force, and genuine insight into the working of our land system. Not the least effective part of his argument has been his challenge to the Tariff Reformers to produce their alternative. There are upwards of fourteen millions to be met, partly for Old Age Pensions, partly for "Dreadnoughts." Now, as to "Dreadnoughts" we know that the Tariff Reformers only complain that not enough has been done. They wanted eight, and would not wait. There is no retrenchment open to them under this head. Well, then, Mr. Ure presents them with a dilemma. Either you must show that you can pay for Old Age Pensions, or you must be prepared to cancel them. If we take you at your word, what are we to believe? You reject the Budget. Very good, then, you have to find the millions. Can you do it by Tariff Reform? Cool figures show that you cannot do it. If not, then what do you mean? Admit that you must either withdraw the pensions or accept the Budget. This is the essence of Mr. Ure's argument. Of its form it is difficult to judge from abbreviated reports. We do not interpret Mr. Ure to have meant that there was serious danger to those actually in receipt of pensions that they might lose them. We are well aware that strong opposition exists to the pensions system, and that Lord Lansdowne, who now, it would seem, is about to claim to be our master in finance as he is already in legislation, has called for a contributory system, which is, in effect, a withdrawal of the existing pensions. None the less it is perfectly certain that in this matter there can be no going back. The Tories may, and with their financial methods, probably would, refuse to remove the pauper disqualification. But we are sure that they dare not touch the existing pensions, and, if his argument suggested such a possibility, it was, as a point of form, mistaken.

But we may be sure that it was not a formal point of this kind that made Mr. Balfour so angry. The sting in Mr. Ure's challenge is that he demands the Tariff Reform balance-sheet. He who wills the end, argues Mr. Ure in effect, wills the means, and if the Tariff Reformers seriously intend to maintain Old Age Pensions they must prove their capacity to do it. This is to bring Mr. Balfour precisely to the point which for years he has skilfully avoided. It is to commit him to a definite scheme. It is in particular to make him say yes or no, whether he means to raise new revenue by taxes on food. Mr. Ure in his calculations rules them out, quoting Mr. Balfour's pledge that the proportion of such taxes now paid by the workmen shall not be increased. He takes Mr. Balfour at his word, and we may say, in passing, that before Mr. Balfour gets so vexed over Mr. Ure's alleged disregard of his pledge to maintain Old Age Pensions, he had better look through his own utterances and make himself quite sure that he has said nothing there which he will not be forced to retract. Apart from food taxes Mr. Ure brings down the amount which Tariff Reform would raise to some five millions, as against the fourteen millions

that are required. If Mr. Balfour disagrees with the figures let him correct them. Let him tell us with no more ambiguities what he does intend. Will he pay for Old Age Pensions by means of a tax on bread, on meat, butter, condensed milk, eggs, cheese, and will he calculate for us the amount necessary? Will he show that Mr. Chamberlain's famous equation holds, and that by remitting equivalent duties on tea and sugar it will be possible for Tariff Reformers to maintain that they are not increasing the cost of necessities? If his equation holds, will Mr. Balfour explain how he expects to get one penny out of food taxes for revenue? If he can get nothing from food, will he show how he can get more than five or six millions from manufactured goods, and, if he cannot show this, will he explain how he means to pay for Old Age Pensions? Lastly, if he cannot show how he will pay for Old Age Pensions, will he admit that his denunciations of the Budget are merely theatrical, and that, if he is to keep his pledges, he has no alternative but to accept it?

These are the practical and serious questions that Mr. Balfour has to face before he can attack Mr. Ure with effect. We cannot forbear to add that this sudden passion for high standards of political controversy sits ill on Mr. Balfour. What is there that has been said on the Liberal side that approaches in audacity or in political unscrupulousness to the famous declaration that every vote given for a Liberal is a vote given to the Boers? In virtue of this formula Mr. Balfour's party swept the country in 1900, Mr. Balfour held power for five years, and used it, among other things, to carry measures bitterly repudiated by thousands of Nonconformists who had voted for his party on the strength of a clear understanding that they were voting only on the settlement of South Africa. In face of the history of the Education Act Mr. Balfour cannot complain if his undertakings are scrutinised, and if men ask not only what he promises but what means he has of carrying out his promises. Nor could any one of living statesmen have less title than Mr. Balfour to complain, as he complains in the speech which belabored Mr. Ure, of interruptions at public meetings. He may have forgotten his cynical justification of the riot at Scarborough, when Mr. Cronwright Schreiner was stopped by a mob from telling Englishmen what a great body of South African Colonists thought about the war. But those who hear him talk solemnly of the disgrace done by such methods to a free country have not forgotten it. Mr. Balfour is not the man to take the high line on these questions. He has not the reputation or the record which justifies the attitude of censor.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

AFTER a lull of several months the European situation is once more disagreeably interesting. When Lord Rosebery made his feverish speech about the "hush in Europe," it was still possible to hope that the momentary pause which succeeded the Balkan crisis might have been used by a constructive statesmanship to smooth away the causes of resentment. Russia had been decisively checked and was suffering from a visible fatigue. France, which had declined throughout the long wrangle

to adopt an extreme or irreconcilable attitude, was manifestly anxious to preserve good relations with Austria. It was equally clear that a reaction had declared itself in this country against the unmeasured resentment which Austria's action had, originally caused. The Foreign Office and the Court seemed both to be feeling towards a reconciliation, and the "Times" frankly reflected the change of mood. But the events of the past week have taught us that Russia at least is prepared neither to forget nor to dissemble. That the Tsar should have visited the King of Italy would in itself have seemed the most natural and innocent of courtesies. The visit would have taken place six years ago had not the Italian Socialists put their veto upon it. It had been expected and discounted for many months. It need under normal conditions have meant no more than the visits paid to King Edward, the Kaiser, and President Fallières earlier in the present year. The Tsar is manifestly anxious to break down the popular sentiment which has hitherto opposed his visits alike in England, France, and Italy. We regret for our part that this sentiment should be weakened. But nothing could be more natural than the Tsar's anxiety to emerge from this unofficial boycott. The moment, from his standpoint, was cleverly chosen. The mass mind in Italy was dominated by two impulses, which both served to prepare it for the Tsar's coming. It had been deeply touched by the generous aid rendered by a Russian warship after the Sicilian earthquake. It had also used the Jubilee celebrations of the last Lombard campaign to emphasise its abiding distrust of Austria, its restlessness under the obligations of the Triple Alliance, and its preference for any other connection.

Had the Tsar desired only a personal success the way was smooth and clear. But the real significance of his going to Racconigi lay in the route which he chose to follow. For the sake of avoiding all contact with Austria, he chose to make a pilgrimage through half the countries of the Continent. He braved a perilous journey through Poland, and a tedious journey through Germany, Switzerland, and France. No symbolism could have been more obvious or more wounding. It has served to convert what would otherwise have been an inoffensive courtesy and a personal success into something like an insult to Austria. The position of Italy within the Triple Alliance has become in consequence more than ever ambiguous. The Tsar and M. Isvolsky have contrived to advertise the fact that their resentment against Baron von Aehrenthal is unrelenting and active.

The best that one can hope is that this manifestation of a rather petty feeling may for the moment satisfy the mind which conceived it. But the consequences of so public a demonstration of ill-will can rarely be confined to a single act. A whole train of resentments and calculations has been set in motion once more. M. Tittoni, one of the least scrupulous of European statesmen, is doubtless asking himself how best he may turn the Tsar's mood to his own account in the Balkans. In Constantinople and in Athens, in Cettigne and in Sofia, groups of adroit and ambitious men are at this moment, we may be sure, adjusting their own manœuvres to the new situation. In every café in Crete and Greece the

thing is being welcomed as Eastern politicians invariably welcome every sign of a rift in the concert. The official press in Austria has preserved a dignified silence, but the less disciplined German organs have been at no pains to conceal their very natural anger. Baron von Aerenthal is not the man to turn the other cheek, and for years to come the position of affairs in the Near East is only too likely to offer a tempting field to any Power which may wish to assert itself at the expense of another. If the aims of Russia and Italy were merely to check any further aggressions which Austria might contemplate at the expense of Servia or Montenegro or Turkey, their object would command approval, however little one might like their methods or admire their motives. But unfortunately neither Russia nor Italy is disinterested. The one has, or has had, designs upon Persia and the Dardanelles, and the other upon Tripoli and Albania. Modern diplomacy is rarely satisfied to defend the *status quo*. Its method is more commonly to arrange that if others disturb the unstable equilibrium, it shall secure for itself some part of the spoils. It is not uncharitable to suppose that the resentment of M. Isvolsky and Signor Tittoni against Austria is due less to her success in turning the Eastern crisis to account than to their own failure to profit by it.

The moral for the rest of Europe is patent. This sentimental journey round Austria to Savoy means that we all stand precisely where we have stood through four restless years. Europe is divided into two camps, and all her energies are bent upon a struggle to modify the uncertain balance of power. Once more the Germans are complaining that the Powers of the Triple *Entente* are bent upon isolating her by "debauching" Italy from her alliance. No share of the immediate responsibility for this latest phase in the game of "penning in" can be ascribed either to Sir Edward Grey or to M. Pichon. Both of them, indeed, have been anxious of late to repair the breach with Austria. But Russia, for her own purposes, and in her own way, is none the less following a precedent set for her at different times by both her partners. It may not suit us that she should choose this particular moment to assert herself, but we may none the less be involved in some of the possible consequences of her act. Nor can we forget that, while she is disturbing Europe, reaction still dominates her domestic affairs. Her Cossacks have just carried their menace of impending trouble into Finland; her advance guard has settled into permanent winter quarters on Persian soil; the Governor of Odessa, fresh from a conversation with the Tsar, has boasted in a public proclamation of the utter impotence of the Duma; the Bills establishing religious toleration are said to have been withdrawn; the chief of the "Black Hundreds," accused of murder before the Finnish Courts, has been covered with the Tsar's protection. It is intolerable that we should be forced in the wake of such a Power into some new phase of the Continental adventure. France is clearly in a pacific mood. If there is the smallest prospect of reaching with Germany such an arrangement as Lord Courtney has advocated, the resentment of M. Isvolsky must not be allowed to fetter our initiative.

A LETTER TO A BUSINESS-MAN ON THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION NOW PENDING, FROM THE THREAT OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS TO REJECT THE BUDGET.

II.

POWER OF THE LORDS TO AMEND THE BUDGET.

This must be regarded as out of the question. The precedent of 1678 still stands, a more ancient and definite precedent than many in our existing constitution, as, for example, the abuse of the King's veto, the responsibility of Ministers to Parliament, the unity of the Cabinet, and the like. That it is still an active and working principle is shown by the Speaker's ruling of but yesterday on the subject. It is safe to say that, if this precedent is abandoned, the House of Lords can have no other object than Revolution in view. To strike at a precedent of this kind is to bring down the whole fabric of our constitutional customs at a blow. It would be quite as reasonable, or unreasonable, for the Minister to hold office for seven years with a minority in the Commons. The one exactly resembles the other; in the one case a chamber, in the other a Minister, are consumed by a selfish interest or a passion for independence, and would exercise it to the detriment of the State, and to the defiance of the Constitution.

POWER OF THE LORDS TO REJECT THE BUDGET.

The grounds urged are that extraneous matter is contained in the Budget, namely, a Land Valuation Bill and a Licensing Bill. The candid historian—who differs from the politician—will not deny that the inclusion of these two Bills was no doubt influenced by the rejection of the Scottish Land Bills and the English Licensing Bill. This, however, does not affect the real point; the manœuvres of politicians may be temporal, but the principles of constitutional interpretation are eternal.

It does not seem possible to deny that the taxation of licences is a fair means of raising revenue, and the inclusion of this measure in the Bill cannot be justly condemned. It is not to the point that the licences might have been taxed less, if an earlier Bill had obtained revenue from them at some previous period. The fact may be true, but the precedent is thereby unaffected.

The question of land valuation is more difficult, but it will be apparent that the point is whether the Lords can fairly complain of its inclusion. Land valuation cannot fairly be called extraneous to finance, and the fact that the principle embodied is of more importance for next year than for this, is of no special moment. If the Commons really have the financial initiative, they alone have the power to decide upon such an expedient.

The real point in both these questions rests on the inclusion of all Budget-taxes in one great Bill, a measure which traces back its precedents to less than fifty years. That the Lords, having acquiesced in 1861, can hardly go back upon this precedent, is obvious. The decision presented to them then could only be settled once, and, that it could only thus be settled is apparent from the nature of the case. Had the Lords then threatened to reject the Budget on the ground of the Paper Duties Bill, and negotiated with the Commons for that purpose, it might have been seen that they did not claim the right of amending, but only of separating, the diverse Bills.

Now, however, that claim cannot stand. There can be no difference between threatening to reject the Budget on the ground of one Bill (for that threatens the principle of amendment), and amendment outright. Hence any attempt to reject an alleged tax, and any threat to reject the Budget on the ground of one or two measures only, must be considered an attempt to amend. In this sense, therefore, it is inadmissible, because that attempt is negatived, not by a precedent of more than forty, but by one of more than two hundred, years. In destroying this plant, the peers would not just sever it above the

surface of the ground, they would tear up the roots which have held it firm through the centuries.

GENERAL GROUNDS OF REJECTION.

The more general grounds of rejection are that the Budget is "unprecedented," "involves a revolution," and so forth. The hardest historical fact shows exactly the opposite to be true, that the precedents are entirely against rejection, and that the revolution will be created by those who reject it. It may be regarded as very doubtful whether the Lords have any right to consider or to criticise the details of the Budget as such, if we adhere to precedent. No one, who has not studied it, would believe the extent of the financial subservience of the Lords to the Commons in the past. Any change in that attitude towards finance, while quite new, is founded on the situation created by the extension of the franchise in 1867 and 1884. The defence of such claim is that democracy, having won its way to the Commons, has found its best and truest and most permanent representatives in the Lords. The change has been startling. Those individuals, who are without any constituents, are the first to remind members of their duty to their electors; and those, who have so often defied the popular will, now proclaim themselves the champions of it. This doctrine may serve one political party and enrage another, but it can hardly impress the historian. Reduced to its simplest terms, this doctrine in effect is, that the House of Lords, realising that the House of Commons may not always be in exact touch with the people, will use its power to thwart the other Chamber in deference either to its own or the popular interest. This is the real secret of the newly-born aggressiveness of the House of Lords, which had its birth in 1884, its vigorous boyhood between 1892 and 1895, and its exuberant manhood to-day. Within certain limits this doctrine may be sound, the worse degrees of party may possibly be checked, and certain objectionable measures may be vetoed. But it is quite clear that the theory does not cover their ordinary actions. It may cover their passing of the Trade Disputes Bill and rejection of the Education or Licensing Bills, but it cannot convince us that they amended the India Councils Bill or rejected the Cruel Sports Bill out of deference to the people. A sound judgment will therefore suspect these pretensions, and will decline to admit that their attitude in this whole matter is dictated solely by desire to gratify the people. Red caps may be worshipped by the Levites in the outer courts of the Temple, but, if we could penetrate to the Holy of Holies, I suspect that we should find a High Priest prostrate before a coronet. However, whether the instinct be one of self-preservation or of generosity need not concern us; all that is important is that one or other of these impulses has led to renewed vigor on the part of the House of Lords.

The impossibility of rejection on any grounds, except those of the revived activity of the Lords during the last twenty years, can be easily demonstrated. The raising of taxes or of excise upon Resolution of the House of Commons, before the Budget became law, has been exercised for an almost indefinite period. This practice has been increased and extended during this Budget to articles and in certain directions to which it has never before been applied. That these are innovations none will deny, that they are undesirable innovations is a question that may fairly be debated, but it is more important than anything else to recognise that they proceed upon the lines of recognised precedent. It may be—and undoubtedly was—an immense revolution to raise money on resolution of the Commons and not by law, but once the principle was established it was capable of extension. That extension may owe more to party needs than to financial ones, and may be adjusted on tactical rather than on sensible grounds, but that merely raises the relative question of worth or badness—not of legality. From the constitutional point of view, the extension follows the recognised rule of all judicious innovations; it projects a well-marked line somewhat further, it deepens a groove, but it creates neither groove nor line.

The extension of the practice of collecting certain taxes by resolution has been described as an innovation upon an old practice; but that very practice could not have grown up if the Budget had either ever been rejected, or if it had ever entered the minds of men that it could be rejected. The first action of the Lords, if they had objected to this principle when first imposed, would have been to reject the Budget as a whole. The Commons would then have been convicted of illegality, the officers of the Crown exposed to punishments in the Courts. No legislative body would have been willing to adopt such a practice, unless its members had been certain that they could avoid the consequences of their action. A little strict history may be shown to confound much strict law, and it is quite evident from these reflections that the rejection of the Budget is really unconstitutional, in the sense that it sins against every custom, inheritance, and tradition.

That such rejection may be legal is a small point compared with the fact that it is unconstitutional. If we are to rest on the strict letter of the Constitution it is not illegal for the King to use his veto, for the Minister to be impeached or to reign in defiance of the majority in the Commons, for the Lower House to stop supplies. The rejection of the Budget is, in fact, precisely on a level with this last action. Let the Lords remember that at a period of great party heat and of directly unconstitutional action, Fox and North—two politicians not always associated with principle—refused to stop supplies, though they had the power of doing so. Not even at a moment when their dearest wishes were destroyed, and when they had been exposed to unconstitutional treatment by opponents, did these two men strain the resources of the Constitution. They had the power to stop supplies, but deliberately declined, refusing to use the letter to destroy the spirit of the aged institution. It is my dearest hope that the House of Lords and their advocates who advise rejection, may remember this lesson. No Ministry was ever so assailed or denounced as more unscrupulous than this Government of Fox and North, and yet they scrupled to take an action exactly similar to that which is openly advocated to-day by partisans of the Peers.

H. W. V. TEMPERLEY.

(To be continued.)

Life and Letters.

THE FEAR OF SOCIALISM.

WHEN children play at "ghosts" it is often difficult to tell how far they are really frightened and how far they pretend to be frightened. They seem easily to pass from one state into the other, and a mingling of the two is the staple of their enjoyment. But to the sensitive imagination of some children there comes a time when realism swallows up pretence and the pleasure of the feint passes into a sudden panic of terror. It looks as if some of our titled innocents were made like this. At Primrose League picnics, and even at more solemn party gatherings, they used to play with Sir William Harcourt's "We are all Socialists now," with pleasantly simulated apprehension. Now it has got upon their nerves, they are beginning to see red, their eyes start out of their faces and their teeth chatter as their political nurses dress up for them the spectral monster which is to devour their estates, rifle their bank accounts, destroy their churches, break up their families, dissolve their Empire, and hand them over naked to a State which is their enemy.

Lord Rosebery and the other stage artists have daubed the colors on so thick, with such hideous imagery drawn from the French Revolution, the Paris Commune, the revolutionary documents of Bakunin and Marx, Henry George and Mr. Belfort Bax (weird blending of contradictories!), that they must feel some apprehension lest they have overdone their part, producing, instead of

the fighting spirit they intended, a paralysis of fear. If "the end of all things" is so near, so formidable, so inevitable, perhaps resignation is the wisest attitude. It surely does honor to the sturdy character of our landlords and our brewers to suppose that they should show themselves prepared to lead the men of property against so terrible a foe.

It would be interesting, were it possible, to know just how this Socialism appears to those who rave at it, and how far their fear and indignation are genuine. In speculating on this theme we must first remember the hopeless ignorance of the movements of modern European history in which most of our educated classes are brought up, and how little they attempt to understand the broader tendencies of the political and industrial nation to which they belong. Such ignorance almost lets us suppose it possible that a company of country squires or City merchants can contemplate the establishment of an era of revolutionary Socialism under the joint leadership of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Keir Hardie as a contingency which calls for the heroic efforts of all patriotic citizens to avert it. We say "almost," because the catastrophic has for so many generations been banished so completely from our internal history as to make it hard to believe that even the asseverations of a dozen dukes could make it credible.

But if we hold that the Socialism charged against the Government is not exactly red revolution, wholesale confiscation, and the immediate establishment of the State as the sole instrument of production, distribution, and exchange, what is it? What are its ingredients, the rags and tinsel which are worked up into this terrifying image? It is not difficult to answer this question. The first and most poignant quarrel of the business man and the householder with the public authority is the rise of rates. The city swoops down upon him and extorts a growing share of his income. It may clean, light, and police his streets better, provide parks and public baths and libraries, cheap trams or other services, which he would grumble about if he did not get them. But he hates to have to pay. This enlargement of municipal life also means more inspection and regulation, officials poking their noses into "private" affairs. Then the leading citizens have a third grievance, their growing expropriation from the highly lucrative monopolies in the supply of lighting, water, and other services which formerly they sold to their fellow-citizens by their private companies. Such is the substance of their outcry against municipal Socialism. The recent electoral success attending the outcry in London and certain other cities has encouraged the party of vested interests to elevate it into a national alarm. So we are told English Liberalism has sold itself to Socialism, to a policy of confiscating private property in land, seizing the money of the rich to endow the poor, stifling by predatory taxes and vexatious administration the incentives to profitable industry, providing lucrative jobs for hordes of officials, and supplying maintenance on easy terms for the lazy and incapable. A number of legislative achievements and proposals are commonly cited in support of this charge, many of them, curiously enough, proceeding from Conservative sources. But an endeavor is now made to sever such enlargements of the State as are contained in Factory and Public Health Acts, or free education, from the new Socialism of which the Budget is the financial instrument. Lord Hugh Cecil recently laid his finger upon three salient illustrations of this Socialism—Old Age Pensions, the Development Bill, and the new fiscal doctrine of a scrutiny into origins of property and income. Now, though Lord Hugh was wildly wrong in his deductions, he was right in his examples. For these three measures do indicate, not indeed Socialism, but a new enlightened Liberalism seeking to perform its long neglected tasks. Old Age Pensions are the first instalment of an organised policy to put an end to destitution and degrading poverty, and to secure a minimum standard of work and life for all sections of the people. The Development Bill contains the potency and promise of a continuous policy of utilising public intelligence, energy, and finance, in order to improve the fabric of the common-

wealth by undertaking such works of construction, transport, education, and the like, as lie outside the sphere of private business enterprise. It would be easy to contend that there is nothing new or revolutionary in either of these designs, and that they are concerned as much with the conservation as with the development of our national resources. But what is new is this, that they are for the first time conceived as designs, as steps in a planned advance, as parts of a new enlarged conception of the functions of the State.

And this larger determined purpose is dramatically indicated in the nature of the Finance Bill. For that Bill not merely takes more money from those who have ability to pay; it furnishes instruments of public information which will enable the State to get more revenue in the future, it imposes taxes expressly designed to fructify in after years, and lastly, as Lord Hugh rightly urges, it establishes a scrutiny of origins as a new taxing principle. Hence these tears and curses! A correct instinct directs the fiercest resentment of the rich against those portions of the Finance Bill that are concerned with origins, which claim contributions on the express ground that certain incomes or increments are not earned by those who receive them, and by necessary implication are earned by, and therefore belong by right to, the public. Here is the heart of what they not unnaturally deem an attack upon existing rights of property.

Although not the first conscious object of the Budget, which simply sought to find the easiest ways of securing the necessary revenue, this new interpretation of the rights of property by reference to origins is a really radical reform. Confined at present to certain instances of land values, liquor licences, and to the implication underlying the discriminative rates of income and inheritance tax, it will show further developments in the near future. For, as upon the one hand the needs of public expenditure, whatever economy be practised, will constantly advance, so on the other hand the land valuation, and the nicer information as to other forms of wealth furnished by income tax returns, census of production, and other modes of publicity, will enable our State to extend from land to other forms of property the public right to share in unearned increments. Thus the chief grievance which rankles in the minds of Mr. Balfour and of Mr. Harold Cox, the discrimination between land values and other sorts of investment, will be relieved, considerably to the advantage of the public purse.

Those who insist upon calling this new policy to which Liberalism is now committed, "Socialism," will probably continue to do so. This is a free country, and some persons prefer loose language. But, in point of fact, it is nothing else than a more rational and ordered realisation of that alliance between individual liberty and collective or co-operative effort which has gone on continuously from the beginning of the State, demanding a repeated re-adjustment of the respective spheres of action, and in modern civilised communities a constant enlargement of public operations. This is required partly to safeguard individual liberty against encroachments of landed or capitalistic monopoly, partly to secure society against the physical and moral degradation of poverty, and partly to carry out important works which from their size, nature, or directly unprofitable character, will not be undertaken effectively by private enterprise. The revenue required for such portions of this work as is not specifically remunerative will be got by such scrutiny into origins of incomes as are needed to reclaim for society the social earnings that constitute its rightful income.

THE COULISSES OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

It has rarely been the habit of mankind to think meanly of the after-life. Tradition has framed of it notions which were by turns terrible and sublime, and in this at least the humaner religions have agreed, that its pleasures are ecstasies, and its pains are torments. One possibility the natural mind of civilised man has

never faced. It has never dreamed that the after-life may be trivial, sordid, and contemptible. It has calmly faced the alternative of ineffable joy and unimagined suffering. But it has never allowed itself to suppose that the disembodied spirit may have before it a career that is meaningless and unworthy. The Greeks, perhaps, came the nearest to this thought. The jibbering ghosts of Homer are futile and pitiable shadows, and the ancients, until they came under Oriental influence, assuredly did not think of the after-life as a desirable state. It is Dostoevsky in modern times who has given a fantastic expression to this hideous possibility which mankind has spent its centuries in evading. He drew in "Crime and Punishment" the astonishing portrait of the drunken wife-beater, Mr. Svidrigailoff, who on one occasion gave vent to the horrible opinion that eternity may resemble a large and ill-kept bath-room, full of spiders. That nightmare serves at least a negative purpose. It reveals to us in a flash the resolute optimism of our species. Men have denied the after-life. They have imagined the absorption of the soul in the Absolute. They have conceived of its procession through vistas of incarnations and hierarchies of advancing perfection. They have sketched their paradises and their infernos. But it was left to an extravagant creature of fancy in the pages of a Russian novel to suggest that the after-life may be merely sordid and uninteresting.

It is, one fancies, this unconquerable megalomania, this conspiracy to hope, which chiefly accounts for the reluctance of the normal mind to investigate the revelations of spiritualism. The intellect which has discarded the traditional Heaven and Hell would rather a thousand times acquiesce in the possibility of extinction, or comfort itself with some vague and improved hypothesis of its own, than stray in the company even of distinguished scientists into this degraded after-life. One must begin by establishing an intimacy with hysterics. One must skirt the probability of the basest fraud. And in the end, if the revelation comes, it is of a continued existence so futile, so unhallowed, that immortality on these terms would be of all gifts the least desirable. So far from desiring to explore and inhabit this realm, the mind which has any regard for its own dignity would rather cast about for the means of committing a permanent suicide. It is not the will to live, the passion for continuity which would lure a virile intellect into these enfeebling studies. They may indeed point to the conclusions which Wallace and Lombroso have drawn from them. But the bias of a normal human being would certainly be to reject all but the most overwhelming burden of proof, and to accept it, if acceptance were inevitable, as one might accept from one's doctor a verdict of approaching insanity.

The evidence has been collected afresh by Lombroso in a book which appeared, by an uncanny coincidence, in its English version, within a day of his death.* It comes as the last work of a powerful mind which had already outlived its prestige. It was an ardent intellect which framed its theories boldly but too hastily, and spent its powers in compelling facts and observations to march in a too disciplined phalanx. But the honor and good faith of the man were never in doubt, and Italy will never forget his courage in exposing the share of the landed class in producing the diseases of the peasantry. In so far as the experiments and records in this book rest on his own testimony, corroborated, as most of it is, by distinguished colleagues, it will encounter no brutal scepticism. The volume is a storehouse of facts which present their problems to the patient reader. It is the rash and uncritical structure of interpretation which deserves to be carefully scanned. It is probable that when all the phenomena of hysteria and its developments in the trances of mediums have been fully investigated, the consequences may be an even completer transformation of our conceptions of the relation of matter and mind, than the phenomena of radiation have brought about in physics. But until that investigation is completed it would be folly to assume that the hysterical medium

really is in relation with the disembodied or partially embodied spirits of the dead. The purely physiological marvels are puzzling enough. There is, for example, the apparent transference of the organs of sense in some cases of acute hysteria from one part of the body to another; vision, for example, will have its seat in the tip of the nose. There is also the apparent extension of the sense of touch for an inch or more beyond the surface of the skin. Thought-reading and clairvoyance, however little we may yet be able to explain it, falls presumably within the same class of abnormal but not supernatural manifestations. Of authenticated cases of prediction Lombroso has collected some striking instances which it is difficult to dismiss as mere chance. But if any mind can defy the limitations of time, that mind may as well be that of the hysteric himself as of some disembodied spirit. The real difficulties begin when we have to face the vulgar manifestations of *séances* conducted with a "medium." Tables are raised apparently without human agency; heavy wardrobes advance along the floor like monstrous and primeval animals; hands touch and strike or caress the assistants; notes are played on mandolines or trumpets suspended from the roof. It is one's first instinct to scoff at all such stories. There have been many undoubted cases of fraud, and one is justly suspicious of "experiments" carried out in darkness. But there is a good deal of evidence which cannot be easily dismissed. Most of the more startling "manifestations" have been repeated in daylight, and the lifting of the table has been frequently photographed. The more reputable mediums have operated under every condition which ingenuity could suggest, tied up in sacks or in netting, or with their arms, legs, and bodies enveloped in electric wires, which would have rung a bell at the slightest movement. Most of the experiments which Lombroso records were carried out by a committee of Italian scientists who all had serious reputations to lose.

So far no mind which respected the economy of causes would go to the spirit world for an explanation. It is natural to resort to that hypothesis only when one faces the evidence regarding the visible and usually tangible though almost "fluid" spectres which some of the more gifted mediums are said to "materialise." Some of them are said to be more or less permanent, reappearing continuously for weeks or even years, and exhibiting a consistent personality which is not that of the medium in her waking state. Several have been photographed, sometimes under conditions which are said to have satisfied reputable experts. Fraud is, of course, the easiest explanation, if one chooses to assume the unlimited folly of scientific men who in other spheres have made great reputations. To believe in disembodied spirits is also easy, because it is a return to a primeval habit of thought.

There is, however, another possible line of explanation, and Lombroso unconsciously supplies it. He insists that he and his colleagues have seen a spectral third arm forming under their eyes from the body of the medium. The permanent "spirits" also seemed to form themselves out of her body, though they gradually detached themselves from it. The medium in such cases underwent an astonishing loss of weight, which continued throughout the *séance*. Is it an impossibly bold guess to suggest that what really happened—if anything happened at all save fraud and illusion—was a disintegration of the medium's personality? Such splitting up of personality is of all the phenomena of hysteria the most common. It is not easy to imagine how such disintegration of the mind might in certain conditions be accompanied by a parallel disintegration of the body. But it is even harder to suppose that the alien "soul" of a dead person can clothe itself with a portion of the substance of the medium. The spectre, in short, if it is real at all, if it is a phenomenon for which sane men have got to account, may be a manifestation, not of immortality, but simply of hysteria. It would on that showing be none the less marvellous and none the less shattering to our accepted notions of matter and spirit. It is difficult in any case to guess how even the less disputable phenomena of hysteria can be explained without a revolution hardly less complete in all our theories. But this hypothesis would at least save us

* "After Death—What?" By Cesare Lombroso. Fisher Unwin

from the monstrous conclusion to which Lombroso and his fellow-spiritualists would drive us—that we survive after death like phantoms in a mad-house, the sport of diseased mediums, the parasites of the living, fit neither for Heaven nor Hell, the restless tenants of a mean Limbo.

WITH HORN AND HOUND.

It is an ironic jest that the boy fondest of animals should be made a butcher; yet in the sportsman, who is the butcher as amateur, the jest turns to simple earnest. Every sportsman has a tender affection for the thing he sets out to kill, and William the Conqueror, "loving the wild deer as though he were their father," laid Hampshire waste for their habitation. What praises and endearments have been lavished on all beasts of the chase, from lions down to sheep, if only they provided sport! The fox is loved as a knavish rascal, the badger is belauded if he bites, and the pig glorified to heroism because he dies so game. One might have supposed that the desire to hunt implied hatred, for among ourselves persecution is seldom the evidence of esteem. Yet the present writer has seen a Yorkshire huntsman take a hare from before the very mouths of the pack, and, if it were still "wick," lay it in his coat pocket as tenderly as in a hospital bed; nor has he himself ever felt the smallest animosity towards anything he has attempted to kill, except, perhaps, towards crocodiles and men.

Whether it is more justifiable to pursue a creature to death when you love it than when you hate, must be left to the moralist, but certainly the wisdom of civilisation has inclined to think it is. When man warded off pleiocene dragons with a knob of stone attached to a fibre lest it should be lost, or when he hacked bits from the mammoth with a sliver of flint clamped in a cleft stick, he was inspired to those actions rather by terror or hunger than by love. Love came with pleasure and grew with safety. It dawned with the use of the bow that made the infliction of death possible at a re-assuring distance from the monster's jaws. Then only could sport begin, for the admixture of safety does ever add pleasure, and the addition of pleasure to a struggle involving death constitutes the element of sport. By the time that history produced Assyria, we see Sennacherib driving out in brazen chariot, surrounded by huntsmen and dogs, to transfix lions and lionesses with his royal arrows, while only the horses were ever clawed, and the king himself twanged his bow in Imperial composure. It is evident that necessity had then become a joy, if not a virtue. Neither fear nor hunger any longer animated the king, but he killed for pleasure in the exercise of skill, and was conscious of hardy virtue in returning to the simple life. The chase had become to him what it still is to Mr. Roosevelt—"the best of all national pastimes," and it is but human to feel a certain affection for beasts that afford so much delight and such opportunities for virtue at comparatively little risk. With civilisation the risk has continually decreased, and we must suppose the affection growing, till the paradox of modern sportsmen is reached, who so love the creatures they kill that they seek rather to augment than diminish the dangers of killing them.

Such artifice in pleasure, like the deliberate savagery of bare heads and sandals, marks a self-conscious degeneracy, and, like the collection of decaying skulls as "trophies," or the enumeration of record slaughter in books, foreshadows the cheerless day when there will be nothing worth hunting left upon the globe, as there is little left in Europe now. We come late for the glory of the chase. The golden age for sportsmen fell in the century just before gunpowder gave them an advantage which has depopulated the forests and killed their joy. They were then indeed the kings and paragons of animals, happy in this world, and secure of the world to come. One of the finest sportsmen that ever snuffed the morning thus wrote of himself and his fellows before the noise of guns had terrified the woodland:—

"Hunting causeth a man to eschew the seven deadly sins. . . . All good customs and manners cometh thereof, and the

health of man and of his soul. For he that fleeth the seven deadly sins as we believe, he shall be saved: therefore a good hunter shall be saved, and in this world have joy enough and of gladness and of solace."

And, a little later on, the author writes:—

"Wherefore I say that such an hunter is not idle, he can have no evil thoughts, nor can he do evil works, wherefore he must go straight into paradise."

Having thus comfortingly assured the sportsman of salvation, the writer proceeds, something after the manner of Chaucer, whom he knew and admired, to depict the sportsman's terrestrial joys. As we should sing, "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky," or "The dusky night rides down the sky, and ushers in the moon," so he breaks into lyric:—

"Now shall I prove how hunters live in this world more joyfully than any other men. For when the hunter riseth in the morning, and he sees a sweet and fair morn and clear weather and bright, and he heareth the song of the small birds, the which sing so sweetly with great melody and full of love, each in its own language in the best wise that it can according that it learneth of its own kind." (The sentence is lost in transport.) "And when the sun is risen, he shall see fresh dew upon the small twigs and grasses, and the sun by his virtue shall make them shine. And that is great joy and liking to the hunter's heart."

The passage comes from that earliest and best of guides to sport, written in choice English by Edward, Duke of York, who after all his hunting was slain in the cruel venery of Agincourt. To his cousin, Henry IV., he was Master of Game, and to merry Prince Hal he dedicated his book, under that title of "Master of Game," it being in the main a translation from the "*Livre de Chasse*," by his friend, Gaston de Foix, known as Phœbus for his golden hair and debonair nature, to both of which together a bear put a bloody period in the forest shade. But of late, to the solace of all tender-hearted slayers of beasts, Mr. Baillie-Grohman has issued, through Messrs. Chatto and Windus, a cheaper form of his great edition of the book, with illustrations from the most beautiful of contemporary French manuscripts. Wherein we may still learn, as from life, the nature of hare and hart, and how to quest in the dawn for game (an easy task when one can hardly see the wood for the stags); how to set the lymer on the fues, to pursue with raches, to blow the mort, to prescribe the hart's undoing, and reward the hounds with the curée.

To give the book a stamp of high authority befitting its royal origin, the editor has induced ex-President Roosevelt to contribute a preface. With characteristic rigour he denounces the effeminacy of modern sport:—

"Shooting at driven game," he writes, "on occasions when the day's sport includes elaborate feasts in tents on a store of good things brought in wagons or on the backs of sumpter mules, while the sport itself makes no demand upon the prowess of the so-called sportsman, is but a dismal parody upon the stern hunting life in which the man trusts to his own keen eye, stout thews, and heart of steel for success and safety in the wild warfare waged against wild nature."

And at the end of his preface Mr. Roosevelt sings the joys of "the wilderness wanderer of our own time":—

"The man who with simple equipment, and trusting to his own qualities of head, heart, and hand, has penetrated to the uttermost regions of the earth, and single-handed slain alike the wariest and the grimmest of the creatures of the waste."

It is all very well; the picture of Mr. Roosevelt waging wild warfare against wildest wapiti with a Winchester, or slaying alike the wariest and the grimmest rhinoceros of the waste in Uganda, is a strenuous and instructive scene. But we turn back with some relief from that wilderness wanderer to Edward, Duke of York, who found in the morning air of England the great joy and liking of a hunter's heart, and describes the hunter's pleasure at coming home at night, when "he shall doff his clothes and his shoes and his hose, and shall wash his thighs and his legs, and peradventure all his body."

Many other fine observances of the hunter's life may be learnt from his book, for, indeed, the ritual of the chase was almost as accurate as the Church, and as elaborate as chivalry. Much also we may learn of the nature of the creatures by whose pursuit Providence had arranged that the hunter should enter straight into paradise. We may learn how harts can live a hundred

years by rousing serpents to anger and swallowing them quick, whereby their venom purges the body of evil humors; and how the wild boar's tusks on the upper jaw only serve as grindstones for the lower; and how the she-wolf, with feminine instinct, always chooses the poorest and raggedest of her followers for her mate, because she sees he has suffered most for love of her; and how when she has her cubs she hides the family food lest the he-wolf should eat it all; and how foxes are not true sport, but vermin to be killed by any means; and how, if any beast hath the devil's spirit in him, without doubt it is the cat, both the wild and the tame. We are also instructed in the management of hounds, and how the "worm" under the tongue should be cut out as a preventative to madness—a treatment common in the present writer's youth, and probably still practised, though rather to prevent barking than madness. We are told of the two kinds of alaunte—the gentle and the butcher, which seem to have combined as ancestors of the British bull-dog, since both "helped at the baiting of the bull, for it was their nature to hold fast."

Finally, we may here learn all the variety of strange Norman cries which English sportsmen still used to mark each incident of the chase: "Cy va, cy va" (which might possibly be the origin of the north-country "Sitha, lad, sitha!" when the first sign of game is seen); or "Le douce, mon ami, le douce," which now is "Whist, boy, whist!"; or "Oyez à Beaumont, oyez," which is "Hark to him! Hark away!"; or "Illoques, illoques," which is "Yoicks!"

THE CITY GARDEN.

If the sixty-four squares of the chess board should be taken as so many square miles, they would rather more than cover the four-mile radius but still fall short of the county of London. We should still have to add huge tracts of brick-and-mortar in order to get the idea of the actual London that includes East and West Ham, Tottenham, Enfield, and many other dormitories of business and working-men. A chess-board of a hundred and forty-four square miles would give us some concept of this town, and if every white square should be made into a park or recreation ground it would be not such a bad town to live in. As a matter of fact, the four great parks of the West End would about make one square green and sprawl half-way through two others, and if we went eastward we should have to trudge very far before we came upon anything like a quarter-square break in the almost unending sea of mean and very mean streets.

The black square nearest the middle of the board may stand for the City. A pin dipped in green ink would suffice to trace on its blackness all the trees and gardens within it—which shows how very precious the City garden is. Right in the middle of Cheapside a stout-hearted plane runs its roots under the pavements and foundations and lifts its peeled branches into the sometimes sunny air. Do not despise its cracked and scabby bark. Only by throwing off in great scales its smoke-choked skin can the plane keep itself healthy in our peculiar atmosphere. And your tall tree cutting the blue sky into diamonds with translucent green is not everything. Right into this middle of Cheapside that very bird of the wild, the wood-pigeon, comes, builds its rustic nest in the branches of the plane, and feeds squeaking youngsters over the heads of the City men whose passing to and fro keeps the pavement hot. The wood-pigeon that men are lying in not very hopeful wait for now in the thick of beech woods all over wildest England! Wood-pigeon, cushat, queest, says the book, but we have heard it called quist, sometimes with a short "i," but in the purest vernacular with the vowel as open and uncompromising as in "ice." "What," said a West countryman to a Yorkshireman he had met in the far North-West of Canada, "Thee dussent know what quisteses be?" and he laughed loud and long at the limitations of some folk's knowledge. But we have seen the eye of the Yorkshireman, just as the eye of any other countryman, brighten at the sight of the wild wood-

pigeon walking the rare sward and even the tiles of central London. In his "Visit to Aesculapius," Sir E. J. Poynter has painted a group of the ordinary courtyard doves, and then one portly "quist" comes floating down to join them at the feast. It may be that this wild bird among the tame was put there as a tribute to the skill of the great doctor, it may be that it just got there from a chance group of London pigeons that caught the artist's eye. At any rate, the bird has got into an important national record, as once or twice did the kite of old, a London bird that has ceased to be.

Whether or no the Cheapside pair of pigeons are worth the whole flock of the St. Paul's pigeons hard by, is a question to be fought out between the sentimentalist and the mere lover of beauty. Surely nothing is more beautiful than the wild eddying of the common domestic pigeon round this smoke-blackened and rain-washed pile. They exhibit most of the varieties caused by domestication, though scarcely any of the eccentricities of form that the breeder has grafted on the graceful wild form, and authorities say that year by year the flock more and more reverts to the ancestral uniform of the "blue rock." The swelling dome of St. Paul's is as much their own wild domain as the cliffs of Scarborough ever were, but Olympians friendlier to the mortals that crawl round its base it would be impossible to imagine.

The gardens in which bird and man meet are but the thinnest of green lines between the majesty of the cathedral and the insistent, sordid traffic of the street. At first it seems impossible to shut out the sound and the sight of the motor 'bus. It is a sight of some of the old foundations that date from beyond the great fire that performs this magic. These noble fragments peeping hard and true from the velvet of the grass are enough to make the least of us psychometrists. If we dared sit on one of them we should see the whole pageantry of Tudor London go by, and find Roman chariots far more credible than electrobuses and steam trolleys. Round by the quiet of the north side more distinctively called "the Churchyard" we can, without magic aid, forget awhile the call of the City. With a book on a sun-smitten seat, the junior clerk or the young lady from the fur house can spend a better lunch hour than the most sybaritic of employers. The sparrows are the waiters, little birds of a far deeper brown than at the farm where we were born, and of infinitely greater trust in human kindness. In London, the sparrow has to be skylark, nightingale, flycatcher. Throw a crumb into the air and see him flutter up and take it as neatly as a swallow does a fly. Having thrown the last crumb, hear him chirrup his grace after meat. Wait a little and see Philip, at almost any month in the year, strut his wings upon the ground and become rigid under the influence of the grand passion. Yet it is left for the artists of Japan to do justice to this most valiant of birds.

An archer could have sent his shaft from old St. Paul's towards Aldersgate Street, and let it fall into a far quieter garden, the then burial ground of St. Botolph, now known as the Postmen's Park. Here in the midst of the noiseless industry of the parcels office is peace indeed. The fountain in the middle has gold-fish, of course, but it has more than that. A young man leans over and looks hard into its shadows, then tosses his head with a tiny air of something solved. He has identified the gloomier forms of a couple of dace, possibly the remnants of some pike-fishing expedition that a postman has put there. In this pond also are many of the really wild water weeds. Water plantain rears its dainty inflorescence, hornwort pushes in the depths, and other pond weeds "occur" here as though they had perfect right. Most of us refrain from peering for details, and get deeper rest by sitting in the Temple of Honor and drinking in the general air. Behind us are emblazoned on tiles the names of some fifty heroes of common life, whose deeds have no other monument. Sometimes a familiar name such as that of the Stella, but for the most part just people who have stepped out of the crowd to stop a runaway horse, snatch a sister from drowning or a tiny brother from the flames. Boys and girls of tender

age have their names there, side by side with engine-drivers and a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, in one splendid democracy of all ages and every class. Their good deeds stretch out hands of blessing over those seated beneath them in a half-hour's oblivion of the driving world outside.

All round this quarter-acre of peace rise the tall buildings of the General Post Office. They are packed with the parcels that some of the resters must soon go to handle, and men pass without noise up and down the iron staircases that cross the windows. From the tree overhead a few dead leaves come slowly filtering down. One of them bears the tell-tale snippet-mark of a leaf-cutter bee, and we remember to have seen two of these insects playing here in the hot sunshine of a few months ago. The dahlias are bitten with caterpillars, and here may some entomological postman get specimens of more than one moth. One evening last summer, many adventurous May beetles were flying round the street lamps outside, and snipe and other strange visitors have been picked up alive not many yards away. The garden in the depth of a City gold-mine touches and attracts, like the wireless telegraph pole, the great wide forces of Nature that no fork yet forged by man can quite expel.

Short Studies.

MILKING.

THE end of April was sappy, careless, and profuse. One day it was all eagerness and energy and gave no rest to the wind and the sun, in the earth or in the waters or in the clouds of the sky, and the songs of the birds were a mad medley. Another day it was indolent: a soft grey sky without form covered all; there was no wind; the birds were still; the lusty, buxom spring, a pretty and merry slut, with her sleeves and skirts tucked up and her hair down over her eyes and shoulders, had fallen asleep in the midst of her toil and nothing could waken her but a thunderstorm in the night. The next day she was simply at play with showers and sunlight, sunlight and showers, at play with sky and earth as if they were but colored silks, and now she fluttered the white and blue and green together and then, wearying of that, held up the grey and the grey-white and the green, and lastly mingled all together inextricably. For the most part she preferred not to let either go quite out of sight; when the heavy rain fell on the rustling wood it was out of a sky serene, lustrous, and mild; and when the light was steady and the rain tripping away from it upon myriad feet down among the leaves to the earth, still the shadows of the rain clouds stole like smoke over the hills. There was a gamesome spirit abroad. It was seen in the amorous conflict of rain and sun, and heard in the cry of the titmouse along the hedge: "Fitchy! fitchy!"

Rain or not, always far away in the south there was a cluster of white peaks apparently belonging to a land that knew neither our sun nor our rain. Rain or sunshine, or both, made little difference to the shed at the cross roads. It was shadowy and old under a roof that was patched and hollowed like the sail of a ship. The door was open, but on either side the piles of dung were high and long, and allowed the sun to enter the shed only for half an hour each day. And now in that half-hour the farmer Weekes was going to milk the last of his seven cows. Until then he had known of the afternoon only that the wind whined in the roof, and that the rain dripped through on to his back at intervals. When the sun at last stepped in between the banks of dung he could see that it was a forward spring. For his eye travelled up between the green walls of the road to the hills four miles away, and there the beech trees were almost in perfect leaf, and in their dense ranks resembled a flock of sheep with golden fleeces descending the slope. Yet it wanted a week before May-day. The grass was good, and already the cows were clean and bright after

their winter in the yard; and, having looked at his hands alongside the white and strawberry hide of the cow, he got up and wiped them on a wisp of grass beside the door. He stood there a moment—a tall, crooked man, with ever-sparkling eyes in a nubby and bony head, worn down by sun and toil and calamity to nothing but a stone, hollowed and grey, to which his short black hair clung like moss; in his starved fields you might have found a weathered flint of the same shape, and have said that it was much like a man's head. He stretched himself, and then turned and called the cow by her name, in a voice so deep and powerful that it was as if the whole shed and not a man's chest had uttered it.

He sat down again to milk and to think, with his face turned to the sun. He was thinking of the farmhouse under those woods on the hill, where he used to go courting twenty years ago, and of the girl, the only daughter of that house, who was now his wife. He had driven over there one day in his father's cart to see about some pigs. The old man had given him supper—honey and bread and butter, cold apple dumplings with cheese, and cowslip wine. It was a wonderful quiet house, very dark under tall beeches, with a quality in the dark, still air as if it were under water, but very clean and bright with china and brass and the white tablecloth and the old man's white beard and glittering blue eyes. He knew that the old man was failing to make both ends meet, but there was no sign of it; he spoke with a cheerful gravity, and there was a look about house and man as if they were apart from the world, and not subject to such accidents as failure of crops, cattle disease, and the like. They had done their business, and at the end of a long silence he was thinking of rising to go, when Emily, the daughter, came in without noticing him, kissed her father, and said, "Father, there is a white bird in the old apple tree of the rickyard singing like a blackbird. Yet 'tis as white as milk."

"Well, we will all come and see," said the old man, and then she saw that a stranger was there, and with a blush she retreated and opened the door. As she was shutting it she turned round out of curiosity, thus revealing her own face to the stranger, but seeing nothing of his which was in shadow. In a minute or two they went out into the rickyard where the cart was waiting. Emily was patting the horse's neck, but with her face towards the old apple-tree where a white blackbird was singing from the topmost branch. "You will not let them shoot it, father, will you?" she said. The white bird and its song, the girl's fair hair, and rosy face very serious, the unbent old man soon to die, the sombre smouldering old tiles and brick wall of the house, and the high black woods behind, were remembered now. Soon afterwards he had returned to the house, and again and again, avowedly to see Emily. In the late summer they used to walk out after the haymaking was all over, while the nightjar sang and the woods were dark and discreet and the sky above them as pale green as a new-mown field. They went in amongst the untrodden bracken together. He could recall the smell of the crushed fronds where they sat, the light of the near planet between the fox-gloves gushing from the violet sky, and the kisses that were as sweet as the honeysuckle overhanging them, and unlike that, could be tasted again and again without cloying.

And now the cold whine of the wind in the roof and the drip of the rain; and Emily was lying at home, sick, with a dead new-born child in the next room, and a child that he was glad was dead, yes! that even she would not be crying after if she knew what a monstrous mistaken thing had come into the world with their help. Weekes looked at that old farmhouse and the rickyard, and the crushed bracken bower, as if to search, among these things engraved by joy upon his brain, for the devilish magic that had brought about this wretchedness. He looked at her remembered face, scanning it for something to explain this thing, looked closely and fiercely at the face that was turned back towards him in her father's doorway so that he loved her from that day. What? Why? But neither in the young girl nor in the worn woman could he see what he sought. He thought

of their labors, of the six children she had borne and reared, of her rough hands and wrenched voice, of the smearing out of all her prettiness except her hair. He turned it over and over, ruminating, undisturbed by the spurting of the milk into the pail, the trickle of the shower, or the sight of the hills and the clouds over the hills. Yet he did not take his eyes from these hills, nor change the look given to them by his pain and questioning—questioning he knew not what now—the whole order of things, perhaps, from which the terror had sprung unexpected. Having naught for his brain to grip and hold, but only the dead ghastly child lying still and repeating the question, and round about it the moving world of men and Nature, enormous and endless and careless, each effort was weaker than the last, and sorrow brought its narcotic stupidity. It was some time after he had drawn her last milk that the cow licked his face impatiently. He kicked away the stool and began singing a verse of a ribald song which he did not know he had remembered—

"Poor Sally's face is plain,
But Sally's heart is kind—"

And it was so singing that, without wishing it, he returned the question to the teeming womb and grave of the earth, to be swallowed up in the vast profusion of life and death, while the merry maid waved to and fro the colored silks of the sunshine and of the rain, and the titmouse crept through the hedge, crying, waggishly, "Fitchy! fitchy!"

EDWARD THOMAS.

Present-Day Problems.

THE INDIAN DECENTRALISATION REPORT.

By SIR W. WEDDERBURN.

At the beginning of this year the Royal Commission upon Decentralisation in India submitted their report. It is a lengthy document, filling 300 folio pages of the blue-book, besides the nine volumes of evidence; so that we cannot expect the general reader to make himself master of its contents. But as the recommendations therein contained may seriously influence the particulars of Lord Morley's impending scheme of reform, it seems desirable to place before the public a note of the main issues involved.

Speaking generally, the issues, as in all Indian questions, are between European official opinion on the one hand, and independent Indian opinion on the other; the former leaning towards increased departmental "efficiency," the latter towards making the bounds of freedom wider. Both these aspirations are natural and legitimate; and what we want from the Commission is a scrupulously balanced judgment, as between the two. But when we look to the *personnel* of the Commission, we find that a most unfortunate predominance has been given to the representatives of the European official side. Of the six members of the Commission, only one is an Indian, Mr. Dutt, while all, including the Chairman, are of the official class. Independent Indian opinion is therefore wholly unrepresented on the Commission. And this initial defect is aggravated by the fact that the three Anglo-Indian civilians, who constitute half the Commission, belong to the class of headquarters officials, who are little in touch with the people, whose views generally differ from those of the rank and file of the service, and who are mainly responsible for the existing over-centralisation. Also, we must regret that the opportunity was not taken to place on the Commission one or more of the independent members of the House of Commons, such as Sir Henry Cotton, who are accepted authorities regarding Indian affairs on the progressive side.

If we want to find a trustworthy presentment of the case for the Progressives, we must look to the evidence of the unofficial Indian witnesses; and the Commission

would have done wisely if, instead of going, with tedious iteration, into the details of departmental mechanism, they had taken, as the basis of their inquiry, the clear and concise statement of popular claims (Vol. VIII., page 57) placed before them by the Hon. Mr. Gokhale, on behalf of the Bombay Presidency Association. This statement, supported by the high authority of Sir Pherozeshah Mehta, shows in practical fashion where the shoe of over-centralisation pinches; and to obtain fruitful results, the procedure should have been to draw up issues and determine how far these reasonable desires of the people might be satisfied, without (to use the words of the reference) impairing the strength and unity of the Executive power.

It is upon the district and village administration that the every-day comfort of the people chiefly depends. I will therefore quote in full the paragraph in which Mr. Gokhale outlines his scheme with regard to this part of the subject: "Decentralisation in district administration must be accompanied by measures for a larger association of popular representatives with the work of the administration. There is no doubt that, with the multiplication of central departments, and a steady increase in the control exercised by the Secretariat of the provincial Government, the position of the collector as the head of a district has considerably deteriorated. There is also no doubt that the people require more prompt government, and more of it, so to say, on the spot. But this object will not be secured by a mere delegation of larger powers to the collector. The time has gone by when the collector could hope to exercise—and with beneficial results—a kind of paternal authority over his district. The spread of education, the influence of new ideas, the steadily growing power of the vernacular Press, make a return to the benevolent autocracy of the collector of old times impossible. The only remedy lies in carrying a substantial measure of decentralisation down to the villages, and in building up local self-government from there. It will not do to be deterred by the difficulties of the task, or by the possibilities of initial failure. Village Pancháyats must be created. Local and municipal boards must be really popular bodies, and larger resources than they can command at present made available to them. Last, but not least, district councils must be formed, whom the collectors should be bound to consult in all important matters, and with whose assistance they may be empowered to deal, with ever-increasing finality, with questions of district administration on the spot." After thus sketching the general method of district decentralisation, Mr. Gokhale sets forth the constitution and functions of the proposed village organisation, as the natural foundation upon which the edifice of local self-government must be built. The Pancháyat, or village council, consisting of members hereditary, nominated, and elected, is to have the disposal of small money claims, the trial of trivial offences, the management of the village forests, water supply, and sanitation, the supervision of school attendance, the distribution of agricultural advances, and famine relief—in fact, the care, as in old times, of all matters pertaining exclusively to the village. In cases of proved misconduct on the part of the Pancháyat, the collector will have the power of suspension. The village becomes, thus, the first organised unit in the administration; and the two vital principles are established: (1) that everything that can be done in the area shall primarily be done there, and (2) that the control shall be exercised from without, and not from within.

The second unit of administration would be the Taluka, or sub-district, comprising a group of villages. Here the same principles would be applied. The Taluka Board should be a wholly elected body, charged, as at present, with the administration of matters exclusively appertaining to the Taluka; the Government retaining in its hands the power of enforcing action, if its advice and warning are disregarded, by suspending a Board temporarily, and appointing in its place a small body of nominated members.

The village Pancháyat and Taluka Board may be

likened to the parish council and rural district council in England; and we now come to unit No. 3, the district or collectorate, which corresponds with the English county, and forms the most important centre of local administration. It is with regard to this unit No. 3, the district, that the most far-reaching changes are advocated, with a view to giving to it something of the autonomy of a native State. At present considerable administrative duties are assigned by the Local Government Acts to the existing district board; and Mr. Gokhale submits suggestions to make this board more representative and efficient. But he would prefer that the district board should be abolished, if its functions were made over to a small district council, partly elected and partly nominated, which would assist the collector in the current administration of the district. The principal evils of the present district system are, aloofness from the people, secrecy, and want of finality; and all these evils would be mitigated if it was made obligatory on the collector to consult the council in all important matters. Large additional powers might be delegated to him, provided those powers were exercised in association with the council, so that ordinary questions of administration would be disposed of on the spot without unnecessary reference to higher officials. In confidential and urgent matters the collector would act on his own responsibility; in ordinary cases his decision would be final, if he carried his council with him; otherwise, he would report for the orders of Government. The hands of the collector would further be strengthened by restoring to him his ancient position as real head of all executive departments in his district. Those who have experience of the work know how completely of late years the authority of the collector, as the representative of the "Sirkar," has been undermined and destroyed by the encroachments of the great centralised departments: Revenue Survey, Forests, Irrigation, Public Works, Sanitation, and so forth. The subordinates of all these departments are located in the district, and can disregard the wishes of the collector, if they can count upon the support of their departmental chief at the seat of government.

Finally, to consolidate the position of the "Collector in Council," as the effective head of the district self-government, there remains an important proposal, which is, to get rid of the intermediate offices which obstruct direct communication between the district and the Governor in Council. Mr. Gokhale states this condition as follows: "If this machinery (the district council) is brought into existence, and if larger powers are then delegated to the collector, I would have above the latter only the one higher authority in the Presidency—viz., the Central Government. This means the abolition of all the commissionerships except that in Sind. The collectors will then correspond direct with the Central Government, and probably a third member will have to be added to the Executive Council. To enable the Government to exercise general supervision over district administration, it will be necessary to appoint Inspectors-General, who will tour round the Presidency on behalf of the Government." This completes the scheme which was placed before the Commission on behalf of the Bombay Presidency Association. And it may be noted that the principle of "administering our collectorates more on the model of a well-ordered Native State" was approved in the Minority Report of Lord Welby's Commission, when it was pointed out that Lord Salisbury spoke of well-governed Native States as highly favorable to the well-being of the Indian people.

At page 297 of the Report will be found the "Conclusions and Recommendations" of the Commission. As regards the villages, they recognise the value of the ancient organisation: "It is most desirable to constitute and develop village Pancháyats for the administration of certain local affairs within the villages." And, as regards provincial governments, they support the popular view, which is adverse to one-man government by a Lieutenant-Governor: "We prefer," they say, "a regular Council Government, such as exists in Madras and Bombay, with a Governor usually, but not in-

variably, appointed from home. We think that all council governments should consist of not less than four members besides the Governor, and that not less than two of these should be appointed under the conditions which now apply to Madras and Bombay. This enlargement would admit of the appointment of specially qualified natives of India."

It is in dealing with the popular scheme for constituting district self-government under a Collector in Council that the Commission reveals the frowardness of the bureaucratic diathesis. The carefully framed proposals put forward on behalf of the Indian public are hardly considered, the bold proposal to abolish the office of commissioner as superfluous and obstructive, being apparently sufficient to condemn the whole scheme. With almost pathetic insistence they strive to find possible uses for this fifth wheel in the administrative coach; and curtly decide, not only to maintain the office, but to magnify it: "We consider it essential to give larger powers to commissioners, and reject proposals for their abolition, or their conversion into mere advisory and inspecting officers." We must hope that Lord Morley will himself look into this matter, and apply the necessary corrective to the defects arising from the purely official *personnel* of the Commission.

The Drama.

BOHEMIA AND BATHOS.

MR. MONCKTON HOFFE, author of "The Little Damsel," at Wyndham's Theatre, is a new writer of distinct promise. He has, in a high degree, the knack of the stage, and can write bright and effective dialogue without artificial point-making. Yet one hesitates to hail him very confidently as one of the forces of the future; for, though he can say things dramatically and effectively, there is little evidence of his having anything to say. He knows too much about "life" in the narrow sense of the word, and too little about life in the broad sense. The popularity of Mr. Hawtrey, and the amiability with which (I am glad to see) the piece has been received by the Press, may make it popular up to a point; but it can have no lasting success, for, without being precisely cynical, it introduces us to a moral chaos in which there is not a single firm spot for our sympathies to rest upon. A *comédie rosse* we can understand, in which every one is actuated by the basest motives, in perfect unconsciousness of their baseness. But here it is not the characters who are altogether base; it is, rather, the author who seems to possess no faculty of moral discrimination.

The Little Damsel is a certain Julie Alardy, a foreigner from Kidderminster, whose family history I did not clearly catch. She plays the harp in a Blue Hungarian band attached to a Bohemian café in Soho, and is adored by the conductor, Papa Bartholdi, and by the other musicians. I gathered (though, to tell the truth, I am not at all certain on this point) that she was a young lady of irreproachable morals. Somehow or other she became engaged to an elderly personage of forbidding aspect and undesirable habits, Captain Neil Partington by name, who wrote her a number of letters, in which he seems to have made frank avowals concerning the habits before mentioned. The gallant captain has now broken off the engagement, in order to marry a young lady of family, named Sybil Craven; but he knows that Sybil would not have him if she knew the contents of his letters to Julie, and Julie dangles this Sword of Damocles over his head. I am not quite sure whether she threatens him with an action for breach of promise, or merely proposes privately to communicate his epistolary indiscretions to Miss Craven; but in neither case can I find her action sympathetic. That she should ever have thought of marrying so disagreeable an old ruffian is little to her credit; that she should try to take a low revenge on him is still less. In short, Miss Julie

strikes me as a rather common adventuress. She has a perfect right, no doubt, to bring an action for breach of promise; but ladies who avail themselves of such rights do not make quite satisfactory heroines of comedy.

Meanwhile a happy thought has occurred to Captain Partington. There is a good-natured, impetuous sportsman hanging around, named Recklaw Poole, who has been warned off the turf seven years before, and has since lived by his wits. He likes Julie, Julie likes him; and Partington proposes to give him £10,000 to marry her. "I will, if you make it £15,000," says Mr. Poole; and Partington makes it £15,000. A telegram is concocted, announcing that some relative has died and left him this money; and Julie, learning of it, at once consents to bestow on him her hand and heart.

Now, we have here quite a jumble of motives; not very good, not very bad, but simply a little squalid. Since Julie and Recklaw sincerely like each other, there is no great harm in their getting married; but as Julie apparently would not have married him but for his money, she cannot be acquitted of a tinge of mercenariness; while Recklaw's conduct in taking money to marry a woman who, if not Partington's cast-off mistress, is acting very much as if she had been, is, perhaps, a little lacking in delicacy. The whole conjuncture excites neither approval nor very vehement indignation. It is a trifle grimy, and that is all. At the same time, it would seem that Julie is sufficiently disinterested to prefer revenge to money. Since Partington is willing to give £10,000 (and eventually £15,000) to marry her off, we may presume that he had failed to buy her off at something like the same figure. Whether this is stated I cannot say (I was unfortunately placed for hearing); but it seems a fair deduction from the known facts of the case. On the other hand, I do not know that I actively respect a lady who prefers revenge to £10,000. If she were determined, at all costs, to save Miss Craven from the disaster of marrying such a cur as the gallant captain, that would be a different matter. But, no! she seems to be, as Mr. George Edwardes would say, "actuated by nothing but spite and malice." If she had Miss Craven's interests at heart, she would not allow herself to be married off any more than to be bought off. Altogether, the situation is, as I have said, a tissue of motives which are neither actually laudable nor positively detestable, but simply grimy.

Well, the marriage takes place, and we find Mr. and Mrs. Poole, their honeymoon over, settled in a comfortable flat, with a footman, a billiard-table, and everything handsome about them. Recklaw has been fortunate in his sporting investments, and even his finances are flourishing. One fine day Captain Partington calls to recover from Julie the famous packet of letters. She is on the point of giving them up when a caprice seizes her, and she demands that Sybil Craven shall call upon her. Now Captain Partington knows, what Julie does not know, that in the old days, before Poole came his cropper on the turf, he was engaged to Sybil; consequently he is most unwilling to bring her to the flat. Julie, however, is obdurate, and Partington weakly consents. The result is that Sybil and Recklaw meet and recognise each other, with disastrous consequences. Recklaw flies into a great rage, returns Partington his money, and tells Sybil what a pitiful personage she is about to marry. Sybil flies into a great rage, breaks off the match, and leaves the house. And, finally, Julie flies into a great rage, and vows that she will never speak to Recklaw again. Once more we are in a region of psychological fog. Sybil's action is clear enough; she sees that she has got into a very queer gang, and had better get out of it. But Recklaw's sudden burst of chivalry certainly takes us by surprise; while Julie's fury seems wholly disproportionate. If she had acted in a sudden paroxysm of jealousy on finding that her husband cared so much for another woman as to give up £10,000 in order to have the right to serve her, one could more or less understand her conduct. But this does not seem to be her motive. What she resents is having been "entrapped" into this marriage—a shady

transaction, certainly, but who is she that she should rebel so very violently against conduct that is a little "off color"? The standards of all these people are to me an inscrutable mystery.

There is, in fact, no reason whatever for a breach between Recklaw and Julie, who have come to love each other very sincerely. In the last act, Julie learns that Recklaw, still chivalrous and still shady, has heavily insured his life in her favor, and proposes to commit suicide. If this be possible (is there not generally some time-limit within which suicide invalidates a policy?) it is, in effect, a fraud upon the companies; but we are expected to accept it as heroism. Julie, at any rate, does so, and consents to reintegrate the conjugal domicile; so that all is for the best in the shadiest of all possible worlds. Mr. Hawtrey is delightful as Recklaw; Miss May Blayney plays Julie very cleverly; and Mr. Vane Tempest and Mr. Arthur Playfair are excellent in subsidiary parts. I hope we shall meet Mr. Hoffe again, and meet him in better company.

Circumstances over which I have no control compel me to deal very briefly with "The Servant in the House," by Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy. This I cannot altogether regret, for I find myself quite inadequate to the task of appreciation. The play has been a great success in America, where I saw it eighteen months ago, and heard it praised by good judges. It was received with what seemed to be genuine enthusiasm by the Adelphi audience on Monday night. I am told that very intelligent men on this side, to whom the author has read it, have been mightily impressed by it. Surely, then, there must be something in it; but for the life of me I cannot tell what. It seems to me a piece of confused and laborious symbolism, with no coherent or competent thought behind it, and with no dramatic interest independent of the symbolism. It is written with some vivacity and force, so that several passages, taken in themselves and apart from their context, have a plausibly dramatic air. But they hang in the void, they do not fit into any intelligible scheme, whether of dramatic action or of figurative significance. So, at any rate, it seems to me, after having listened to the play twice with all possible attention. I do not dislike it at all; there is nothing offensive in it; Mr. Kennedy is not at all akin to that class of dramatists whom Mr. Henry Arthur Jones aptly personifies as Mr. Godly-Slime. I should like very much to feel the greatness of his play; but, with the best will in the world, I cannot. It bored me in New York, it bores me in London. It is at once too "brainy" and too "drainy" for me. Is it Ibsen's fault, I wonder, that people insist on associating symbolism with drains? After all, he employed that motive in only one play.

In New York, "Manson," the butler in the house of the Rev. William Smythe, was made up after the conventional portraits of Christ, and wore a gorgeous hieratic garment, which the other people in the play supposed to be Indian, but which had nothing to do with Hindustan. At the Adelphi Mr. Valentine wears no make-up except a brownish complexion, and dresses in a turban and a very plain Indian costume of (I take it) tussore silk. Whether this change is made in deference to Mr. Redford, I cannot say; but it renders meaningless the remark with which everyone greets "Manson"—"Surely I know you"; or, "Where have I seen you before?" Mr. Valentine plays the part with quiet strength; but, with the make-up, the irony of their non-recognition of the Personage vanishes. Mr. Forbes Robertson, in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," needed no make-up; for Mr. Jerome had simply conceived the character in the spirit of Dekker's line: "The first true gentleman that ever lived." But in Mr. Kennedy's play the figure is symbolic or it is nothing, and there seems to be no meaning in the plain Eastern dress. Mr. Henry Miller gave a very fine performance of the drain-artist, which went a long way towards securing the favorable reception of the play; and Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, Mr. Guy Standing, Mr. Barnes, and Miss Gladwys Wynne, were all remarkably good.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Letters to the Editor.

GLADSTONE AND MONEY BILLS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your article, "Through Reaction to Revolution," you commented upon the way in which Lord Curzon had made use of a passage from a speech of the late Mr. Gladstone, which was delivered in 1861. It looks as though the opinion of the great Liberal chief, which he elsewhere, and much later in history, put in emphatic and precise terms, has been overlooked. We have had reference made to Pitt, to Wellington, to Salisbury, to Rosebery, and even to Mr. Balfour, of last autumn, as a series of warnings against putting the Lords in action against the Budget. But why not Mr. Gladstone? The passage to which I allude occurs in a speech on the finance of the Conservative Government made at Hastings so late as 1891: "I must remind you," said the speaker, "of that which is apt to pass away from recollection, for the finance of the country is intimately associated with the liberties of the country. It is a powerful leverage by which English liberty has been gradually acquired. Running back into the depths of antiquity for many centuries, it lies at the root of English liberty, and if the House of Commons can, by any possibility, lose the power of the control of the grants of public money, depend upon it your very liberty will be worth very little in comparison. . . . That powerful leverage has been what is commonly known as the power of the purse—which not only is your main guarantee for purity . . . but which likewise lies at the root of English liberty, and if the House of Commons could, by any possibility, lose the power of controlling the granting of public money for the carrying on the affairs of the Government, depend upon it your other liberties will be worth but very little in comparison. No violence, no tyranny . . . could, even for a moment, have a chance of prevailing against the energies of that great assembly. No; if these powers of the House of Commons come to be encroached upon, it will be by trick and insidious methods." (Speeches of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, cl. by A. W. Hutton and H. J. Cohen, 1902.)

When it is constantly being stated that the "new" Liberalism of to-day has removed from the standpoint of the "old" Liberalism of yesterday, and the chiefs of the past are lauded at the expense of those of the present, because of certain elements in the composition of the Budget in connection with the land clauses, I am old enough and (may I say?) good enough Liberal to remember that the party pressed forward over twenty years ago, as items of the legislative programme, taxation of local values and ground rents, taxation of mining royalties, &c., and that Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and other leaders, supported the same. It looks as if the present loud outcry mainly arose from the fears that these *old* things of Liberalism were at last becoming the law of the land; *new*, they certainly cannot be said to be.—Yours, &c.,

J. FROME WILKINSON.

Barley Rectory, Herts,
October 26th, 1909.

THE INDIAN DEPORTATIONS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Four months ago you allowed me to point out the injustice which—in addition to the actual imprisonment without charge or trial—the policy of deportation in India imposes upon its victims. I illustrated it by showing how Mr. Lajpat Rai, deported in 1907 for alleged seditious tampering with the troops, succeeded at last in 1909, at the price of lengthy legal proceedings, in obtaining from the High Court of Calcutta a triumphant verdict of rehabilitation against the paper in India which had libelled him. It took him two years to do it. He had to travel from Lahore to Calcutta for the hearing, and he is still waiting for the result of an appeal, though the only issue is the amount of damages to which he is fairly entitled.

In that action it was attempted to use against him the fact of his deportation by Lord Morley. But the Judge held that that would be unfair, on the ground that Mr. Lajpat Rai had never been permitted by the Government to

know why he was deported, and therefore could make no answer to the alleged accusations against him. Neither the Government nor the police could suggest any other evidence against him.

The unfortunate man had barely got through his action in India when his suit against a London paper came on here. The libel was more gross than that of the Calcutta paper, alleging treasonable intrigues with a foreign Power to oust the British from India. The alleged authority for this was a certain "highly-placed official." When sued, the London paper, like the Calcutta paper, made no attempt to substantiate the libel, and refused to give the name of the "highly-placed official." Again, therefore, the only issue was the amount of damages to be awarded to Mr. Lajpat Rai. But in this case the conduct of the Judge was wholly different. Instead of ruling that the deportation was an irrelevant fact which it would be unfair to use against the plaintiff, he summed up to the jury that they must bear in mind that Lord Morley had deported Mr. Lajpat Rai, and that Lord Morley was a very careful man in whom everyone had confidence. The result was that, although the jury gave the plaintiff a verdict that he had been falsely and maliciously libelled, they awarded much smaller damages than had the Court in India.

I need not argue with your intelligent readers which Judge took the fairer course. I want to insist upon the wrong done to Mr. Lajpat Rai, a wrong which must inevitably befall those who suffer deportation, dogged as they are throughout their lives by the odium of some unknown charge, the nature of which they can never ascertain, and the authors of which they are never allowed to confront.

Mr. Lajpat Rai is largely dependent upon his earnings in his profession of the law. He has had to leave his practice for months, and spend his time between India and England in order to compel his libellers, first in one country and then in the other, to withdraw their charges. The expenditure of time and income is perhaps less serious than the mental anxiety. And the nine gentlemen, who were deported in December last and who are still in jail, may, whenever they are released, have to go through a similar ordeal.

Let me remind my fellow Liberals how long ago it is since this arbitrary policy was discredited, and admitted by both political parties to have completely broken down. It was tried a generation ago in Ireland under less unjust conditions than those now practised in India. Within ten years its failure was admitted in Parliament by Sir William Harcourt in the following words, which were assented to by Mr. Balfour:—

"The Act of 1881, whether a 'monstrous' Act or not, was an enormous mistake. It certainly proved so. Why was it called by the Chief Secretary for Ireland (Mr. Balfour) a 'monstrous' Act? Because it vested the discretion of imprisoning men in the Secretary for Ireland or the Lord-Lieutenant, and because the people of this country would not tolerate powers so exercised, or such a discretion." (Mr. Balfour: "Hear hear.")

Yet under that Act the warrant notified the accused of the crime of which he was suspected. Parliament was informed of the ground for every arrest. Each case was reconsidered every third month by the Executive. There was no banishment. Imprisonment was limited in duration. In India the imprisonment is unlimited. Parliament and the accused are kept in the dark as to what is the offence, or who are the accusers of the deported person.

Why have so many Liberals sat silent? Because it is India where these things have happened, and because the chief actor has been such an accredited champion of freedom as Lord Morley. But history will not accept this as an excuse for violating the immutable principles of justice. And in the mouth of a future reactionary Government the practical precedents of despotism, furnished by these deportations, will speak louder than any Liberal protests in favor of liberty.—Yours, &c.,

FREDERIC MACKARNES.
House of Commons,
October 26th, 1909.

LIBERAL WOMEN AND THE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It seems to me that the letter, entitled "The Government and the Suffragettes," in your issue of October

16th, 1909, calls for some remarks. In it the Suffragettes are defended on the plea that they are "high-minded and devoted women," possessed with "an earnest desire to raise the status of their sex." In the next paragraph the writer denies any right to be heard to the enormous and daily growing multitude of women who are against the concession to women of a vote for Parliament. Surely the latter have as much right to form a judgment as to what is likely to raise the status of their sex, and also to urge their judgment and be listened to, as the female hooligans and energumens who have converted not a few men (myself among the number) who were formerly well-disposed towards the movement initiated by John Stuart Mill into determined opponents of it. I believe if Mill were alive now he would be reconsidering his scheme.

The writer of the letter in question regards the maiming and wounding of innocent people met together to listen to an address by a Liberal statesman, and the destruction of other people's property, as "technical obstruction for political purposes," and demands that such offences should be recognised as merely political. Surely such a demand stamps him as a hopeless crank.

To my mind, the worst aspect of the matter is that these women are steadily undermining that chivalrous consideration for their sex which men should entertain. All the votes in the world would not undo the harm to their sex which these viragoes will soon have done.—Yours, &c.,

FRED. C. CONYBEARE, F.B.A.

17, Bradmore Road, Oxford,
October 26th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Holford Knight raises a question that is stirring the hearts of many at the present time.

In the light of coming events, many official Liberal women are having to decide each on her own account and responsibility to whom she will give her allegiance.

Shall she obey the behests of the Women's Liberal Federation and work only for those members or candidates who are willing to support the immediate Suffrage demand; or shall she obey the call of Liberalism itself and work for that, regardless of what assistance she may get as a Suffragist?

Or, as some put it, does she count herself a woman first and then a Liberal, or *vice versa*?

That it is a difficult decision goes without saying. Women who have for years worked hand in hand, will now, in many important ways, have to take different paths, and, in so doing, will appear to condemn each other.

But so it must be.

To many of us it seems certain that the enfranchisement of women will come at no very distant date, but that which particular date it may be would make very little appreciable difference to the welfare of the country; the balance of things would probably be only very slowly modified.

But it would make an enormous difference to the welfare of the country if the forces of reaction gained any further hold on democracy; if the House of Lords gained any further right of way into the British Constitution, or if the Feudalism of Wealth regained its power over individual life.

As Suffragists we should naturally rejoice could we come full-weaponed to help in this cause, but surely we ought to help in this fight left-handed, rather than not at all.

To me it appears very clear, to use another metaphor, that by merely taking one's hand off the plough we are helping to smooth the way for forces which, as Liberals, we condemn.

When future generations recall the history of women's work for freedom, I hope that they will read in the annals of the great movement that, at this period of the country's history, the majority of Liberal women counted their Liberal principles to be a higher claim even than their Suffrage demands.—Yours, &c.,

CATHERINE RYLE.

15, German Place, Brighton,
October 27th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Holford Knight's letter in your last issue is but one more example of the curious blindness which has fallen on the official Liberal in reference to women's enfranchisement. I agree that the continued existence of the House of Lords' veto is an anomaly which Liberalism should take the earliest opportunity of removing, and that the Budget has introduced some new principles of finance which are likely to have a very beneficial effect on the future of this country. Had I a vote, and were I recognised in politics as a person capable of exercising all civic rights, I should certainly be ready to devote my time and energy to forwarding these reforms. But does Mr. Holford Knight think that, at the present moment, any other cause can appeal to a woman as does the enfranchisement of her own sex? In 1832, in 1867, and in 1884, measures re-arranging the details of the franchise accorded to men ranked on each occasion as among the greatest issues of the day. The abolition of the sex disability in politics is as important as any previous reform of the franchise. And increasing changes in our social system render it quite as urgent. On the one hand, owing to the disproportion of the sexes and the rising age for marriage, more women are being compelled to depend on themselves for support. On the other hand, the greater interest in social reform is leading Parliament to pass laws having a direct and immediate bearing on home life, and the bringing-up of children. I may instance the Children's Charter and the Housing and Town Planning Bill. These are women's matters, and it is the duty of women to insist that their views shall be ascertained and taken into account before more legislation on similar objects is framed. To the supreme issue of their own enfranchisement, all other political issues must for them be subordinate, and to compare the inconvenience of the Lords' veto to the injustice of the sex disability, is to betray a total lack of sense of proportion.

It is Mr. Holford Knight's misfortune that he belongs to a party which refuses to devote any serious consideration to the political enfranchisement of women, and, in so doing, undermines the loyalty and weakens the enthusiasm of its supporters. That he should display some alarm at the situation is natural and justifiable, but he should not upbraid or counsel the women. It is the leaders of his own party to whom his advice should be given. He should urge them to make a clear pronouncement on the subject as soon as possible, undertaking either to pass a Bill enfranchising women before they go out of office, or to make woman suffrage an item in the Liberal programme at the general election. If that step is not taken, women who respect their own dignity have no alternative save, with very great regret, to sever or, at the very least, suspend their connection with a party which treats the demands of women, whether they proceed on militant or on strictly constitutional lines, with insulting neglect.—Yours, &c.,

M. A.

Hampstead, October 26th, 1909.

THE DENIAL OF SUPPLIES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As I understand Constitutional history, the taxes granted by Parliament were in former times handed over to the King, to be expended by him in maintaining his state, and for keeping up the military, naval, and civil services. The rents and profits of his estates—the Crown lands—were also paid into his treasury. All these receipts are now collected into one fund called the Consolidated Fund, the first charge upon which is the interest on the National Debt, and the next charge is the civil list.

If the House of Lords is entitled and does refuse to assent to the taxes proposed to be imposed by the House of Commons, it would seem that the latter could in turn refuse to sanction any borrowing of money temporarily to replace the refused taxes. Moreover, as a matter of legal right the nation would appear to have no right against the holders of Consols to mortgage the Consolidated Fund, except as a second charge. That being of no value as a security, the ability of the Government to borrow upon an expectancy of future taxes is highly speculative, and the security would practically be confined to the personal responsibility of the various individuals effecting the loan. The

refusal, therefore, by the House of Lords to assent to the taxes of this year would amount to a denial to the King and country of the means of maintenance of himself and the Services, and, seeing that it would abrogate the right and duty of the Commons to vote supplies, would be as near an act of high treason to the Crown and nation as this country has yet witnessed.

Under these circumstances the King and Commons, as two of the three estates of the realm, should each unite to ignore the treasonable act of the Lords, or proceed to punish it in a summary, but none the less effective, manner.—Yours, &c.,
LAW.

October 27th, 1909.

GOVERNMENT AND BUREAUCRACY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. H. G. Wood, does not seem to me very successful in his attempt to minimise the difficulty raised by Mr. Belfort Bax. I will give him an instance, which, I think, will appeal to him. Since 1870 there have been two standards of efficiency for public elementary schools, a higher one for what are now called provided schools, a lower one for non-provided. Since 1906 the two standards have approximated slightly, but not much. Can we believe that Mr. Birrell, Mr. McKenna and Mr. Runciman like this discrepancy? Why, then, does it continue? Is it not because of the permanent officials? These gentlemen are not treacherous conspirators, but good, easy persons, who just go on in the old groove. Their *inertia* defeats the efforts of the best-intentioned Minister.

The next point—the remedy—is harder to deal with. The American spoils system is out of the question, but there is one suggestion I should like to make. Policy and finance go closely together, and if the House of Commons would only frame its own estimates, instead of taking them ready framed, it would go far towards getting control over those who are now its servants in name only. The Education estimates may be taken as an example. These would be referred to a Grand Committee. This Committee would elect its own Chairman, and have before it the Minister of Education, who would be attended by his chief permanent officials. The items of expenditure would be scrutinised one by one, and the House of Commons, through its Committee, would be face to face with its own servants. The matter would not end here. Certain members of the Committee would develop a thirst for information, and would get the run of the Education Offices, thus letting light in upon their dark corners. The same plan might be adopted with all the great spending departments.

The House of Commons, if it acted thus, would only be following the example of all municipal authorities, for there is not a single municipal body in England, from the smallest parish council up to the most important town or county council, which has not more control over its permanent officials than our "Mother of Parliaments," and the sooner that venerable lady condescends to learn of her offspring the better.

The plan I suggest would not only give the House of Commons control over its servants, but also over its finances—a thing it has long lost. To take Education once more as an example, there has not been a single thorough debate of the Education Estimates during the present Parliament. Further, the way in which vast sums of money are voted without a word of criticism, when once the allotted days of supply are fulfilled, is a scandal patent to the whole civilised world.

Of course, there are difficulties in the way. My suggestion pre-supposes a House composed of men who can give the whole of their time and energies to their work, and a nation sufficiently interested in being well-governed to pay adequately for services rendered. But the present state of things cannot continue when once the electors realise what it is.—Yours &c.,
A. I. TILLYARD.

Fordfield, Cambridge,
October 25th, 1909.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is most refreshing to find in your columns a recognition by Mr. Belfort Bax of one of the great political

dangers of the moment—centralisation and the substitution of bureaucracy for representative government. It is a policy which, for different reasons, no one, I think, would have expected from either of the great political parties. Yet it is undoubtedly the case that the proposals for legislation now before the country, but particularly the Housing and Town Planning Bill, do contain provisions which, in set terms, overthrow, in favor of the permanent Government Departments, both the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament and also that principle of the rule of law, which has hitherto been looked up by all thinking politicians of whatever party as the greatest safeguard to the private citizen contained in the British Constitution. However keen may be the feelings of supporters of the present Government against the veto of the Lords, it can surely not be alleged, as a cause of complaint against that House, that they insisted that no portion of an Act of Parliament, whether public or private, should be allowed to be tampered with save by Parliament itself, and that our legal system should not be violated, and the citizen deprived of his legal remedy, by transferring to a Government department jurisdiction properly belonging only to courts of law.

Mr. Bax seems to indicate that the absolute rule of the permanent official requires dealing with by some change in our Civil Service. I do not know what is in his mind, but I trust not the American "spoils system." It does not appear to me that any change in our Civil Service is required save a more up-to-date organisation in certain offices. Some body of men trained in the technical work of drafting Bills and of executive administration is clearly indispensable, and better civil servants than those of this country I firmly believe it is impossible to find, but it is necessary to see to it that they are confined to that work which is properly the work of permanent officials, and that they do not encroach upon the powers appropriate to and hitherto exercised by Parliament, the courts of law, or the local authorities.—Yours, &c.,

G. MONTAGU HARRIS.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

October 21st, 1909.

REACTION AND REVOLUTION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your article in *THE NATION* of October 23rd contributes materially to the strength of the Liberal position, by exposing the desperate straits to which the Conservative Party are driven for support when they would fain have recourse to the speeches of Mr. Gladstone, who, in his very last speech in the House of Commons, contended for the limitation of the peers of the House of Lords, and who was notoriously thwarted by them in all his measures of reform.

The work of a revising Chamber should be, as far as possible, non-party and judicial. The revision work of the House of Lords during the term of office of the present Government, before they have the handling of the Finance Bill, is enough to convince every sincere reformer that, as now constituted, they are incapable of revision, except in the interests of reaction. They cannot add to the proof of this in principle by amending or rejecting the Finance Bill; they could only show how consistently blind they are to the irresistible progressive forces that will not any longer suffer the anomalous proprietorship of the land under feudal conditions.

The constitutional question in its financial aspect has its own importance, and is being argued with accumulating cogency against the peers' right of intervention, but let us not exhaust our appeal to the democracy on this one issue. We have other scores to settle, even if, as seems probable, they do pass the Finance Bill, *we should persistently keep this fact to the front*. The present Government assumed office with vast arrears to make up; they were elected to do so by a solid, thoroughly aroused democracy, who will expect to see something more than an Old Age Pensions Act—to be sure, an excellent instalment—plus the dubiously progressive items of the Territorials scheme and eight "Dreadnoughts."

If some means can be devised of depriving the House of Lords of the absolute veto, will not a long step have been taken towards transforming them into an impartial, constitutional revising Chamber? If, then, they remain im-

placable enemies of progress, they will, indeed, in a fuller measure than you even contemplate in your article, provoke the forces of reform to formulate and prosecute remedies of a more revolutionary character.—Yours, &c.,

R. HENDERSON SMITH.

Edinburgh, October 27th, 1909.

AGRARIAN LAW IN HUNGARY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Stephen Bernáth, the director of an organisation which he, for the special purposes of his letter, euphemistically describes as the Hungarian "Farmers' " League, but which, in reality, includes, and is directed by, the richest dukes and greatest landlords of Hungary, challenges you to explain the ground upon which your accusations against the social and national policy of the Hungarian Coalition Government are founded.

As Mr. Bernáth has the astounding temerity to expressly refer to the Hungarian law on the juridical relations between landlords (or farmers) and servants, and to assert "that no single country has interfered so minutely nor so sympathetically with the question as has Hungary, as evinced by her law," I ask your permission to quote a few clauses of the said law, leaving your readers to draw their own conclusions.

According to clause 2 of this law, all servants up to the age of eighteen are under the complete domestic discipline of the master, which means that the master has a legal right to chastise or to punish them in whichever way he pleases. Clause 33 entitles the landlord to scold or reprimand the (grown) servant for neglecting his duty. The servant has no legal redress against his master for insult or libel.

Clause 5 forbids the authorities to furnish any servant while in service with a passport for abroad without the consent of the master.

According to clauses 17 and 57 the servant who fails, without legal cause, to enter his service at the appointed time, must by the authority be brought to the place of service by force. If he even then refuses to work he is fined up to fifty kronen. If his refusal to work is the outcome of a previous arrangement with the object of compelling the master to grant concessions, the servant is punished with imprisonment up to ten days and a fine up to 100 kronen. Persons who try to induce a servant to extort concessions from the master by refusing to fulfil his obligations towards him, are punished with imprisonment up to sixty days and a fine up to 400 kronen.

If the master, without legal cause, refuses to allow the servant into his service, he must be fined not more than fifty kronen, and obliged to pay the servant's wages and to provide him with lodgings. If, notwithstanding the demand of the authority, the master refuses to pay wages and provide lodgings, the authority may compel him to do so.

According to clause 18, the servant is obliged to do, apart from his own duty, "temporarily" all other agricultural work, including that of his sick or otherwise absent mates, without pay. Refusal to do this is punished with a fine up to 50 kronen.

Clause 19: The servant is not permitted to have his work done by someone else; to admit, even temporarily, persons not belonging to his household into his lodgings against the will of the master. Infringement of this rule is also fined up to fifty kronen.

By clause 29, the landlord is obliged to provide each servant and his family with one living-room and one box-room—ten years' hence. Up till 1917 the servants may be housed—as they are now—like pigs.

According to clause 30, the servant is supposed to have a day "of rest on Sundays and Church holidays. The servant must, from time to time," be allowed to attend the Sunday morning service of his denomination. On the day of rest the servant is obliged to do all the work necessary to the upkeep of the farm, feeding of the animals, &c. In urgent cases, the servant is compelled to do any other work for an ordinary day's wages. Refusal is punished as above.

According to clauses 7 and 40, the agreement of service usually is meant for one year. If neither of the parties two months before the expiration of the year, gives notice to end the agreement, the same is legally binding for another year.

It will be understood that this clause is calculated to, and effectually does, bring about the perpetual bondage of the servant, who, illiterate as he usually is, almost certainly misses the exact date of the legal notice.

According to clause 60, the authority may, on the recommendation of the master, remit any sentence against the servant, if he is ultimately willing to work. A sort of royal prerogative of mercy vested in landowners, and, needless to say, a fruitful source of tyrannical extortion.

It may also be remarked that the "authority" mentioned in this law is the "Stuhlrichter" or the "Gespan," as the case may be, an "authority" which is practically nominated by the landlords of the district.

These are some of—by no means all—the infamous provisions of the law which Mr. Bernáth is eulogising. Your readers will, doubtless, quite understand why the director of the Hungarian "Farmers' " League sees nothing to complain about it. But perhaps Mr. Bernáth will next time be kind enough to quote the opinion of the Hungarian Agricultural Laborers' Union.

It is no part of my business to defend the omissions of English social legislation with regard to agricultural servants. But, surely, one might expect the elementary sense of shame on the part of a representative of the dominant squirearchy of an Eastern European country not to boast before the Western world about a measure which, in the year of grace 1907, deliberately undertakes to reintroduce some of the worst features of medieval feudalism.—Yours, &c.,

JOS. SACHSE,

Editor of the "Londoner Volks-Zeitung."

107, Charlotte Street, W.

October 27th, 1909.

[The letter on "Agrarian Policy in Hungary" in last week's NATION was, by a mistake, signed St. Bernoit. It was written by Dr. Stephen Bernáth, M.P.—Ed., NATION.]

Poetry.

THE RE-INCARNATION.

[To him, in Hades, who wrought the Winged Victory, to tell him of how she whom he made immortal has again put on mortality.]

*Again hath bloomed the loved, lost face ;
Again men see, as you of yore,
The calm, the might, the line, the grace,
That did thy craftsman's soul implore,
In sea-girt, sacred Samothrace.*

Out of the brief and fleeting years,
Comes softly hence, to mortal man,
She whom you marked with hopes and fears
Till that eternal moment when
You captured what was lost till then :

The grace, the might, the calm, the line,
More transient than the wavering gleams
Of sun and shade that intertwine,
Afloat upon the wavering streams,
Weaving for poets their vague dreams.

O Thracian, who in marble made
Immortal mutability
(Even as a rose that cannot fade,
A wave-crest rescued from the sea),
As you wrought, wherefore cannot we ?

For though on earth she comes again,
None capture now nor face nor pose ;
She passes like an April rain ;
More lost than are the last year's snows,
Or any fleeting wind that blows.

*Again hath bloomed the loved, lost face ;
Again men see, as you of yore,
The calm, the might, the line, the grace,
That did thy craftsman's soul implore,
In sea-girt, sacred Samothrace.*

FREDERICK NIVEN.

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* * *

THE critical essays of Walter Bagehot, a reprint of which has just been issued by Mr. Melrose, provide an instance of a book published in three slightly different forms under three different titles. It first appeared in 1858 as "Estimates of Some Englishmen and Scotchmen" and attracted the attention of several distinguished writers, but had a small sale. Next, after Bagehot's death, R. H. Hutton republished it, together with a few additional essays, under the title of "Literary Studies." Mr. Cuthbert Lennox has now made a selection of these, which he calls "Estimations in Criticism." Hutton set a high value on Bagehot's criticism as the work of a man who, possessing a vein of high imagination, could yet prosper as a banker and a man of business. "Certainly," he says, "the literary taste of England never made a greater blunder than when it passed by this remarkable volume of essays with comparatively little notice. . . I hardly know any book that is such good reading, that has so much lucid vision in it, so much shrewd and curious knowledge of the world, so sober a judgment and so dashing a humor combined." Bagehot is better known as a writer on political economy and on the science of politics than as a literary critic. Both his "Economic Studies" and "Lombard Street" have been used as text-books at the Universities, while his "English Constitution" is almost a classic on its subject.

* * *

It is surprising that, except for the short memoir by R. H. Hutton, no biography of Bagehot has been written. A record of his career and of the many distinguished men with whom he was intimate would be full of interest. He was an undergraduate at University College, London, when De Morgan, Hewitt Key, Malden, and Long were Professors there, and he took an active part in founding University Hall, of which Clough was the first Principal. He was present in Paris at the time of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, and has written a good, though not unprejudiced, account of that incident. His attendance at Crabb Robinson's famous breakfast parties brought him into contact with a crowd of notable people. The story of his friendship with R. H. Hutton and their joint work for the "Inquirer" and the "Spectator" would add an important chapter to the history of English journalism. We may mention that it was Bagehot who first described articles which fall short of the highest merit, but are still good enough to publish, as "padding."

It is likely that another volume of reminiscences by Lady Cardigan will be published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. "My Recollections" has had a bigger sale than any other book of memoirs of the season, and a second volume may be quite as outspoken.

* * *

THE same publisher is about to issue and to edit a reprint of the memoirs of Harriet Wilson, a celebrated courtesan in the later Georgian days. The book first appeared in 1825, and in December of that year Scott wrote in his diary: "The gay world has been kept in hot water lately by the impudent publication of the celebrated Harriet Wilson. She must have been assisted in the style, spelling, and diction, though the attempt at wit is very poor, that at pathos sickening. But there is some good retailing of conversations, in which the style of the speakers, so far as known to me, is exactly imitated, and some things told, as said by individuals of each other, which will sound unpleasantly in each other's ears." The Duke of Wellington figures largely in Harriet Wilson's pages, which, though often merely spiteful, are not without historical value, for her memory, as Scott hints, was accurate and even remarkable.

* * *

In another column we review Mr. Edgcumbe's study of the last years of Byron's life. As a sign that Continental readers are still more interested in Byron than in any other English poet, it may be mentioned that two French books dealing with him were published almost simultaneously with Mr. Edgcumbe's work. One of these is "L'Aristocrate," a drama by M. Albert du Bois, in which Byron is the central figure, while Count d'Orsay, Southey, Wordsworth, Hobhouse, Scott, Moore, Lady Caroline Lamb, and Lady Cork are introduced. The other is a short but pithy biography, written by M.M. Alphonse Sédici and Jules Bertraut for Michaud's series "La Vie Anecdote et Pittoresque des Grands Ecrivains." The writers reach the conclusion that there is absolutely no proof for the charges brought against Byron and Mrs. Leigh to which Mrs. Beecher Stowe gave currency.

* * *

UNDER the title of "Quills from the Swan of Lichfield," Lady Ritchie contributes a number of hitherto unpublished letters by Anna Seward to the November "Cornhill Magazine." These letters are addressed to Mrs. Sykes, with whom Miss Seward carried on a correspondence for several years. They treat of Richard Edgeworth's marriage to Honora Sneyd—at which Miss Seward was a bridesmaid—of various pretenders to the Swan's affection, and of her hopeless devotion to Mr. Saville, "the principal singer at Lichfield Cathedral," who was already married when he became acquainted with Miss Seward. The following, describing a meeting with Edgeworth some years after his marriage, and when he had become estranged from Miss Seward, is a characteristic specimen of her extreme sensibility:—

"Ah! my dear Mrs. Sykes, you would have sooth'd me with your tender pity if you had seen me receive a message from our servant last Monday evening. I was sitting in my drawing-room with a silly coxcomb of an officer who had called upon me. John opened the door and said—'Madam, Mr. and Mrs. Edgeworth are below stairs.'—Oh my Friend! I had not the least expectation of such an event—'Good God!' I exclaimed, and sunk back in my chair more dead than alive—I desired he would say I was out—a violent flood of tears reliev'd me. The macaroni was astonished, but if a thousand Fops had been present I could not have concealed my emotion. I did not intend to see them at all—it was an hour before my aunt could prevail upon me to do down, she and my mother were out when they came. I will reserve a particular description of this, to me—heart-rending scene for the first tête-à-tête I have the pleasure to share with you, since my paper will not allow me to be circumstantial now."

Her criticism of Lord Chesterfield's letters is also worth quoting: "It would, perhaps, have been better for the youth of England if they had never been written, as they tend to destroy that virtuous, that romantic enthusiasm of youth where benevolence is fired by generous credulity, and morality preserved by passionate affection."

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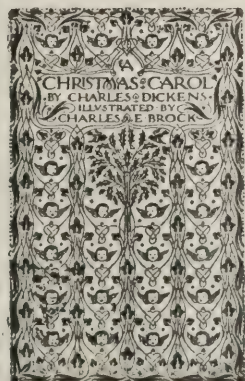
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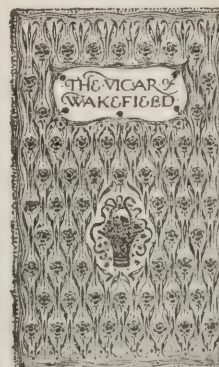
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Reviews.

LECKY.*

MRS. LECKY tells us that her husband never encouraged the idea of a biography, and that he wished to live through his books alone. But the present graceful tribute cannot be taken as an infringement of his wishes. In an age of lengthy memorials, swollen by an extravagant infusion of matter which can interest none but the family of the hero, it is an agreeable novelty to be presented with a portrait so reticent and discreet. The most refined and least pushful of men could not have been more fittingly commemorated.

Brought up as an evangelical, and destined for a family living in the south of Ireland, Lecky studied divinity at Trinity College, Dublin, and at the age of twenty-one published an anonymous work on the religious tendencies of the age; but his earliest and strongest interest was in the history and literature of his own country. "He studied the speeches of the principal orators," writes a college friend, "and could repeat by heart many passages from them: he was saturated with the writings and poetry of the patriotic party, and he looked upon the author of 'Who Fears to Speak of '98?' (J. K. Ingram) with feelings of unbounded admiration. Patriotism seemed to be his one absorbing passion." His enthusiasm found vent in speeches in the Trinity Historical Society and in the publication of his "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland" at the age of twenty-three. If we did not possess this youthful effort, we should find it hard to believe that Lecky was ever young. Immaturity is stamped on the book, and the epilogue breathes a fiery nationalism; but the essays are not without power, and the study of Grattan revealed a view of the critical moment of Irish History which its author never discarded.

The complete failure of the book turned Lecky's literary energies into a widely different field. His multifarious reading, his travels in the Catholic South, and his almost boundless admiration for Buckle, suggested to him a line of study of which the first fruits appeared in the "History of Rationalism." The four years that had elapsed since the publication of the Irish essays had been turned to good account. The new book was the work of a ripe scholar, though its author was but twenty-seven, and was received with delight both by scholars and by the reading public, not only in the English-speaking world, but throughout Europe. The "History of European Morals," which appeared four years later, marked a further advance. Its learning was still more comprehensive, the arrangement was better, the style richer and stronger. It is not surprising to learn that it was, on the whole, its author's favorite.

Tennyson wrote that it was "a wonderful book for a young man to have written, a great book for any man to have written, and proved that the author possessed true genius." The latter term is a little too strong; but the "Rationalism" and the "European Morals" are works of enduring value which must still be read by all who desire broad and deep views of civilisation. With Burckhardt's "Renaissance" and Friedländer's "Roman Empire" they were among the earliest notable attempts to broaden the conception of history by penetrating behind the screen of action to the immaterial forces which largely determine it. An interesting letter explains their author's purpose. "The two books are closely connected. They are an attempt to examine the merits of certain theological opinions according to the historical method. The 'Morals' is a history of the imposition of those opinions on the world. The 'Rationalism' is a history of the decay of those opinions. They belong to a very small school of historical writings which began with Vico, was continued by Condorcet, Herder, Hegel, Comte, and found its last great representative in Buckle. What characterises these writers is that they try to look at history, not as a series of biographies, or accidents, or pictures, but as a great organic whole."

At the age of thirty Lecky had won an European reputation by his studies in "Kulturgeschichte"; but the next twenty years were devoted to modern political history. An enlarged and greatly improved edition of the "Irish Leaders" found scarcely more favor than the little volume

of the Trinity graduate; but the "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," which appeared in eight massive volumes between 1878 and 1890, was immediately acknowledged as a classic. Lord Stanhope's volumes, painstaking and useful as they were, lacked breadth and color, and Lecky's broad and luminous survey of national life and policy profited by the contrast. The main fault of the work was its lack of proportion, the period preceding the accession of George III. being scarcely more than outlined, while the later decades of the century are described with remarkable fulness. The standpoint is that of an independent Whig, and the discussion of the American War, which forms the most valuable part of the volumes relating to England, is a triumph of impartiality. It is of these volumes that Lord Acton wrote to the author, "They are fuller of political instruction than anything that has appeared for a long time."

By far the most important part of Lecky's monumental work is that which concerns the history of Ireland. He had sharply criticised Froude's deplorable volumes on "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," which appeared when he was already engaged on his task. "His whole nature," writes his wife, "revolted against the spirit of intolerance of which Mr. Froude was the advocate and the use he made of his authorities." Though a friend of Froude, he thought the book "so mischievous, so sophistical, so insulting to Ireland," that he felt it his duty to demolish it. After prolonged research in Dublin Castle Lecky revealed to the world for the first time the true history of the Grattan Parliament, the rebellion of 1798, and the Union. The work was so thoroughly done that it need never be done again. These volumes on the greatest period of Irish history rank with Gardiner's account of the struggles of the seventeenth century, and constitute Lecky's highest achievement. The wisdom of Grattan, the criminal folly of the recall of Fitzwilliam, and the abominations by which the Union was effected, had never been brought home with such learning and power.

While he was still at work on the "Eighteenth Century" the Home Rule Bill burst on the country. His half-forgotten book on "Irish Leaders" was pillaged for missiles in the attack on the moral validity of the Union; but Lecky ranged himself without hesitation among Gladstone's opponents, and labored as diligently as Professor Dicey to counterwork his policy. The letters printed in this volume completely dispose of the charge of inconsistency that was sometimes brought against him. He had welcomed the Land Act of 1870, and always had the greatest respect for such Home Rulers as his friends Gavan Duffy and O'Neill Daunt; but he felt the strongest repugnance to Parnell from the moment of his appearance, and warmly denounced, not only the agrarian agitation, but also the rent-courts which Gladstone set up in 1881. His objection to Home Rule was based on the character and opinions of the Nationalist leaders. Grattan's Parliament was an assembly of Protestant landlords who were loyal to England: Home Rule would involve a Parliament in which the Protestant and the landlord would be powerless and the reins would be held by the declared enemies of England. How intense was his distrust of his countrymen appears in a curious letter of 1880, in which he writes, "I think you will soon find the opinion growing up on all sides that Ireland is unfit for the amount of representative government she possesses, and that a Government on the Indian model may become a necessity."

The Home Rule controversy made Lecky a politician and intensified the Conservatism to which he had long been tending. Though the Union was saved, he took an increasingly gloomy view of the future, and on the last day of 1893 he wrote in his Commonplace Book—"The world seems to me to have grown very old and very sad." Even his own party was now moving too fast for him. He viewed the Irish Local Government Bill of 1898 with disfavor, and "hoped it would not do much harm." He distrusted the newer philosophy of the State, and declared that the project of old age pensions was "one of the most dangerous of all forms of State Socialism." It was under the influence of this pessimism that he wrote "Democracy and Liberty." The contention that democracy was antagonistic to liberty was not new, and there is something to be said for it; but his attack was passionate and indiscriminating to a degree

* "A Memoir of W. E. H. Lecky." By his Wife. Longmans.

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which surprised those who only knew him in his previous books. "I think," he wrote to a friend, "people rather exaggerate the pessimism of my Democracy." It would be difficult to exaggerate it. He was at war with a world which he did not fully understand. Mrs. Lecky does not mention the masterly review in which Lord Morley chastised the dogmatism and the superficiality of the book. It was a disappointment to many of his admirers that he laid himself open to such a retort.

The closing chapters tell us a good deal about Lecky's life in Parliament, but they are not among the most interesting. He spoke often and well on Irish questions, but he deplored the waste of time and energy and never felt completely at home in his new surroundings. His literary work suffered, but did not altogether cease. "The Map of Life" was colorless and commonplace and quite unworthy of him; but the closing months of his life were occupied with the revision and expansion of the work on Irish leaders with which he had begun his career. His antipathy to Home Rule had not diminished his reverence for Grattan nor blinded him to the faults of British policy. It was felt by all to be a fitting close to his literary life. "We recognise in him," said Mr. Barry O'Brien, "a man who has done for Ireland work of infinite value which none of our side has shown ability to do."

MR. WATSON'S NEW POEMS.*

For some years now Mr. William Watson's silence has been one of the stock regrets of criticism. Occasionally, indeed, one has read expressions almost of annoyance that Mr. Watson should withhold his voice so long; as if, in these days, when the Gospel of the Strenuous Life is so faithfully maintained by stockbrokers, engineers, and novelists, it were scarcely pardonable for a poet to keep himself apart from the modern vehement standard of conduct. Certainly no one to whom books are something more than an amusement will fail to welcome the publication of Mr. Watson's "New Poems" as one of the pleasantest and most refreshing events that could happen in literature to-day; and yet, while we have sorely missed his song of late, many of us, probably, have tempered our regrets by reflecting that, in Mr. Watson, we have a poet who refuses to sing until he is altogether ready to sing, who prefers to meditate and perfect his utterance rather than to keep the popular ear tingling, whose pleasure is more (to quote from his "New Poems") in teaching "Truth to walk delicately in rich brocade," than in regular explosions of newspaper applause. All this is, after all, only what anyone who has read Mr. Watson's works judiciously might expect from him; for from the very beginning of his career it should have been completely evident that no poet, not even Milton himself, has been more scrupulous to "moralise his song," to admit no single word that would not help beauty and expressiveness, and never to admit a word that would transgress the exquisite decency of verse. Mr. Watson has always been, in the conscience of his art, like the England of his own vision, "Of high and singular election"; and through these "New Poems," as much as through all the others, his conscience shines admirably. There is no one writing to-day who is so reverent of his art and calling as Mr. Watson. He has, in his time, passed through the cloud of "detractions rude"; when the austere dignities of his verse did not square with the favorite eccentricities of the moment. But now his single-minded devotion to the severe ardors of poetry has its reward; and now, if we wish to see the noblest poetic traditions of the English language carried into our own day, we naturally look for them in the work of William Watson.

Looking back on the body of Mr. Watson's poetry, and attempting to assess its value, it is hard to avoid the unphilosophic discrimination between matter and manner. For, without doubt, the chief value in what Mr. Watson says is always that it is so perfectly said; it is always consummate art. We do not get much ferment for the brain from his poetry. His is a large and profound thought, clear as glass, strong and direct; contact with it is invigorat-

ing and ennobling. But its work is finished when the poem is finished; we enter into it as into a splendid and finely-proportioned room. We seldom meet the thought in Mr. Watson's poems with that startled rapture which the thought of Shelley or Blake, Donne or Crashaw, arouses—the sense of a quite new mental experience. Our experience with him is a purely aesthetic one, the pleasure and exaltation of moving in an ample, elaborate, beautiful style; but we altogether mistake if we underrate the value of such experience. A very casual review of Mr. Watson's poetry will show that his mind is continually occupied, perhaps pre-occupied, with style. That is not only clear from the evident intense care with which he considers every word he puts down, but from the fact that he very frequently in his poetry tells us outright what, in his opinion, the qualities of a good style are. Many of his poems and epigrams have dealt directly with the business of the poet, and allusions to the nature of poetic composition are common throughout his works. No one, except perhaps Wordsworth, has so plainly and so often told us what his conception of the poet's art is; and it is hardly too much to say that Mr. Watson has written better about writing and writers than about anything else. His elegies on Wordsworth, Burns, and Tennyson are (with the exception of his Coronation Ode) perhaps the best of his longer poems; and the most memorable phrases in them are those which sum up the peculiar excellences of the poet he is celebrating. And the best of his epigrams are certainly those which deal with poetic craftsmanship. Consideration of the other arts, too, fill a good many of his poems. On the whole, too much of his poetry is concerned with aesthetics, and is therefore twice removed from life; and this is roughly the better portion of his poetry. It is a tendency less noticeable in these "New Poems" than in the preceding volumes; which do, nevertheless, contain enough poems that come straight out of the general heart of nature to make the reputation of half a dozen minor singers. And were that not so, we cannot expect everything from a poet even of Mr. Watson's eminence; with a man who fills our minds and senses with such a noble utterance, we have assuredly no reason for dissatisfaction.

Solemn and lofty themes suit Mr. Watson best; that is to say, they give him the likeliest opportunity for using his particular skill with words. One remembers, certainly, a few delicious lyric ecstasies, as his "April, April," or "Pass, thou wild light"; and in the "New Poems" there is a notable instance of this, an exquisitely simple song, almost a folk-song, of "The Winter Sleep," in which reiterated words come like the repeated turns in a blackbird's song. But if one had to instance Mr. Watson's characteristic utterance, one would think naturally of the elegies and the ode we have already mentioned, or of the "Hymn to the Sea" or "The Father of the Forest," or of some other spacious and gravely worded poem. There is no need to describe in detail the craft of such a master of diction as Mr. Watson. We must not insist on his austerity too much; there are sensuous splendor and verbal riches in his poetry, though never "barbarick pearl and gold." It does not

" . . . from insensate height,
With prodigies, with light
Of trailing angers on the monstrous night,
Magnificently fall";

but Mr. Watson quite evidently prefers the gorgeous phrase to bare severity. Verbal beauty, however, never predominates; Mr. Watson will have all his words strictly subordinate to the general beauty. His verse is always nicely steered between nakedness and extravagance. In the ordering of his thought, there is usually a strong tendency towards epigram, even in the longer poems; and his thought is in consequence admirably direct and clear. This is more than ever manifest in the "New Poems," wherein constantly, having placed before us in a clean Hellenic light the idea, or contrast of ideas, which animates him, he very wisely refrains from pushing the conclusion forward, with an immense gain of impressiveness. Thus we have in most of his work a static rather than a dynamic strength. No one could write as Mr. Watson does without having felt mighty passions; but the poems themselves are not passionate, they are symbols of passion. There are times when Mr. Watson's rich brocade of words hangs rather stiffly, and seems a cumbrous garment;

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but more often it is royal robe for royal thought. When we read his poems, we admire the splendid, dignified procession of imagery, but we are not excited by it; yet in these days, with so much of the turbulent, so little of the majestic about us, there are few things for which we should be more thankful than for the stately, large inspiration of Mr. Watson's poems and its noble gestures of words.

In the "New Poems" there is not so much of the gorgeous language, perhaps, as in some of the preceding volumes, though the words are always used in such a way as to express all the meaning out of them. But in the severities of style Mr. Watson is here better than ever. A naked speech is by no means to be found here; it is a song whose maker knows that it must always (in his own words) "forbear all light and easy accost." Nowhere to-day shall we find English made so expressive with so little tormenting; and, indeed, Mr. Watson has rather hard things to say of the "phrase-tormenting fantastic chorus," those who "prance on language," and "tumble their thoughts in a heap before us." Nothing could be less like tumbling than the way Mr. Watson's thought emerges; it is carven, not outpoured, thought. Take for instance this lyric, "In Dreams":—

"In dreams the exile cometh home;
In dreams the lost is found;
In dreams the captive's feet may roam
The world around.

"In dreams thou may'st a monarch be,
And sit upon a throne.
Give thanks that this befalleth thee
In dreams alone."

Is that not cut as clean and as sharp as if the words were onyx wrought with a keen tool? And there are many poems in the volume before us showing the same high economy of artistic method, both for the diction and for the restrained contrasting of ideas. In a fine sonnet on "Leopold of Belgium," the restraint becomes fierce in its intensity, far more terrible than any scourge of invective:—

"Embalm him, Time! Forget him not, O Earth!
Trumpet his name, and flood his deeds with day."

Those are the last two lines of the sonnet; a tyrant has never been more severely condemned. And beside this sonnet we would put, for its terseness and sternness, the poem on "Hate," which is a wonderful little treatise on one aspect of politics as they may be in Utopia. Nor must we forget to mention specially, while we are considering the more evidently epigrammatic portions of Mr. Watson's "New Poems," the lyric called "Heaven and Hell," which puts a whole moral philosophy into five verses, five verses of perfect craftsmanship. For the splendors of Mr. Watson's style, the colors and odors and musics, we may turn to the sonnet-sequence, "To Miranda"; but we confess that these do not attract us so much as the less decorated poems. That is not to say that they are not very good, but they are less unusual than the latter, for which, indeed, we cannot think of any likeness, unless it be Landor or the Greek epigrammatists. But the finest poem in the book is, in our opinion, the first, "The Blacksmith." In this the thought is not of marble, but, as befits the subject, of fire. The blacksmith becomes a tremendous cosmic symbol; the imagery is memorable throughout, and the verses ring like a hammered anvil. We quote three stanzas:—

"Like a mighty Enchanter
'Mid demons he stands—
'Mid Terrors infernal,
The slaves of his hands.

"As a pine-bough in winter,
All fringed with wild hair,
His arm, too, is shaggy,
His arm, too, is bare.

"And the bars on his anvil,
They struggle and groan
Like a sin being fought with,
That's bred in the bone."

After poetry like that, we must forbear to prose any longer about poetry.

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Unfortunately, this picture is placed side by side with an attempt to clear up a most disagreeable story, and to refute the late Lord Lovelace's "Astarte," which was at all events privately printed. Lord Lovelace wished to relieve the memory of his grandmother, Lady Byron, from the odious suspicion of having invented groundless charges against her husband's half-sister, Mrs. Leigh. Mr. Edgcumbe, who professes equal anxiety to clear Mrs. Leigh, is driven, in spite of himself, to defend Lady Byron. For one main object of his book is to prove that Mrs. Leigh and Byron conspired to make her believe in the truth of a story which he elsewhere repeatedly ascribes to "her prurient imagination." Mr. Edgcumbe suggests that Lord Lovelace deliberately manipulated the papers. He says "he discarded some that would have told in favor of Mrs. Leigh, and selected others which colorably supported his peculiar views." This is a grave charge, and the only excuse for making it, as well as for reviving the imputation upon Lady Byron, would be the production as well as the possession of conclusive evidence. Although Mr. Edgcumbe claims to have positive testimony, he has not produced it, for a reason perfectly good in itself, but good also against publishing the second half of his book. Moreover, he cannot be congratulated upon his method of telling the story which he wishes to substitute for Lord Lovelace's, and the citations from the poems, on which he lays so much stress, are not sufficiently definite for his purpose. His theory is as follows: He would remove all difficulties by assuming that Byron's boyish passion for Mary Chaworth, who married John Musters, was the cause of his unhappiness with his own wife, and his reason for the conduct which made her leave him. He goes on to make the startling suggestion that Mrs. Leigh inculpated herself to save Mary Chaworth's good name, and even pretended that Byron's child, Medora, was her own. Of this assumption he offers no proof, though we are left to infer that he has confirmation of it in his hands. His procedure is indirect and unconvincing, as, for instance, when he

* "Byron: The Last Phase." By Richard Edgcumbe. John Murray. 10s. 6d.

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"I watched thee when the foe was at our side,
Ready to strike at him—or thee and me
Were safety hopeless—rather than divide
Aught with one loved, save love and liberty,"

he comments, "We have here a glimpse of that turbulent scene when Mary's husband, in a fit of jealousy, put an end to their dangerous intimacy."

So with Byron's last words to his valet, Fletcher, Mr. Edgcumbe suggests that they refer to Mary Chaworth: "We may well believe that those inarticulate words which the dying poet murmured to the bewildered Fletcher—those broken sentences which ended with, 'Tell her everything; you are friends with her'—may have referred, not to Lady Byron as policy suggested, but to Mary Chaworth with whom Fletcher had been acquainted since his youth." But he himself quotes on another page the message as beginning with the direction "Go to Lady Byron." Is this the way Mr. Edgcumbe draws his inferences from facts which he does not disclose?

Mr. Edgcumbe is able to write a lively description of simple scenes and incidents. But he does not discuss a peculiarly painful theme with the gravity and restraint it demands. In some places he writes with a flippancy quite unsuited to the subject. He seems almost to exult in Mrs. Leigh's horrible mystification of Lady Byron in providing her with "damning proofs against her brother and herself" when he speaks of Mrs. Leigh seeming "to have enjoyed the wriggings of her victim on the hook," or says that "the whole thing was a 'blind,' devised to support Augusta's rôle as a Magdalen," or that "Augusta Leigh, the selfless martyr, the most loyal friend that Byron ever possessed, assisted her brother, so to speak, to place the pack on a false scent, and the whole pack blindly followed."

Sometimes he does not appear to realise the force of his own arguments. Does he not see that Lady Byron's suspicions were inevitable when he tells us that Mrs. Leigh, "while pretending contrition for imaginary sins, revenged herself upon Lady Byron by heightening her jealousy and encouraging her in the belief that not only had Byron been her lover, but was still appealing to her from abroad"? Mr. Edgcumbe's insight is clearly not to be depended on, and as he does not give the source nor the precise nature of his knowledge, we cannot arrive at any conclusion except that he has left the mystery involved in difficulties as impenetrable as ever.

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This seems to have been the view of Fate, who, as though half-repenting of her favors, struck down Cavour with only half his work done. How disastrous that calamity has been to Italy is well known to all students of the admirable book written by Messrs. Bolton King and Thomas Okey. The new edition of this interesting work contains a chapter on Italy since 1900. The new century opened very well with the advent to power of the Zanardelli-Giolitti Ministry, and the change from coercion and reaction to a Liberal policy. Politics soon changed for the worse, but one good result of that Liberal success has remained, for the labor organisations took advantage of their release from the old restrictions, and there has been a general rise in wages. In some parts agricultural wages have risen by 150 per cent. On the other hand there has been an increase in the cost of living, and the authors state that "the equivalent of a bushel of wheat in terms of labor has grown less favorable to the workers." "The Italian laborer is worse off than the laborer in any other European country, Spain alone excepted." During these years there has been a great expansion of Italian trade, and as a result of the brilliant conversion of the National Debt, Italian credit stands remarkably high. But the situation is gloomy and threatening. The growth of expenditure on the army and the navy is very serious; the annual loss on the railways is very heavy; agrarian legislation for the South is peremptorily necessary, but it has been shamefully neglected, and waste and corruption, as illustrated in the Report of the Commission on the Navy and the monstrous indulgence with which Signor Nasi has been treated, are still rife in the public service. The main hope for Italy still seems to be with the Socialists, whose successes in the General Election of this year are the one bright ray in the sky, but in Italy, as in most countries, the Extreme Left are in continual danger of schism and dissolution.

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as the young Scotswoman was presented with, as much as fifty guineas had in many instances been paid. Not Sir Walter's most glittering dreams—she writes to her sister—not the rarest palace unlocked in the Arabian Nights "can at all surpass the unrivalled magnificence of the Court of George IV. on his coronation day. I think Queen Elizabeth's fête and pageant at Kenilworth will give you the best idea of the whole." Sublime among the rest sat the King:—

"the most absurd likeness of a peacock, for, when seated at the royal banquet served before the throne, his train, about a mile long and full of golden stars upon a purple ground, was spread high over the back of the throne, and the effect was so like that of a peacock spreading his tail to the sun that everyone present was struck with the absurd resemblance."

In the midst of the feast Queen Caroline attempted to storm the hall. Unfortunately ("for the fun of it"), the poor lady merely "forced her way into one of the kitchens, where they coolly turned the key upon her till all risk was over."

On this occasion Wellington was one of the supporters of that fabulous person, the Hereditary Champion of England; and as he was backing his horse from the scene, someone hurried to the Duke and whispered:—

"Don't lay your hand on his quarters, or he will fall down and die. He is the horse of Timur the Tartar."

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The gentleman to whom Lady Wake was indebted for her ticket was Colonel Percy, a younger son of the Earl of Beverley, and the hero of a vivid and sad story of Waterloo. Wellington, whose favorite aide-de-camp he was, selected him to carry to England the tidings of victory and the eagles of the French. With orders never to stop till he had laid the trophies at the feet of the Regent, the young officer swept at the best speed of four horses from Dover to London, his tremendous news flying by rumor ahead of him. The Regent was coming out from dinner at Mrs. Bethune's, when

"a commotion was heard in the anteroom, and a young man in uniform, soiled and covered with dust, rushed forward with the eagles and despatches and fainted at the Regent's feet"—

his sash still wet with the blood of Waterloo. This dreadful evidence of the speed with which Percy had travelled from the field of Napoleon's discomfiture was not all: a few days later a stroke of paralysis ended his career as a soldier. The episode was worthy the pen of Browning, who would have made of it another ride from Ghent.

As yet we have unfolded none of Lady Wake's memories of her brother the Archbishop, her beloved "Archie," who grew to man's estate from a childhood so enfeebled that his life was more than once considered forfeit. At Oxford, among the scholars of Balliol, when the gifted Tait joined the band (or a little later) were Arthur Stanley, Lake (Dean of Durham), Goulburn (Dean of Norwich), Coleridge (Chief Justice), Stafford Northcote, Arthur Clough, and James Riddell. All these were his friends and contemporaries. The Frederick Oakeley who became a canon of the R.C. Church was his tutor. We see William George Ward, "the size of a tub," chased upstairs by undergraduates, eager for the lecture it was always so difficult to get from him. When Ward won in the race to his rooms, he at once turned the key on his pursuers, "and quietly set himself down to read his novel." Newman also is, of course, here, and of the thunders that rolled around "Tract No. 90," Lady Wake conveys to us a lively echo or two. Newmanism

"was like the measles; nobody was safe from it in Oxford who had not had it already."

Tait was one of the earnest young men of his day by whom the infection was withstood. We need not detail his career. In 1842, when he was twenty-nine, and looked twenty-five, he took in hand the fortunes of Rugby School. Seven years later he was Dean of Carlisle. The year of salvation, 1855, saw him Bishop of London. He declined in 1862 the Archbishopric of York. Six years from this, on the unlooked-for death of Dr. Longley, and by the urgent wish of the Queen, Tait was chosen for the "mitred crown" of Canterbury. He wore it till his death in 1882.

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all the saving grace. Miss Balfour had inherited from brothers in India a fortune of £840,000, and once a year the dwindling remnant of her family were bidden to her board.

"They were waited upon by her ancient domestic, and at the very beginning of dinner she always thus addressed the party: 'Onybody for wine! Wha's for wine haud up their thumbs. Naebody for wine! John, tak' awa' the wine.' Thus the solitary bottle remained unopened, for neither niece nor nephew dare incur her displeasure by signifying a desire for a glass."

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"The Hudson's Bay Company 'll come along with the red-coats, and they'll set up a nice little Sunday-school business here for what they call 'agricultural settlers.' There'll be a railway, and the Yankees 'll send up their marshals to work with the redcoats on the border, and—"

"And the days of smuggling will be over," put in the girl, in a low voice. "No more bull-wackers and mule-skinner 'whooping it up': no more Blackfeet and Piegans drinking alcohol and water, and cuttin' each others' throats. A nice quiet time coming on the border, Abe, eh?"

"... You got the ways of the deer in your walk, the song o' the birds in your voice; and you're going with me, Nance, for I bin talkin' to you stiddy four years. It's a long time to wait on the chance, for there's always women to be got, same as others have done—men like Dingan with

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Injun girls, and men like Tobey with half-breeds. But I ain't bin lookin' that way. I bin lookin' only towards you." He laughed eagerly, and lifted a tin cup of whisky standing on a table near. "I'm lookin' towards you now, Nance. Your health and mine together. It's got to be settled now. You got to go to the 'Cific Coast with Bantry, or North with me."

The girl jerked a shoulder and frowned a little. He seemed so sure of himself.

"Or South with Nick Pringle, or East with someone else," she said, quizzically. "There's always four quarters to the compass, even when Abe Hawley thinks he owns the world and has a mortgage on eternity. I'm not going West with Bantry; but there's three other points that's open."

With an oath the man caught her by the shoulders, and swung her round to face him. He was swelling with anger.

"You—Nick Pringle, that trading cheat, that gambler! After four years, I—"

"Let go my shoulders," she said, quietly. "I'm not your property. Go and get some Piegan girl to bully. Keep your hands off. I'm not a bronco for you to bit and bridle. You've got no rights. You—" Suddenly she relented, seeing the look in his face, and realising that, after all, it was a tribute to herself that she could keep him for four years and rouse him to such fury. "But, yes, Abe," she added, "you have some rights. We've been good friends all these years, and you've been all right out here. You said some nice things about me just now, and I liked it, even if it was as if you'd learned it out of a book. I've got no po'try in me; I'm plain homespun. I'm a sapling, I'm not any prairie flower, but I like when I like, and I like a lot when I like: I'm a bit of hickory, I'm not a prairie flower—"

Any girl might, of course, say, "I'm not your property. Go and get some Piegan girl to bully"; but the author's imagination cannot reach beyond this, and descends into the false emphasis of the art of the popular oleograph. "I've got no po'try in me; I'm plain homespun. I'm a sapling, I'm not any prairie flower; but I like when I like, and I like a lot when I like," &c., and these stilted and theatrical phrases are exchanged between a man and a woman who have known one another for four years! It's not merely the lack of life, freshness, and ease in the talk in all the stories that is apparent, but the situations themselves are vamped up, and follow in the well-worn grooves of transpontine legend. Therefore the stories no doubt will be popular. The mass of the public likes to read what it expects to read, to have the manner with which it is familiar repeated, to renew the conventions on which its theory of this or that type of society is formed. All these requirements Sir Gilbert Parker's books fulfil.

It is pleasing to turn to the unaffected sincerity of Mr. Hamlin Garland's tale. The scene is the Dakota prairie in the spring of 1883. A new settler, Burke, and his young wife Blanche, who have sold their farm in Illinois, are reaching their "claims" on the unsurveyed land twelve miles east of the Western Coteaux. Crowds of other emigrants are arriving. "All ages and sexes came to take claims. Old men, lone and feeble, school teachers from the East, young girls from the towns of the older countries, boys not yet of age—everywhere incoming claimants were setting stakes upon the green and beautiful sod." The peculiar exhilaration of the early days of home building, of the friendly rivalry of the incoming settlers, of the charm of new intimacies between the men and women who find themselves neighbors, all is admirably touched off. Note, for example, how firm and sure is each stroke in this little picture:—

After leaving the ranch they struck out over the prairie, where no wagon wheel but theirs had ever passed. . . . A few antelopes scurried away out of the path, and a wolf sitting on a height gravely watched the teams, as if marvelling at their coming. The wind swept out of the west clear and cold. The sky held no shred of cloud. The air was like some all-powerful intoxicant, and when Bailey pointed out a row of little stakes and said, "There's the railroad," their imagination supplied the trains, the wheat, the houses, the towns which were to come.

At the claim Blanche sat on a box and watched the two men as they swiftly built the little cabin which was to be her home. Their hammers rang merrily, and soon she was permitted to go inside and look up at the great sky which roofed it in. This was an emotional moment to her. As she sat there listening to the voices of the men who were drawing this fragile shelter around her, a great awe fell upon her. It seemed as if she had drawn a little nearer to the Almighty Creator of the universe. Here, where no white man had ever set foot, she was watching the founding of her own house. Was it a home? Could it ever be a home?

Swiftly the roof closed over her head, and the floor crept under her feet. The stove came in, and the flour-barrel, and the few household articles which they had brought followed,

and as the sun was setting they all sat down to supper in her new home.

The smell of the fresh pine was round them. Geese were flying over. Cranes were dancing down by the ponds, prairie-chickens were booming. The open doorway—doorless yet—looked out on the sea-like plain glorified by the red sun just sinking over the purple line of treeless hills to the west. It was the bare, raw materials of a State, and they were in at the beginning of it.

After Bailey left them the husband and wife sat in silence. When they spoke it was in low voices. It seemed as if God could hear what they said—that He was just there behind the glory of the western clouds.

The change of mood that falls on everybody with the advent of the summer heat is most subtly indicated. As Burke hires himself out to plough for other men, his young wife, Blanche, is left alone a good deal, and an intimacy springs up between her and the pleasant, boyish land-agent and store-keeper, Rivers. August comes, and no rain falls. Great clouds rise over the horizon, and "only to pass with a swoop like the flight of silent, great eagles, followed by a trailing garment of dust . . . leaving the sky and plain as beautiful, as placid, and as dry as before." The settlers grow anxious for their crops, and a little bitter. September and October pass quickly. And with the coming of November the winds sweep pitilessly cold and keen out of the untracked north-west, over the grey, treeless prairie. There is no fuel to be had except coal from the city, and it is very high in price. Most of the squatters have spent their last dollar, and are waiting to "prove off" while they live on canned food. Then December comes, with its furious snow blizzards hissing over the icy plain, and the temperature falls far below zero. The picture of the wife's disillusionment in her new life and her bitter alienation from her husband, and the development of her intimacy with Rivers, have the force of actual life. We cannot dwell here on the dramatic sequel. Mr. Garland makes no mistake, except in a few pages towards the close, where the ethics of the situation are unnecessarily debated. Apart from this, the artistic handling of the relationships between the four leading characters is masterly.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

To summarise the origins and developments of "Art in Great Britain and Ireland" (Heinemann, 6s. net), in a volume of little more than 300 pages—which, moreover, contains some 600 typographic blocks—has been the not altogether enviable task of Sir Walter Armstrong, the Director of the National Gallery of Ireland. It would be easy enough to find flaws in the arrangement of the book. It appears to us, for instance, to be overloaded with illustrations, so that a very large number of them are not within measurable distance of that portion of the text they illustrate; but the intention, and, on the whole, the achievement, of the work is so excellent that such criticism would be ungracious. Roughly speaking, Sir Walter Armstrong has divided his subject into two main sections, the first of which deals with architecture and the minor arts, and the second with painting and sculpture. The architectural chapters are an excellent introduction, concise without being bald, to the study of the whole subject. The first two chapters are a general discussion of primitive art in the British Isles, an important feature of which discussion is a clear exposition of the linear character and subjective feeling of Celtic work; and then the main movements in British architecture are traced through nine chapters, from the rude Anglo-Saxon building to the Modern Renaissance of our own day. One may note that a stout championship of English Gothic as an individual growth, and not as a mere imitation of the French, as some writers have sought to prove it is, forms one of Sir Walter Armstrong's principal themes for argument. In drawing attention to the architectural thoughtfulness that the present generation is disposed to lavish on small, unimportant buildings, for which at one time anything was good enough, he recalls one of the most hopeful phases of our Modern Renaissance; while he shows a catholic sympathy towards the English Palladian and its variations, as seen in most of the public buildings that have recently grown up in the metropolis. The section on painting, while it is characteristically well-informed, has not quite the grip of the other. It strikes us as being too much of an encyclo-

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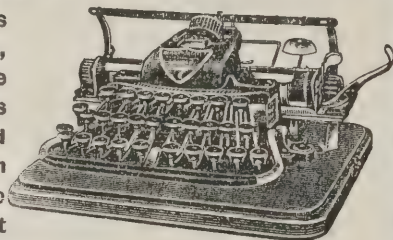
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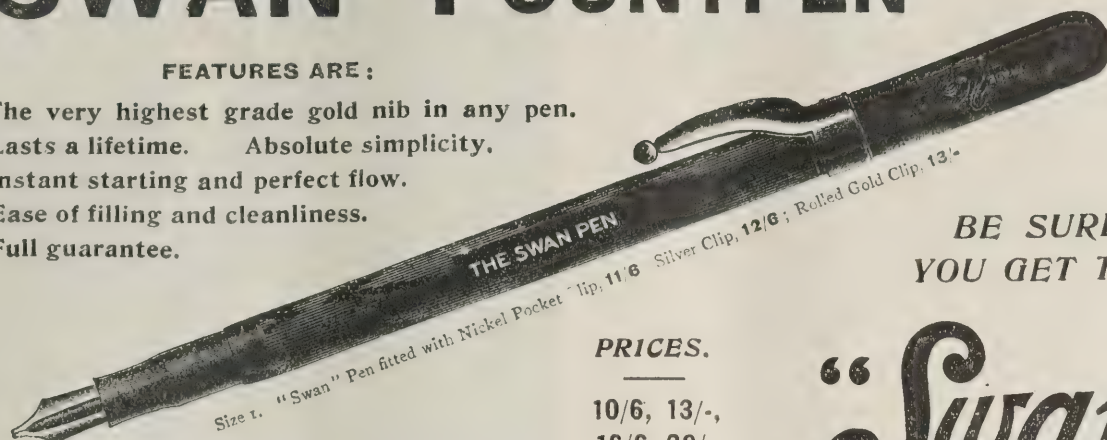
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	Jan. 1906.	April 29, 1909.	Oct. 20, 1909.
Consols	90½	85	82½
Brighton Def.	130	88½	85½
Chatham First Prefes.	128	68	65
Gt. Central Prefd. Ord.	38	21½	20
Great Eastern	91	64	58
Great Northern Def.	46	44½	40½
Great Western	144	120½	119
Lancashire and Yorks.	110	90	89
Midland Def.	74	57	54½
North-Eastern	146	127	127
North Western	161	137½	130½
South-Eastern Def.	55	54	29½
South-Western Ord.	164	137	131

Strange to say this table has been hailed with tremendous acclamation by guileless journalists all over the country, who forget that British Railways are saddled with an extraordinary number of incompetent directors, that first-class carriages have been emptied by motor-cars, and that the third-class suburban traffic has been badly hit by tramway competition. The downward movement of Consols is partly due to the declining taste for low-interest securities, partly to heavy issues of Irish Land Stock. But figures, as a correspondent of the "Yorkshire Post" says, "are dangerous things to meddle with," seeing that they are definite and exact, and available to any one who wishes to consult them. If the fall in British stocks from 1906 to 1909 is to be attributed to the present Government, then it is only reasonable, argues Mr. Cridland in the letter I have referred to, that we should attribute the fall in Stocks from 1897 to 1906 to the late Government.

The following table shows the decline in Consols and the leading home railways in the ten years from 1897 to 1906, when the Conservatives were in office, and shows what happened to "our native securities" in that period:—

	Average price, 1897.	Average price, Decline, 1906.
Consols	112	88 ... 24
Brighton Deferred	178	121 ... 57
Midland Deferred	95	68 ... 27
G. N. R. Deferred	62	44 ... 18
G. W. R. Ordinary	173	133 ... 40
G. C. R. Preference	75	36 ... 39
India Three per Cent.	110	94 ... 10
Chatham 2nd Pref.	82	57 ... 25
Birmingham 3 per Cent.	114	92 ... 22
Birmingham 2½ per Cent.	100	77 ... 23
Bradford 3½ per Cent.	120	110 ... 10
N. E. R. Ordinary	117	140 ... 37
Bass & Co. 5 per Cent. Preference	151	112 ... 39

Thus it appears that under Conservative management Consols declined 24 points, *i.e.*, three times as many points as they have declined during the present Government, and if the depreciation since 1906 is 50 millions, then the depreciation from 1897-1906 amounted to the enormous total of 150 millions. Some discount must be allowed for the change from 2½ to 2¼ per cent., but Mr. Cridland's table shows how absurd it is to refer the financial depreciation in stocks to the existing Government. If the figures proved anything it might be argued that both the Conservative and the Liberal Government cause a decline of Stocks, and the Socialists might be allowed to try their hand.

The causes of the tremendous fall in Consols between 1897 and 1906 were, of course, the suspension of the Sinking Fund and the huge additions to debt during the Boer War, and the extension of Trustee Securities by Mr. Chamberlain for the benefit of the Colonies.

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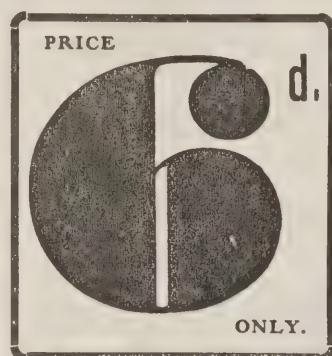
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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accom-
panied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts
no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE Budget has passed the House of Commons. On Thursday night Mr. Austen Chamberlain's motion for its rejection on the third reading was defeated by 379 votes to 149, a majority of 230. The Irish Nationalists abstained on the ground that while strongly sympathising with its democratic taxes, the whiskey duties were unfair to Ireland. Only two Liberals—Mr. Bertram and Mr. Whitbread—neither of whom will stand again—voted against the Budget, while three others abstained. The most brilliant of the concluding speeches were those of the Premier and the Chancellor. The latter quoted, with immense effect, a "Campaign Guide" for Tory candidates at the last election, issued in 1904, arguing the whole case in favor of the taxation of site values, and warning Conservatives not to treat such a demand as "robbery." The Prime Minister, in a speech of singular power and breadth of statement, made a marked reference to the threatened action of the Lords. He declared the House of Commons to be the only body which has "any constitutional competence to deal with or regulate our national finances," and concluded that on the question of the "maintenance or the surrender of the ancient constitutional supremacy of this House in matters of national finance" every man on the Liberal side was ready to join issue. Mr. Balfour's note of criticism was *piano*. He virtually adopted the Budget provisions for income tax, death duties, and super-tax, and only rejected the idea of discriminating between different sorts of wealth, and of inquiry into their origin, as "Socialistic," and likely to interfere with the general "security of property." The speech contained no hint to the Lords

in favor of rejection. The chief Liberal Whip has declared that if the Lords throw out the Budget there will be an election in January.

* * *

THE rejection of the measure on the third reading was moved by Mr. Austen Chamberlain in a speech which, though of much ability, disclosed no case for the rejection of the Bill, unless it were the old charge that the land taxes produced little or no immediate revenue. Mr. Chamberlain practically followed Mr. Balfour's plan of barring the taxes on land and liquor, and setting up taxes on imports as their alternative. This device he crystallised in an unlucky phrase, "Let the rich pay according to their wealth, let the poor pay according to their necessities." We should not swaddle ourselves in the theories of a bygone age—what is Protection but a hoary theory?—but spread our net wider and bring in the vast mass of foreign importations.

* * *

To this Mr. Harold Cox made a powerful retort. He declared that, with the exception of the land taxes, he blessed the Budget, insisted that Tariff Reform was not an alternative to Socialism, but a form of it, and added that the Tories were debarred from raising the Socialistic cry by the fact that they had praised the Development Bill, supported old age pensions, and declared that their nostrum was the cure for unemployment. On the point whether the foreigner paid taxes on imports, he made the following conclusive reply:—

"Did they really mean what they said when they told ignorant people that the foreigners were going to pay the taxes? If they meant that, why did they not make the taxes higher? Why were they not proposing to tax raw materials? Was there any alchemy by which they could discriminate and say the foreigner would not pay a tax on something they called raw material and would pay a tax on something they called a manufactured article? Had hon. members opposite ever thought how the foreigner was going to pay these taxes of ours? He was quite sure they had got beyond that very crude phase of political economy which assumed that international commerce was settled by cash. All of them knew that international commerce was an exchange of goods against goods. Therefore, if the foreigner was going to pay our taxes he could only pay them by sending us more goods, or, what amounted to the same thing, by taking fewer of our goods in exchange for his goods. How was that going to increase employment?"

* * *

THE second disappointment of the Opposition was the speech by Mr. Philip Snowden, who, like Mr. Cox, was eagerly expected to pronounce the Budget a piece of unmitigated Socialism. This Mr. Snowden declined to do. He declared that factory legislation and other machinery for the restriction of profit in which the Tories had taken part were no more and no less Socialistic than parts of the Budget, which, on the whole, he pronounced not revolutionary but a "preventive of revolution." He announced the Labor Party's endorsement of it as a fair instrument of social amelioration, and asked Mr. Balfour and his friends not to insult the workman's intelligence by setting up Protection as a cure for unemployment.

THE feature of the second day's debate, after Mr. Ure's exposure of his ungenerous opponent, was the brilliant analysis by Mr. McKenna of Mr. Balfour's economics. Challenged to say whether he thought that the foreigner paid import duties, Mr. Balfour replied that he would pay "some share," and that Professor Marshall admitted this. Professor Marshall's endorsement of this notion is, of course, of the most restricted character. But while Mr. Balfour knows the foreigner's share of such a tax is infinitesimally small, he is constructing a fancy Budget on the theory that it would be very large. As Mr. McKenna put it, the Protectionist Budget is to contain two columns, one showing so many millions from Britishers and the other so many millions from the foreigner.

* * *

THE personal controversy between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Ure has ended in grave discredit to the Unionist leader. On Wednesday night, Mr. Ure, in a speech of remarkable eloquence, which swept his party and almost the entire House away with him, showed, first, that he had accused the Protectionist leaders not of a wilful intention to repudiate their promises to maintain Old Age Pensions, but of want of ability to square their promises with their programme, and, secondly, that the offence of raising the "fears and terrors" of the pensioners had been actually committed by Mr. Balfour, who, in a telegram to the Shropshire electors last year, said that "though the Radicals have promised Old Age Pensions, only the Unionist Party could provide for their payment." Mr. Balfour's answer to a complete exposure was to refrain from an apology and at the same time to substitute for the charge of deliberate lying that of unfair political criticism.

* * *

THIS he founded on a speech of Mr. Ure's at Newbury, declaring that the Unionists had promised Old Age Pensions but never meant to fulfil their promises. But he did not quote the following words, in which Mr. Ure went on to say: "I do not doubt the honesty of his (Mr. Balfour's) intention, but his good intentions will not secure the interest for life of the aged poor." Mr. Balfour's nearest approach to an apology was to say that he had "no personal feeling" against the man whom he had accused of a "frigid and calculated lie." Mr. Asquith, always a loyal colleague, retorted that Mr. Balfour's language was an "outrage on our political life," that Mr. Ure's vindication was complete, and that the House had expected a withdrawal.

* * *

THE intervention in Greek politics of the Military League formed in imitation of the Young Turks culminated last Friday in a burlesque naval mutiny. Commander Typaldos of the torpedo flotilla had taken a leading part in the pronunciamento which resulted in the expulsion of the royal princes from the Greek army. Not content with this success, he last week demanded the wholesale retirement of all the senior captains of the fleet, his own nomination as Minister of Marine, and the re-instatement of a certain Lieutenant Kokorris, who had been expelled from the Navy for insubordination during the Graeco-Turkish war. The Military League refused to follow him in these extravagant demands, denounced him as a madman, and graciously offered to repress his mutiny. He was, however, allowed to leave Athens unmolested and to reach the Bay of Salamis where his squadron lay. He must be a personality of some magnetism, for parts of the crews of most of his vessels followed him at the start, together with a large contingent of junior officers. They contrived to seize

the naval arsenal, and prepared to attack the battle squadron. The infantry, however, recovered the arsenal, and the three warships, after some desultory firing which disabled a destroyer, ended the mutiny in twenty minutes.

* * *

MOST of the rebellious officers have since been arrested, but Typaldos and four comrades are still at large. The ugliest feature of the incident lies in the fact that some politicians in M. Ralli's group are suspected of complicity. The ulterior object of the mutineers, after satisfying their personal ambition, was apparently to attempt some adventure in Macedonia or Crete. The condition of the Greek forces is evidently one of abject disorganisation, and the aspect of politics is not more reassuring. The Budget has yet to be passed, and local resistance to the proposed economies will probably make it impossible to carry out the demands of the League for increased military expenditure. There is some talk of the dissolution of the League. A General Election is apparently inevitable, since the Ministry has no majority, and that may be the signal for fresh trouble in Crete, whose inhabitants seem determined to send deputies to Athens. Everything, however, is possible, including even a military alliance with Turkey.

* * *

ON Monday Mr. Burns firmly ruled out of the Housing Bill practically all the crippling amendments inserted in it by the Lords in spite of the protests of the Bishops and of the friends of housing reform. All the amendments increasing the cost and difficulty of acquiring land and of dealing with bad landlords, and almost destroying the town-planning clauses, were excised. The Speaker significantly declared that an amendment which merely altered the incidence of local rating was a breach of the privilege of the House, which "claimed by itself alone to deal with the incidence of rates."

* * *

POLITICAL parties in France are already forming their ranks for the General Election which is due next May. M. Briand's moderate and tolerant speech at Périgueux has brought no appeasement in the perennial conflict with the Church, and he himself was obliged to explain in a speech devoted to a eulogy of the secular schools, that he hoped only for a softening of personal rancours amid the inevitable war of principles. The Bishops have chosen the school as their battleground. They have placed a number of the Republic's text-books on the index, and are endeavoring by pressure on teachers and parents to secure their withdrawal or disuse. The consequence has been a slight revolt among the Radicals against M. Briand's moderation, which used to excite remark even during his Socialist days, and an immediate stiffening of the Government's attitude. Unluckily, as the "Temps" points out, some of these text-books are far from being neutral on points which touch religion; Republicanism is more than a system of government, it is a militant creed. Equally significant was the debate on proportional representation in the Chamber. M. Briand declined to press this reform (to which he is committed in principle) before the General Election, and frankly based his refusal on the ground that the "Republican" majority would suffer under this system of voting in a struggle with the more solid Left and Right.

* * *

THE municipal elections in the country do not accurately reflect the movements of party politics, but on the whole they exhibit no change in the relation of the two main parties, though the Liberals have distinctly

gained ground in Lancashire. The Socialist and Labor sections appear to have gone back. In London the so-called "Moderates" or "reformers," who represent the narrowest kind of anti-rate propaganda, have been slightly weakened. The Progressives now hold five boroughs instead of two, and have gained strength in others. On the other hand, the Moderates have won a dramatic victory in Battersea, where the Progressive ranks were divided, and where Mr. Burns, if he would retain his position in politics, must re-ally himself with democratic forces.

* * *

A MORE than usually interesting struggle for the Mayoralty of New York has ended in a result which is, on the whole, a victory for the opponents of Tammany. Tammany clearly feared defeat, for it had chosen as its champion Judge Gaynor, a capable and independent personality with a clean record. He has been elected by 250,000 votes against 177,000 cast for the Republican, and 153,000 for Mr. Hearst, whose relatively large poll, achieved in defiance of both the traditional parties, suggests that he is still a personality to be reckoned with. For the minor offices Mr. Hearst's followers coalesced with the Republicans and carried the anti-Tammany "ticket." The Mayor has indeed large powers of patronage, but if his independence be real, his election in face of the success of Tammany's other opponents will bring little benefit from the material standpoint to those who reckoned on the usual rewards of spoliation. Elsewhere the parties which affect the cause of reform have done badly, notably in Philadelphia and in San Francisco, where the "grafters" of the Schmitz-Rueff school have scored a complete victory.

* * *

THE Prime Minister and Mr. McKenna have published their replies to the letters of Lord Charles Beresford, charging the Admiralty with favoritism and with intimidation of his friends, which he published without waiting for these crushing rejoinders. Their effect is an absolute denial of all Lord Charles Beresford's suggestions, coupled with proof that Lord Charles's specific suggestion that six naval officers declined service with him because they feared ostracism by the Admiralty was entirely unfounded, and that the refusals were due to these officers' desire to qualify for a separate command.

* * *

THE Russian Government is still apparently sensitive on certain points to the pressure of European public opinion. The idea of separating the large province of Viborg from the Duchy of Finland has been for the moment abandoned; it is at all events authoritatively denied. The Cossacks recently introduced into Finland remain none the less to deal with any discontent that may be provoked. There are certainly grounds enough already for alarm. A contribution for military purposes has been laid upon the Duchy by St. Petersburg, and the Finns have properly resented the manner of its imposition. No Finnish party will agree to bear the responsibility for this infraction of their autonomy, and the Government is being carried on by a Senate (Cabinet) of Russianised Finns, most of them admirals and generals. Meanwhile a joint commission on which Russians have a majority is drafting a plan for the management of the "common affairs" of the Duchy and the Empire. It is feared that these common affairs will be so defined as to make the Duma the real legislative body for Finland, and to reduce the Diet to the level of a Zemstvo or County Council. In one form or another there clearly is an intention to return to the Bokrikoff régime. Mean-

while, in Russia itself there are symptoms that the Octobrists are recovering their courage and becoming a little more Liberal—doubtless in response to the successes obtained by the Cadets in the recent by-elections. The reactionary Press, alarmed by this tendency, is once more discussing a dissolution of the Duma, which might be accompanied by a further narrowing of the franchise.

* * *

THE "Daily Chronicle" of Monday published a deplorable medley of journalese, which Mr. Stead, its compiler, called an "interview" with the late Mr. Gladstone on the Budget, and which we can only describe as an outrage on a great man's memory. We deal with this repellent communication elsewhere, but there are one or two questions of fact which require attention. This "interview" was in the form of question and answer, Mr. Stead being the questioner, the supposed answerer being the spirit of Gladstone, and the medium being a man who affected to hear his voice. In addition, a number of questions drawn up by the correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle" were read out "slowly" to Mr. Gladstone. According to the report of the "Chronicle," Mr. Stead entered the "sanctum" in which this thing took place at eleven o'clock on Saturday, and at twelve o'clock he returned to find the doxology sung and the "interview" over. The entire proceedings must have occupied less than an hour, yet the report takes up two columns of small type in the "Daily Chronicle," and Mr. Stead stated that if fully reported, they would occupy three. How is it physically possible for such a dialogue, subject as it was to interruptions, to have been compressed within this period of time, and to what extent was it written up afterwards? We think that the Editor of the "Daily Chronicle" should ask to see the shorthand notes from which Mr. Stead compiled his narrative, and should take an opportunity of cross-examining the two mediums.

* * *

MR. W. P. FRITH, who died, aged 92, last Tuesday morning, had long retired from active work as an artist, but the memory of his achievements has been kept green by the famous "Derby Day" at the Tate Gallery, and by the many reproductions of that work and of the hardly less important "Railway Station" and "Ramsgate Sands." It is, perhaps, a little difficult to realise that the deceased painter was one of the first, as well as about the last, of the Victorian artists of the first half of the last century; yet the "Derby Day" was exhibited at the Academy in 1858, and the "Railway Station" four years later, and Mr. Frith's artistic career was on the wane before the 'seventies dawned. He was singular among popular artists in cherishing no illusions as to the artistic qualities of the work he produced; he made no pretence to the possession of great ideas; and he gently acquiesced in the public verdict, when the men of the new school arose and drew attention from his work to their own.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"Lord Rosebery has just visited Fleet Street with the proprietor of the 'Sporting Times' as his guide. The following was the 'Sporting Times's' bill on the week of its last issue:—

‘MR. BALFOUR
‘PITCHFORKS
‘THE
‘MAN-URE.’

Lord Rosebery might have seen it outside the office of the 'Sporting Times' as he walked along."

Politics and Affairs.

THE CRISIS AND HOW TO MEET IT.

WE hope that the Liberal Party and Press will lose no opportunity during the next fortnight of instructing the country on the meaning of the contemplated rejection of the Budget by the House of Lords. A process of education is essential. A "Constitution" is not a mere thing of sounding brass: it is the guarantee of the liberties of a great nation. But the people of Great Britain have had little or no instruction in constitutional practice. Since 1832, or possibly since 1860, there has been no fundamental conflict of rights between Lords and Commons. We have taken over the powers, to gain which our fathers shed their blood, as if they were an inheritance that none questioned and none could take away. These assumptions disappear on the day when the Lords destroy the Budget. From that moment the issues fought out between the Stuart Kings and the Parliaments in the seventeenth century re-emerge as a visible concrete menace to modern democracy. The question will not indeed be whether the King shall tax the people, or whether they shall tax themselves through their representatives. But most emphatically it will be whether the Lords or the people shall be the taxing authority. If the Commons cease to control this Budget, they cease to control all Budgets, and the object of an annual provision of taxes, carefully maintained in order to secure the taxing power in the hands of the representative body, is destroyed. Swift and widespread confusion, following upon rejection, will attest the fact that the usurpation of the Lords is a blow struck at the centre of the Constitution. Great bodies of taxes are collected on the faith of the supreme power of the Commons in finance, attested by resolutions in which the Lords have borne no part. If the authority for these imports is nullified, and doubt cast upon the whole taxing power of the Commons, it may be necessary to find a sum of about fifty millions. The party which has made a deliberate assault on the trade and employment of its own countrymen, in order to compass a political end, will cheerfully see this sum withdrawn from British industry, and the necessary loan paid for at the rate of even four per cent. With still greater alacrity will they witness the House of Lords called in to set the seal to its own lawlessness. Nothing could be easier than for the Government to obtain from the Lords a Bill of Indemnity for any proceedings necessary to maintain the income-tax and the spirit and tea duties, and generally to restore the interrupted flow of supplies into the British Treasury. But such an application would fasten the financial control of the House of Lords on the British people, and from henceforth no Liberal Budget would be secure from their interference. It is safe to say that the Prime Minister would no more dream of such a surrender than of petitioning the House of Lords to let the Budget through.

We take it, therefore, that if the Lords break the Constitution, they will be ruled out of this controversy from the first, and that no appeal, no recourse, will be made to them. Nor, on the constitutional point, can there

be an instant reference to the people. The House of Commons must defend itself, as the Stuart Parliaments defended themselves, by a long series of remonstrances and enactments, from the encroachments of the Stuarts. The Lords will have deposed the Commons from the supreme financial control, just as Charles I. deposed them by the collection of ship-money. They will have violated the Constitution just as much by rejecting the Budget as by amending it, and not the slightest recognition can be made of a deed which in essence, if not in form, is *hors de loi*. Let us put the case a little more closely. The Lords, in throwing out the financial provision for the year, will bring about in the sphere of finance a state of confusion similar to that which rebellion produces in the entire realm of orderly, normal administration. When law and order are suspended by an act of rebellion, the Executive acts on its own responsibility, in order to produce something like the usual rule of authority. It instructs its agents to act, and when the crisis is over, its action, if it has been *bonâ fide*, is covered by a Bill of Indemnity. If we apply this parallel to the financial situation, we shall see how powerful is the position of the Commons. It seems likely that their financial resolutions hold good at least to the end of the Session, whether the Lords pass the Finance Bill or not. As far as we know, there exists no record of an appeal against taxes on the ground that they have not been covered by an Act of Parliament—*i.e.*, that the Crown and the Lords have not joined the Commons in a formal act of authorisation. How far the assent of the Lords to a financial measure is necessary at all, and whether their formal yoke could not be slipped with ease off the necks of the British people, is a matter on which much may be said before this controversy closes. Some of the medieval precedents are rather startling, and even Hallam, no friend of democracy, thinks it necessary to record the fact that "it is even said by the Court of King's Bench in the year-book of Edward IV., that a grant of money by the Commons *would be binding without assent of the Lords*."

But supposing, after that period, and during the General Election, there is a clear danger that the collection of taxes will cease? To that near approach to sheer anarchy will the conduct of the Lords have brought this great commercial community. What is to be done? It seems to us that the House of Commons, following the precedent of the Long Parliament, is bound by some solemn Remonstrance to assert in full its supreme rights in the realm of finance, and its determination to uphold them. But its immediate task must be to make provision for the collection of taxes during the interregnum. We are convinced that this great majority would scout the notion of a humble recourse to the Peers. Can it not avoid so humiliating and perilous an innovation by a fresh recourse to the powerful machinery of Resolutions? It can, we suggest, empower the Executive to continue the collection of all the taxes provided for until a new Parliament can be summoned. Then, it is clear that an Act of Indemnity can be passed, and the formal machinery of the Budget set up afresh. Let not any man say that this is Revolution. The reply is that it is counter-Revolution, and we cannot, for the

present, see that a substantial alternative exists. This, or something like it, is the only answer that this House of Commons will consent to make to the deliberate outrage that will have been committed upon it, and upon the form, the spirit, and the age-long understandings of the British Constitution. No Government can stand by and see its revenues ruined. And no House of Commons is going to see the foundations of its power destroyed.

It is clear, indeed, that the argument must proceed a full step further. We are not going to the people on the Budget alone. If the Lords reject the Budget, there will be no rest in this country until the question of the veto is settled. And it is clear that the situation brings into immediate view the necessity of a larger measure of security for democracy than the late Prime Minister endeavored to obtain under his anti-veto resolution. Its terms would be obviously inadequate to the new claims of the Lords in regard to finance. And, as we hope to show in more detail on a future occasion, it will not, we think, be possible to ask a reforming House of Commons to restrict its activities, as the Campbell-Bannerman scheme would restrict them, to the first two years of its life. Democracy will demand fair play for its measures; not a half-life for Radicalism and a free course for Toryism. The struggle we are approaching will test where the ultimate forces in our community reside; and if we win, as win we shall, we shall insist that the years of our humiliation must be over.

THE BUDGET COMPLETE.

THE long struggle in the House of Commons is concluded. The Budget has assumed its final form, and passed through the House of Commons. The tactics of Mr. Lloyd George in opening his mind freely to criticism, in going all possible lengths to mitigate opposition and meet every possible hard case, have imposed on him personally, and on his colleagues with him, immense labor and many difficulties. They have exposed his measure to many dangers, and at one or two points perhaps they have weakened its effect in a way that he and his supporters regret. But in the main they have been justified by triumphant success. The threats of Liberal secession have vanished into smoke, and the "cave" has crumbled into dust. Even Mr. Harold Cox has supported the third reading, and the abstentions from the immense Liberal majority are not worth counting. Politically, the immediate effect has been to revive the fortunes of the Liberal Party and the general confidence in Free Trade finance. It has shown to the world that Liberalism is a living creed, that it has a message of hope for the sufferers from industrial competition, that it knows how to grapple with the forces which year by year have been strengthening their throttling hold upon the life of the nation. It is not, as its critics tell us, a revolution, but it makes possible the beginning of a revolution, which it will take two generations to effect, the revolution which is to reserve the use and enjoyment of Britain to the British.

The changes of form which it has undergone are perhaps some excuse for the critics who still misstate its

provisions and caricature its purposes and scope. How far sheer mistakes still go may be seen in such an article as that of Lord Avebury in the "Nineteenth Century and After," and how easy it is to caricature and distort may be judged by comparing Lord Avebury's article with that of Mr. Mallock which immediately follows it. While Lord Avebury is crying revolution on the text of the Land Taxes, Mr. Mallock is demonstrating that the said Land Taxes will bring in a sum "which is not seldom exceeded by the State or by private collectors in the purchase of a single picture." If the total increment were so small an affair as Mr. Mallock imagines we may be sure that we should have heard less outcry upon the tax. But, to be sure, we must allow something for the bewildered state into which the man of property falls when he sees the taxgatherer approaching. It is only this state of mind which explains Lord Avebury's quite inaccurate description of the Budget proposals. In face of the plainest provisions to the contrary, he will have it that agricultural values are to be taxed. He states nakedly that the "undeveloped land duty" falls on all land of more than £50 annual value, and that the exemption only applies to the increment tax. If he had read his own proof carefully before printing he would have seen the admission that in assessing the value of undeveloped land all purely agricultural value is to be deducted, and this applies whether the total value exceeds £50 or not. He complains again that the necessary expense of valuation will be such a burden as in some cases to leave little to the existing owner, while he should know that the expense of valuation has been taken over by the Government. He sheds tears over a company whose land has deteriorated in the twelve years since they purchased it, on the ground that if they now begin to make a profit it will be taxed as unearned increment—wholly losing sight of the provision which enables them to take the highest price of the last twenty years as the "original value" from which increments are to be reckoned.

Of such are the defenders of privilege. Let us turn from them to measure in a few words the achievement and the promise of the Finance Bill. Its first and clearest work is to vindicate Free Trade finance as a possible basis of Social Reform. It shows that the increased expenditure that has been and will be necessitated by the rising standard of collective responsibility—the crusade against poverty, the extension of education, the improvement of city life, the development of national resources—can go forward without imposing taxes on the necessities of life, which would take from the poor with one hand what is given them with the other. It has thus saved the Free Trader from his *non possumus* attitude and shorn Tariff Reform of half its glamor. Beyond this it has laid down a new principle of finance in three distinct applications. It has marked out the surplus of wealth as the source of National Revenue. The principle is applied first and most simply in the super tax, the justification of which is that the great incomes from five thousand a year upwards are serving no function in the economic order which is in the least degree proportioned to their magnitude. To hear men ramble on about taxes on industry and discouragement of legitimate thrift when it is a question of sixpence in the

pound on the revenues of a millionaire, is to learn a lesson in the way in which terms can be misapplied. Industry is not encouraged by the accumulation of enormous wealth in a few hands. It is depressed and discouraged by it, and the whole standard of life is vitiated by luxury, ostentation, frivolity, extravagance, and the overweening insolence of enormous power. But the super-tax rightly applies only to the greatest wealth.

The second application of the doctrine is to the case of State-created monopoly value, and we know that, after all the sound and fury which the land taxes have caused, it is the silent but more determined hostility of the Brewers which is to fix the resolve of the House of Lords. The Liquor interest has grown rich on the degradation of the millions, and on the monopolies which the State has created, not by its own industry, sagacity, energy alone, not by the exercise of those qualities on which industrial progress depends, and which no wise financier will stifle, but by the enjoyment of the special grace afforded by legislation, the reform of which is long overdue. The brewers have defeated the attempt to save their best customers from them. They will have to yield at least a moiety of the profits which they derive from their position of vantage.

The third application is to the partial monopoly of land, and here the principles established are of more importance than the immediate results that will flow from them. They are, first and in practical result greatest, that the landlords' game of double valuation will have to be abandoned. Hitherto there has been one value for taxation, and quite another when land was required for any public purpose. By these means landlordism has been enabled to throttle public enterprise while contributing insufficiently to public needs. In future, the public body requiring land for building, recreation, small holdings, or other purposes of public utility will buy at the price at which the land is rated and taxed. No more great owners will be enabled to sell to public bodies for hundreds or thousands of land rated at tens of pounds. One of the keys of the economic empire is withdrawn from private hands and placed in public keeping. Next, the artificial withholding of land is done with. The profit is gone as soon as the market value is the basis of taxation. From that time onwards, if the owner desires greater profit he is free to seek it, but meanwhile he pays for the privilege. Lastly, in principle, it has been laid down that the proper type of unearned wealth, the yearly accruing increment in value of sites which owe all to the industry of the public and the order and government maintained at the ratepayers' expense, should pay its quota to the public purse. The principle has been largely qualified in its application by exemptions and concessions. But it is there, and in potency of development it perhaps stands above all the rest. Such is the Finance Bill, such are its principles and the hopes of a new movement of social regeneration which it holds out. There is "one fight more, the best and the last," before the Government and the party, but if they will fight it through, "the barriers will fall," not to the Finance Bill alone, but to the whole moving array of democratic legislation.

"MAKING THE FOREIGNER PAY."

WHEN the Free Trade politician roundly asserts that the consumer pays the import duties, he is sometimes confronted with statements from economic text-books which suggest that under certain circumstances the foreigner can be made to pay. The discovery of such a passage in Adam Smith or J. S. Mill is treated as a triumphant vindication of the protective policy. Of course it is no such thing, but merely an instance of the formal inconsistency found everywhere between the precise treatment of the theorist and the looser though substantially correct treatment of the practitioner. Your economic theorist likes to play with the nicer intricacies of such a matter as the incidence of taxation. Not content with presenting the contour of the coast with its larger gulfs and promontories, it delights him to explore each creek and headland, and to open up quite unsuspected points of view. He will show you how a certain river flows for quite a distance inland from the sea, and how some elevated tableland is richer and more fertile than the neighboring valley. It is the nature of the creature to qualify his general truths by over-emphasis upon exceptions; for anyone can see the former for himself, but it takes a specialist to find the latter. So the pride of intellectual property disposes the economist to dwell over-much on the rare instances in which the foreigners may pay the tax.

Wherever the imported article is a monopoly, or is produced abroad under such conditions of restricted competition as to enable the exporter to "command his own price," the import duty, or a part of it, may fall on him. For in such a case it may be assumed that the price he has been charging is higher than is necessary to induce him to supply the article, being fixed by him at the highest figure he can safely ask without losing or damaging his market. If an import duty is put upon this monopoly of scarcity price, it will not usually pay him to raise his price so as to throw the tax on to the consumer, for, if he could have safely asked the higher price before, he would have done so. A direct tax imposed upon a monopoly price will lie there, and will be borne by the owner of the commodity in question. Nor need an article be an absolute monopoly to bear, in part at least, such an import duty; it suffices that the article is produced under such conditions as enable the exporter to earn a higher profit than he would consent to do the trade for. It is thus arguable that an import duty of a penny a gallon upon imported petroleum oil would be borne by Mr. Rockefeller and his Standard Oil Company, while an *ad valorem* duty upon diamonds would (except for facility of smuggling), be paid in large part by de Beers.

Extending this reasoning, one may admit that wherever the whole or a large part of a foreign trade with this country is earning for the foreigners who conduct it a rate of profit above the market or competitive rate in their country, that import trade would bear a portion of any import duty imposed by this country. Even where there existed apparently free competition among foreign producers which kept profits low, if most of the produce was raised under conditions which afforded

"rent" to the foreign landowners, some payment of the import duty might lie on this if the foreign Government neglected its fiscal opportunities. That is to say, some of the foreign wheat or other produce would come in just the same if it procured a smaller net price than before. In the case of England, Mr. Russell Rea, in a keen controversy conducted some time since in the "Westminster Gazette," showed that the actual fraction of a duty upon foreign wheat borne by the foreigner must be extremely small, and that "practically" the whole of the tax would be paid by the English consumer. The general theory is this: that foreign goods produced under ordinary competitive conditions could not and would not bear any portion of an import duty. This would cover virtually the whole of the manufactured goods and the food supplies which the Tariff Reformers intend to tax if they can get the chance.

Fortunately, however, the plain citizen is not required to focus his intelligence upon the delicate work of tracing the detailed incidence and shifting of import duties. Commercial experience does this for him, and registers clear and simple results. You ask whether an English tariff can make the German manufacturer pay the duty. The question may be answered by ascertaining whether a German tariff makes the English manufacturer pay the duty. Here is the experience of a large English house engaged in foreign trade. "THE DUTY IS ALWAYS PAID BY THE FOREIGN PURCHASER—We always get as good prices for goods for export as for those sold at home." Another house dealing in machinery testifies to the same effect. "We deliver machinery for abroad at the English port, charging the customers with cost of packing and railway rates. Beyond this we do not go, as all shipping, insurance, and duties are paid by our customers, and we do not in any way mix ourselves up in these extraneous costs." A house exporting machinery abroad says, "We charge the same price to an American buyer, who, in addition, has a high duty to pay, as we do to a Dutch buyer, who has none." Finally, we may quote a large export house, which sums up its own business experience as follows: "The question of the duties of the various foreign markets does not affect our profit at all, but simply makes our goods so much dearer to the actual consumer."

These passages are taken from a long array of testimony gathered at first hand by Mr. Jackson, of Northampton, who used them with crushing effect in debating the issue of "making the foreigner pay." If any doubt remained as to the payment of import duties by the consumer, it would be removed by the explicit admission of the German Government in a memorandum (1902) upon the price of wheat, as affected by protective duties. The German Government makes no pretence that the foreigner pays, frankly stating that "Inland prices are raised, so far as a consideration of the last ten years will allow us to judge, in proportion to the duties," a statement corroborated by the fact that when a German merchant re-exports wheat on which an import duty has been paid, his Government refunds the whole of that duty. It would hardly do this if the foreigner paid any part of the duty.

Such testimony, not constructed for Free Trade pur-

poses, but furnished by English business firms, and by experience of Continental and American protection, must be considered absolutely conclusive by any open-minded person. If the qualifications suggested by economic science have any practical validity, it must be so small as to be negligible in the world of business experience. Whether the import duties are placed upon goods, raw materials, or manufactured goods, it remains true that the consumer pays. One final consideration we would, however, present to our Protectionists. (Suppose the foreigner did pay, what form would his payment take? He would not pay in foreign gold, for few foreign countries produce gold, we do not want foreign gold, and in point of fact foreign exchange is not transacted in that form. If the foreigner did directly pay, his payment would take shape in foreign goods, the very things our Protectionists say they want to keep out. If the foreigner did not pay the duty by actually sending us more foreign goods than before, he must pay it by receiving from us less British export goods than before. Thus the Tariff would inflict a direct blow upon our export industries. In such a tangle of absurdities does the illogic of Protection leave its votaries.

THE CHANGE IN THE CONGO.

FOR the first time since the agitation against King Leopold's misrule in the Congo began, it is possible to register the promise of reform with a certain tempered satisfaction. That has happened for which Sir Edward Grey bade us wait. M. Renkin, the new Minister, has returned from his visit to his Colony, and he has laid before the Belgian Chamber a scheme of changes which impresses even so competent and unsparing a critic as M. Vandervelde as hopeful. M. Renkin's speech as a whole does not impress us favorably. It began with a defence of the past, and it went on to defend in theory the most monstrous of all King Leopold's claims—the assertion on behalf of the Imperial State of a property in all the produce of Congo forests. This preface none the less led up to a sweeping project of reform, and to an abandonment in practice of the pretension which he upholds at law. Throughout that portion of the Congo directly under the control of the State, including the old Crown Domain, the natives are to be "granted" the right to take the produce of the soil. The concession, it is true, will be gradual and dilatory, and will not be completed over the whole of this territory before the mid-summer of 1912. Of the fate reserved for the still more unfortunate natives who inhabit the vast areas conceded to companies we know nothing as yet. Experience, moreover, has taught us that general principles enunciated in Brussels must be tested by their application on the spot. But it would be churlish and uncandid to refuse to recognise, as M. Vandervelde does, the face value of this promise. It is the central reform which the friends of the natives have demanded through all the years of this unflagging agitation. It will destroy, where it is honestly executed, the whole basis of King Leopold's system of slavery. In the past the native was a rubber-collecting machine, compelled to pass one-third or even two-thirds of every year in gathering for his white exploiters the

produce of the forests which he regarded so lately as his own. He could not trade, for he had nothing to sell. He worked under an unflinching brutality, which the worst plantation-slavery hardly equalled. His white masters were themselves mere collectors, and the time which remained to him after their greed for rubber was satisfied was spent in growing food for their native soldiery. On paper all this will be changed. Henceforward the rubber will belong to him who collected it. The possibility of trade begins. There will be an economic stimulus to labor. The lash will tend to become obsolete, and what is left of the decimated population will gain an object and a hope in life. Taxation at last is to be placed on a money basis, and the *corvée* of food supplies will be abolished. To judge of these reforms we need one detail further. Comparatively little will have been gained if, while the native regains the right to sell the produce of the soil, the State retains the effective monopoly of purchase. The liberty of trade will be a worthless privilege if the State as sole purchaser may fix a conventional price.

We are the more disposed to regard these reforms as probably genuine, because we are convinced that they are rather a capitulation to an economic necessity, than a spontaneous surrender to justice and reason. Several volumes have appeared recently on the question of the Congo. Some are by writers who claim no firsthand knowledge. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has produced in "The Crime of the Congo" (Hutchinson & Co.) a passionate and capable re-statement of the familiar case for reform, which is likely to have a wide circulation and to exert an immediate influence. It is carefully documented, and it represents the facts as they appear to a candid and humane mind, which has pieced the evidence together from the records of other witnesses, under the spur of a just indignation. But when one compares it with the first-hand impressions of M. Vandervelde after his recent tour in the Congo ("Les derniers jours de l'Etat du Congo"), an important difference emerges. The two pictures do not materially differ. It is the same oppression and the same cruelty which both describe. But there is more shading and perspective in M. Vandervelde's landscape. He has seen a little good in the colossal evil. He has met some honorable officials among the mass of the callous, the under-paid, the over-worked, the ignorant, the merely rascally. But there is a subtler difference than this. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Morel always describe for us a system so bad that it ought to be destroyed. M. Vandervelde describes a system so bad that it is visibly falling to pieces. His deliberate conclusion formed in October of last year was that forced labor no longer paid. The natives had long since been driven to the utmost limit of their strength. Coercion could produce no more. The worst atrocities could no longer be practised upon them with impunity. The sympathy of some white residents had encouraged them to resist. The forests, moreover, had been over-exploited, and no longer yielded the old returns. The local agents had themselves realised that the game was up, and were the first to call for free labor. A point had been reached even a year ago at which slave labor even in the Congo had

manifestly become dear labor. It is not his own humanity, nor yet public opinion, whether in Belgium or in Great Britain, which has forced M. Renkin to accept reform. The enormous oppression has broken down by its own weight. M. Renkin has surrendered to facts. We are inclined to suspect that King Leopold must have made this discovery even earlier. He must have realised that he had sucked his blood-orange dry, before he decided to fling the skin to Belgium.

The real problem which confronts the Belgian people is at last opening out before them. They were led to believe that they were acquiring an investment of incalculable commercial possibilities. The first Budget of the new Colony demands an "extraordinary credit" of £1,320,000. And that will be only the first of a long series. It was MM. Vandervelde and Lorand who knew the truth before the annexation. Justice costs something, even when it is obligatory and belated. Nor is this the end. If the Colony is to be capably administered, it must be prepared to pay for white agents and officers of a type much more costly than the ne'er-do-weels whom King Leopold exploited only a little less unmercifully than the blacks. It remains to be seen how a thrifty little nation, almost indifferent to the sentimental joys of Imperialism, will face these new demands. Above all, we must wait to see whether Belgium will be bold enough to dispossess the concessionaire companies, or scrupulous enough to buy them out. The problem is as anxious and uncertain as ever, despite the dawn of a sudden hope. The need for a vigilant diplomacy on our side and an active public opinion behind it was never clearer. The utmost efforts of such writers as Mr. Morel and Sir A. Conan Doyle, the most resonant demands from the leaders of the churches, cannot go too far, if Belgium is to be encouraged to advance swiftly and with resolution on the path which she now has entered. It would be a mistake to ignore the new departure, or to deny this evidence of good intentions. It would be a still worse mistake to relax the pressure of honest and disinterested criticism.

A DE-BALFOURISED HOUSE OF COMMONS.

FRIDAY MORNING.

THE somewhat tame ending of the long debate on the Budget must be taken in connection with the vehement emotions of the preceding night. The House had exhausted itself over "the famous case of Mr. Ure," and could only exhibit a pale reflection of its passion over that exciting episode. Personalities make up three-fifths of the drama of politics, and the spectacle of one of its members, a Minister, but a retiring, and, having regard to his great abilities, a humble man, on his defence on a charge of personal dishonor, obscured for a moment the national controversy. But only for a moment. By the consent of all men Mr. Ure's vindication made one of the most brilliant and moving incidents in Parliamentary history. No one guessed that such forces resided in the rather demure figure of the Lord Advocate. His oration—for such it was—was no ordinary House of Commons success. It utterly overwhelmed his assailant, the most admired figure in the

theatre in which Mr. Balfour plays so many parts. Its energy of statement and argument, its persuasiveness, its power of displaying and arousing emotion, and above all, its complete sincerity, won the entire House, almost irrespective of party quarrels, and when the speech closed, it looked to Mr. Balfour for an apology. He failed it. Beneath his mask of intellectual toleration, of gracious manners and personal elegance, an ungenerous controversialist not infrequently appears. Instead of confessing that the charge of calculated lying was absurd, and making appropriate amends, Mr. Balfour preferred to set up a reduced and shabby version of his odious indictment, advanced with such ruthless violence. He did so with every appearance of physical and moral discomfort. The enraged Ministerialists did not spare him, and his own party were too surprised and uneasy to protect him. When the Prime Minister followed—with an unsparing and most impressive castigation—the cup of the offender was full, and the chastened meekness of Thursday night's speech reflected the discomfiture of the earlier encounter.

For Mr. Ure's speech administered a serious and, at this moment, a specially damaging blow to Tariff Reform. It showed how bare was the cupboard which was supposed to conceal a mighty hoard of untouched wealth. How is Tariff Reform to provide for our sixteen or twenty million deficit? Mr. Ure showed that a very few millions might conceivably be squeezed out of this "dry cow" by—1915. Mr. Balfour himself made no attempt to set up a more hopeful theory of the resources of a nostrum in which he obviously has no belief. He reiterated, in his closing speech, his adherence to most of the immediately fruitful taxes imposed by the Budget. To them, should he scramble back to office within the next year or so, he will clearly look for his main revenue, setting up a feeble and dilatory form of inquiry and taxation. He knows his difficulties. He knows that the foreigner will pay little or nothing. And if he spoke his whole mind, I do not believe that it would reveal a single objection of weight to the Budget.

In this state of enfeeblement and doubt, therefore, is the great Tory Party and its leader going to their *débâcle*. When I last haunted the House of Commons I left Mr. Balfour fencing with his own party. On Thursday I found him still engaged in that unprofitable task. He is being hurried by hotheads, incapable of clear thought in politics, to a ruinous conflict, in which his curious courage in emergencies may avail him somewhat, but for which he has no inclination. The Prime Minister, in a pungent sentence, said that it was still impossible to say whether Tariff Reform commended itself to Mr. Balfour's conscience, and intellect, and judgment, and tactics. But it was hardly doubtful, after his closing speech, that the liquor-Protectionist plot to destroy the Budget by way of the House of Lords commended itself to none of these rather mixed categories in Mr. Balfour's personality. Direct "signalling" to the Lords, it could not indeed, contain. That would have been an insult to the House of Commons, almost a breach of its privileges. But Mr. Balfour's halting recital of the demerits of the Budget furnished no shadow of a case for rejection. Five-sixths of it he adopted. Of the remaining sixth he spoke in terms of strictly measured disparagement. It might be a sort of a kind of a Socialism. It might, in the great competitive world-conflict, mysteriously affect our predominance by touching the security of property. All this without a note, a touch, of conviction. "Without my will, against my will," it seemed to say.

And with what instruments is the Tory Party going in to compass the break-up of the Constitution? As it was in 1905, so it is in 1909, only weaker. The Liberal Parliamentary forces remain at the height of their power. In debate they completely overtop their opponents, their chief dominates the House of Commons with singular effects of intellectual mastery, and the vivid genius of his chief lieutenant has secured them the

control of the political situation. Their future is assured through the rising power of debaters of the quality of Mr. Simon, whose speech easily outshone that of Mr. F. E. Smith, the chief Tory recruit of promise. The case for Free Trade was put last night by a great Liberal capitalist of the type of Sir Charles McLaren with a liberality of view and a knowledge of industrial forces which made the elementary confusions of amiable Protectionists like Mr. Renwick look not a little ridiculous. I never remember seeing the party more thoroughly and powerfully equipped for a great conflict. The Budget has not disunited it. It has enormously increased its moral force and its popular energies. And even the very measured critical voice of Liberal Moderates will swell the universal chorus of determined wrath and repudiation which will greet the coming assault on the privileges of the House of Commons and the liberties of the British people.

H. W. M.

A LETTER TO A BUSINESS-MAN ON THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION NOW PENDING, FROM THE THREAT OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS TO REJECT THE BUDGET.

III.

FURTHER GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS.

IN a constitution that is historic and unwritten, and therefore to some extent fluid and adaptable, changes do not necessarily bring that shock to institutions, which is produced by derangements of machinery in written constitutions. None the less, if changes are to be made they should be along established lines, should be extensions of principles already admitted, projections of lines already drawn. The newly usurped power of the House of Lords in vetoing ordinary legislation cannot claim this defence, it is a reversion to a condition prior to 1832, a reaction to the past, not an evolution for the future. But, recognising the changes introduced by democratic conditions, the advisability of strength in the second chamber, and the like, I should not be myself inclined seriously to attack this new question of power by the Upper Chamber, if that chamber were to recognise that there were limits beyond which that power could not extend, that there were *arcana* of the constitution it must not approach, precedents it must not tear up, and age-long customs it must not violate.

The great danger in all democracies is a certain instability and fickleness; a crowd is swayed by passions, by fevers, which inflame its blood quickly, and drive it to hasty acts without reflection. By the system at present in vogue, the Lords, by deliberate rejection of Bills, can force a dissolution at any time, can play on popular fickleness, and exploit the elements of disorder at will. This is one of those grievances which is intolerable but which must be borne. No one ever denied the Lords the right to reject ordinary Bills, yet, by an unscrupulous use of this right, they can produce a referendum at will, and undermine the strength of the representative chamber. All that is bad enough, but if they are to extend this principle, and submit finance to the judgment of the hustings, they undermine not only the strength, but the existence of the representative chamber, and they destroy the spirit of the Constitution. As the Lower Chamber is based on finance, is born with finance, so must it die with finance. Once its financial judgment is overthrown, its findings questioned, its accounts revised at the polling-booths, its power ceases to exist. Finance is peculiarly the sphere of a lower representative assembly, from a question of expediency in modern, just as in medieval, England. The inherited tradition, the gathered force of the prescription which hangs over this custom, ought not to be lightly dissipated or trivially cast aside. The whole spirit of the constitution must be lost if such a custom is to be dissolved on the fiat of an irresponsible assembly.

The proposal to reject the Budget, in order to secure a mandate from the people, is equally condemned on the grounds of history, of precedent, and expediency. The first legacy of the Middle Ages was to give us a Lower House supreme in finance, the second to give us one in large measure independent of the people. That independence was not only maintained, but increased, between 1688 and 1832, so that the Lower House became little less than absolute, almost a tyrant, restrained occasionally but freely from above by the Lords, cowed spasmodically and fiercely from below by the people, usually in the sinister shape of a London mob. This state of things came to an end in 1832; from henceforward the influence of the people operated as a moderating and restraining force upon the excesses of the Lower House, whilst the control of the Upper Chamber was practically withdrawn. A new period opened in 1884, and since then the Lower House has been compelled—at need—to yield its legislation to the dictates of the Upper Chamber, or of the people as a whole. But though the Lower Chamber has declined in importance, since the advent of democracy, it has never abrogated the privilege of occasionally asserting its independence of the people, or anticipating or contradicting their wishes. That attitude is in the highest degree admirable, for a representative chamber which has no independence has no reason for existence. If it merely exists to interpret the popular will, direct and not representative democracy ought to be substituted. Now that independence has of late been clipped in all directions, partly by the Lords, partly by the people as a whole, till it remains in only one direction, in finance. Questions of finance seldom have been popular, and never are intelligible to vast masses, and the doctrine of a mandate for finance has never yet been raised. The Death Duties of 1894 were not fought at the polls, and the Budget of 1909 ought not to be. Finance is now the only matter in which electors confide in their representatives, and this privilege is to be wrested from them by the peers. Think for a moment of what this proposal means—it implies a revolution of colossal magnitude, which involves the destruction of representative government. You yourself have often told me how much you valued independence in a Member of Parliament; now you are deliberately destroying it. By your advocacy, financial questions—which, you have often assured me, half the parliamentary representatives do not understand—are to be brought forward to a multitude of voters, whose intelligence cannot possibly comprehend them. On broad questions of domestic policy, the people as a whole are necessarily now become the best judges; but on nice questions of taxation they are with equal necessity the worst. But all this argument may be described as argument from expediency. It is true that it is argument also from history. That there should be a retention of financial independence and control to the Commons, as against peers and people, now that their other powers have diminished so much, is indeed as evident a deduction from history, for if there is not this retention, on what can the historic continuity, independence, or importance of the Commons now rest? It is true, also, that there is the argument of expediency, that it is not wise for the House of Peers to send the accounts presented to them by the Commons to the audit of mobs, and to the decision of crowds. But there is a larger argument than either of these, a nobler appeal to history, a more powerful logic of expediency.

As has so often been said here and elsewhere, England's Constitution rests not upon written letters. The Constitution and the spirit informing it resemble a consumptive on the Riviera; take him away from that atmosphere and altitude, and he pines and gradually dies. Keep him there and he has the vigor and manhood of full health. So it is with the Constitution; destroy the spirit and you destroy the Constitution with it. More, you not only destroy but you can never revive it. Another thousand years must pass by, before we gain such an atmosphere and breathe such an air. Now, what is so calculated to destroy these impalpable conventions, these in-

visible essences, these unwritten laws as a constant reference of them to the polling-booths? The Lords have only to wait their opportunity to submit the most fragile and least intelligible of these customs to the most broad and untrained of judgments, at the polling-booth. The broad principles, supremacy of Parliament over King, of numbers over rank, and the like, the people can fairly and ought certainly to judge, but on these delicate matters—these extreme technicalities involved in finance—their decision can never be satisfying and must always be dangerous. But there is worse than this to come, for now every traditional custom, every Constitutional understanding, can be dragged out to the light and debated in the heat, at the bidding of the House of Lords. This is a revolution—the like of which has never been in England, or indeed in any land. Where Constitutions have been written, they have never been fought at the polls, details have been worked out by experts in committee, and the entire Constitution as a whole has usually been submitted to popular vote and thus decided. Nothing like what the Lords propose to do has ever yet been done in any civilised country, that is, that detailed points of a Constitution's working should be settled by popular vote. With a written Constitution the evil of this process would be less, because the details, being framed by modern experts, may be intelligible to modern men. With an unwritten one the exact contrary is the case; to modern men much of the parliamentary procedure is neither intelligent nor intelligible. Much of the parliamentary and Constitutional procedure appears irrational, much absurd to those who are without complete mastery of its working; the whole is a fragile machinery adjusted, with infinite care, to delicate tasks, by the gathered experience of ages. The results of a suspension of all this engine by unskilful hands must be disaster. Not only will the institutions themselves be injured in their working or checked in their development, that would be the least of the evils involved. The real evil is the introduction of a principle of change, the threat of submitting everything at a moment's notice to an unskilled judge. An unwritten Constitution abides by stability, by understanding, by good feeling, and by delicacy, and by these only can it stand. By these things also stands the Upper Chamber more than any other institution in the State. It owes its position, its members owe their coronets and their seats, to the principle of stability, to the hatred of unwise change, to the toleration of what is old, that the Constitutional spirit has inculcated. Let the Lords then beware, if their principle is to submit every Constitutional convention to the polls and to try it there by common sense, let them remember that they are the Constitutional convention which must one day be submitted to that tribunal. The courtiers, who revived impeachment before the Commons, themselves perished by that process, and, in the same way, the Lords, who impeach Constitutional customs before the people, will end by being impeached before that tribunal. Their end will but then be regretted, because they, whose immemorial office has been to guard tradition and precedent, will have been the first to trample on it, and they, who sought their own advantage most, will have found it the least.

H. W. V. TEMPERLEY.

(To be concluded.)

Life and Letters.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

THERE is a quaint little scene in Lewis Carroll's "Sylvie and Bruno," of which Mr. W. T. Stead's latest development of the art of interviewing forcibly reminds us. The child Bruno announced his intention of performing Shakespearean *tableaux*. His first character was King Richard. He came upon the stage, shouted "My kingdom for a horse," and vanished incontinently, turning a somersault. The formula might serve as a model for most of the recorded spiritualistic interviews with the great dead. There is always some familiar tag, some

reminiscence from the mundane life of the great departed, and equally inevitable is the somersault at the end. A ghost of Disraeli must always say "Peace with Honor," or "Imperium et Libertas," and the chances are that he will take his exit playing diabolò. A ghost of Shakespeare is not authentic unless he announces that "All the world's a stage," and the odds are that he will vanish strumming on a concertina. Up to a certain point Mr. Stead's interviews with Gladstone and Cardinal Manning conform to the recognised type. Cardinal Manning came in with a "Pax Vobiscum." That is as it should be. Mr. Gladstone began with a message drafted in two massive sentences which occupied between them a quarter of a column. That could hardly be bettered. The only disappointment to us, we confess, was that the somersaults were unaccountably omitted. Mr. Stead, however, is artist enough to know that the blue pencil is the soul of an interview.

It is, we believe, an article of faith among the adherents of spiritualism that they are advancing by these methods to some new and exalted phase of civilisation, that they are developing with the aid of mediums, hysterical or fraudulent, or both, and darkened cabinets, a sixth sense, and taking their stand in "the fifth dimension." The whole movement rather impresses us as a violent return to savage life. Its prophets and its teachers, its dupes and its exploiters, are "rattling into barbarism." We are satisfied that thought-transference in some at least of its many forms is a genuine phenomenon, worthy of study and likely to yield valuable data for psychological theory. But so far from being the ideal means of communication between developed minds, we suspect that it is rather a relic from a stage of human or sub-human life before the evolution of the intellect, and before the full adaptation of speech to the needs of communication. One might even go on to hazard the conjecture that it may be through some species of "thought" transference that the higher animals succeed in maintaining some misty interchange of images and desires among each other, and contrive, as dogs and cats occasionally seem to do, to divine our intentions towards themselves. Nothing, indeed, could have been more reminiscent of the habits of savages than this idea of Mr. Stead's of consulting the shade of Gladstone on the eve of the Budget fight. In certain tribes that sort of ritual is almost obligatory on such occasions. No self-respecting clan would go marauding without this indispensable precaution. One need not dwell on Homeric parallels nor follow Saul to the Witch of Endor. The annals of Red Indian tribes show the practice in its fullest development. One Alexander Henry was the witness of a *séance* of this kind among the Hurons in the year 1750. The tribe wanted to know whether or not they should make peace with the Whites. They built a magic wigwam, and invoked the spirit of a redoubtable warrior who rejoiced in the name of Grand Turtle, "the chief who never lied." The wigwam was shaken, there was a hullabaloo of noises and the sound of many voices, from which that of Grand Turtle gradually disengaged itself. He went off in due course to reconnoitre the enemy, and came back with news which proved to be at once satisfactory and accurate. The present writer once happened upon traces of an even more startling consultation in a Balkan village. It was on the eve of an insurrection. The peasants had met by order in the churches, and the revolt was about to be proclaimed. When mass was over, an uncanny voice from behind the altar-screen was heard announcing that He was the founder of the Christian religion, and that it was the duty of all His followers to make an end of the Turks. A phonograph, so said the enemy, was seen about the same time in the same neighborhood. It was Mr. Stead's purpose to obtain from some august source a war-cry for the Budget. It was a commendable moderation which induced him to be satisfied with so little. It only remains for the Navy League to call up King Alfred, and for the Tariff Reformers to produce an authentic recantation of Free Trade from the spirit of Richard Cobden. Mankind has so many Grand Turtles to choose from.

Mr. Stead's dialogue with the dead is a poor performance from an artistic standpoint. Lucian and Lancelotti have worked much better in the same medium. The thing begins with a labored effort to imitate the Gladstonian style. The sentences are very long and very involved. But the phrases quite lack the distinction of the great exemplar. This effort, we are naively told, was produced over-night by "automatic" writing. It certainly smells of the lamp, but, on the other hand, we have rarely encountered writing which was so obviously conscious. In the hurried morning *séance* the effort to talk Gladstonese was frankly abandoned. Mr. Stead and the ghost converse through a couple of columns of the "Daily Chronicle," and there is nothing at all to choose between the style of the questions and the style of the answers. It is in both cases unstudied journalese. One is, however, at a loss to know whether Mr. Stead expects us to receive these answers as verbally inspired. There is here an odd discrepancy. We are assured that the messages were taken down by a "clair-audient," who professed to hear Mr. Gladstone's voice, as it were, at a distance. Yet the ghost himself was under the impression that he was using not the ears but the intelligence of the medium. He complains of "the limitations of this man's brain," as though he had to rely on him, not to take down his words, but to shape and formulate his thought. One is under no obligation to account for this interview, or to give an explanation of a phenomenon of which Mr. Stead was apparently the only witness. His hired mediums may consciously have played upon Mr. Stead's credulity—a temptation to which more notable persons have succumbed in the past, from Mr. Rhodes and the Tsar down to the ingenious Dr. Cook. It is also possible that the medium is a person of good faith gifted with the faculty of thought-reading. He may very well have read something. But it is more probable that he read the workings of Mr. Stead's own brain than that he conversed with Gladstone. The answers to these questions about the Budget could not have been framed by a stupid or uneducated brain. They show little insight and no originality, but they do presuppose the sort of familiarity with current politics which an average M.P. or a working journalist is forced to acquire. The type of medium with whom the world is most familiar, whether fraudulent or genuine, rarely if ever possesses the knowledge or adroitness which even these rather commonplace revelations would presuppose. The religious passages in them read like an echo of the prayer from Saint Basil the Great which was read at the *séance*. The information which they convey as to the state of the departed, vague and inferential though it is, agrees with Mr. Stead's published views. The political opinions on the crisis or the moment are in the main those which Mr. Stead shares with the mass of the Liberal Party.

There is, in short, not one word or idea in the whole three columns which suggest any origin more exalted than Fleet Street. It is a question of quite secondary importance whether the medium who wrote them down is a journalist who has missed his vocation, or whether Mr. Stead mistook his own sub-conscious mental activity for Mr. Gladstone's posthumous speeches. Of Mr. Stead's good faith we need not entertain a doubt. But good faith and simplicity in some party to the transactions are the essentials of every fraud. Mr. Stead was quite as transparently honest when he bowed to the fascination of Madame Blavatsky. It is none the less not a little embarrassing to be a member of the tribe for which he erects his magic wigwam, and to feel a veneration for the dead chief whom he chooses as his Grand Turtle. For us at least the spectacle would be vastly more entertaining if he happened to be the "medicine-man" of the other side.

THE ATTORNEY OF THE TERROR.

"THE most remarkable Attorney"—so Carlyle termed Fouquier-Tinville—"that ever lived and hunted in the Upper air." "Vanish then," he dismisses him on the

guillotine, "thou red-eyed Incarnation of Attorneyism: who at bottom wert but as other Attorneys, and too hungry sons of Adam." The writer is not endeavoring to whitewash the prosecutor of the revolutionary tribunal; he is trying to express the hatred of his mind—the peasant hatred—of all lawyers. And yet beneath this healthy contempt there is a stratum of real truth in calling this man especially, out of all the lawyers whom the revolution flung to the surface, the incarnation of attorneydom. Of the others some expressed hate and horror—in Danton there was a flaming energy, in Robespierre the obsession of an ideal. Many even of the judges and jurymen of that terrible "murder-machine" showed pity for their victims, and gave the sentences in tears. Others, like Trinchard, that most remarkable of artisans, spewed up into history by a volcanic force, showed fury and hatred and exultation. But Fouquier was the attorney, alike without prejudice and without mercy, disdaining to hate his victims or to be sad for them, entirely efficient, measuring out "batches" of men by the yard, as if they were cloth or cotton ordered by the Committee of Public Safety: when one was absent or acquitted filling the place with another lest the weight should be short. The "other" is taken at random; it does not matter to him whether young or old, male or female, aristocrat or imprisoned Republican: he has guaranteed to furnish so much human food for the guillotine, and his goods never fail to be delivered. He serves, and he is entirely loyal to, all masters. The processions of his masters pass through his court, and are sent with entire efficiency and no anger to the guillotine, which has already received their predecessors. One day it is a Queen of France and her aristocratic friends and relations; the next the tribunal which Danton set up settles with dispatch the Girondins whom Danton would have saved; Hébert, once master in the Committee, appears on the gradines with his followers; then Danton himself, the creator of the Committee, choked, by order of the Committee—by order of Robespierre. With scarcely a note of surprise Robespierre himself appears, yesterday omnipotent, to-day inarticulate, carried on a plank to the tumbrils. The day's work is again done. Then, and not till then, the people grew tired of blood; turned against the servant who had been supplying them with it as per contract. They choked him at the last, although with difficulty, for the man defends himself (and rightly) as servant obeying orders—willing impartially to guillotine any part or any person as the Sovereign People may direct. But after seventeen hours' deliberation the jury condemn the incarnation of attorneydom. And he passes amid vast popular approval along the dolorous way whither he had sent so many. "I have nothing with which to reproach myself," he wrote in a final appeal to posterity. "I have ever conformed with the laws. I die for my country without reproach. I am satisfied." One sees him in another world, serving efficiently God or Devil with equal dexterity, disinterestedness, indifference, set now to some heroic enterprise, now to measure and weigh cotton or blankets, now to kill men not in passion but in cold impartiality—the "incarnation of Attorneydom for all time.

In "The Tribunal of the Terror" (Heinemann), M. Lenôtre, to whom all students of the Revolution are so profoundly indebted, reconstructs the most moving and tragic story of the scenes in the *Palais de Justice*. To most it is the last scene of all. The "Revolution, like time, devours her children." History shows the great speeches in the Convention, the foreign invasions and their repulse, the outburst of energy, the defiance of the old Kings and the making of all things new. This little corner of it shows how one after the other—weak, defiant, trembling, indifferent—passed downward on the way to death. Here, in the great hall of the Court of Cassation, are the jury, becoming ever more pliant, and at the end panic-stricken between the fear of what they were doing and the fear of what would come to them if this thing were not done. Here are the judges, at first judicial, later but registering Fouquier's impeachments, Dumas drunk and blasphemous, the crowd behind the barriers, fascinated, amazed,

often moved to pity, sometimes to tears. Through which assembly moved all that had been once great and memorable in the old *régime* of France; moved rapidly from the prisons to the gradines to hear their accusation, which was also their sentence, the remnant of a great historic Court of splendor, the great landlords, the priests, and then those who had defied and destroyed these things—all caught in the clutch of a huge iron machine, which revolved indifferent to the lives and services and pitiful appeals of humanity. Marie Antoinette, sentenced after a twelve-hour sitting at four o'clock in the morning, hears her sentence "without fear or indignation or weakness," stumbles down the staircase paralysed, "I can hardly see to walk" her only utterance. "I was one of the jurymen," writes the gratified Trinchard to his brother in the country, "who judged the wild beast that has devoured so great a part of the Republic." The Girondins are sentenced at eleven at night—the court in darkness, a few flickering candles lighting the vast gloom, the corpse of Valaze a dark blotch on the gradines. There was still then some semblance of a trial. Terror had not become the order of the day. They made their eloquent, useless speeches, on the purity of their motives and the nobility of their ideals, while Hébert hurled abuse on the Tribunal for "trifling away their time" and "making so much ceremony over cutting short the lives of wretches whom the people had already condemned." A special decree has to be passed by the Convention cutting off sharply the eloquence and the appeals. Hébert himself follows, a pitiful figure, all the bluster gone, pale and livid by turns, perspiration dropping from his forehead. The gendarmes carried him away. "We shall all perish," he had stated to the Committee when the death of the Queen was decided. "There is no other outlet for any of us but the way of death." Danton provides the greatest scene of all, and (to the efficient Fouquier) the most dangerous. He laughs and jokes, his huge voice carries across the Seine, the crowd are vastly moved. Fouquier appeals to his masters: "What is he to do?" The message returns: "The prisoners are to be outlawed, Danton shall speak no more." They vanish also along the way of the tumbrils: Danton singing, dying in the red flare of sunset, while Fouquier, too busy to attend—perhaps too bored—is making out his list for the next day. What is eloquence to him but a tedium, the appeals of youth, age, public services, all total irrelevances! Authority had declared that these must die. His sole duty is to get them dead with as little fuss as possible. He would have guillotined Judas Iscariot or Jesus Christ with the same indifference, the same cold efficiency: a most excellent incarnation of Attorneydom!

"*Les dieux ont soif*," wrote Camille Desmoulins in the last number of the "Vieux Cordelier"—the last appeal to sanity. That was in February of '94, when the Terror had scarcely begun, when the forms of fair trial remained, and there were often as many acquittals as sentences. The Tribunal had been set up as an alternative to public massacre; it was equipped for its work in the choice of skilled and humane judges, jurymen chosen by vote. At first the law was far harsher than the men who were compelled to administer it, and the public audience joined in astonishment and pity when they found young men and (rarely) women condemned for no visible crime. Acquittals were received with popular rejoicing: judge and jury would pass sentences in tears. But "the gods were athirst": more and more tormented as the spring grew into the hot summer and the nation found itself at war with the world. So that a whole thousand perished in the last month of its existence. Men became indifferent whether they lived or died. In the overcrowded prisons, stuffed with the aristocracy of France, they rioted, feasted, drank, sang songs, welcomed darkness as a bride. Towards the end it is pure carnage and horror, "loud voiced," as Carlyle has said, to future generations. But in the aggregate costing not more than the slain in a solitary Napoleonic victory or a single week of the Irish famine. But the swiftness of it, its deadliness, the indecencies which marked the last hours of its operation when the Blood

Thirst triumphed over all other emotions—when every one, as has been said, was working in a kind of delirium, seeing ghosts and moving through a red mist in some fantastic dream—these have given it a story which men are never likely to forget.

Fouquier moves through them all—resting not day nor night, shunning all worldly pleasures, preparing indictments, receiving lists from the committees, carrying out the apparatus of judicial murder, temperate, cold, sleepless, intolerably indifferent to it all. His end is pitiful—entombed in prisons to whose windows he dare not come lest the crowd execrate him, thanking his wife, in broken tones, for gifts of salt and pepper, food and handkerchiefs. He loved her passionately, and his children. He had no fear of death and no shadow of doubt that his rectitude would receive ultimate vindication. But for her—what remained? He had not touched a penny of money for bribe. He had nothing to leave her but a complete copy of the "Moniteur," and a name everywhere passionately hated. "What will become of you," he is crying, "you and my poor children? You are about to be delivered over to the horrors of the most terrible poverty." "I embrace you all." "I embrace you a thousand times." "Do what is best and endeavor not to be left in want: you and the little girl." "A thousand kisses" is all that he can send at the last, a man who might have amassed fortunes if he could have been bribed into pity. Amid the frenzy and fury of the crowd, contemptuous of them and not undignified, he followed "those others" through the exit of death.

MAN AND DRAMATIST.

THE question is whether the creative mind necessarily creates beings in its own image. If in some mummy case, muniment room, or red box we suddenly came upon a story or drama containing one of those imaginary figures which we should agree to call a creation, should we be able to tell from the study of it what kind of man the author was, what were his characteristics, to what habits of mind or action he was inclined, or which thoughts and actions would be foreign to his nature? Is there something in every act of mental production which compels the soul to betray itself, or gives the soul no satisfaction unless the result of its creation is of the same quality as itself? In every age mothers have been extolled whose children were all alike—all "the very image of their father." In some families we can see the ghosts of the dead still walking the earth in the best of health and spirits. In others the apparition is revealed in some glance, some trick of the eyebrow, and then vanishes again. That a man's lip should survive through five centuries of repeated babies is one of the laws of development, one of the commonplace mysteries of life. But how far does that law of heredity hold in mental production? Given the child of imagination, could you tell from its nature what the father was like?

It is Mr. Frank Harris, with his new book on "The Man Shakespeare" (Frank Palmer), who makes us raise the question now. For while some have thought Shakespeare so shadowy a figure that they have doubted his existence or merged him into someone else, and others have asked and asked while he smiled and was still, out-topping knowledge, Mr. Frank Harris comes up with this big volume like a bomb, and flatly declares that in the dramas the whole of Shakespeare's life is revealed to us by stages; that criticism can re-create the poet just as a biologist from a few scattered bones can reconstruct a prehistoric bird or fish or mammal; that the object of Shakespeare, as of all artists, was to show himself to us, and he has done this with peculiar exactitude, painting his own portrait twenty times from youth to age at full length.

"I shall consider and compare these portraits," says Mr. Frank Harris, with characteristic assurance, "till the outlines of his character are clear and certain: afterwards I shall show how his little vanities and shams idealised the picture, and so present him as he really was, with his imperial intellect and small snobberies; his giant vices and paltry self-deceptions; his sweet gentleness and long martyrdom."

The critic sets out upon this enterprise, first, because Shakespeare is worth it, being "the most complex and passionate personality in the world, whether of life or letters"; and, again, because "there are certain lessons which the English will learn from Shakespeare more quickly than from any living man"; and, lastly, because, in a sense, he wants to get rid of Shakespeare:—

"He is like the Old-Man-of-the-Sea on the shoulders of our youth," he justly says; "he has become an obsession to the critic, a weapon to the pedant, a nuisance to the man of genius."

In the splendor of his daring, Mr. Frank Harris starts with the thesis that all dramatic writing is merely a form of autobiography. It is the tendency, he says, of the creative mind to reproduce itself, and the reproduction is likely to be its best work. By general consent, Shakespeare's best piece of work is the character of Hamlet, and, in proof that Shakespeare himself was of Hamlet's nature, everyone may see that when the dramatist falls out of a character that he is drawing he drops unconsciously into the Hamlet style; and, not only that, but he has painted Hamlet's character over and over again. Romeo is Hamlet in youthful love; Jaques is Hamlet in humorous sadness (a very Shakespearean mood); Vincentio in "Measure for Measure," Posthumus in "Cymbeline," the Duke in "As You Like It," and Prospero, the wise magician, all are Hamlets more or less distinct. Richard II., Henry VI., Brutus, and Edgar in "Lear" are always spilling over, as it were, into Hamlet, and that is not so strange; that Hotspur, Othello, and even Falstaff should spill over in the same way is more remarkable; but one of the most astonishing things in Shakespeare is, not merely the similarity, but one might almost say the identity, of Hamlet and Macbeth. Mr. Frank Harris tells us that no one, as far as he knows, has yet thought of that likeness or identity; but the present writer rather prided himself on the discovery twenty years ago, and is now inclined to think it must have been discovered by every reader of Shakespeare since Ben Jonson, except the actors and critics. It was left, however, to Mr. Frank Harris to discern the personal significance of this common character so frequently repeated; for here, in this character, he says, is Shakespeare himself as he lived.

This central idea of the book is elaborated with a wealth of detail and comparison. For the basis of the character we are shown a richly sensuous and lyrical nature, revelling in every form of beauty, whether of music, flowers, or words, and, like all sensuous natures, very quick to change and yield. The Duke Orsino in "Twelfth Night" may serve as example of this temperament in its simplest form, though it lies at the very root of Hamlet's mind. Out of it life developed a character with feminine rather than virile attributes—desirous of love, inclined to pity, always more sympathetic with failure than success, and, far beyond most men, gentle, sweet-tempered, and forgiving. It was an open and free nature, as Ben Jonson said, lavish of wealth, as Antonio was, and detesting Shylocks in every form; but meditative also, much occupied with reflection upon the course of life, the soul, and death; inclined to pour out its meditation in monologue, and to seek the relief for thought in lyrical expression. Such a nature turns aside from the shows and witless bravery of Courts, and welcomes the steady realities of the forest and country, being as little drawn to ambition as to hatred, cruelty, or revenge.

The weaknesses of this inborn temperament are, necessarily, incapacity for action and want of persistent courage. Throughout the dramas, as Mr. Frank Harris maintains, Shakespeare shows no genuine interest in action or in men of action. When he is obliged to introduce them, he takes his characters merely from tradition, and draws them from the outside without sympathy or understanding. "Henry V." is one of his worst plays: the hero of it is only a toy king, as Ruskin once said, and even he is continually slopping over into philosophy or mere rhetoric. In lesser degree it is the same with Hotspur and even with Othello. Possibly Shakespeare

set out to make a stern and ruthless man of action in Macbeth, but he ended by making the most poetic and reflective of all his characters next to Hamlet. So it is throughout. Shakespeare found it almost impossible to maintain action or persistent courage in any of his creations, for the things did not exist in his own nature. As Mr. Frank Harris says:—

"The truth will out: Shakespeare was the greatest of poets, a miraculous artist, too, when he liked; but he was not a hero; and manliness was not his *forte*; he was by nature a neuropath and a lover."

"A gentle yet impulsive nature, sensuous at once and meditative; half poet, half philosopher, preferring nature and his own reveries to action and the life of Courts; a man physically fastidious to disgust, as is a delicate woman, with dirt and smells and common things; an idealist daintily sensitive to all courtesies, chivalries, and distinctions"—such was Shakespeare in Mr. Frank Harris's estimate, and perhaps he was only saved from effeminacy and mawkishness by that all-pervading humor which gave us all the humorous creations from Launce to Autolycus, and in the centre placed Falstaff, "the most splendid piece of humorous portraiture in the world's fiction," as the critic rightly says.

But the humorist in Shakespeare is obvious, and it is on a more obscure phase of his nature that Mr. Frank Harris most insists. We have seen that he calls him by nature a neuropath and a lover. He continually returns to what he calls his sensuality, and even, with quite unnecessary harshness, as it seems to us, his "erotic mania." Shakespeare's sensuality, he maintains, was the source of his gentle kindness and unrivalled sympathy, and probably that is true, though perhaps all the qualities together might better have been traced to general sensitiveness of mind and body. But to an overwhelming sensuality the critic further attributes the central passion and event of Shakespeare's life, the secret of his supreme greatness and the cause of his ultimate ruin—his love for "the dark lady," Mary Fitton. That idolatrous passion, says Mr. Frank Harris, was the story of the poet's existence, and to his tormenting relation with a fearless, wild-spirited, inconstant, and infinitely varied woman of action he owed the greatest part of his renown, as well as his misery, his early retirement, and premature death. With extraordinary skill, though at times with strained subtlety, Mr. Frank Harris traces this woman's influence, not only in the passions of the poet's greatest dramas, but in the actual presentation of the characters, till at last we come to Cleopatra, whom the critic boldly calls the finest picture of Mary Fitton, and whom, at all events, we will fully agree to place side by side with Hamlet and Falstaff as the highest assurance of creative genius.

This is not the place to follow out the theory of this remarkable book in detail, as Mr. Frank Harris vehemently follows it. We can now only glance at the summary of his results; and, whatever we may think of the method, the upshot is at least a consolation after the Victorian criticisms, which, having discovered that Shakespeare was the greatest of poets, thought it only proper to assume that he was also the best of men, such as might have been a fit companion for that good man, the clergyman, and have acted churchwarden at Stratford to a good old age, with blessings on his silver hair. Here is Mr. Frank Harris's very different conclusion:—

"He was gentle and witty; gay and sweet-mannered, very studious, too, and fair of mind; but at the same time he was weak in body and irresolute, hasty and wordy, and took habitually the easiest way out of difficulties; he was ill-endowed in the virile virtues and the virile vices. When he showed arrogance it was always of intellect and not of character; he was a parasite by nature. But none of these faults would have brought him to ruin: he was snared again in full manhood by his master quality, his overpowering sensuality, and thrown in the mire."

We have not answered our first question: Does the creative mind necessarily create beings in its own image? We have only given an illustration of the theory of its results if once it is accepted, for a whole volume of criticism and psychology would not exhaust the theme.

But as we recall rapidly the very few truly creative minds of the world, may we not say that we can become fairly intimate with the inmost nature of the men who created Achilles and Ulysses, Prometheus and Cassandra, Medea, Antigone, Don Quixote, Faust, Gretchen, and Mephisto? We admit that hitherto the critics have excluded Shakespeare from all such possible intimacy, as one out-topping knowledge, to use Matthew Arnold's phrase again. But why should he be excluded? Why should it not be true of him, as Goethe said of himself, that all his works are but parts of a long personal confession?

A PROBLEM OF POLICE.

In the New York mayoralty campaign, which on Tuesday drew to its exciting close, the supreme issue was, of course, Tammany; and the question on which that supreme issue mainly turned was the state and conduct of the New York police. It was Tammany's own doing that the police problem—the most unsavoury and insoluble of all the problems of American municipal government—should have been in the forefront of the fight. A little over three months ago the Tammany mayor dismissed General Theodore Bingham, the Commissioner of Police. General Bingham is a veteran of the Civil War, a man of blunt tongue, vigorous ways, and quite unconquerable pluck; and in the three and a half years that he was at the head of the New York police he did much, in the face of incredible difficulties, to discipline the force, reform its methods, and increase its efficiency. Naturally the machine politicians fell foul of him at once. They tried to bribe him—he was offered altogether £200,000 in his first year of office—and he would not be bribed. They tried to protect their criminal allies of the underworld, and he would not listen to their pleadings. They tried to make him "play politics," and he insisted on doing his duty—so far as the Tammany-appointed magistrates would let him. But at last they had their way. On a pretext which deceived nobody, the mayor last July removed General Bingham, and installed a pliant Tammany-henchman in his place. The reasons for his action were quite simple. First, the denizens of the underworld, cheated of the security which they thought they had purchased from the politicians, their whole livelihood menaced by the honesty and energy of the Police Commissioner, threatened revolt at the polls. Secondly, the police being a legal part of the electoral machinery of the city, and of the utmost use to the politicians in enabling "floaters," non-residents, and impersonators to record the votes to which they are not entitled, their complete control was essential to Tammany's hopes of success in the recent contest. A Tammany that cannot protect its friends, and that is deprived of the power of "making" the elections, is a Tammany *pour rire*.

The police problem in New York was stated a moment ago to be insoluble. And so, under present conditions, it is. The administration of the force is rotted, to begin with, with "politics." Every member of it has got into the habit of looking for promotion, not to the official head, but to the Tammany "leader" of his ward or district. Nothing more astonishes an Englishman in New York than to find the transfer of Constable X from one beat to another discussed by the entire Press of the city as a matter of the first political moment. Again, its organisation seems deliberately designed to make effective discipline impossible. It sounds incredible, but it is the fact, that the Police Commissioner, commanding some ten thousand men, has no fixed tenure of office whatever, and may be dismissed any minute by either the mayor of the city or the Governor of the State, without reason assigned. That is a fundamental weakness, the effects of which are felt all through the ranks. Directly a Commissioner takes office the entire force begins speculating as to how long he will remain, who are behind him, how he stands with the political authorities of the day, and who will be his successor. If he starts a reform, those on the force who do not like it will give it only a faint obedience, knowing that its author is likely to be

removed before it has become effective. The more radical and honest he is, the less probability is there of his staying in office. Vested interests band together for his overthrow. All who live by vice and crime join with their business and political allies to bring daily and almost hourly pressure upon the mayor to remove him; and in the end he goes. But even if he is permitted to stay, the consciousness that every day of his official life may be the last, paralyses his authority, and his ludicrous inability to dismiss any policeman without an appeal to the Civil Courts—which nearly always decide in favor of the offender and frequently reinstate him in the force—still further reduces him to impotence.

All these restrictions on his power are the result of laws and ordinances passed by the politicians in their own interests. In the same way the politicians exact statutes—statutes, for instance, forbidding gambling and Sunday drinking—that it is impossible to enforce, that are meant to be broken, and from the violations of which Tammany draws a large part of its revenue. In the same way the politicians keep in their hands the appointment of the thirty-two police magistrates who preside over the lower courts, well knowing that if any of their friends are arrested it will need no more than a word from the local Tammany statesman to get them off. In the same way the politicians block every attempt to improve judicial procedure, and every law that threatens, for example, to make bribery a provable offence—at present nobody can be convicted of bribery unless two witnesses are forthcoming who have actually seen the money pass—or to bring pawnbrokers and other receivers of stolen goods under stricter control. General Bingham since his dismissal has stated that in his belief 80 per cent. of the New York police are honest men, and that the unscrupulous grafters among them number no more than two thousand. At the same time he estimates the money value of graft and blackmail in New York at not less than £20,000,000 a year. This is exclusive of the handsome percentage levied by the politicians and their friends on every contract, franchise, and concession given out in the city's name, a percentage which is probably far in excess of £20,000,000. The sum mentioned by General Bingham is merely the amount paid by the proprietors of saloons, pool-rooms, disorderly houses, gambling dens, and so on, for police protection and immunity. To follow its distribution among constables, police captains and inspectors, city employees and officials, politicians and lawyers, high and low, would be to understand something of the multitudinous ramifications of Tammany's power.

The people of New York quite understand the state of affairs, but they are powerless to alter it. They do not trust the police; they suspect them. Of all things English the Londoner's confidence in and respect and affection for the Metropolitan Police are to a New Yorker the most inconceivable. Almost the last thing a New Yorker of means and position would think of doing would be to call in the police to investigate a burglary in his house. He would know too well that the police would simply find the thief for the purpose of pocketing half his profits. He would go instead to one of the many private detective agencies that flourish on the deficiencies of the regular force. There is reason enough in the official reports of the various committees that have sat upon the New York police to justify this mistrust. It has been proved again and again that they and their allies in politics and on the Bench are in league with thieves, crooks, swindlers, and even murderers; that they levy tribute on drinking saloons and gambling dens; that they blackmail prostitutes, street pedlars, push-cart men, and all the petty traders of the slums; and that corruption and graft have been their first thought and their main occupation. There are many New York policemen, says General Bingham, drawing from £280 to £400 a year in salary who own country and city homes that cannot be maintained under £1,000 a year. This miracle of finance is performed by parcelling out the entire city among criminals, by taking toll of every vice and weakness and privilege—the privilege even of the man with the newspaper stand and the Italian ice-cream

vendor; until, instead of a force safeguarding the public against crime, New York finds itself tyrannised over by a force safeguarding crime against the public.

Everything, in short, conspires to convince an honest policeman that virtue in New York is indeed its own reward. On Manhattan Island all the vices seem to be syndicated, marshalled, drilled, and employed in the service of men who have grown rich on the frailties of their fellows. And these men can afford to pay liberally for services rendered, just as their many-linked chain of influence makes them fatally dangerous enemies. The problem of decent police government would be difficult enough even without them, for New York attracts all the scoundrels and hooligans of the country, and is fed by an unceasing stream of European criminals. With them it is, as we have said, insoluble—or soluble, if at all, only by a revolution in the whole form, spirit, and theory of American municipal government.

Art.

PAINTING'S POOR RELATION.

THE platonic affection for pictures, which is as much as the average British citizen allows himself, should be considerably stimulated by the exhibition of facsimile reproductions of drawings by Albrecht Dürer that is now on view at the galleries of the Medici Society in Albemarle Street. The originals of this collection are in the Albertina Library, Vienna; and the reproductions are the work of a German firm for whom the Society acts as agents. So much cheap and utterly inartistic color-printing has been shovelled into this country from Germany in past years, that the fine quality of the present collection will surprise many people who have hitherto drawn their ideas of German work from bad book-covers and worse chromo pictures. The Dürer reproductions represent the best of German work—the work that, when it comes into this country at all, comes in the form of a special collection, or between the covers of an expensive book, and is thus missed by all save the connoisseurs who are on the look-out for such things. Much the same state of affairs exists in regard to English enterprise in the same direction. We are disposed to welcome color-printing as illustration to literature, and if the national demand is really represented by the vast supply of color-books now on the market, the welcome is no mean one. But when it comes to us clothed in the dignity of a framed picture, the facsimile of a great old master, we are apt to look askance at it, to regard it perhaps as a pleasing bauble worth possessing at the price, but not worth loving, as a thing of cleverness rather than a work of art. The place in pictorial art of the high-class color reproduction is similar to that of the Poor Relation in the human family. It is something to be accepted, but not greeted effusively. It is better than nothing because it may come in useful for filling up a gap. It must be kindly treated because, after all, it is a connection. But it must never be allowed to enter into our higher artistic calculations any more than the human Poor Relation may be permitted to occupy the best chair in the drawing-room or have a say in the framing of our higher social ambitions.

There are certain causes operating against the English appreciation of color reproductions, apart from the apathy towards art of any kind that is our unenviable national characteristic. One of these causes is an instinctive distrust of anything in the way of a picture that is not the real thing. In this age, when shams in every other branch of human production are tolerated and liked; when imitations in everything, from sealskins to jewellery, flaunt themselves before us in the public places; when literary plagiarism walks unashamed; when the machine-made is as good as the hand-made; when nearly every fake is excused on the grounds that people cannot afford the genuine article; the picture alone is required to be the picture that is painted by an artist's brush and produced by no other means. The vulgar millionaire who would give a year's income for Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne" or Botticelli's "Primavera," were either of these obtainable, would probably scorn

to hang high-grade reproductions of them in his spare bedroom. The possibly more enlightened art-lover of modest means might keep a few such reproductions in a portfolio for purposes of reference; but, however good they were, he would hesitate to furnish a room with them. It would be like providing the Poor Relation with a latch-key. To be sure, one comes across cases of exceptional courage, cases in which the thing with the so-called taint of mechanism about it is given an honored place without shamefacedness. They are rare, however. Ruskin's denunciation of shams, which was applied to many things besides art, seems to have been taken bitterly to heart in the matter of pictures alone.

In this attitude there is much foolishness, not a little hypocrisy, and a modicum of sound reason. The facsimile reproduction of a famous picture is obviously not the same thing in its power to gratify aesthetic longings as the picture itself. Even in the very best work of the kind there is a loss of a quality that we have heard glibly described as "the artist's soul." What is meant by soul in a picture has not yet been made quite clear, but it is generally taken to mean the emotion experienced by the painter while engaged on his work. It is, then, this quality of emotion that is held to go out as soon as the color-reproducer steps in. Perhaps it does; such a theory is equally impossible to prove or disprove. It is easier to approach the matter from a more materialistic standpoint, and to suggest that in the process of reproduction and condensation—for the reproduction is nearly always smaller than the original—what actually happens is some slight loss of brilliance in a tint, or of subtlety in a tone. In the older color-reproductions this loss was admittedly considerable. Even the excellent publications of the Arundel Society, which for long took their place as the doyen of their kind, were but clumsy substitutes for the originals. However, the old Arundel Society ceased publishing about ten years ago, and within the decade the technical advance in the art of color-reproduction has been enormous. The chromo-lithograph, as represented by the Arundel prints, has in the case of the Medici Society and others given way to the collotype, an ingenious product of photography and color-printing. The three-color process, though it must always result in a certain crudeness when employed on prints of any size, has established itself as an excellent medium for facsimile work on a smaller scale. And the variants of these processes are legion. The result of this improvement in methods, for which we may say the Medici Society is largely responsible, is that most of the drawbacks of the Arundel print have disappeared. One has only to contrast some of these prints with the recent publications of the Medici Society to realise how great the advance has been. The Arundel print tended to opaqueness, and there was a want of differentiation in quality which, except where the original had been purposely painted flat, gave the appearance of unsatisfying flatness, however true to tone and otherwise artistic such a print might be. Yet if the Medici is an improvement on the Arundel, there yet remains the difficulty of that impalpable something that was in the original, and is not present in the reproduction. Neither is it only a question of the artist's soul or emotion. The reproduction's lack of those purely intellectual associations that encircle the making of every old masterpiece like a beautiful garland, has something to do with it. One can no longer picture the artist at work, or his *bottega* palpitating under the throb of a great artistic impulse to create. The stain of the modern manufactory is upon the modern color-reproduction, and it is as fearsome a thing as the shine on the coat of the Poor Relation. It matters not that many a *bottega* of olden times was a manufactory, that art was then more strictly organised labor than it is now. The fact remains that nowadays the manufactory is associated with so much that is sordid and unpleasant that the tender conscience of the art-lover cannot associate it with the production of beauty. If the manufactured color print pleases him at the first glance, he is disposed to choke the pleasure at its birth with thoughts of bare and ugly rooms, and labor that waits not upon inspiration and is a mere matter of economic demand and supply. The divorce of modern art from life's mechanism would seem to have created in him an instinctive dread of all art that is mechanical. His attitude is really more human than logical or just. It certainly does less than justice to the skill involved in the production of a fine color print, nor does it take heed of the real affinity

that exists between the technical process of such prints and that of the oil-picture. He gets no further than the stumbling-block of the photographic basis. The "lay-in" in monochrome that is the next stage, the eight to ten printings in color that, in the Medici prints, for instance, follow each other before the correct tint is obtained, and, last, but not least, the practised eye for color, pure color, great color, color unison, that is required for the correction of proofs; of these he thinks dimly or not at all.

We are reminded once more of the Poor Relation by the comparatively low price at which a good color-reproduction is now obtainable. Just as the Poor Relation might be forgiven anything except his poverty, so the reproduction might, by a very considerable section of picture-buyers, be accepted as the finest art, but for its inexpensiveness. This is a sordid fact, and one need not dwell on it, beyond saying that it is the seat of much of the foolish hypocrisy in the current attitude towards a class of work that, apart from its enormous educative value, has come to be something of first-hand æsthetic worth.

Letters from Abroad.

THE PULL TOWARDS THE LEFT IN GERMANY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The NATION has already noticed the remarkable successes of the German Social Democratic party at the elections to the diets of Baden, Saxony, and some minor German States, at the bye-elections in Berlin for the Prussian Diet, and at the bye-election of Koburg for the Reichstag. The list of these successes can considerably be increased by a list of successes at elections for local and provincial bodies. As a matter of fact there has not taken place one election in the last three or four months which has not seen the Social Democrats greatly fortified as compared with any former measurement of forces. Of the so-called Socialist slump of 1907 there is hardly a vestige left. Whether the party has to fight adherents of the defunct "Buelow Bloc" or partners of the "blue-black Bloc" of Conservatives and Catholics, the result is always the same: a great increase of the Socialist vote and a decrease of the votes of the middle-class parties. Even in places which until now were regarded as the safest strongholds of the Catholic Centre, Social Democrats have obtained formidable increases of votes.

How will this great advance of the party of political and industrial democracy react upon the German political evolution in general? In this respect, if we turn to the different States mentioned above, the most optimistic view is offered by the Grand Duchy of Baden. There the National Liberals, generally a most shaky party, will, by having been in a number of divisions the allies of the Socialists against the Catholics, be compelled to show some backbone at least, and the Catholics, in Baden the party of reaction, if they have not lost so many seats as the National Liberals, have greatly lost in voting power, and are at any rate weakened in numbers and influence. Against this the greatly increased Social Democratic Parliamentary group will now have at its side a group of advanced Democratic Liberals. The pull towards the Left is here the most palpable phenomenon.

But Baden is a small State only, and in the kingdom of Saxony we find already a different picture. True, the Social Democrats, who in 1896 were thrown out of the Saxon Diet by the reactionary electoral law of that year, will now have a group there of about twenty in a Parliament of ninety-one members, and the Conservatives, who since then have ruled the Saxon Landtag, will in the new Landtag muster a minority of little more than twenty-five members. But in Saxony the National Liberals are for nearly all intents and purposes the allies of the Conservatives. Their quarrel with them is in the main a domestic quarrel between partners who know that in the next moment they will have to co-operate again, and some twenty-five to thirty National Liberals, fortified by some anti-Semites, will, with the Conservatives, form a Nationalist majority of over sixty against the

twenty Socialists and a handful of more or less advanced Radicals.

In Prussia, the ruling State, the bye-elections change nothing in the composition of the Diet. The fight in Berlin has been a fight mainly between the Social Democrats and the Freisinnige, and the spite between these two parties has, if possible, been enhanced. At the second ballot in the Landtag divisions where the fight is not yet decided, the Friesinnige will have the help of all the reactionists, whilst only the Democrats of the Breitscheid group will stand by the Socialist candidate. Amongst the people, the pull towards the Left is in Prussia no less strong than elsewhere, but the three class electoral system prevents, for the time being, its political action on the Parliamentary machine. And here lies the crux of the whole political situation. As far as the declarations of the Prussian Conservatives go, the latter are more determined than ever to oppose any material reform of the present Prussian franchise. According to their line of argument all the elections prove only the necessity of maintaining in Prussia the present franchise as the bulwark against the destructive tendencies of the masses and the vagaries of the professional classes. This is the always repeated wisdom of the "Kreuzzeitung," the "Deutsche Tageszeitung," and other papers of that ilk, and in this they express the thoughts of the Conservative leaders. Nobody knows as yet what the franchise reform promised by the Government will look like. But this much is certain. If it means any reduction of the present over-representation of the agrarian interest the Conservatives will fight it tooth and nail. In this they will be helped by the Catholics, who are as keenly interested as they are in the present distribution of seats. Unless the Government is resolved to take up the cudgels against their beloved Conservatives in bitter earnest, no reform worth speaking of will pass the two Houses of the Prussian Landtag.

Now it is pretty certain that Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg and his Royal master wish nothing more ardently than to be saved a quarrel with the Prussian squirearchy. The semi-official "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" never ceases preaching conciliation and compromise. But the Prussian Junkers know that their political power is at stake, and will not allow themselves to be lulled by soft words. If the question depended on Parliamentary decisions alone, a reform of the Prussian franchise would be as far off as ever. It is to non-Parliamentary forces that we are compelled to look for the transformation of the political discontent of the mass of the nation into a change of their political representation.

Of these non-Parliamentary forces the new Hanseatic League will prove of very little use. More and more the League develops into a subsidiary agency of the high Lords of German Industry, who certainly desire a greater voice in the councils of the nation, but who want nothing less than an increase of the political power of their workers. To express it more directly, they would welcome a redistribution of seats so far as it would strengthen the commercial and industrial against the agrarian interest in general, but they do not want to hear of any democratisation of the franchise. Not to speak of the Conservatives, can one expect the Catholics, whose main power rests in the lower middle classes in town and country, to submit silently to a change of that kind? Here is an opposition of interests which must prevent any reform if there is no third power strong enough to compel both to give way.

This third power can only be Social Democracy as the party of the wage earners and the classes akin to them. As we have seen, the party is there, better organised than ever, fuller than ever of fighting spirit. In a former letter it has been shown how the various classes of the workers have increased in Germany, and to some extent the electoral successes are explained by this increase. But it is not only the wage earners who have enhanced the voting powers of the party. The most remarkable feature of the recent elections has admittedly been the comparatively large percentage of members of the professional classes and other elements of the lower middle classes who voted for the Labour Party. Stronger

than ever grows the influence of this body in other sections of the community. The Government strives to suppress this spirit by more or less terroristic disciplinary means. Thus, on Thursday last, the chairman of the association of the middle functionaries of the postal and telegraph service, Herr Zollitsch, was condemned by the disciplinary court to remove to a provincial place and submit to a reduction of salary because he has suffered articles to appear in the organ of the association, which severely criticised the non-fulfilment of the promise of the Government to adjust the pay of the functionaries to their increased cost of living. But the incriminating article only gave vent to the spirit of deep irritation that prevails almost everywhere in the German Civil Service. It is to be found in the teaching profession and amongst the clerical and technical functionaries of industry and commerce.

It is, of course, always difficult to gauge how far these classes are prepared to act in consequence of their discontent. But the irritation is there, it makes them gravitate towards Social Democracy, and strengthens its prestige and aggressive power. This tendency is also reflected by the attitude of the so-called non-political journals, which, under the colorless names of "Generalanzeiger," and so on, strive to catch the general reader. At present they take great care to satisfy the Socialist leanings of their readers. To sum it up, the powers of social resistance to an attack by the Socialists have markedly decreased. If the electoral reform demanded by the workers is again to be postponed, demonstrations larger than ever will not fail to take place. What form they will take cannot be predicted, but they will certainly be more general and create more difficulties than their predecessors. It would be an exaggeration to say that the State machinery is already out of joint. But it is no exaggeration to say that it is looser in its joints than before. The lost authority of the State will not be restored by terroristic means. The only way to soothe the discontent is by the increase of rights and the improvement of material conditions. The uneasiness of growing sections forces our rulers to a policy of saving. It has been announced that the new Budget will show reductions under *all* the heads of expenditure. The pull towards the Left may yet mean retrenchment in armaments.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Berlin, November 1st, 1909.

Letters to the Editor.

TARIFF REFORM IN THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I think that perhaps the following extract from a letter just received by me from a correspondent in the United States may be of interest to your readers. The writer is a well-known and highly respected solicitor—a hard-headed man of business. "I am glad," he writes, "to see your Party is not going to submit to any compromise, and, furthermore, that you will not allow usurpation of power by the House of Lords. I sometimes think that you have a better democracy than we have. The House of Commons represents the masses of the people, and when the Government is not sustained, the people can be heard from quickly. In our country the House of Representatives is elected every two years, but the Senators are only elected on the basis of one-third each year and hold their office for six years. Under our constitution, all Revenue Bills must originate in the House of Representatives, and it was certainly the intention of the founders that the people should make the Budget. As it is, the Senate really makes our Budget, and thereby defeats the will of the people. The most striking instance we have of that is our recent Tariff Bill, notwithstanding the masses of the people are in favor of a reduced tariff. Our President, Mr. Taft, has fizzled out. He has turned out to be a good-natured jelly-fish. We are glad enough to get an open market for our goods, but we have built a Chinese wall against foreign goods. I would like to see our Senate abolished. It is nothing but a

millionaire's club, and, in my opinion, the most corrupt governmental body in the world."

I think, sir, you will agree that these words contain much food for profitable reflection. As my correspondent points out, the aim of "Tariff Reformers" in his country is to *reduce* the tariff!—Yours, &c.,

G. G. GREENWOOD.

P.S.—By the way, your correspondent "*Law*" is in error in speaking of "the King and Commons" as "two of the three estates of the realm." The estates of the realm are the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal, and the Commons.

House of Commons,
November 1st, 1909.

TAXING THE FOREIGNER.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your issue of October 23rd you quote Mr. Churchill as saying that he declined to discuss "the gospel of quacks and the creed of gulls," which preached the taxation of the foreigner. This is the usual attitude of the Free Trade platform and Press; but is it wise to condemn in this fashion so familiar an argument of the Protectionists? There is undoubtedly a grain of truth in the contention that "the foreigner pays"; for quotations for the foreign market take account of hostile tariffs when fixing prices for that market; and what we need therefore, and what I can nowhere find, is a clear statement of the principle governing this process. When and to what extent does the "foreigner pay" an import tax? And since he can be made to pay, what is the objection, from the Free Trade point of view, to securing his contribution by a properly-framed tariff?

In the interests of the Free Trade position, could you not deal with this question in an adequate article? I am convinced that a mere dogmatic denial of the "tax-the-foreigner" creed is neither sufficient nor wise, and certainly nothing is gained by refusing to see the position of our opponents, in support of which they are ready enough with their lists of prices.—Yours, &c.,

VERITAS VINCIT.

October 27th, 1909.

[We deal in our leading columns with the subject of our correspondent's letter.—ED., *NATION*.]

WANTED, DETAILS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Though politics interest me little, may I, as a business man, touch on one aspect of "Tariff Reform" which I occasionally see alluded to, but which in my opinion should always be pressed upon public attention?

"Tariff Reform" is nothing if not a business proposition. Very well; let us give it a business reception. If its supporters mean business, let them give us the details. It won't do for them to talk of securing a general assent to the principle. In business we want all the details—in writing.

If a dealer in copper (which I use in my work) proposes to enter into a contract with me, the *details of his proposition are its essence*. I want to know from him the quality of his copper, its weight, its gauge, its finish, his finest-cut price, his terms of payment, speed of delivery, minimum order, and length of contract. I want all this information in writing, and if, after general discussion, he declares himself unable to let me have it, I show him the door.

In politics apparently he is quite prepared to present himself with further suggestions. In business, I assure you, he would never get past my clerks again.

The protest that "Tariff Reform" may receive a general assent, its details to be settled later, is beneath consideration. Imagine, say, that a builder asks me—"Would you like me to build you a house, finer than your present one, better situated, and less expensive?" My reply is a series of questions. "Where is it to be built; where are the plans; how many rooms—what size; what is the price?"

I imagine the answer then, *à la* "Tariff Reform": "These are details. Assent (as a broad principle); sign this agreement, in which you see I have left blanks for the details you mention, and leave 'it to me to fill them up as and when I think proper!'"

Could absurdity go further? How can English business men allow themselves to spare even five minutes in the consideration of a proposition the authors of which know either too much or too little to reduce to plain, straightforward terms?—Yours, &c.,

DERISION.

November 2nd, 1909.

WANTED, A FREE TRADE CAMPAIGN.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Surely the sensible thing for Constitutionalists to do is to recognise that, however seriously the rejection of the Budget by the Lords may threaten our political traditions and institutions, there is an enormous section of the electorate who refuse to make it the matter of their chief concern. Even if the Bermondsey Liberal and Labor vote are classed together, the fact remains that 47·5 per cent. of the voters polled for Tariff Reform. True that the final act of rejection has not yet taken place, and, until actually accomplished, must be considered, to a certain extent, as conjectural; but I am convinced, in so far as I can judge from personal observation and intercourse, that the constitutional issue cannot be made the sole and decisive question of the next election.

I am only an obscure elector, but I have much and often discussed the matter with many equally obscure. A proportion, of course, are mere party men, bound by prejudice and moved by party catchwords; but even among those who really turn the balance of the polls—the virile independent and the persuasible—I have failed to discover that supreme interest in the Lords' veto which the Liberal Press and professional politicians assume as a matter of course. Whatever the Lords may do, I am certain that Tariff Reform will remain a dominant, if not the dominant, issue for the electorate. It stands as a positive programme opposed to the Land and Finance Reform programme of the Government, and, if Bermondsey reveals anything, it shows that supporters of these two opposing policies are fairly equally matched.

Now, if the Government is to win, it will not be by merely advocating its own policy, however boldly and persistently it may do so. War, reasoned and generalised, must be re-declared and maintained against Tariff Reform. Unionists must be defeated and discredited on their own ground. It can be done. Thousands of votes are being won for Tariff Reform everywhere, but they can be won back if the attack is made at once, and with such vigor and enthusiasm as is displayed by the Budget League in another direction. It is folly to ridicule it or ignore it, or even to be content with exposing its fallacies in a haphazard fashion. There is a plausible attractiveness about it which will surmount hosts of such exposures. It promises definitely more employment, and, although hecklers may laugh, and say it is not work, but wages, that they want, the ordinary man, thinking of neither as a thing apart, but of each as a condition of his security of existence, knows that if there is more employment to be had, that security will at any rate be less precarious, even if as ill rewarded.

Upholders of Free Trade must, therefore, become more active and direct critics of interference with trade by tariffs. It may be that Unionists are being led step by step to such extravagance of promise that their coming into power would only precipitate their end. But there is no reason why Tariff Reform should not be utterly routed to-day, and not merely, at the best, defeated by a narrow margin of small majorities. Tariff Reformers themselves have already familiarised their adherents with the use and arithmetic of trade statistics, and a closer study of the conditions of industry and commerce. It now remains for Free Traders to seize that advantage, and, by a concentrated onslaught of criticism and exposure, to carry that education further to its ultimate Free Trade understanding. Free Trade is too negative and too much on its defence. It must become positive. It must insist again and again that Tariff Reform will restrict trade, that it will cause more and more unemployment, that it will not only increase the cost of living, but that it will refuse the manufacturer the right to seek the best market as a purchaser, and therefore handicap his opportunities as a seller. Convinced Free Traders know all this, but they have to win back the converts to

Tariff Reform, and they have to hold also those who are wavering. But this cannot be done without a sustained Free Trade campaign. The time is ripe for it.—Yours, &c.,
TOGA.

Bedford, October 30th, 1909.

A PROPHECY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In the "Civil and Military Gazette" (Lahore) I wrote on December 7th, 1905, as follows:—"The Liberal majority in 1906 will exceed all Liberal majorities since 1833. Moreover, it is absurd for Conservatives to expect that Lord Rosebery will be appointed Prime Minister, for it is quite certain that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will fill that office should his health permit. Among new names likely to be found in the Liberal Ministry are Winston Churchill, Lloyd George, Haldane, and John Burns. This last appointment will be made to appease the Labor Party."

My prophecy was so wonderfully accurate that the Editor, the late Mr. Stevenson, wrote to congratulate me upon it. Owing to such success in the past my present prediction may have some interest to readers of *THE NATION*. I predict that the Lords will reject the Budget on its second reading on or about November 25th, and that a General Election will take place early in January, which will result in a majority for the present Government of about a hundred and forty. Several seats will be captured by the Tories, especially in London and the Home Counties; but the position in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales will remain virtually unaltered.—Yours, &c.,

JOSHUA BROOKES.

November 3rd, 1909.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE GENERAL ELECTION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The parties in the State have been blowing up the fire, and if the House of Lords rejects the Budget the iron will be hot. If it is necessary then to have a General Election, the Liberal Party can strike with effect. But if the Lords do not reject the Budget, the iron will be cold. If the House is dissolved, and the Liberal Party strikes on the cold iron, it will hurt itself. The excitement has been got up upon one issue—the House of Lords and the Budget. If the Commons triumph without a dissolution, to follow that triumph by a dissolution will be a tactical error. There is plenty of work for the Commons to do during the next two years. Some good Bills, no doubt, will be carried through both Houses and become law, such as the Labor Assurance Bill, and a Bill for the extension of old age pensions. Other Bills will go through the Commons, but won't become law. A Registration Reform Bill, including for the second time a "one man one vote" clause, will go through the Commons, and doubtless will be rejected by the Lords. Then the iron will be hot. Then the Liberal Party can strike with good effect. I do not wish to be interpreted as saying that even if the Lords do reject the Budget, there ought therefore to be an immediate dissolution. I am no lawyer, but if the Government can devise some means of collecting the necessary taxes notwithstanding the refusal of the House of Lords, or some means of enforcing the passage of the Finance Bill through the Lords after a first rejection, that would be far more satisfactory from a constitutional point of view than any victory at the polls.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD LUPTON.

7, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

November 1st, 1909.

RADICAL VERSUS UNIONIST LAND REFORM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your issue of October 30th you published Mr. Lloyd George's article entitled "The Issue of the Budget," and, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer devoted a considerable part of his article to my person and to a scheme of land reform which I outlined in the "Nineteenth Century Review" for September and October, I trust that you will kindly allow me to reply to him.

Mr. Lloyd George wrote: "The intelligent foreigner (Mr. Ellis Barker) who supplies the Tariff Reform Party

with ideas, has foreseen that the British democracy are profoundly dissatisfied with the conditions under which land is now owned and managed. He has, therefore, pressed upon his leaders—and has met with some measure of acceptance—a scheme of State purchase. But the success of such a scheme must necessarily depend on the price paid for the land. If the extravagant prices, which have hitherto accompanied every acquisition of land for public or industrial purposes, are to rule in future, the peasant proprietary of Mr. Ellis Barker is doomed to a subsidised insolvency."

Mr. Lloyd George is a politician who can apparently not refrain from personal attacks on his opponents, be they dukes or humbler individuals like myself, and he does not care in the slightest whether his assertions are true or false. I am not a foreigner, but since more than ten years a naturalised British subject, and most Liberal politicians are acquainted with this fact. I think that Mr. Lloyd George prefaced his remarks on the Unionist land reform programme with the observation that it was drawn up by "a foreigner," and pressed by that "foreigner" upon the leaders of the Unionist Party, and endorsed by them for a twofold reason. In the first place, Mr. Lloyd George apparently wished to supply the street orators with the argument: "Don't pay any attention to the Unionist land reform programme. It was drawn up by a foreigner." In the second place, he probably wished to discredit me with the Unionist Party. Mr. Lloyd George's assertion, "Mr. Ellis Barker has pressed upon his leaders—and has met with some measure of acceptance—a scheme of State purchase," is either based upon positive information or is an invention. If it is based upon information, he must have received it either through the indiscretion of one of the Unionist leaders or through my own indiscretion or treachery. To the outsider the latter would seem more probable. Mr. Lloyd George accuses me, therefore, by insinuation, of indiscretion or treachery, and I herewith challenge him to name his informant. If he is unable to name him, I must accuse him of having circulated an invention for the purpose of discrediting me in the eyes of the leaders of the party to which I have the honor to belong. His methods of controversy are scarcely worthy of a Cabinet Minister.

A policy is either good or bad, and the responsibility for the policy rests upon the party leader or leaders who propound it. If I had the desire to answer Mr. Lloyd George in his own style I should say that he is only the nominal author of his Budget, that the Budget for which he takes so much credit was not drawn up by himself, and that he has not the ability to draw up a Budget, even if he had the will to do it.

Facts take habitually a subordinate position in Mr. Lloyd George's statements. Mr. Lloyd George dismisses the land settlement proposals contained in my two "Nineteenth Century" articles with the words: "If the extravagant prices which have hitherto accompanied every acquisition of land for public or industrial purposes are to rule in future, the peasant proprietary of Mr. Ellis Barker is doomed to subsidised insolvency." That it is not my plan to pay "extravagant" prices may be seen from the following words of mine in the October issue of the "Nineteenth Century Review": "In case of compulsory purchase, the owners should receive for their land the full value, which, in case of disputes, might be determined by referees, plus a small percentage, let us say, 10 per cent., for disturbance. The solatium for disturbance should be so small as to induce owners of estates suitable for settlement rather to sell them voluntarily than to have them purchased under a compulsory plan." Whilst during the last thirty years the price of agricultural land has fallen to about half its former value in Great Britain, it has maintained its value in France, Germany, and other countries. British agricultural land is going a-begging, and is sold at present at derelict prices. My proposals therefore involve a great sacrifice for our reduced landowners, and they make it reasonably certain that small people who acquire land at present prices with the help of the Government will see the value of their land doubled and more than doubled. In his only statement of fact Mr. Lloyd George has absolutely misrepresented me.

Whilst the Unionist land policy may be summed up in the words: "Every man his own landlord," the Radical Party has adopted the Socialist policy of making the land

national property. Mr. Lloyd George writes in his pronouncement, published by THE NATION: "The new State valuation must be the basis for all plans of communal purchase. On this basis municipalities ought to buy the land which is essential to the development of their towns. And the State could also buy up land necessary to the policy of re-creating rural life in Great Britain." Mr. Lloyd George has let the cat out of the bag. He has thrown away the mask of Liberalism. We know now that it is the ideal of Mr. Lloyd George and of his party that the State should own all the agricultural land and that the municipalities should own all the town land, a policy which, if honestly carried out, would add £4,000,000,000 to our National Debt. The land acquired by the State and by the municipalities would be let to private people. The private landlord would be replaced by the official. The ownership of land would become a Government monopoly. The people would pay their rent, not to private owners, but to Government officials. Do they desire such a change?

The private landlord is, no doubt, a nuisance, for nobody likes to pay the rent, but a political landlord is an abomination. The private landlord must be fair to his tenants. He cannot afford to make himself disliked. He is influenced by human feelings, by local opinion, by the Press, and if he acts unfairly he can easily be restrained by the law. But "the community" has neither a soul to save nor a body to kick nor a conscience to appeal to. It acts by red tape regulations. The land taxes are popular because the people have been told that they will lower their rent. If the people are made aware of the deception, and if they are asked at the next General Election whether they wish for a crazy settlement of the land problem such as Mr. Lloyd George wishes to effect, or whether they prefer the common-sense settlement which the Unionists favor; if they are asked whether they would like to have "the community" for landlords, or whether they would rather be their own landlords, I have little doubt as to their decision. If Mr. Lloyd George is wise, he will hasten to explain away the preposterous programme of land nationalisation which he has announced in his article in THE NATION.—Yours, &c.,

J. ELLIS BARKER.

Constitutional Club,
Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.
November 3rd, 1909.

[We quite accept Mr. "Ellis Barker's" statement that "since more than ten years" he is a naturalised British subject, though within that period he appears to have paid slightly more attention to our politics than to the mechanism of our barbarous tongue.—ED., NATION.]

LIBERAL WOMEN AND THE FRANCHISE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As a life-long and very strong supporter of the world-wide movement for granting the franchise to women, it seems to me quite clear that the Liberal women ought to aid strenuously the Government in the stupendous contest now inevitable in one form or another. They ought to remember that it is to the Liberals they owe their municipal freedom. But, apart from this remembrance, they ought never to cease to recollect that, if the main provisions of the Budget become law, their position will not only be improved greatly, though, it may be, indirectly, but their vantage ground from which to obtain the other reforms they deem needful will be increased in a marked degree. For brevity's sake to name only Old Age Pensions and the licensing duties—with the revenue for the former and other social reforms assured, and the impetus which temperance will receive from the latter, the energies of right-minded women will have greater scope. Then, looking at the matter from another standpoint, does any right-thinking woman suppose that the advent of the Conservatives to power would bring at once an adequate franchise measure? The surmise of those best informed leads one to think that two-thirds at least of the Liberals are in favor of granting the franchise to women, and only one-third of their opponents are so inclined.—Yours, &c.,

MACKENZIE BELL.

Athenæum Club, November 2nd, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Referring to your correspondence on this subject, I should like to confirm the views expressed in your correspondent, Catherine Ryle's letter.

I am deeply interested in the question of the franchise for women, but find it quite impossible to join any of the principal societies for promoting it, because of their policy with regard to the bye-elections. If women want to vote, they must, so long as the Government of their country consists of "parties," show themselves of value to the Party with whom they are in sympathy. Certainly I think a woman should count herself first a Liberal and then a woman. She is asking for a political right, and must prove herself to be a politician in order to gain it.

We must not do wrong that good may come, and it cannot be right to act contrary to one's principles.

The quarrel is with Mr. Asquith, not with Liberalism; and I am sure this question, like all others, will never be settled except upon a Party basis.

If, at the outset, the women with Unionist views had joined the Primrose League, and those with Liberal views the National Liberal Federation, and shown their value to these societies, we might by this time have had the franchise, but acting as they do at present, they alienate the sympathy of all Parties.

I am not condemning their militant methods. When justice is denied a subject, there comes a time when force is justified; but if they will continue to be the enemies of the Party who must in time support them, I really cannot see how they can expect friendly treatment in return. Let them work hard in the interest of the Liberal candidate at the next election, should there be one before the General Election (or at the General Election), then see what the answer of the Liberal Party will be to their claim. For my part, I think it will at least be treated with respect and consideration, as all men of any intelligence appear to me to see the justice of the claim.—Yours, &c.,

KATE CHANDLER.

20, Westgate Terrace,
South Kensington, S.W.
October 31st, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am a Liberal of the third generation, and an official of two Liberal Associations, and I have bought THE NATION from its first number. On this record, may I venture to suggest that it might be for the good of the party if our Front Bench would give serious consideration to the position of such of your readers—and their number is undoubtedly considerable—as are in my case with regard to the question of the suffrage.

Rooted in Liberalism as I have been, I cannot, of course, remember the time when the denial of effective representation and the full privileges of citizenship to the half of the population which is on a mental and moral equality with the other half, demonstrated by the fact of being its mothers, sisters, and wives, impressed me as anything else than the negation of Progressive principles.

During the last year or two, and particularly during the last two months, my position as a Liberal has been very difficult. There is no use in pretending that at Liberal meetings, attended by some of our most responsible leaders, there has not been, for a long period and as a usual thing, unpardonable unseemliness and brutality in dealing with "A Voice," whenever it has proceeded from a woman, or from a man enlightened enough to sympathise with the point of view of women, and to do what he could to help their cause. I was brought up to think, not only that "A Voice" and sharply-fired questions were legitimate features of a public meeting, and that the politician who was not ready to meet civil opposition respectfully and good-humoredly should keep away from the platform, but that effective interjection and skilful heckling at public meetings were a minority's right, which Liberalism, in its struggle with Reaction, could not too carefully cherish. During the Bermondsey election, I see, some Liberals were thrown out of a Tariff Reform meeting after the fashion in which women have been treated at their own. Having never heard about sauce for the goose being sauce for the gander, they actually took their bruised arms, faces, and hats to the platform of

a Liberal meeting for sympathy! Is there any drollery quite like the drollery of politicians?

The inexcusable ill-usage of women who have exercised the time-honored right of people who attend a public meeting to express dissent, though a sad feature in the history of the Liberal Party, does not, unhappily, stand alone. The remarks which not a few Liberal leaders have thought fit to make during the painful scenes which have taken place have been unworthy. I need quote only from Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Newcastle, and I do so very carefully:—

"They complain when we tax mineral rights. They said: 'We do not object to pay the tax. All we do object to is the form of the tax.' (A Voice: 'The women object to pay taxes because they don't get representation')—the interrupter was hustled out desperately resisting. Mr. Lloyd George: There are many ways of earning a living, and I suppose that is one of them; and that is one of the most objectionable of them, I think. You see men building trade and businesses, some small, some great, by their industry, by their skill, by their energy, by their enterprise, not merely maintaining themselves and their families, but putting something by for evil days. Hundreds and thousands of them belong to the Liberal Party. (A Voice: 'And women')—the interrupter after a struggle was ejected. Mr. Lloyd George: If there are any more of these hiring gentlemen perhaps they will make their demonstrations all at the same time; I think it will save them a little."

According to our old Liberal ideas, more legitimate interjections by "A Voice" were never made at a public meeting.

Since Mr. Lloyd-George's speech I have been asked by my local Liberal Association to subscribe a trifle towards the circulation of a little monthly magazine containing the portrait and claims of our candidate for the division. I have also been asked by my divisional association to do something in the same direction. With what ease of mind can one comply if our candidate, a new man of whom I know little, may, in his treatment of women interrupters at his meetings, take the Chancellor of the Exchequer as his exemplar?

As for the forcible feeding business, dealt with so honestly and so promptly by the "Manchester Guardian," one had thought one belonged to a party which held respect for the personal dignity of the prisoner for conscience sake as an article of faith, one had known Liberalism eager to cherish the principle of the liberty of the subject "as far away as Paris is," or Poland or Naples or Bulgaria, one had remembered how faithfully the party Press dealt with physical force methods in Muscovite prisons and in Irish—when Mr. Balfour was gaoler.

At a time when the battle is to be joined on the Budget, it is, of course, extremely trying to the political temper for women to be "confusing the issue." But when the fight over the Education Bill, and then the Licensing Bill, was going forward, women were also adjured to stand aside. Obviously they are entitled to ask what evidence they have for believing that their turn will come by a definite date. They were advised by the late Premier that they should be heard for their much speaking; but great and vital questions, on which the views and co-operation of women are most essential, are apparently to be taken in hand before the performance of what is at once an act of justice, and, as every enlightened Liberal who looks to the future must feel, an act of political necessity.

Although one learnt nothing about it in one of the Liberal newspapers I read, I believe it to be the fact that the Women's Social and Political Union held from twenty to thirty anti-Government meetings daily in Bermondsey during the election. One has heard the Liberals pretending that the leaders of the W.S.P.U. are Tories—I mention the W.S.P.U. as the suffrage society which has been able to raise within four years £50,000 for its campaign—as if any informed person needed to be told of the Radicalism of a Pankhurst, or that the Pethick Lawrences, who have set going a paper which now calls for votes for women and denounces the Government in thirty thousand copies a week, were Fabians. Does anyone doubt that a large proportion of the members of the W.S.P.U.—only one among the half-dozen suffrage societies—are Liberals? It seems curious party leadership that ensures all their influence being thrown against the Government at a General Election, when every possible vote should be recorded against the Lords.

The leaders of the W.S.P.U. may have made mistakes. Few people in public life have not. But it is the convinced opinion of some of your readers, whose Progressive principles are not less ardent than those of any member of this Government, that, when the history of our time is written a quarter of a century hence, it will be held that it was by the contemned suffragette that the banner of Liberty was kept flying.

Mr. Lloyd George has been writing in your columns. Will he not show us the quality of his statesmanship by responding in *THE NATION* to your wise appeal to those who are of the councils of the party to take steps by which the co-operation of the most progressive women of our day may be secured at a critical juncture for Liberalism?—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL JOURNALIST.

November 2nd, 1909.

Poetry.

TO ONE DYING IN THE CAUSE OF SCIENCE.

J. H. W., M.R.C.S., Eng.

Died October, 1909, of infection contracted in preparing an anti-toxin serum with which another life was saved.

LOSING his life in saving life,
Passing in early prime,
His spirit's triumph in the strife
Mocks at our measured time:

For many a long-drawn life of toil
In soul-tilth, hour by hour,
Shows never such a wealth of soil
As brought his life to flower:

To bloom of lightheart bravery
Fair grown as it grew fast,
Fragrant with finest courtesy
And flawless to the last.

For twice he saw the seasons roll,
His world shrunk to one room,
And, curbing fast an uncurbed soul,
He faced his threatened doom.

And still, as the grey Shadow drew
More near, with summons grim,
With knightly grace he laughed and threw
The challenge back to him.

And ever, 'neath rude buffetings,
As strength and hope grew less,
He rose, in great and little things,
To tenderer thoughtfulness.

O heart that loved him as thine own,
O young lives that he gave,
Be comforted, a soul so grown
Knows nothing of the grave!

The flower that 'neath such tempest sprang,
The soul that upward fought
To life where deadliest battle rang,
Was never framed for nought.

HABBERTON LULHAM.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Heart of the Antarctic." By E. H. Shackleton, C.V.O. (Heinemann. 2 vols. 36s. net.)
 "The Autobiography of Sir Henry M. Stanley." Edited by Lady Stanley. (Sampson Low. 21s. net.)
 "Christianity at the Cross-Roads." By George Tyrrell. (Longmans. 5s. net.)
 "Italian Hours." By Henry James. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. (Heinemann. 25s. net.)
 "The Life of Mrs. Norton." By Jane Gray Perkins. (Murray. 12s. net.)
 "On Everything." By H. Belloc. (Methuen. 5s.)
 "Sir Wilfrid Lawson: A Memoir." Edited by the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "High Albania." By M. Edith Durham. (Arnold. 14s. net.)
 "Sir Philip Sidney." By Percy Addleshaw. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Natural and Social Morals." By Carveth Read. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "In Three Legations." By Madame Charles de Bunsen. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "China: Its Marvel and Mystery." By F. Hodgson Liddell. (Allen. 21s. net.)
 "The Hills and the Vale." By Richard Jefferies. (Duckworth. 6s.)
 "Jesus or Christ?" The Hibbert Journal Supplement for 1909. (Williams & Norgate. 5s. net.)
 "Religion and the Modern World." St. Ninián Lectures. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.)
 "The Florentine Frame." By Elizabeth Robins. (Murray. 6s.)
 "Villa Rubein, and Other Stories." By John Galsworthy. (Duckworth. 6s.)
 "La Psychologie Sociale de Gabriel Tarde." Par Amédée Matagrin. (Paris: Alcan. 5fr.)
 "Figaro et ses Devanciers." Par Frantz Funck-Brentano et Paul d'Estrée. (Paris: Hachette. 3fr. 50.)
 "La Valeur Sociale de l'Evangile." Par L. Garriguet. (Paris: Bloud. 3fr. 50.)
 "Du Sang, de la Volupté et de la Mort." Nouvelle Edition. Par Maurice Barrès. (Paris: Paul. 3fr. 50.)

* * *

MESSRS KING, who are proposing to take a larger share in the publication of political and general literature, have in hand a volume of political essays by Mr. J. A. Hobson, for issue immediately after Christmas. In the earlier part of this work Mr. Hobson discusses the constitutional issues raised by the action of the House of Lords, and presents the case for a comprehensive Reform Bill with a Referendum as a substitute for the veto of a second chamber. The relations between Liberalism and Socialism form the subject of another section of the work, while the later chapters discuss the new democratic programme in industrial, social, and educational reform. Mr. Hobson is one of the ablest and most independent of modern thinkers and writers on political and social topics, so that the coming volume will be welcomed by students

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SOME time ago, when speaking of the services rendered by foreign scholars to English literary history, we spoke of the monograph on John Lyly which Professor Feuillerat of Rennes has in preparation. The Cambridge University Press now announces that the volume will be published early next year. It will contain particulars of important discoveries concerning Lyly's life, and will add much to our knowledge of the social import of "Euphuism."

* * *

THERE never was a time like the present for publishing the letters of everybody with the slightest claim to distinction, and, following the prevailing fashion, the centenary of Professor Blackie's birth has been marked by the issue, through Messrs. Blackwood, of a collection of letters written by him to his wife and to other members of his family. In Blackie's case the publication is justified, for, though these letters relate nothing of any importance, they enable readers to form a notion of his quaint, picturesque, rattling, and vivacious personality, while they also provide glimpses of several of his famous contemporaries. Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, Gladstone, the two Newmans, Jowett, Stanley, Thirlwall, Mark Pattison, Tyndall, Matthew Arnold, and a crowd of others are mentioned. Of Carlyle

he writes: "I knocked up Carlyle, a strange mixture of grey, weather-beaten solemnity and hilarity; full of sweeping denunciations as usual, but not at all bitter. I scribbled a note on him on my return: 'Carlyle is strong to arouse by a tremendous moral force, and to startle by vivid and striking pictures; but he has neither wisdom to guide those whom he has roused, nor sobriety to tone his pictures down to reality. He is always talking about veracity, but he habitually revels in exaggeration and one-sided presentation, which is more than a lie.' But we fraternised in a brotherly way, and embraced on parting." Browning, he says, was "frank, free, and full of talk, altogether an agreeable, natural, sound-headed, and sound-hearted man, with no poetical or other nonsense about him: a direct, manly, hard-hitting Englishman, as in his most effective works he certainly appears."

* * *

BLACKIE'S theological liberalism—from which he never wavered—is reflected all through the volume. He was a great sermon-taster, and speaks in high terms of the preaching of Stanley, Jowett, Haweis, and Dr. Stopford Brooke. His greatest praise is reserved for Dr. Horton, whom he declares to be "a man worth going a thousand miles to hear. . . . He is certainly the best preacher that I have heard during a long life of church-going. Equal in dignity and gesture to Dr. Guthrie, less flowery and more solid, utterly unconventional, and not in the least vulgar—a model preacher in every respect." At a dinner given in 1883 by Holman Hunt at Fulham, Blackie mentions as among the guests "Mr. Clodd, a literary man of Broad Church sympathies." We wonder whether Mr. Edward Clodd would admit the accuracy of the description?

* * *

WITHIN the past couple of weeks both Professor Lombroso's book and Mr. Stead's articles have directed public attention to spiritualism. Another contribution to the subject will be Mr. Hereward Carrington's "Eusapia Palladino and Her Phenomena." It gives an account of experiments made, with the help of the Italian medium, by Lombroso, Richet, Flammarion, Sir Oliver Lodge, and others. Eusapia Palladino's trickery was exposed some years ago at Cambridge, but the men of science just mentioned believe that there has been nothing fraudulent in what they witnessed. A full narrative of her career is contained in Mr. Carrington's book.

* * *

WE have heard a rumor that the collection of "diversions and perversions" in verse, entitled "Goodchild's Garland," by "Henry Nemo," which Mr. Elkin Matthews has just published, is the work of Mr. Henry Newbolt. The book contains a number of thoroughly fresh and delightful rhymes about children.

* * *

THE second volume of Mr. Aylmer Maude's biography of Tolstoy will be published early in the New Year by Messrs. Constable. The first volume dealt with the first fifty years of Tolstoy's life, and the coming instalment will bring the record down to the present day. Mr. Maude is at present visiting Count Tolstoy in Russia, and Countess Tolstoy is reading the volume before publication, to ensure its accuracy.

* * *

MR. W. C. BROWNELL, the American critic, whose collection of essays called "Victorian Prose Masters," was published in this country some years ago, has finished a companion volume, "American Prose Masters," which will be issued immediately. It contains critical essays on Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, Cooper, Lowell, and Mr. Henry James, and, judging from its predecessor, it is likely to be a fresh and suggestive piece of work.

* * *

WE understand that Mr. Arthur Hayden is preparing a biography of Josiah Wedgwood, the famous English potter. Mr. Hayden is known as an authority upon all matters relating to English earthenware in the eighteenth century. The Wedgwood family have placed their private store of biographical material at his disposal for the coming work.

Reviews.

CHINA IN COLOR PICTURES.*

EASTERN Asia is no longer a mysterious realm known in part only to the medieval traveller and the Jesuit missionary. Traveller, diplomatist, and missionary vie with each other in describing its rice plains, mountain ranges, and city and village life. The photographer with his camera has been in every province from the Gulf of Tonquin to the Great Wall, and now the artist is sketching its shrines, pavilions, creeks, and flower gardens, and helping the imagination of those who must stay at home, to realise the richly-colored atmospheres which sometimes enfold these sub-tropical scenes. The two books before us reach a high level of excellence and form an instructive contrast to the illustrations of Chinese scenes and industries which were published three-quarters of a century ago. The workmanship of Mr. Mortimer Menpes is well known to the public, and these admirable color processes reproduce its characteristic qualities with little abatement from its original interest. The Chinese faces are singularly life-like. In two or three pictures the suggestion of red in the flesh-tints is perhaps rather too marked, and would go far to discredit the usage of describing the Chinese as "The Yellow Race." In a face reflecting the sunset, or flushed with samshoo, or tingling with the flick of the northern cold, the red might be seen, but it is scarcely ever found south of the Yangtze River. Miss Kemp's water-color sketches of landscapes, temples, monasteries, and bridges sample the country as a whole, and convey a more natural impression of its characteristics, although she falls behind the better-known artist in treating the Chinese features, as also in the brilliant reflections on stone-work. Her Chinese figures are small in scale, and there seems a tendency, perhaps due to the printing processes, to make the face unduly wide. The features of the group in the opium refuge are not cadaverous enough, and must surely represent complete convalescence. One face in the foreground is unnaturally elongated. It is not impossible, but in the course of a long sojourn in China the present writer only once met with such a departure from the normal type, and the man was at once picked out from the rank and file and nicknamed by his polite friends "Horse Face." Two accurate studies of the Miao and Shan physiognomies deserve the attention of those anthropologists who are interested in the Indo-Chinese races. The color sketches of both volumes surpass anything that has yet been done in bringing China before the public. They convey everything but the nervous depression often produced by these gorgeous sunsets and the odors which haunt the creeks.

The letterpress of the Menpes volume, from the pen of an ex-Governor of the Colony of Hong Kong, is not worthy of the pictures with which it is interleaved, and has been huddled together without any reference to them. Sir Henry Blake is not a well-instructed authority upon Chinese questions. He has seen the things he has been taken to see in a sedan chair carried by as many coolies as a viceroy's, and has heard certain things told him by official interpreters and half-Anglicised Chinamen. A greater jumble than some of the chapters, paragraphs, and sentences it would be difficult to imagine. In the same chapter the reader will find a description of the Yangtze River, a few remarks about the Ming tombs at Nanking, jerky jottings of a visit to Peking, and one-sided excerpts from the report of the Singapore Opium Commission. Sir Henry Blake uses the popular artist as a sandwichman to advertise reactionary views resurrected in the interests of Crown Colony finance. It is to be hoped Mr. Mortimer Menpes feels flattered by the uses to which his talent is put. A description of the Canton flower-boats gives an unwholesome "whiffiness" to one of the pages. It is no discredit to a Hong Kong official that he should have the courage to be pro-Chinese, but he surely carries the thing too far when he hints a preference for the flower-boat to our own form of the social evil. Eighty per cent. of the Chinese population, in spite of its

many frailties, manages to muddle along without the flower-boat. Our author is not always accurate as a transmitter of second-hand information. He says that the rice is first planted in a nursery. That term may perhaps be used to describe the little corner of the field which is first flooded into slush and used as a seed-plot before the transplanting begins, but the word conveys a wrong impression to the average English reader. We are told that the Chinese mandarin is fond of visiting his friends and engaging in conversation over a friendly cup of tea. In official visits the cup of tea is the sign that the interview is closed.

In many parts of the book bits of sentences are dumped together, and no attempt is made to link them into logical intelligibility. Incongruous things lie side by side like the various articles on the counter of a marine store-dealer. We are told of the Chinese farmer, "He has not often more than one wife, who, being entirely at his mercy, rules him with a rod of iron, and to whom as a rule he leaves the emotional part of the religion of his family." The description of a Chinese theatre ends thus: "When the play is finished, if there are wealthy men present servants come in laden with strings of copper cash, which are laid upon the stage." After describing the means of locomotion in Shanghai with gharries for the wealthy, he adds, "and for the poorer Chinese the ubiquitous wheelbarrow mentioned by Milton, that is palpably the one-wheeled progenitor of the Irish jaunting car." Speaking of the Happy Valley Cemetery, Hong Kong, we are informed that "here Christian and Mohammedan, Eastern and Western, rest from their labors, while below them in the oval valley, every sport and game of England is in full swing." The dissimilar associations that creep into the sentence half imply that these polyglot ghosts have a great time at the Hong Kong races.

The only information of interest or original value which Sir Henry gives is drawn from his own experience as a Colonial Governor. If he does not claim to be a Puritan moralist, he has humane instincts. He congratulates himself that when he had to extradite two Chinese criminals, he induced the Chinese Viceroy to promise that if a sentence of capital punishment had to be carried out, it should not be preceded by the customary method of extorting confession by torture. On p. 65 he gives a curious fact, which shows how great changes turn upon small incidents in our home legislation. At one time certain cotton goods needed for the Chinese market were bought in Germany and shipped from English ports. When the Merchandise Marks Act was passed these goods arrived bearing the German stamp. The native merchants went to the German Consul and asked if it would not be possible to deal direct with the manufacturers. The result is the goods are now sent from Germany, with unforeseen results. Some days the German steamers in Hong Kong harbor outnumber the British. It is difficult to believe our eyes when we read in these pages that in the native quarter of the colony of Hong Kong land has changed hands at £160,000 an acre. The land, we believe, is Crown land, held on long leases. Those who administer Crown Colonies with such increments to deal with can surely raise revenue in other ways than by exploiting the vices of the Chinaman. We can understand Sir Henry's statement that he has rarely seen a coolie reduced to squalor and beggary by opium-smoking. Perhaps he seeks other pastures than the highway of an expensive Colony when he is nearing the starvation line. The West End prodigal does not haunt Cavendish and Berkeley Squares after he has pawned his shirt. The enormous price of land has to do with the woes of other cities besides London, Liverpool, and Sheffield. The plague will not be dislodged from its stronghold in the native quarters of Hong Kong till these conditions are changed.

"The Face of China" is a modest title for a book of travels, and perhaps the writer does not claim to do more than give casual sketches of the country and its inhabitants. But Miss Kemp has well-trained powers of observation, knows how to sift her facts, and is able to set them forth with no little grace of style. She has covered some of the ground traversed by the late Mrs. Bishop and Mrs. Archibald Little, and in literary craftsmanship is quite the equal of those accomplished ladies. She spent twelve months with her sister and her brother-in-law, a medical missionary, in Taiyuanfu, before the days of the Boxer riots. This apprenticeship evidently

* "China." By Mortimer Menpes and Sir H. A. Blake. A. & C. Black. 5s. net.

"The Face of China." By E. G. Kemp. Chatto & Windus. 20s. net.

gave her a good foundation of knowledge and courage for the adventures of after years. On her journey into Shansi, described in Chapter IX, she was entertained by a courtly Chinese evangelist, who was afterwards martyred in the great tribulation, together with his flock of forty-one members. She saw the full cycle of native life in this famous city of the Chinese Hinterland. In subsequent journeys she visited the birth-place and tomb of Confucius, Tai Shan, the Olympus of the Chinese Classics, and the Buddhist Monastery at Omi, half-way up into the clouds. One of the Buddhist monasteries in Szchwan she found more wholesome in tone and less repulsive than a Peking monastery known to most travellers. Accompanied by a lady friend and a Chinese interpreter from St. John's College, Shanghai, who seems to have served the party with shrewdness, fidelity, and unfailing cheerfulness, she ascended the famous gorges beyond Ichang, and passed through Yunnan to Burma. Against the advice of some friends, she went quite unarmed, and found her confidence in the good feeling of the people justified. No serious incivility was encountered. In her preface she observes: "It is no wonder some travellers should meet with incivility, considering the methods of dealing with natives they adopt." Miss Kemp managed to make her will prevail with baggage-coolies and chair-bearers who did not always wish to face unpromising weather and had their own ideas about suitable lodging-places for the night. Her sympathies are with the Chinese, and she has not only limned the "Face of China," but has got nearer to its heart than most travellers. In Western China she saw some of the races which preceded the Chinese in possession of the soil. Amongst the Lolos the birth of daughters is more prized than that of sons, and woman is chivalrously respected in tribal warfare. The last chapter, on "The Present Position in China," is of great interest and value, and brings our information down to some of the most recent developments.

AN ENGLISH SALON.*

THE social world is roughly, but definitely, divisible by two. Half of it, without knowing Lady St. Helier, know all about her; the other half, those who know her well, find her an enigma. To one set her house is a by-word; to the other it is something like a shrine. Those to whom she is but a name think of her as the person who broke down the old order and made society "Bohemian"; those to whom she is more than a name do not regard her as a reformer or a destroyer at all. Some there are who speak of her despitefully. It is remarkable that these are invariably persons who, not knowing her, know all about her. Among the others there is never an ill word, or an ill thought, touching her. It seems odd to be writing thus in public about a private person; but that arises from the nature of the case. Lady St. Helier has long been something akin to a national institution. Her private relationships with the world have long been open and extensive. Now she has herself disclosed them all, or at least as much of them as can be dealt with in a volume of reasonable size. One's first impression, after reading the book, is that Lady St. Helier has hardly done justice to her theme. Many notable persons whom one has met under her roof are unmentioned. Call this an autobiography? In comparison with what she could have written had she wished, it is no more than a causerie suggested by a single evening party.

The volume does not contain many "stories," and of the few it does give the best are already familiar. Indeed, Lady St. Helier seems to have but a poor memory for non-essential things. Her strength, as revealed in this book, lies in a swift and sure appreciation of character. The chapters in which she makes a set survey of her friends read as if they were sections of "Who's Who" translated into the most vivid of modern journalism. Not a single sketch is weak. One here or there, such as that of the Duchess of Marlborough, mother of Lord Randolph Churchill, is only to be called great.

"Nothing was more beautiful, more touching, than her

devotion to her son. She lived for nobody else, and when, after the death of her husband, she came and settled in London, the whole of her life was devoted to helping his political career, as far as she could, with all the might of her deep, passionate admiration, great ability, and social influence. Lord Randolph's affection for his mother was very deep and sincere, and he attached much importance to her opinion. She was very judicious, very tactful, never obtruding herself in any way, but watching all the developments of his life, quietly and silently helping when she felt she could; or, what is perhaps a greater trial to a woman, standing by patiently and doing nothing. In all the eventful moments of his life she extended to him the same watchful and devoted affection. I shall never forget the bright ecstasy and joy with which she welcomed his being made Leader of the House of Commons. I went to say good-bye to her before leaving for Scotland, and shall always remember the passionate delight with which she spoke of it. To her it was, as it were, a political *Nunc Dimittis*. He had reached the height of his ambition, and she was content. One hardly likes to remember the poignant grief and disappointment that his resignation was to her, and yet she never blamed him, and always thought that whatever he did was right; and through the remaining years of his life she followed the terrible tragedy in silence, eating her heart out, and yet trying to keep a brave face before him and the world. And when the end came, and all that she had loved was laid to rest at Woodstock, the pathos of that moment was indescribable—that she had lived to see him die!"

Can one wonder that a woman who has the tender understanding of humanity which these passages reveal is loved by those who know her? Surely not. For many years there has been a general puzzlement as to Lady St. Helier's position. How did she manage to maintain it in despite of the common knowledge that her parties were extraordinarily "mixed"? The general theory was that her social success was the outcome of a deep-laid political plot. If she threw her doors open to the notabilities of democracy, and kept them open, the Tory nobility would come too; distinctions of all sorts, patrician and proletarian, would fraternise; and Toryism would take the rising democratic wind from the sails of the enemy. This was all nonsense. It was not only the Tory grandees who frequented the house of Lady St. Helier. From Gladstone to Mr. Chamberlain in his Republican days, all the statesmen and aspiring politicians were there as well. Lady St. Helier herself, it is true, was always a Tory; but that was a matter of no importance to any Radical, however red. Lord Salisbury, Lord Halsbury, Lord Randolph, and the others of that school gave her their friendship no more readily than Liberals such as Bright and Nationalists like Parnell. Thus her political attitude does not account for Lady St. Helier's position. Another explanation was that she alone in London sought to have a *salon* as *salons* are understood in Paris. That hypothesis was equally feeble. For many a year other ladies have been trying to rival her. Not one of them has succeeded. That the efforts are not generally known about is accounted for by the simple fact that a lady never avows an endeavor in that line of life. Lady St. Helier, though singularly lacking in self-consciousness, thinks that the peculiar popularity with which her *salon* has been favored was an incidental but inevitable result "of Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill." That, too, is ridiculous. Society would have had its likes, dislikes, and indifferences even if we had been still the narrowest oligarchy. Our entertaining annalist is what she is, delightful because of a certain instinctive, unselfish sympathy with every generous aspiration.

ARCHITECTURE AND EVOLUTION.*

It is a great pleasure, and, in these days, unhappily, a rare one, to light upon a book of which both the writing and the illustrations are the fruit of long and disinterested thought and study. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell have known and loved France, and especially French architecture, for many years. Their intimacy is of the kind permitted only to those whose daily work, as well as pleasure, is engrossed by their subject. It was natural that the intricate yet expressive lines

* "Memories of Fifty Years." By Lady St. Helier (Mary Jeune). Arnold. 15s. net.

* "French Cathedrals." By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. Unwin. 20s. net.

of Gothic architecture, with its richness of detail and vigor of purpose, should appeal strongly to Mr. Pennell's talent as an artist, for that talent was as specifically linear in character as the architecture it was devoted to illustrating. There is a quality in the incisive, cleaving little strokes of the etching-needle which corresponds, perhaps, as closely as the methods of an alien art may, with the elaborate, delicate, yet essentially energetic chisel work of Gothic design. Mr. Pennell began his Gothic studies many years ago in England. His successful illustrations of the English cathedrals led to a demand on the part of the "Century Magazine" for a series of the great churches of France. The commission must have exactly hit off the artist's wishes. French Gothic is the Gothic of the centre, the only Gothic that works out freely and fully the idea which may be said to inspire the Gothic style. It was in the French atmosphere of Gothic that Mr. Pennell realised, perhaps, most fully his vocation.

"The work," Mrs. Pennell writes—the work of illustrating the French churches—"before it came to an end, carried us north and south, east and west, from one cathedral town to another; it kept us in each sometimes for weeks, sometimes for months; it spread over eighteen years, so that we got to know them all with an intimacy that visiting them for pleasure alone could never have given us." It has fallen to Mrs. Pennell's lot to write the accounts, historical and descriptive, of the buildings thus deliberately studied and almost, for considerable periods of time, lived in, and admirably has she fulfilled her task. Architecture is the art which, more vividly than any other, embodies the thoughts and the lives of its builders, and to the appreciation of its message Mrs. Pennell brought a natural quickness of sympathy as well as a literary talent entirely adequate to the expression of her ideas and emotions. The result of so happy and unusual a combination of gifts is a work which can lay claim, if not to unreserved, at least to high praise—a work which, if it seems sometimes not quick to grasp the depth of the human meaning and interest of its subject, yet does convey much of that meaning and interest, and conveys them, moreover, in terms that carry ready conviction and assent.

What we have to say by way of qualification is soon said. Her acceptance of technical explanations of the evolution of the Gothic style has, as it seems to us, prevented Mrs. Pennell from completely grasping the significance of her subject from the human point of view. The Gothic style, she observes in her preface, "was based upon science," and "the laws of thrust and balance" were the predominant factors in its evolution. "Ruskin, for years, set everybody to seeking in a building the last qualities that should be looked for in it—virtue and vice, truth and falsehood, right and wrong—and the enthusiasm he kindled was for ethics, not for art. He only succeeded in preventing his devoted disciples from seeing cathedrals as they are." We must have recourse, it seems, to a professional architect if we would appreciate "the romance there is in the logic of growth and borrow some of his enthusiasm for architecture, not as a branch of ethics, but as an art and a science." True, Mrs. Pennell does not stick very consistently to this barren point of view. In the very next paragraph she refers to the associations that rightfully belong to a great cathedral and "the faith that was its inspiration," forgetting that half a minute ago the laws of thrust and balance were supposed to be its inspiration; but, still, it is also true that what she has learnt of the technical "explanation" of Gothic does more or less adhere to her mind and does constantly stand between her and a full appreciation of the Gothic style, just as it has stood, and still stands, between hundreds of others and a full appreciation of that style. It is, we believe, a fact that the technical explanation which accounts for an architectural style as a "growth"—that is to say, as an inevitable evolution from preceding structural forms, has done more to kill interest in the subject of architecture than any other cause whatever.

We wish Mrs. Pennell had attempted to explain, if not to the reader, to herself, the meaning of that precious word "growth" as applied to architecture. If she had done so, she would have found that, considered as a cause and origin of changes in structural forms, it can have no meaning whatever. All changes in architecture have been dictated by changes in human needs, human character, human

aspirations and ideals, and until such time as stones cut and quarry themselves and proceed to erect themselves without human aid, they will continue to be so dictated. There is, indeed, a coherence and continuity running through architectural development, but they do not argue a principle of growth inherent in architecture itself; they are a reflection of the coherence and continuity which pre-empt over changes and developments in human ideas. Need leads to need, thought leads to thought, and, slowly veering to the mind's leadership, the forms of architecture move to the embodiment of such needs and thoughts. Thus architecture is always the expression of something in the mind. It follows always the mind's guidance. It is now frivolous and mundane, now intensely spiritual, now purely intellectual, according as the spirit of the age inclines to this direction or that. Its changes are rapid or gradual to the extent to which changes of thought are rapid or gradual, and it only needs the influence of a current of totally new ideas imported by a new race for the very appearance of evolution or growth in the style to be dissipated, and a new set of structural forms to be invented to express the new requirements.

Does Mrs. Pennell doubt this? We can show her that it is so. When the Arab invasions swept over Southern Europe, the invaders set to work to build in their own image. They had no previous experience of architecture. They were hot from the sand, and had never built anything but tents all their lives. They employed Byzantine and Romanesque architects to build for them, but their fiery and restless temperaments detested the calm stability of the round arched styles, and they proceeded, instantly and without thinking twice about it, to invent all those whimsical and eccentric arch forms and other features in which their own restless impulses are so vividly embodied. Where, here, is the continuity, the logic of growth? Will anyone pretend that the placid round arch has those mad freaks inherent in its nature, that they were bound to come out, that their existence is to be accounted for by the mechanical operation of structural laws? Confront it with a crisis of this sort, confront it with a situation in which the theory of growth in the sphere of ideas does not act, and immediately that theory breaks down as an architectural explanation. No possible notion of continuity will explain the wild outburst of Arab fantasies in architecture, for they are continuous with nothing that went before; on the contrary, they stand for a sudden and violent dislocation of all pre-existing methods. There is but one thing that explains them, and that is the Arab himself. Understand him, understand his personality and temperament, and the fickle, fiery impulses that moved him to action, and you hold the clue to his so-called style of architecture. But try and find a meaning for it elsewhere, try and account for it by theories of growth and principles of thrust and balance, and it will never be anything more to you than so much rubbishy bricks and mortar.

This is so with all architecture. The meaning of it is not in itself, but is derived from man. Architects can explain to us better than anyone *how* a building is constructed, but *why* it was so constructed they have no especial means of knowing. The worst of it is that they are so intent on the *how*, and so inevitably immersed in its study, that they get to think it contains the *why*. They get to think that the means by which men carried out their designs were the cause which evolved these designs. To do this is to annihilate all but the technical interest of architecture, for such an explanation has, not human nature, but building material for its subject.

All who adopt the mechanical point of view pay for it, and Mrs. Pennell is no exception. She does not, indeed, pay so heavily as some, for she does not at every step intrude the usual little technical explanations upon us. But she pays in this—that the mere fact of having accepted the technical theory debars her from realising the entire significance of the style she is dealing with. Gothic architecture is probably the most vivid representation of life that was ever yet cast in stone, but you must accept it as such if you would get all its meaning out of it. Mrs. Pennell has written an excellent book, but she would, perhaps, have written a more excellent one still if she had never heard of the theory of "growth" and the "laws of thrust and balance."

THE UNKNOWN ISLE.*

To most English people Ireland is far more truly a foreign country than any part of Europe, except perhaps Spain and Russia. It is not only that the English seldom go there, and are entirely ignorant of Ireland's history and present condition. The mind and temperament of the people are so different, their associations and objects are so new, that the Englishman rightly feels himself a foreigner on landing, and a foreigner he remains. The more "sympathetic" he is, the more he is conscious of being a stranger. Tourists and golfers, of course, may run about in Ireland and come back gasping out comic stories and praise of their warm-hearted welcome. But tourists and golfers are foreigners nowhere, for they never leave their English home, but carry it on their backs, like snails. It is the "sympathetic" traveller who suffers as an alien—the man who goes with a real desire to be friendly with the people and understand their nature. Take Thackeray, for instance. In his account of his journey through Co. Mayo, he writes:—

"In the various cabins I have entered, I have found talking a vain matter; the people are suspicious of the stranger within their wretched gates, and are shy, sly, and silent. I have commonly only been able to get half-answers in reply to my questions, given in a manner that seemed plainly to intimate that the visit was unwelcome."

And yet, as Mr. Lynd says in quoting the passage, the district of which Thackeray was here writing is one of the most hospitable in Ireland.

Thackeray, to be sure, was just the type of the common English visitor—patronising, inquisitive, sentimental, and never losing his conscious superiority; but still we must call him "sympathetic," as English visitors go, and he only suffered in extreme degree from what everyone of his kind feels more or less. The country is foreign, and should be visited in the same spirit as Portugal or Sicily. But for those who would visit it in this spirit, or would confer on it the benefit of not visiting it at all, we can imagine no better key to the present state of the country and its own people than Mr. Lynd's new book. It is written with the knowledge that only comes from childhood's intimacy, but can often be most vividly expressed by those who have long been absent from their native home and then return. Though nominally dealing only with home life, Mr. Lynd touches upon every phase of Irish existence and every problem of to-day—farming, industrial life, marriage, population, education, superstitions, religion, politics, Sinn Fein, and many other subjects, and yet the treatment is never inhuman, statistical, or abstract. It just gives us the picture of what is really going on at the present time, as seen by an observant and grave, but gravely humorous, Irishman.

On the whole it is a hopeful picture, and to many the hopefulness will seem the strangest and most attractive part about it. Mr. Lynd devoutly believes in the rebirth of the country. He sees the new spirit revealing itself under all manner of forms—in language, in dress, in games, and even in trade. But the first and most hopeful sign of all he finds in the growing unity of the country as a whole. He counts all as Irish who were born in the country or whose fathers were born there. The Ulsterman, he says, is no longer a foreigner in Ireland, and, we suppose, he would even include within the growing sense of nationality the "shoneens," or genteel persons who pay court to the "garrison," and strive to appear more English than the English. His attitude is expressed in Parnell's saying, that "Ireland cannot spare a single Irishman," and on all sides he sees the old lines of distrust and distinction breaking down. Such taste of bitterness as he has is kept almost entirely for the Irish "gentry" or old landowning class, whom he compares to people passing through one of the wonderful places of the world in a closed carriage, with the blinds pulled down. But he believes that even the Irish aristocracy is not going to perish without hope of a blessed resurrection, and at the present moment he sees the beginnings, as it were, of a great act of national repentance, in which Irish men and women of all creeds and classes are taking part.

Mr. Lynd admits that there is plenty of call for repentance. He, of course, sets aside the common English idea that the Irish are naturally fond of dirt and un-

tidiness, and prefer to keep their pigs by the fire. Dirt has never been typical of them; the untidiness was used in self-defence, for fear the landowners should raise the rent upon them at any sign of tidy prosperity; and it is no pleasure to the peasant to be obliged sometimes to bring his live stock into the cottage for warmth, just as we bring cats and dogs into the house, though they are not so necessary for our existence. He also protests against the English "stage Irishman," whether as the result of English ideas of humor, or of Irish endeavors to please by assuming the buffoon, and one hopes it may be the last time the protest is needed. But he is not blind to the dreariness of much in Irish life:—

"It is my strenuous opinion," he writes, "that there is nothing in the world more essentially a national matter than taste—taste in dress, in food, in manners, in household arrangement—and that a people without nationality must always be a people without taste. Ireland is a country whose nationality has become as weak as watered gruel, and, until that is made strong and real again, as I believe it will be with the help of the Gaelic spirit, I see no prospect that Irish farm-houses will become beautiful and colour-haunted places, inhabited by distinctively-dressed women and well-mannered men."

An Irishman with such ideals of nationality inevitably takes "Sinn Fein" as his political faith. For "Sinn Fein," like the Indian "Swadeshi" (which means exactly the same), is simply the expression of exclusive nationality hoping to make itself independent of the dominant Power in trade, manufactures, habits, politics, language, and literature. The Sinn Feiners might take as their motto Swift's well-known advice to the Irish people: "Burn everything that comes from England, except the people and the coals." A good instance of this national determination (and it is also part of the Swadeshi creed of India) is the resolve to cut down the drink bill so that Ireland may become a financial loss to the British Treasury, instead of being a gain, as at present, and England may have one more practical reason for letting Ireland go. When these tactics of abstinence were started, it was ironically proposed to the Unionists that they should drink double to keep the Union solvent, and they took the proposal seriously, and drank as "Loyalists" never drank before. The incident is told in Mr. Lynd's chapter on "Sinn Fein," and his whole account should be read for an understanding of this far-reaching movement, which is changing the whole aspect of Irish politics and daily life. In a few lines Mr. Lynd sums it up:—

"Sinn Fein stands alone in Irish politics as having both a national and constructive policy. It aims at building a nation to include all the races and creeds and ranks that inhabit Ireland. It recognises the existence of only one race in Ireland—not the Celtic or the Gaelic or the Danish or the Norman or the Saxon, but the Irish race. It desires the revival of the national language, not because it is the language of the Gael, but because it is the traditional language of the Irish people."

The worst thing that has been happening in Ireland, as he says, is, not so much the tragedy of want of character, as the tragedy of waste of character. "Ireland is a country, not only of wasted fields, but of wasted men and women." The real problem before the country is to recover from that waste, and to allow it to continue no more; and the value of Mr. Lynd's book lies equally in his shrewd, and, as we have called them, gravely humorous pictures of present conditions, and in the hopefulness with which he points out the practical issues of a future already near.

FAITH AND ITS PSYCHOLOGY.*

No more important treatise has come of late years from an English-speaking theologian than Professor Inge's "Faith and its Psychology"; for thoroughness, for incisive phrase, for insight, it would be difficult to rate it too highly. The book is one of the first consequence; and it may seem ungrateful, since this is so, to point out a defect which does not, perhaps, affect its substance. But it is a defect which has recurred of late in so much of the writer's work that it may be well to call attention to it. This is the curious asperity of his strictures on Modernism and Modernists.

* "Home Life in Ireland." By Robert Lynd. Mills & Boon. 8s. net.

* "Faith and its Psychology." By W. R. Inge. Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.

Much of his criticism on the movement is, we think, justified. Modernism is over abstract; it is often enough "opportunism in *excelsis*"; and such apologetic as that of M. Le Roy's "Dogme et Critique" is "fundamentally unsound," both in itself and "when applied, as the Modernists apply it, to justify their own position in the Roman Church." This is true; and it should be said. But the *animus* of the critic discounts his criticism. To say that "M. Loisy's Jesus may have been a more respectable Messiah than Theudas, but he belongs to the same category," or to ask, "For whose benefit does the Modernist priest go on praying to the Queen of Heaven, whom he believes to be a purely mythical personage?" is—well, ill-mannered is the only word. "Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos:" the note of provincialism is one which, as a nation, we acquired early, and (it would appear) have not lost. "The Pope was quite right in condemning Modernism; he could not possibly have done otherwise." From a Liberal Churchman—and Dr. Inge's book is eminently that of a Liberal Churchman—this is a strange sentiment. It is possible to "protest too much." Of a French scholar who was thought to do so, "He is like an elderly *cocotte*," said a witty prelate, "who, having taken to piety, offers the *pain béni* on Sundays, and gathers her indignant skirts about her as she passes her former friends." It is not necessary to take up all M. Loisy's positions. They are advance posts; and, perhaps, at times, insufficiently covered; their communications with the main force may seem insecure. But the tendency of critical science is to advance; and it is rash to go out of one's way to disclaim positions which may become inevitable in the near future. This is the rock upon which much apologetic has foundered. It is a maxim of prudence not to prove more than your case.

Dr. Inge's purpose is to vindicate the position of reason, in the large sense of the word, in religion. Irrationalism—whether it takes the shape of reliance on authority, or on feeling, or on will, or on the practical requirements of life—has been overdone. These things are but secondary grounds of faith. The root lies deeper; it is to be found not without but within the self. And this self is taken with, and for, its whole content.

"The conclusion which I maintain is that faith is not independent of the intellectual processes; and that whatever form dualism takes—whether, with Kant, we separate the theoretical from the practical reason; or, with Ritschl, judgments of fact from judgments of value; or, with Loisy, the Christ of faith from the Christ of history—the result is profoundly unsatisfactory."

The desire to defend religion, which underlies this apologetic, is natural and legitimate. But the "democratisation of thought," popular in a democratic age, is a real danger. "It has bred a dislike of intellectual superiority, and a reluctance to allow reason and knowledge to arbitrate on burning questions. Everywhere we find the praises of feeling or instinct sung, and the danger of intellectualism exposed." But "in civilised mankind reason has largely displaced instinct, which is no longer so trustworthy as in the brutes." And "since this process is certain to go further, distrust of reason is suicidal, and to exclude it from matters of Faith must be disastrous." This is the writer's standpoint; and the book has a threefold scope.

"Firstly, to vindicate for religious faith its true dignity as a normal and healthy part of human nature. Next, to insist that faith demands the actual reality of its objects, and can never be content with a God who is only an ideal. Lastly, to show in detail how most of the errors and defects in religious belief have been due to a tendency to arrest the development of faith prematurely, by annexing it to some one faculty to the exclusion of others, or by resting on given authority. The true goal is an unified experience which will make authority no longer external."

This position is not open to the objections which have been brought against what is called Intellectualism. The reason on which it lays stress is the knowing faculty, or, better, the knowing self, as a whole, not the logical understanding. It is not individual, because, though in differing measure, it is common to all men; nor arbitrary, because it moves *pari passu* with this common reason by which its action is checked and revised at every turn. If, indeed, a man insists that human nature is an elaborate illusion, that the scheme of things is so framed as to mislead and deceive us, his cure must be brought about by experience rather than by argument. "There are many proofs of God's existence;

but no demonstrations"; the denial can be refuted, but not disproved.

"God, 'whose centre is everywhere and His circumference nowhere,' cannot be fitted into a diagram. He is rather the canvas on which the picture is painted, or the frame in which it is set."

The innate instinct of, or impulse to, Faith "arises in the psychological necessity which obliges us to assign values to our experience." We attach an intrinsic and absolute value to three things: Truth, Conduct, and Beauty. With regard to the first, the writer's position is "a moderate realism."

"I believe that we are in contact with external reality, and that we may trust our faculties when they tell us (as they do with the utmost emphasis) that our knowledge is not merely of our own mental states, but of facts which exist independently of our mental states. At the same time, I hold that this confidence is matter of reasonable faith, and can never, from the nature of the case, be anything more."

The law of the second cannot be resolved into that of utilitarianism. "The form of the moral standard, 'You must,' is essential as well as the content." Nor does the categorical imperative find expression only in the voice of conscience. "It is the mark of all reality; and it compels our attention to the true and the beautiful in the same masterful tone as to the ethical demand." By its association with the first the sophistry of Pragmatism is overcome: things are not what they are not, but what they are. Its extension to the second strikes a uniquely suggestive note.

"Personally I have no doubt that many of the unsatisfactory features in our civilisation are due to the fact that we see nothing wrong in unnecessary ugliness, and so continually affront the Creator by disregarding one of His primary attributes."

An anthropocentric moralism is unthinkable; and defeats its own end.

"I am certain that one of the great causes of what we call 'difficulties' in the way of faith is the assumption that the universe was designed simply and solely as a school of moral discipline and probation for human beings. It appears to me that this is a survival of a prescientific view of the universe. It was tenable when geocentric theories prevailed; it is not tenable now. Our planet and our species have no such exclusive importance. And as for the exclusively moral character attributed to the Deity, do we really admire a character which is exclusively moral? Do we feel much respect for one who is blind to all sense of beauty, and willingly ignorant of all facts that cannot at once be converted into moral obligations? Is it really a worthy or a possible conception of God, that He is interested only in conduct, and is destitute of anything corresponding to what in us are called intellectual and æsthetic interests? If we wish to believe in such a Deity, we are certainly wise to construct a world for ourselves out of our wishes and sentiments, for the real world will contradict our beliefs at every turn."

This is the key to any rational outlook over experience. The return upon mind restores sanity; the insistence on beauty, if we hold fast to it, is a guarantee against relapse. Only do we see life steadily on the condition that we see it whole.

VARIETY IN FICTION.*

THE novel, they say, is threatened on every side, and yet, to all appearance, the number of new novels suffers no diminution. There are many people who regret the prevalence of the form, who would like to see the balance go down on the side of the drama, as it was in Elizabethan days; but there is one potent reason that renders the realisation of this hope improbable. And this reason is made evident by the seven books before us. Two of them are "tendency" stories: they are pamphlets, that is, though they are pamphlets well decorated and adorned. Then there is a half-fictitious portrait of one of the greatest figures in Italy and in literature; while another book, which deals with reigning houses and palace intrigues, is evidently a specimen of the *roman à clef*. The three remaining volumes are stories pure and simple, but one revolves round a theory of re-

* "The Prince of Destiny." By Sarath Kumar Ghosh. Rebmam. 6s.

"The Serpent and the Cross." By Stephen Andrew. Greening. 6s.

"The God of Love." By J. Huntly McCarthy. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

"Royal Lovers." By Hélène Vacaresco. Mills & Boon. 6s.

"Rebirth." By Rathwell Wilson. Greening. 6s.

"The Sinking Ship." By Eva Lathbury. Alston Rivers. 6s.

"Her Mother's Daughter." By Katharine Tynan. Smith. Elder. 6s.

incarnation, the other treats of the stage, and the last moves more strictly on the old lines of English domestic life *plus* incident. And here is the reason for the popularity of the novel form: its extreme flexibility. Enlarge the limits of the drama as you will, it will never be able to sweep with the wide, all-embracing net of the novel.

And, though the two *tendency* books have been classed together, there is a world of difference between them. "The Prince of Destiny," by Sarath Kumar Ghosh, deals, in a mystic, splendid, and Oriental manner, with the destinies of India. It is not written from the point of view of the Bengali democracy; it is something more than a plea for the extension of Parliamentary privileges to the Indian Empire. One might call it a rajah's book; it appeals to Englishmen to look at India through the glasses of the Indian nobles, to regard the descendants of the ancient rulers of the country as its present leaders and interpreters. The author, one imagines, does not want borough councils and an army of inspectors; he rather wishes the old Indian ideas of government to be revived under princes who are able to adapt European culture to Eastern requirements. His prince has acquired our scientific methods and our practical improvements; but he still sits on the throne of justice, and gives audience and redress to rich and poor alike. It is possible that there may be a good deal to be said for the theory; it is certainly put forward by the author in a very picturesque and convincing fashion.

Of a vastly different fashion is "The Serpent and the Cross." Here, for Oriental splendors, we have the slums of English manufacturing towns, the fashionable and "well-organised" church of Belgravia, the accommodating vicar thereof, and a thesis which urges the forces of Socialism and Anglo-Catholicism to amalgamate. It is true that Mr. Andrew's book is not wholly without its Oriental touch; the mysterious personage called "the Master" is of Eastern origin. And here, one suspects, is the defect of the tale. A good deal of the book is profoundly interesting and well observed; but in "the Master" and his conspiracy of evil one detects the flash of the limelight. The forces which make for evil are subtle; they would not open their campaign by placing green snakes on the altars of our principal cathedrals: white doves would be the more probable offering. At the same time it must be confessed, in view of certain recent publications, that there seem no limits to the gospel of impudent and cynical selfishness; but the malignancy of such a gospel is neutralised by its absurdity; the true danger proceeds from a very different quarter.

"The God of Love" is a reverent and beautiful description of the passion of Dante for the lady Beatrice. It is full of life and movement and color, of the stir and adventure and tragedy of those strange and beautiful and terrible Florentine days. Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, who knows the secrets of melodrama—witness "If I were King," and "The Proud Prince" now running at the Lyceum Theatre—has very properly used a more austere pen for his picture of the great figure of Dante, and of that passion which was a great mystery of love. Here is a legend of Dante after the death of Beatrice:—

"It relates that one night Dante drifted towards that quarter of the city where such light loves find shelter. There many women plucked at his sleeve as he passed, and, at last, surrendering to temptation, he followed through the darkness one that was closely cloaked and hooded. . . . After a while they came to an open place that was moonlit, and then the woman paused and pulled back her hood, and there, for a moment, Dante looked upon the face of the dead Beatrice. In that instant Dante found himself alone, and he fled from the place in a great horror."

It is a question of taste whether the sorrows, tragedies, and misadventures of European Sovereigns are fit matter for the novelist. The writer confesses that he has a constitutional dislike to the *roman à clef* in general, and a more distinct and particular dislike to the introduction of living persons, crowned or uncrowned, into the substance of a story. Plain Bill and Jack and Sarah, people of humble station, would, it seems likely, be justly aggrieved if they saw their family history, under the thinnest of disguises, used to make an amusing or sensational tale, more particularly if that history were compact of tragedy and bitter sorrow. There seems no reason why an Emperor's lip should not enjoy the respect of silence as fully as a work-

man's wart; and madness and anguish should be as sacred in high places as in humble. However, if the subject-matter be allowed, it must be said that "Royal Lovers" makes exciting and interesting reading.

And now for the three tales which must be judged simply on their tale-telling merits. Well, it is to be feared that two of them—"Rebirth" and "The Sinking Ship"—are, in different ways, spoilt by a surplus of high-flown sentiment. The characters in "Rebirth" are supposed to be reincarnated, but the theory of reincarnation adds nothing to the interest of the story. The hero is a man of genius, but he does not convince; he is too flamboyant, too greatly the "leading juvenile" of melodrama. One feels a certain shudder when one reads that Percival had adopted "To create with joy" as his motto when he was only sixteen. It would be difficult to trace this shudder to its sources; but probably there is in most of us an opinion that a boy of sixteen should be occupied with other thoughts. "The Sinking Ship" is a story of the stage, and here, also, one discovers the unreal. A smart London housemaid does not discourse in this fashion:—

"Well, Mr. Story, I can't do heverything at once, not 'avin' two pairs of 'ands; if you'd wait till a-body was through before breakin' hout in this way with your complaints and your hobjections and your hinsinations, it 'ud be fairer."

Then there is Sibyl, who played her part with a "clean and clear cheek, which she had resolutely refused to stain with pigments." This sounds very fine, but, as a matter of fact, the natural human skin, exposed to the glare of floats and battens and "bunches," appears as a singularly grisly and ghastly white, the red, if any, looking like patches of dirt.

"Her Mother's Daughter" is an amiable and interesting novel. It is old-fashioned, but it is pleasant. The chief fault, perhaps, lies in the title. Miss Tynan should rather have called it "James Moore's Folly." For James Moore, knowing that his wife, Nesta—to whom he was most tenderly attached—disliked and distrusted his two brothers, persisted in leaving his whole property to them, relying on some vague—and extra-legal—understanding. Such a course was bound to bring about disaster; but the reader is consoled with a happy and peaceful ending.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"THE MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESSE DE DINO, 1831-1835," an English translation of which is published by Mr. Heinemann (10s. net), are an addition of some importance to the memoirs that treat of English political life—both foreign and domestic—in the early 'thirties. The Duchesse de Dino's position gave her many opportunities for knowing most of what was happening in the world of affairs, and of these opportunities she made good use. She was Talleyrand's niece, and acted as his secretary during the four years, 1830-1834, of his English embassy, and she became intimate with Wellington, Grey, and others who moulded English policy in that decisive period. The present volume is based upon a diary kept by Madame de Dino while she stayed in England, and on a number of letters written over a period of thirty years to M. de Bacourt. It is natural to find a great deal about Talleyrand in this volume. Madame de Dino tells us that when Talleyrand got rid of his priest's orders he felt an extraordinary desire to fight a duel, and spent two months diligently looking for a quarrel. The Duc de Castries, whom he insulted, refused to challenge him, and Talleyrand's desire remained ungratified. The want of interest in Talleyrand's "Memoirs" is explained as being due to the fact that he trusted solely to his memory, never took notes, and was careless about composition. This explanation seems strange, for it is known that Talleyrand took a pride in the "Memoirs," and, as Madame de Dino herself tells us, he was fond of reading portions of them to all sorts of people. Madame de Dino had most of the prejudices of the *grande dame*, and disliked Lady Jersey, mainly because she was a granddaughter of Robert Child, the banker. She blames her for the schism at Almack's in 1834, and treats that event as an affair of importance. We get glimpses of the political intrigues of the Duchesse de Dino and her great rival, the Princesse de Lieven, though both ladies seem to have had too high a notion of their influence upon affairs. Madame de Dino shows considerable

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skill as a maker of phrases, not all of which are good-natured. She writes in unflattering terms of Palmerston and Brougham, of George Sand and Alfred de Musset. Her description of Lammenais' book, "Paroles d'un Croyant," as "the apocalypse according to a Jacobin," is almost worthy of Talleyrand himself. The book is well translated, but there are several mistakes in the biographical index.

* * *

SINCE Dr. Johnson uttered the saying that when a man is tired of London he is tired of life, London has not lacked literary apologists. The number of these has increased marvellously within the last decade, notwithstanding motor-buses, taxi-cabs, and other unpicturesque conveniences that have conspired to rob the metropolis of much of its old romance. This appreciation of London, indeed, has assumed such vast proportions that it threatens to become a cult. We should regret this happening very much, because the cult, in the manner of its kind, would not be confined to the genuine lovers of London; a host of hypocrites would leaven its ranks; we should soon forget the example of the Great Londoners, of the men, past and present, to whom London has been little less than a religion. Mr. James Milne tells us something of these great Londoners in "My Summer in London" (Werner Laurie, 6s. net), and lots more about sundry notable personalities whose association with London has been of the closest. He tells us also of his own realisation of London itself—a realisation that came to him when he moved from a house in its outer suburbs to a flat in its very centre; of dozens of well-known people, English and foreign, whom he has met in the course of his journalistic life; of the great unknown who furnish endless material for observation by an observant man. London itself, perhaps, is the frame rather than the picture. He sees visions from the windows of a top flat in Westminster, and finds beauty in the London parks (of which, by the way, there are some very artistic photographic blocks); but his main concern is with the rapidly changing kaleidoscope of humanity he has looked upon through the years. In regard to notabilities, he gives us singularly sympathetic sketches of Gladstone and Sir George Grey, the late Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Chamberlain, and his anecdotes of Royalty are very far removed from the insipid gush that so often finds its way into print. Some capital stories he has, too; they crop up in the most unexpected places, just as a laughter-moving memory will sometimes come to a man soberly engaged in serious study. And the whole volume is rendered pleasant by an engaging conversational style, cloaking a view of life that is mature without a trace of rustiness, an undaunted enthusiasm, and a kindly philosophy.

* * *

MISS HELEN COLVILL, in the preface to "Saint Teresa of Spain" (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), states that her work does not challenge comparison with Mrs. Cunningham Graham's "Santa Teresa: Her Life and Times." The latter work is a masterpiece of its kind, but the personality of St. Teresa is so engaging that it is not surprising to see her made the subject of another biography. The combination of mysticism with sound practical sense is not so rare as is often supposed, though it probably reaches its highest degree in St. Teresa, and Miss Colvill is right in laying stress upon the saint's "homely wisdom" and "her strong sense of humor" which keep her "always with her foot on solid earth, even when her head is above the clouds." There is much in the book which has but a slight bearing upon St. Teresa's career, though possibly the chapters on Spanish history, literature, and art in the sixteenth century, on the general state of the Church, and on the Spanish mystics, will prove useful to some readers. As regards the super-normal happenings with which St. Teresa was associated, Miss Colvill suggests that the visions and voices were subjective, and the trances and ecstasies akin to the hypnotic sleep. "She had a vivid, forcible way of representing things to her imagination, accompanied by strong visualising power." The author is generous in her praises of St. Teresa's work and character, but her admiration is not blinded, and she makes some criticisms upon "a certain exaggerated humility" in St. Teresa's letters. This quality is common to the saints, and Miss Colvill's own explanation that it springs from a realisation of how far they come short of the ideal at which they aim is the simplest and best that can be put forward.

IN "A Tramp's Schooling" (Unwin, 3s. 6d. net) the Rev. A. N. Cooper, well known as the "Walking Parson," gives us a volume of travel reminiscences that is as entertaining as it is unconventional. The home journeys on foot which he chronicles were from his own parish in East Yorkshire to London, Gretna Green, Snowdon, and Dartmoor; while the foreign excursions were through Denmark to Copenhagen, through Italy to Pompeii, and over a great part of Sweden. It goes without saying that the mission of the book is to extol the value of travel, especially of travel by walking, the latter mode, in the author's contention, being the best for promoting the taste for that "simple life" to which, hypothetically, every civilised decadent of the present day is longing to return. Whatever may be the influence of walking in this respect, it has certainly led in the present case to a simplicity and a directness of thought and its expression that are exceedingly refreshing. The charm of the book lies in its first-hand literary flavor, and in the corresponding absence of the quality that one may term bookishness. One is sensible that the author has read a good deal about the places he has visited; but this has not prevented him from viewing such places from a frankly objective standpoint, as one who has learned to look with eyes of wonder on a wonderful world. Mr. Cooper compares education by travel with education by books. He points out the value of travel to the development of the historical sense. He claims that "the true teachers are one's fellow men." He even has a word of praise for the "grand tour," though he naturally prefers his own method of going abroad, as better suited to the educative requirements of the average man of to-day. In short, he is the strenuous advocate of the travel method of self-education, and if at times he hardly seems to realise that books are necessary to supplement the fruits of travel, it is because he is bent on proving that travel is a necessary supplement to books. One is tempted to wander from Mr. Cooper's travels to his philosophy of travelling, and in doing so to fail in justice to the "facts" here set forth. It should be said, therefore, that his visit to the famous Hospice on the St. Bernard Pass, which he crossed one April, *en route* for Pompeii, is described with a specially happy touch; that the account of his tours in Denmark and Sweden gives a singularly convincing picture, considering its brevity, of both those countries; and that when he switches back to his own country, and goes afoot among the tumuli of East Yorkshire, the reader's interest by no means flags. The book is sincere and healthy, not without humor in its proper place, and sane with a fresh-air saneness.

* * *

"THE AMERICAN EGYPT: A RECORD OF TRAVEL IN YUCATAN," by Mr. Channing Arnold and Mr. F. J. Tabor Frost (Hutchinson, 16s. net), is a fresh and readable account of an expedition made by two Englishmen into one of the least known districts of Mexico. The book takes its title from the remarkable architectural ruins in Yucatan, and an examination of these ruins seems to have been the primary object of the journey. The problem presented by the ruins is a difficult one. In extent they are far greater than anything else done by the original inhabitants of the American continent, and their sculptures show a type of man entirely different from the North American Indian. The common theory is that the buildings are the work of the Toltecs, a race supposed to have been settled in the country before the Aztecs, and to have been extirpated by the latter. Messrs. Arnold and Frost, however, reject this view, which rests on very slender evidence, and attribute the buildings to the Mayans, a race that still exists in Yucatan. These are supposed to have come from Southern Asia, and the many Buddhist characteristics to be found in the Yucatan temples support this view. Apart from its antiquarian value, the book gives an interesting picture of the present state of Yucatan and of other parts of Mexico. The trade in *hennequen* has made Yucatan immensely rich, but the authors' account of the inhabitants is depressing. Yucatan, they say, is a country of "savages and slaves," the slaves being treated in the most horrible fashion. President Diaz, of whom there is a far from flattering picture in the book, investigated the matter, but the *hennequen* growers succeeded in making the conditions of labor seem better than they really are, and no action was taken.

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THE chief articles on the Budget and the political crisis in the November magazines are discussed elsewhere. In the "Nineteenth Century" M. Alfred Naquet, a veteran, but always a powerful, controversialist, presents the case against Ferrer's execution with overwhelming force. Mr. Everard Fielding, the Honorary Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research, narrates some recent experiments in the "Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism," including several at which Eusapia Palladino was the medium. He declares that "for some of the phenomena, including some of the more remarkable ones," he obtained "evidence of unimpeachable validity." Other articles in the number are "Contemporary Politics in France," by M. André Beaunier; "Dante's Self-Portraiture," by Bishop Welldon; "Twenty-one Years with Our Indian Fellow-Subjects," by Lady Cox; and "The Question of Medical Priestcraft," by Dr. Squire Sprigge.

* * *

IN the "Fortnightly Review" Mr. W. T. Stead continues, under the title of "When the Door Opened," his series of sensational "revelations" in regard to the unseen world. We give our opinion elsewhere of the value of Mr. Stead's results. The most interesting literary article is "Henry Fielding: Some Unpublished Letters and Records," by Mr. G. M. Godden. Mr. H. D. Roome examines the work of Macaulay and Lecky as historians of the eighteenth century. Mr. Sydney Brooks writes on "Eight Months of President Taft," and Dr. P. H. Steensby on "The Polar Eskimos and the Polar Expedition." The number, though rather overloaded by political matter, contains several contributions appealing to the general reader.

* * *

"THE ENGLISH REVIEW" is to be congratulated on having secured Mr. Lowes Dickinson's "Letters from America," several of which appear in the current issue. Among the other contents—which show no falling off in the high standard which the "Review" maintains—are Mr. J. A. Hobson's "The Extension of Liberalism," Mr. H. W. Nevinson's "Women's Vote and Men," Mr. G. P. Gooch's "The Constitutional Crisis," and a paper on "India in England," by "Vidván." Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's remarkable serial, "A Call," is finished in the present number. Although Mr. Henry James's influence may be noticed in "A Call," it is an original psychological study of unusual power, and we hope to see it soon in volume form.

The Week in the City.

		Price Friday morning, Oct. 29.	Price Friday morning, Nov. 5.
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THE Stock Markets have not been very cheerful. They are under the influence of the five per cent. bank rate, and this very high rate has failed as yet to draw gold, except for a small parcel from Switzerland. The monetary position altogether is rather awkward and ominous. In fact, some of the experts are seriously contemplating the unpleasant possibility of a 6 per cent rate. Good authorities, both in the United States and Germany (where the position looks weakest), assert, however, that they are quite confident, and see no reason why prices should not be fairly well maintained. Rubber is still the rage, and the price of the raw material, which stands extraordinarily high, is an encouragement to investors in plantations. The Continent is beginning to take an interest, and certainly it is surprising that the London Stock Exchange has not yet formed a distinct market for rubber shares. It divides rubber investments with Mincing Lane, but very few rubber shares are quoted on the Stock Exchange List of Securities, the reason being that most of the companies are so very small. Foreign affairs are not altogether satisfactory. The Greek insurrection is a farce, but it does not help Greek finances. The Turkish loan has been badly received, as it

is doubtless to provide for Army and Navy and revenue deficiencies, and not to improve Turkey.

FEAR OF THE LORDS.

Asked as to the condition of the Stock Exchange, a leading broker remarked that it was political. Members are talking apprehensively of the Lords throwing out the Budget, of a General Election, of financial chaos, heavy deficiencies, big loans, and serious consequential falls in gilt-edged securities. The figure usually mentioned in the Stock Exchange is 50 millions as the probable amount of a loan in the expected contingency, but there is, of course, little likelihood of such an amount having to be faced. The chief difficulty is that it may be impossible to collect anything like the proper amount of Income-tax before the end of the financial year, which would mean a very big deficiency for this year, and a very big surplus for the next one. If the tea duty were lost, several months' supply of tea would be imported in a very short space of time, and the revenue would drop two or three millions.

THE BUENOS AYRES AND PACIFIC.

Argentina and its railways are under a cloud. The price of Buenos Ayres and Pacific stock is still wobbling about, but the market is expecting it to settle down and sink considerably lower than it is at present. Indeed the figures given in the report are ominous enough for anything. The dividend is reduced from 7 to 5 per cent., and in order to pay this lower rate the directors have to take £89,000 from the reserve fund and reduce the carry forward from £13,628 to £12,215. That is the answer to the market's long-drawn speculations as to whether it would be possible to pay 6 per cent. And the outlook for the future is worse than the results of the past; in the next twelve months debenture interest and preference dividend will need at least another £180,000; there are also £3,000,000 ordinary shares on which 5 per cent. is payable till 1911, and these will absorb £150,000 of the current year's net revenue. Thus, apart altogether from the new issues of the capital (which are known to be hanging over us) the balance available for distribution will need to be at least £400,000 higher next June if the present rate of 5 per cent. is to be maintained. In other words, gross receipts must be nearly £1,000,000 larger. Is that possible? Probably, or certainly, not. Traffics to the end of last week were £37,000 less than at the corresponding point of 1908, and it is scarcely credible that between now and the end of June they will rise by £1,037,000. The harvest has been indifferent, and all the Argentine traffics are dropping. But the ripening crops look very well. Moreover, it must be said that the new lines ought soon to begin earning revenue, and there are still men about the markets with confidence enough to predict five per cent. in 1910. In the long run everybody agrees that the line ought to do very well and probably come back to its old rate of dividend, but "the long run" is a dangerous thing to speculate on, and those who decide to hold on for the rise may have to reconcile themselves to a longish decline before their capital begins to appreciate again.

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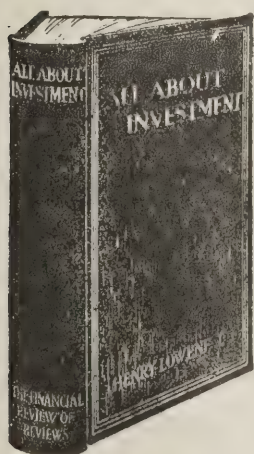
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The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

ON Tuesday the "Times" announced through its Parliamentary correspondent that an official Opposition amendment would be moved to the second reading of the Budget. The "Morning Post" of Thursday expanded this announcement by declaring that the amendment would invite the peers to declare that proposals so revolutionary as those of the Budget ought not to become law until after a decision of the electorate. The "Post," which takes, or gives, marching orders to the "back-woodsmen," advises against amendment, which appears to be the device of a group of so-called Moderates who, divided between two unconstitutional courses, prefer the more flagrant of the two. It is said that forty Unionist peers have addressed Lord Lansdowne against rejection, and it is hardly a secret that he, an ex-Liberal, is personally indisposed to this course. But the issue appears to have been turned against him largely by the pressure of the liquor interest. The "Westminster Gazette" states definitely that the promised interview of representatives of "the trade" with the Tory leaders has taken place, but in secret. It is said that language of undisguised menace was used, and that it was successful. On the other hand, Sir John Kennaway, who has much influence with the Moderates, writes to the "Times," deploring the policy of rejection, suggesting that the Lords are staking all on a gambler's throw, and hoping that the High Court of Parliament will be the subject of special prayer during the coming fortnight.

THE Lords' decision, which can only be described as a party device, shamelessly devoid of the pretence of

deliberation, means a General Election in January. Before that time the Commons will probably be able to set up the Budget temporarily, and it is much to be hoped that the Government will have their plans fully matured and ready to work at a day's notice. The reports from the constituencies are admirable, and there is practically but one danger—a state of war between the Liberal and Labor Parties. Three-cornered candidatures are multiplying, especially in Lancashire, but we shall be surprised if the two bodies cannot coalesce on a common policy of social reform, workmen's insurance, the re-instatement of the Budget, and the destruction of the power of the Lords. Mr. Gladstone was able to arrange something like terms of peace in a situation where the elements of common belief and interest were far less salient than they are to-day. Is it conceivable that the leaders and Whips on both sides cannot repeat his success? It is very important for the centre to act before local situations get too embittered.

* * *

THE Prime Minister's Guildhall speech on foreign and Imperial affairs, while phrased with caution, was, on the whole, cheerful and even optimistic in tone. It hailed the union of South Africa as one of the most remarkable spectacles in history, and coupled this praise of Boer and British statesmanship with a plea for political rights for the colored races. On the European situation Mr. Asquith said that he could speak without "the lurking apprehensions of a year ago." British policy in the Near East aimed at securing the free development of the new era in Turkey, and this object had been "substantially obtained." The *ententes* with Great Powers were neither "aggressive" nor "exclusive," and with regard to Germany he knew of nothing which need stand in the way of the "full and friendly understanding" sought by the "wisest statesmanship" and the "best moral and social forces" in both countries. He hoped that the declaration of the new Belgian policy in regard to the Congo would enable the British Government to recognise the annexation, an act which could never be extended to the old *régime*.

* * *

MR. ASQUITH's brief reference to Germany in the Guildhall speech has been well received by the few German papers which already advocated a cessation of the rivalry in armaments. But comment is not yet general. Meanwhile it is known that the financial situation which will have to be faced in the coming year is even more serious than had been supposed. In this year's Budget new taxation was provided to meet a deficit of £24,000,000. It had been supposed that a loan of £14,000,000 would fill the anticipated hole next year. But in a detailed communication the "Deutsche Volkswirtschaftliche Korrespondenz" states that the total of the supplementary estimates will actually reach £27,000,000. When one remembers that the effort to scrape together twenty-four millions cost Prince Bülow his place, it is difficult to see how his successor can face a still more serious situation without a radical change of policy.

* * *

ON Monday the Lords performed a minor act of insolence to set off and accompany their coming grand deed of usurpation. By a majority of 157 to 40 they

threw out the London Elections Bill, a modest measure, under which a Parliamentary voter in London who moves from one Parliamentary division to another—*e.g.*, from Piccadilly to Bond-street—would retain his vote, as he retains it in every other city in England and in all the London local elections. The Bill would have enfranchised an average of about 40,000 working men, who are annually cheated of their votes, while not a single man of property would have lost his right to vote. The Lords, however, described the Bill as a disfranchising one, which means, we suppose, that property is hardly treated unless its owners can claim double or treble or even ten times the voting power of mere ordinary flesh and blood. Lord Dartmouth had the impudence to complain that the Bill had been sent to a Grand Committee in the House of Commons, so that the Lords claim not only to interfere with the privileges of the House of Commons but with its procedure.

* * *

MR. BALFOUR appears to be still engaged in securing a little islet of Free Trade in the midst of the sea of Tory Protectionism. He and his managers have transferred Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Stewart Bowles from a losing fight with the Tariff Reformers in Marylebone and Norwood, and planted them as official Tory candidates in Blackburn, which is a centre of Free Trade. It would, therefore, seem as if there was to be a go-as-you-please attitude in Lancashire as against the general Protectionist platform elsewhere. The Protectionists, however, are not willing to see a big and important bit of England snatched from their grasp, and the "Observer" has promptly announced a whirlwind Protectionist campaign for Lancashire, in which it is clear that Mr. Stewart Bowles and Lord Robert Cecil will be caught up and overwhelmed. The transfer has not even secured the local results at which the Tory managers have aimed, for the Free Trade-Protectionist battle has been re-opened in Marylebone, and the Tariff Reformer refuses to go.

* * *

THE Birthday Honors List this year was divided into two parts. The main list, published on Tuesday, conferred, in addition to the official promotions, six Privy Councillorships, six baronetcies, and twenty knighthoods, but no peerages. Sir Henry Roscoe, a scientific man of high eminence, is one of the new Privy Councillors, and Colonel Seely, one of the best Parliamentarians in the Government, another, while the new knights include Mr. Shackleton, the discoverer of the South Magnetic Pole, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, and Mr. Vincent Evans, who is, perhaps, the *doyen* of Welsh Liberal journalists. Dr. Robertson Nicoll's knighthood is of more than common interest. The conductor of the "British Weekly" is one of the very few working journalists and editors who contrive all through their lives to retain and deserve the title of scholar and man of learning, to be at once powerful advocates and true authorities in the sphere of the intellect. On the following day it was announced that the King had conferred baronies on Sir John Fisher, First Sea Lord, and Sir Arthur Godley, late Permanent Secretary to the India Office. Both are very able men, and the first appointment may be taken to endorse both Sir John Fisher's general administration of the Navy and the part he played in the controversy with Lord Charles Beresford.

* * *

PERSIA is grappling once more with a fresh Russian intervention. The "Royalist" brigand chief, Rahim Khan, at the head of a large force of Shahsevan tribesmen, has succeeded in taking the town of Ardebil, which

lies not far from Tabriz and uncomfortably near the Russian frontier. The Nationalist leaders of the town took sanctuary at the Russian Consulate, to which Rahim Khan addressed the usual boastful threats. On the plea that the Cossack guard already at the Consulate is inadequate, the Russians have sent to its aid the relatively immense reinforcement of 1,000 men. To measure the danger, one must remember the almost unbroken refusal of Rahim Khan's marauders during the siege of Tabriz to face any enemy with fire-arms. Time and again they were routed by a score of determined Caucasians. There is also on its way to the relief of Ardebil a considerable Nationalist force which the new Government has made strenuous attempts to arm and despatch promptly. The correspondent of the "Times" in Teheran gently deprecates this fresh Russian aggression, and states that most Persians are convinced that Russian agents have engineered Rahim Khan's exploit. The suspicion may be unfounded; it is not unnatural. When the Khan was one of the generals before Tabriz, the royalist forces there were supplied with cartridges by the Russians. He was captured after the raising of the siege by the Russians. But instead of detaining him, or handing him over to the lawful Government, or exiling him, they released him, and once more he is on the war-path. Other considerable Russian forces remain at Tabriz, at Resht, and possibly at Kasvin.

* * *

WE quoted last week letters of English firms doing an export business to prove that the same net prices and profits were earned by business with Protectionist countries as in the home market, *i.e.*, that foreign tariffs failed to make the English exporter pay. Mr. E. H. Bayley, in a letter in Thursday's "Daily Chronicle," quotes documents of a not less convincing nature. On the quotation and contract notes of German manufacturers exporting to this country appears the following proviso: "Prices subject to any change in Customs tariff," a plain assertion that if an English duty is put on his goods they will raise their price and make the importer or customer pay. Nor is this threat confined to manufactured goods. "The baker who supplies my household tells me he has just signed a contract for his annual supply of flour, at the bottom of which is a notice as follows: 'If a tariff is put on flour these prices are void.' " In other words, "Your bread will cost you more."

* * *

OUR Paris Correspondent writes:—The French Chamber has, by large majorities in several successive divisions, approved the substitution of the *scrutin de liste* with proportional representation for the present system of election. But M. Briand having made the question one of confidence, the first clause of the measure enacting the change was finally rejected by a majority of sixty-six late on Monday evening. In the final division a member of the Cabinet, M. Millerand, abstained from voting, an unusual occurrence, but not quite unprecedented, in the history of the Third Republic. In 1889, M. René Goblet, who was a member of the Floquet Cabinet, abstained from voting with his colleagues in favor of the re-establishment of the *scrutin de liste*, which had been made a question of confidence; and M. Camille Pelletan abstained in similar circumstances on one occasion during the Combes Ministry. Even some of the partisans of proportional representation admit that M. Briand could hardly have taken any other course than he took. Six months before the general elections Parliament is hardly in a position to discuss adequately an entirely new system

of election, and the demand of the Government that the question should be left to the new Parliament is not unreasonable. Granting the principle of proportional representation, there remains the important question of the method by which it is to be worked. The system of voting by lists, which was proposed in the measure under discussion, is open to obvious objections. If isolated candidatures are allowed, they may, by cumulating votes, throw the machinery out of gear. But the chief argument brought by the supporters of the change against the *scrutin d'arrondissement* is not that it fails to secure an exactly proportional representation of the various parties, but that it tends to exalt petty local and personal interests above questions of principle.

* * *

THE internal weakness of Greece has tempted the Young Turks to make a tactless forward move. The Porte has presented a Circular Note to the four protecting Powers, in which it urges a prompt solution of the Cretan problem, guaranteeing the full autonomy of the island, but finally excluding the possibility of its eventual annexation to Greece. The Greeks have not made it easier, by their recent disorders, for any Power to advocate an early annexation, but it may be taken for granted that this Turkish suggestion will be rejected decisively by all the four Powers. The Young Turks would be much wiser to face the certainty of this eventual annexation, and to busy themselves in considering what compensations they might claim for a timely assent. Even were the Powers prepared to meet their wishes, the possession of an island so resolutely Hellenic as Crete would be for them only a source of weakness and unrest. Meanwhile there is some little ground for anxiety as to the line which the two German Powers, who fortunately have no responsibility for Crete, might take if a crisis calling for intervention were to arise either in Greece or in Crete. The Viennese Press has evidently persuaded itself that King George's throne is tottering. A Turkish deputation has just received a very flattering reception in Austro-Hungary, and when one remembers that the Turks threatened to boycott French goods if France facilitated the annexation of Crete, it is obvious that the traditional Hamidian policy of playing off one Power against another still survives at the Porte.

* * *

ON Monday a strike broke out in the New South Wales coalfield, which has since become general. Its cause is vaguely described by Reuter as "a question of supremacy between masters and men," and the Prime Minister speaks of the men's grievances as "insubstantial." The men apparently anticipated the final decision of the masters, who now refuse to confer with them. The consequences to the transport services of the colony are already very serious, and coal has advanced to 80s. a ton. The waterside workers may join the miners, and it is feared that the export of the wool and wheat harvests, no less than the carriage of food, may soon be checked. Mr. Wade has explained that his Government remains neutral, looks to the decision of the Wages Board for a solution, and is endeavoring to promote the meeting of masters and men. At present he will not apply the criminal law, but holds *in terrorem* over the men the risk of alienating public opinion. The Labor Party is said to be satisfied with his attitude. The whole episode illustrates the weakness of the coercive clauses of any Industrial Disputes Act, where a trade is united and powerful.

* * *

THE leaders of the Transvaal Indian community who have been in this country since June have returned to

report the failure of their mission. Yet, at one point, they reached a stage which less logical minds might have regarded as a success. General Smuts was willing to repeal the Asiatic Act, while inserting in the ordinary Immigration Act a clause limiting the number of Asiatic immigrants. But the Indians are fighting for honor. They rightly object to any special ordinance directed against their race. They would, however, accept a clause empowering the Administration in general terms to frame regulations limiting the number of immigrants of any nationality. There is thus no material point at issue. The Government is prepared to allow the entry in small numbers of educated Indians, notably teachers and priests. The Indians do not press for entry in the mass. The whole dispute now turns solely on the point of principle, whether a limitation accepted by both sides should be defined in terms directly aimed at Indians, or drafted in general terms, though, in fact, it may be applied only to Indians. These men have fought their case with magnificent spirit and self-sacrifice, combined with great subtlety. Their leader, Mr. Gandhi, is not merely a clever politician, but an able thinker of the Tolstoyan school and a convincing writer. Race prejudice in such a conflict becomes as ridiculous as it is odious. General Smuts would only add to his own reputation by consenting to the insubstantial yet ideally vital concession which the Indians claim.

* * *

THE joint Committee on the Censorship of Plays has issued an elaborate and interesting report, signed by all its members. We must reserve detailed comment for our next issue, but on the whole the report is in the direction of reform. Its two vital changes in the present system are that licensing before production becomes an optional rather than a compulsory form, and that the control of theatres and music-halls is unified. Two kinds of plays are henceforth to appear, the licensed and the unlicensed. The latter, appearing at the producer's risk, will be subject to a variety of checks. Seven offences are specified as rendering a play liable to proceedings. The first, indecency, opens it to action by the Public Prosecutor, and among the penalties on conviction may be a ten years' veto on performance. The other six and less deadly sins—such as "offensive personalities," offence against "religious sentiment," injury to friendly relationships with foreign Powers, or liability to cause a breach of the peace—are to be dealt with by a new Committee of the Privy Council, which may, if it please, hear cases *in camera*. This last provision is the most dubious of the Committee's recommendations.

* * *

LORD SELBY, who was Speaker of the House of Commons from 1895 to 1905, died in London on Saturday, at the age of 74. No finer ceremonial presence ever adorned the Speaker's chair. Mr. Gully was a very handsome man, and his voice and fine bearing added to the impression of personal dignity and grace. Whether his Speakership was entirely successful is open to doubt. With his general rulings, which were mostly on traditional lines, no fault could be found. He was personally amiable, and he was eminently fair. But he sometimes took a too lawyerlike tone for a House where the human element is strong, and he made a serious mistake in allowing the House of Commons police to remove by force some members of the Irish Nationalist Party for an act of disobedience which was unintentional in its origin. From that point his authority declined. It remained for his successor to resume and to enhance the relation of personal friendliness between the Speaker and all sections of the House of Commons.

Politics and Affairs.

THE COMING COUP D'ETAT.

THE "leaders" of the Tory Party have allowed their Press to tell the world that they are prepared to join their followers in making war on the British Constitution. The House of Lords, according to the "Times" and the "Morning Post," will be asked, on the motion for the second reading of the Finance Bill, to pass a resolution refusing to accept the Budget on the ground of its "revolutionary" character until it has been submitted to the electorate. The act, thus formulated, is a truly revolutionary one, involving three separate kinds of usurpation. First, it snatches from the people of Great Britain, acting through their representative body, its historic power, undisputed since the Stuarts, of controlling taxation. Secondly, it arrogates to the House of Lords the power of destroying a Government by striking at the normal and regular exercise of their authority. It thus severs the tie which binds the Executive to the elective assembly and which enables Ministers, within the limits of the Septennial Act, to remain in power as long as they command the confidence of a majority of the House of Commons. Thirdly, it asserts the right of the peers to "refer" to the electors any project of legislation with which they disagree, even that which has been ruled by age-long custom to be outside their province. It kills the Budget and then professes to hold "a Referendum," which is really an inquest upon its corpse. This is to say to the people of Great Britain: "You have no Constitution; rights which are not written do not exist, and we shall destroy them." For this is the precise consequence of this action of the Lords. If they had not been forced by one monarch and wheedled by another, they would never have allowed the people to vote. They now propose to permit them to vote, not for the old House of Commons, but for a body that passes Budgets and Bills only so long as it retains the good-will of the peers. We shall no longer tax ourselves; we shall be taxed by the will of the Lords. Put in their proper place, the British people may have the occasional luxury of a *plébiscite* on an issue prepared and chosen by the peers after informal consultation with Mr. Arthur Balfour, who to-day commands about 150 votes in the House of Commons. Thus representative democracy disappears, and plebiscitary rule, regulated by certain privileged sons of fathers and nephews of uncles, takes its place.

We need not trouble our readers with the excuses which are and will be put forward to palliate this lawlessness. The Budget is described by the abusive epithet of "revolutionary," and the speeches and writings of its author will be quoted in defence of this description. It will be enough to say in answer that the Budget contains finance and the administration of finance, and nothing more, and that scores of precedents exist for every tax it imposes. Take the most contested example, the land taxes. The Australian Press, led by the "Melbourne Age," one of the most powerful organs of moderate Conservatism in the Empire, scoffs at the idea that any revolutionary character attaches to these imposts,

familiar as they are to Colonial statesmanship. In our case they are necessarily linked to a plan of valuation, as a man's blood is joined to a circulating system. When valuation was carried into a separate Bill, as in the Scottish case, the Lords rejected it on the ground that it was finance. Now that it is directly connected with finance, they declare it to be properly the subject of separate legislation. So with liquor. Licensing Bill or Licensing Duties, it is all one to them. The man who denies to the Commons the right to tax land and liquor will deny them the right to tax anything. The tactical method with which we have dealt reveals only one real motive, the pre-arranged combination of two great financial interests to resist each other's taxes. Behind their coarse and corrupt collusion, settled, it appears, by definite agreements, lies another powerful engine of reaction, the determination of the Protectionists to destroy the Budget as the main obstacle to Tariff Reform. There, exposed to all men's gaze, lie the threefold roots of the plot against the Budget. The landlords hate the land taxes, the liquor lords the liquor taxes; it suits both these interests to substitute for the taxation of monopolies and unearned increments of wealth a scheme in which the protection of their accumulations is linked on to a plan for enhancing rents and certain manufacturers' profits at the cost of the people's food and living. Of this plan the electors of this country are to be at once the dupes and the victims. A great part of their political power is to be cut right away from them, and while property, alarmed by the talk of revolution, finds the funds and the moral support for the coming *plébiscite*, the masses are to be tempted into selling their birthright by the cry of "Make the foreigner pay." That behind this reckless plotting lies a measure of sincere, though rather ignorant and unimaginative fears, we do not doubt. But no intelligent man, accustomed to submit his vague alarms to the test of reason, believes that the Budget threatens a revolution. What it does imply, and what it ought to imply, is that the forces of progress are being combined in an attempt, first, to provide for the enormous cost of modern government without either cheating or oppressing the people, and, secondly, to lay by and add to a fund for curing, or at least alleviating, the worst miseries, accidents, disturbances, that befall the workers in a great industrial State. To this effort all modern statesmanship is bent. Nothing can be more just or more inevitable. The Budget is in that sense an innovation; and in the same sense it is, as Mr. Snowden well said, a preventive of revolution and an alternative to it.

The true revolutionaries, therefore, stand confessed, and we must at once grasp the full seriousness of their attempt to seize the chief power in the State. We know who they are. The Lords are unfit as a body either to pass or to reject any Bill, let alone a Budget. They represent, in the main, one class in the State. They have neither the men nor the machinery suited to supply competent Parliamentary criticism. They are made up, as to a small part of their membership, of able leaders or ex-leaders of society, as to another small part of its scum, as to a third and the largest part, of a dense mass of ignorant, untrained, and mediocre intelligences,

soaked with class passion and prejudice, and spoiled for serious public work by pride, luxury, and a narrow environment. They are not accountable to anybody for their legislative acts; and when such a body assumes, as it has assumed, first, an equal power to the House of Commons, and then a vastly superior power, it is clear that, first, the veto and, secondly, the hereditary principle are ripe for destruction.

Now let us look at the situation quite coolly. We are in for the fiercest struggle in modern political history. At present the Lords are preparing to defy the Executive and the House of Commons, and we have no doubt that they are equally ready to reject the counsels of the Sovereign, even if they have not done so already. In upsetting the taxing power of the House of Commons and refusing to countersign the document which really pays our soldiers, sailors, civil servants, and old-age pensioners, they commit an act comparable to the exaction of ship-money by Charles I. Had we been deprived of the advantages we have enumerated, there might have been many thousands of men who would have instantly refused to pay taxes until the rights of the House of Commons had been fully restored. But for the moment this is not necessary. We have the law, the right, and the force on our side. The party will look to the Government to stand by the House of Commons and see that, so far as words and acts can do it, its menaced rights and privileges are restored intact. But if the Government is to be strong, the people must be strong too. We are within two months of a General Election, and a few days of the rejection of the Budget. By the time that that act is clearly impending, a signal of "Krieg-Mobil" from the Liberal headquarters should be enough to set up in every town and village in these countries a force of agitation and vigilance more direct and formidable than the ordinary party organisations can command. The Budget League might reappear as a Constitutional League; for the issue goes beyond the Budget, and implies a demand for a new Constitution. It is not the Radical Party which is trampling on precedents, and making the unwritten sanctity of tradition a sport for any revolutionary party that may come along. But if Toryism has broken, we must mend. So long as the House of Commons is thrust from its place in the centre of political power, and nothing has been devised to take its place, constitutional law, as we and our forefathers have understood and interpreted it, has ceased to reign in Britain. Till the people regain the control of taxes, there will be no peace in the land. That achieved, and the veto and the hereditary principle swept out of existence, the task of Liberal statesmanship will be to discover a fresh and secure balance of governing powers and possibly a new method of legislation.

THE TACTICS OF THE SITUATION.

THE rejection of the Budget, which we may now take as determined on by the leaders of the Lords, will be a challenge at once to the House of Commons and to the people. It is in the first place a challenge to the House of Commons either to substantiate or abandon its claim

to the sole and undisputed control of finance. In words, its object is to secure a popular vote on the question of the Budget. But these are words merely. No machinery exists in our Constitution for taking a popular vote on a single issue clear of all others. It may be argued that such machinery might be a valuable addition to our Constitution in legislative matters. But, be that as it may, no such machinery now exists, nor can it be brought into being at this moment and for this purpose. If a General Election follows, all the ordinary complication of issues will arise. The whole programme of both parties will be in evidence, and on the democratic side there will be the usual—we hope and trust not more than the usual—loss of seats by split voting. Out of all this no direct popular vote on the single question of the Budget will or possibly can come. Having maintained the rights of the Commons inviolate, this Ministry will proceed to settle accounts with the Lords on the entire issue of the veto. With these objects in view they will put the question to the country in their own manner, and will not allow the Lords to dictate either the time or the method. They will decline to take the financial power of the Commons as legitimate matter of controversy. The issue which they will submit is that of the continuance of the general power of veto in its absolute form.

To secure these objects, we imagine that the House of Commons will answer the rejection of the Budget with a solemn affirmation of their own historic rights, and will instruct the Executive Government to continue to act upon their financial resolutions until the close of the financial year, or until Parliament shall otherwise determine. These resolutions have long had in practice the force of law. They have been in fact recognised as provisional law, dependent for their final sanction on the ultimate decision of the Commons. The consent of the Lords has for many years been as much a matter of form as the consent of the Crown. The difference now required is merely that, the form of the Lords' consent being unattainable, the resolutions should be renewed and extended for a further provisional period. The collection of taxes will proceed, and, as Mr. Balfour has himself admitted the necessity of all of them except the land taxes and licence duties, the prospect before any recusant would be at best that of having to pay up—with interest if Parliament so determine—within a very few months. Meanwhile, land valuation would go forward, valuers would be appointed, and the first steps taken which will occupy the few weeks which must elapse before the election. The royal assent to this method of procedure might be signified in the King's Speech winding up the session, and would suffice to stamp the resolutions with an authority which would not lightly be set aside. It is wanting in formal regularity, but a revolutionary situation cannot be met with ordinary and regular forces. The Lords have forced the Government of the country into this situation. They are attempting a plutocratic revolution, having no regard in their haste either for the stability of the Constitution or for the practical necessities of government. By so doing they impose on the Government and the Commons the task of maintaining order and providing for public defence.

None the less, the appeal to the country must follow without delay, and its terms admit of no doubt. The Lords have not merely challenged the financial privileges of the Commons. They have also succeeded in frustrating, in reducing almost to a nullity, the legislative activity of the Liberal Government. The question of the veto has, as our readers know, been in our view only too long delayed, and the effect of delay is seen in the gathering audacity which is consummated in the present attack. The Government will ask the people in January for a verdict on the general question of the veto. They will ask them for adequate power, first, to set aside once for all the formal veto on finance, secondly, to override the existing veto on legislation on occasions of irreconcilable conflict. As to the precise methods by which the veto may be curtailed, differences of opinion still exist. There is also divergence as to the substitutes for the powers of revision at present exercised by the peers. But these divergencies will, we trust, by no means be permitted to interfere with concentration on the practical point now before us. We hope that the Government, having taken advantage of the momentary pause to compare the advantages and disadvantages of every possible course, will at an early date, well before the election begins, lay before the people their plan for dealing with the veto in the most crisp and concrete form, and, provided always that this plan involves the destruction of the absolute veto, it will command the allegiance of all their followers.

Nor can we doubt that the Labor Party, though retaining its own ulterior views, will recognise the overwhelming necessity for a concentration of all democratic forces at this juncture and on this governing issue. Our only fear is that in many of the strongholds of democracy seats may be lost by a multiplication of candidatures which has arisen before the full gravity of the constitutional situation was understood, and we trust that every effort is being made by the responsible leaders of both parties to minimise divisions and present a united front. The Unionist calculation, we believe, is not that their party will obtain a majority, but that the united majority of Liberals, Irish, and Labor will not suffice to carry through an important constitutional change. Liberals on their side will insist that the majority, whatever it be, will consist of men who have put a specific pledge first and foremost in their addresses to their constituents. None the less, the magnitude of the majority will materially affect the thoroughness with which the work can be done, and it is a time at which no vote can be dispensed with. The democracy is to put its fortunes to the touch. If it wins, the path of social progress at last lies open before it. The democratisation of the suffrage by the inclusion of women and the removal of artificial impediments to registration, the settlement of the educational controversy, the opening of the land to the people, the reform of the licensing laws, the relief of the poorer ratepayer, the humanisation of public assistance, the systematic provision against sickness, invalidity, and unemployment, will all enter the region in which measures can be discussed not with a view to forcing them by violent agitation through the phalanx of hereditary legislators, but with a single eye to the course of social progress.

LAND FOR THE ASKING.

THE new temple of Conservatism is laid upon cornerstones which the builders rejected. As Sir Howard Vincent moved from obscurity into belated glory when his preposterous fad was foisted upon the Unionist Party as their prime policy by Mr. Chamberlain, so is it at last with Mr. Jesse Collings and his "three acres and a cow." The corybantic revivalist of this new cry is Sir Gilbert Parker. With his assistance Mr. Balfour and the Conservative Party have discovered that there is a land question in England. According to their account they have first "tried it on the dog," and, having found it works for Ireland, they throw it out on the eve of a General Election as the long-considered policy for England. The proposal, as propounded by its hot gossellers, Sir Gilbert Parker and Mr. Eltzbacher, is to this effect. The State, which has found a couple of hundred millions to establish peasant ownership in Ireland, by buying land at high prices from landowners, is to do the same for English landowners. By thus advancing a sufficient number of hundred millions of public money to landlords many thousands of small holders can be settled upon farms ranging in size from ten to one hundred and fifty acres, which they will regard from the start as their private property, though for some forty years they will have to pay the interest on the State loan, with a further sum for the extinction of the debt. The State is, moreover, to find large credit in order to guarantee Land Banks and Co-operative Credit Banks, by which the peasant-owners are to meet the ordinary financial requirements of successful agriculture, enabling the members on their personal security to get advances for stock, manures, seeds, etc., and to tide over the bad times to which farming as a business is peculiarly prone. The spirit and practice of co-operation thus established will be infused into the related processes of collection, carriage, and marketing of produce, and so by individual exertion and mutual aid a new race of sturdy yeomen will spring up in this country to rival the successful little farmers in Denmark, France, and Belgium.

We cannot refrain from commenting upon the courageous simplicity of the electoral device which this proposal contains. State advances for land purchase, Raffeism banks, peasant co-operation in various shapes, have been familiar reforms for several decades. So far as this country is concerned, it is safe to say that until the last few months no responsible Conservative statesman would touch any of them with a pair of tongs. They belonged one and all to the Radicalism which sowed unrest and discontent among our rural laborers. Not until the Small Holdings Act of 1907 and the Land Clauses of this Budget had disclosed a passion for liberty and a definite desire for a stake in the land among all classes of our country folk, did the electoral uses of Land Reform become apparent to Conservatives. With true electioneering audacity the landlords, who had absorbed the commons and stamped out liberty in rural England, are now beginning to tumble over one another with praiseworthy desire to see once more a

bold peasantry established in the fields which have been theirs, but which, in their new-born patriotic zeal, they will dispose of to the State—for a consideration. Great are the educational merits of the Finance Bill. The politics and the business of landowners, big or little, are notorious for a certain quality of simple cunning, well illustrated here. The fear of valuation and of future taxation is before the landowner; he won't be able to avoid fair rating or to extort excessive prices for lands sold for public purposes any longer if this Budget goes through. The game will no longer be worth the candle. Then come the politicians of his party, and say to him, "Why not stop the Budget and all its attendant risk by making a grand offer to unload lumps of inferior land on that harmless Juggins, the State, which can always be got to pay more than the land is worth? You needn't go very far in the matter; if you do not find it pay, it can be stopped, just as we stopped our earlier Act of 1892."

But, of course, there is another strand of purpose in this Land Reform. It is to serve not merely for the general defence of property, by strengthening the base of the property system, but first and foremost it is to make a host of Small Protectionists. "Tariff Reform and Land Reform," as one of the prophets tells us, "are part of the same great constructive policy." The little landowner, in other words, is not really expected to make a good thing out of it, or even to make both ends meet. He is expected to be always hard-up, and so always clamorous for a monopoly of the home market. So the Tory politician has before his eyes the bright vision of a couple of hundred thousand little owners voting for an all-round Protective tariff, out of which they will get their little bit, while huge spoils fall to the large surviving landlords and the big manufacturers who have got a "pull."

Perhaps the most amusingly impudent feature about this Conservative Land Reform is that it forms part of a protest against Socialism. That the State should own land bought at a fair valuation and take rent from State-tenants, is to them a mischievous and revolutionary principle. That the State should buy the same land at excessive prices, with doles for disturbance, and should divide up the property thus "socialised" among selected citizens, afterwards financing them in the agricultural business with further public credit, is an innocent and patriotic policy of "self-help" which will stimulate thrift and industry! The State is to buy the land, the State is to furnish buildings, credit, and other supports for a selected class, putting large bonuses into the hands of the present landlords and helping to establish Conservative Protectionist voters for the future. A pretty sort of individualism! One might, perhaps, with propriety ask how the enormous State fund required for this scheme is to be obtained. Hardly from Tariff Reform, for it is now evident that the Protectionist Party despairs of securing a Tariff without the aid of these new fagot voters. The comparatively small Irish scheme has been a heavy strain upon our national finance: a genuine English scheme would cost six times as much. But it is unnecessary to pursue the practical difficulties which beset a scheme that is nothing else than a desperate attempt to stem the popularity of the Budget.

LIGHT ON THE ANGLO-GERMAN PROBLEM.

THE annual ceremony of the Guildhall banquet has come and gone, and with it one of the three or four occasions on which a leading member of the Government addresses a European audience. The day is awaited as eagerly abroad as at home. To the Prime Minister's speech every public man in two Continents looks for some clue to the policy which guides the masters of the greatest fleet in all the seven seas. Mr. Asquith's rather brief discourse was competent, correct, and well phrased. It conveyed the unanimous hope of all parties that South Africa will widen her franchise and break down the barrier of race. It said kindly things of the Young Turks, when it might, perhaps, have warned them, tactfully but firmly, that their total failure to deal with the latest and most wanton of Armenian massacres has carried their movement beyond the phase of ungrudging compliment. It dealt with the new situation on the Congo with an entirely happy admixture of encouragement and reserve. The present is still hideous; the promises of the Belgian Government are fair; the full and honest execution of these promises will alone induce us to reconsider our refusal to recognise the annexation. For the rest, the speech spoke of the general European situation in terms which were startling in their optimism when one compares them with the gloomy utterances of Sir Edward Grey, Lord Rosebery, and the Prime Minister himself in the early summer of this year. One sentence there was which seemed to convey a larger meaning, a constructive purpose—the sentence which declared that no obstacle exists to a better understanding with Germany. Was it a cautious advance? It is what the Germans choose to make of it. Save for this promising sentence, the speech was pretty much what Mr. Balfour or Lord Lansdowne might have said in the same circumstances. There was no bid for the leadership among the humaner parties of Europe. There was no revealed consciousness that Liberalism stands for an international creed. The enervating doctrine of "continuity" in foreign policy seems for the moment to have checked—we hope only checked—any ambition in British Liberalism to leave its mark on the history of civilisation. The pioneer spirit which has transformed finance and social legislation has opened no parallels before the high walls of our traditional diplomacy. The work which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman began to do has suffered a temporary arrest.

The problem of the race of armaments and our naval rivalry with Germany is obscured only for the moment in the public mind by the supreme issue of the Budget and the conflict with the Lords. It waits none the less for decision. Even before it has run the gauntlet of the Lords, the future surplus from the new taxes has to face the demands for the next year's naval programme. Yet the panic which this Session's speeches from the Liberal Front Bench did so much to render plausible is to-day only a thing for regretful remembrance. On both sides of the North Sea the effect remains. Those speeches have made it a little harder than it was before

to expect the understanding which Mr. Asquith desires. The mob mind in both nations retains a dim recollection of its alarms. Responsible statesmen, like Admiral von Tirpitz, can hardly have forgotten the official statement which came so near to giving him the lie direct. And now, after a few calm months, the official estimate of seventeen German "Dreadnoughts" in 1912 seems as extravagant as the Opposition's twenty-one or twenty-five. The new volume of the "Navy League Annual" admits the real facts with its usual candor. We have at the moment seven "Dreadnoughts" ready at sea to Germany's none. Turn to the chapter on Austrian preparations and you will discover there a curious document, an appeal from the new Austrian Navy League to the alarmed patriotism of its fellow-citizens on the ground that Great Britain has eighty first-class ships to Germany's twenty-eight, and Austria's six. Consult the expert comparisons of the new British with the projected or partially built German ships of the same type, vessel for vessel, "Dreadnought" and super-"Dreadnought." In every item the superiority is on our side, displacement and horse-power, 12-inch guns against 11-inch, broadside, ahead, and astern fire each showing a 10 per cent. margin to our credit, with the same superiority for the typical gun of each type of ship in its ability to pierce armor. The main fact about Germany's construction is frankly admitted to be her failure to observe the time-table. Her first two "Dreadnoughts," we are now told, will have occupied nearly four years in building. The ships of the 1908 programme were all, we read, "late in being laid down." The anticipation of dates in the case of two ships of the 1909 programme was obviously adopted to balance the delay which had occurred with the other vessels. There is no thought of increasing or hastening the total building; "The German Naval Bill is immutable; so far it has been much delayed in its execution," and the "Annual" frankly declares that it is "impossible to accept the suggestion that the commencement of programmes many years ahead will be massed into a single twelvemonth in a desire suddenly to attain an equality to, if not a superiority over, ourselves." By January, 1912, Germany can at the most have ready, not twenty-five or twenty-one or seventeen "Dreadnoughts," but a bare thirteen. More probably she will have eleven. We are secure of twenty—a reckoning which omits our two "Nelsons," which some think better than "Dreadnoughts," and our crushing superiority in earlier types. Of the scare there is nothing left but the obscure uneasiness which has made it needlessly hard for the saner forces in the party to confine our next year's programme to a figure which will be adequate without being provocative.

Meanwhile the forces are gathering in Germany, which make it possible to look forward to a cessation of this rivalry. The whole politics of the Empire are in suspense. A new Chancellor has succeeded to the old problems, of whom much is hoped and little known. The puzzle of the Budget has not been solved. It has only been patched up by a temporary compromise which postpones to next year the difficulty of meeting a fresh deficit with more popular taxes. At by-elections and State elec-

tions the Social Democrats are sweeping everything before them, and even the National Liberals feel the universal "pull towards the Left." But of all symptoms the most significant is the steady campaign in the rigidly Conservative Press for an understanding with Great Britain and an arrangement of armaments. Its reasoning is the more impressive because it manifestly proceeds on purely self-regarding grounds. Three motives influence the Conservatives. They fear that the lack of the money will involve heavy sacrifices for the Army, if the reckless expenditure on ships continues. They read from the temper of the people that the upper classes and the entrenched interests cannot much longer continue to evade their just share of taxation, unless the total burden can be lightened. They dread above all else the growth of the Socialist vote. How long it will take for this mood of reasonable apprehension to affect the new Chancellor, what new combinations it may produce in a Reichstag which has no stable majority—that none can foresee. But the moment for an arrangement comes visibly nearer. Mr. Asquith's pregnant sentence may conceivably hasten its coming; a bolder and more direct appeal might have brought it nearer yet. For two reasons we are bound to desire the speediest possible settlement. Our own social programme hangs on our Navy Estimates. The aspect of Europe, with Russia emphasising her feud with Austria and both the German Powers watching the Greek and Cretan crisis in an unpleasantly expectant mood, is a warning that smouldering quarrels have their dangers even under a clear sky.

The material for a bargain is, we are still convinced, such an arrangement as Mr. Cohen suggested in his paper at the Eighty Club. Count Reventlow's capable article in the "Navy League Annual" insists on two central elements in this Anglo-German situation. The first of them is the historical fact that it was we who forced the pace, first, by insisting in our Press on Germany's naval weakness, and then by inventing the colossal apparition of the "Dreadnought." The second is that it is primarily to protect her commerce that Germany must arm, while the measure of her armaments must be not so much the relative value of that commerce as the strength of the Navy which threatens it. The nature of that menace has been too much advertised. Every pains has been taken to inform Germans of that model map which hangs in the Admiralty, whereon is demonstrated the ease with which every German merchant vessel in all the seas could be seized as a prize within two days of the outbreak of war. To check the rivalry in armaments we must be prepared to allay the fears which are their motive. If the Germans on their side would abandon their savage doctrine of the floating mine, and we on ours the anachronism of the capture of merchantmen in war, the "rattle into barbarism" might be stayed, because navies would have lost their most specious pretext—the excuse that they are only an insurance for commerce. Our power of defence would only be heightened, for there would be less to defend. Our power of attack would still make us the potential masters of every distant settlement. We should retain all the superiority we ought to claim, and retain it on terms which would at last allow us to devote our new surpluses to our own development.

A LETTER TO A BUSINESS-MAN ON THE
ENGLISH REVOLUTION NOW PENDING,
FROM THE THREAT OF THE HOUSE OF
LORDS TO REJECT THE BUDGET.

IV.

To you, my dear friend, I have one final word. You are a representative of that class which has done more than any other in the past to shape the peculiar genius of that Constitution we inherit from the past. The influence of the middle-class, the shrewd common sense of the merchant, the hard, practical insight of the business man, the narrow but firm and rigorous precision of the lawyer, are reflected in every part of it; it is they who have been the most important instruments of change, who have fitted it for each new age, who have watched over its every motion and development. The Lords may have guarded and preserved, but the middle-class has moulded and invigorated and inspired it. Peculiar, therefore, should be your interest in preserving this most august of modern institutions, for it is one which owes more to the influence of the average citizen than any other of its kind in any age. It is the idealised image of the stable merchant, who grasps the substance without seeking the shadow, and rests on the solid ground without eyeing the heights with envy. Hence it is you who are the naturally appointed guardian of the Constitution, and it is by your ideas that its future must be directed.

Two ways of development in the future are clear, the one that of evolution, systematic, consistent, and springing directly from the past. That line will preserve at least some independence for the Lower House from both Peers and people in all things, absolute independence of the Peers in finance, and that line, as I have already shown, springs direct from, and is rooted absolutely in, the very earth and foundation of our institutions, from the days when the first Edward summoned the Model Parliament, to the days when the seventh Edward summoned this one. Development upon these lines may be mistaken, but it can hardly be dangerous, and, by its close and continuous connection with the spirit of the past, it will always bring the future into relation with it. From such a development we may have something to correct, but little to fear, and much to hope.

There is also another line along which the Constitution may go—or rather be forced—the line of Revolution. How far that Revolution may extend no man can say, but we already see some of its dangers. Already the historic independence of the Commons in matters of general import, as distinguished from finance, is imperilled. Between mandates from below and vetoes from above, the individuality of the Commons, its personality and its control, are stifled or checked. The danger here is not a little one, but it is danger which may be averted. But when the financial control of the Lower House is threatened, then indeed we are lost. The Commons is reduced to an entire dependence upon its two masters, so that a continuous Referendum, decided upon and worked by the peers, becomes the sole instrument of Government. All the old stability, the good understandings, the invisible conventions, disappear, and everything is moulded by the breadth of the popular will at times and occasions selected by six hundred irresponsible autocrats. Such a process can only end in Revolution, and, though the financial control of the Commons may be the first to fall, the general control of the Lords will not be the last to suffer.

These, then, are the consequences of the action that you favor, and the cause which you advocate. You and those like you are prepared to destroy precedents, to abolish the immemorial atmosphere of tradition, in which alone our Constitution can live, to drag everything into irremediable disaster, for advantages that are doubtful, and for disasters that are certain. After such a step as rejection of the Budget by the Lords, the whole prospect of Revolution opens. Never, never again can the slow process of development, the nice adjustments of

time, the soft mouldings of nature and experience, be applied to the fabric of our Constitution. All and every one—not of its principles, but of its practices—must be submitted for instant decision to judges that are incompetent by persons that are reckless or unscrupulous. Nor are they to be submitted as a whole, but gradually, accidentally, illogically and occasionally, at the careless bidding of a hereditary class. From such dangers it is the middle class alone of England that can save us, for their opinion, which has always fixed the practice of the Constitution, is yet able to save its existence. Here is a cause which concerns no party, but which involves every individual. It is a cause for which everyone can stand, and a cause whose importance extends far beyond the importance of any provisions now in the Budget itself. The Budget is of complete indifference and unimportance compared with the financial supremacy of the Commons. To secure that end generations of Englishmen have struggled, for that end Hampden died and Halifax lived, and by that means the whole spirit of our Constitution was built up. And as our Constitution arose from that doctrine, so it must perish with it. On this there is not, nor ever can be, now or in future, any doubt or hesitancy whatever. We owe it therefore to our fathers to maintain what they gave us, to our sons to give to them what they can maintain, and we shall be false to both trusts if we abandon the most fundamental principle of English liberty, and the chief distinguishing mark of our parliamentary greatness.

A hundred years ago Edmund Burke, writing of the French Revolution, described the danger that it brought to the English Constitution by applying the principles of rigid logic and reason to an organism rooted in the past and based on immemorial tradition. I would that my pen could bring home to you the dangers that threaten our Constitution to-day from a procedure equally ruthless, from a reason and logic equally rigid, but so infinitely more dangerous, because a thousand times more insidious. Our country, which had nothing to fear from a mob headed by Frenchmen in red caps, has everything to fear from one headed by Englishmen in coronets.

HAROLD W. V. TEMPERLEY.

(Conclusion.)

Life and Letters.

THE JEST OF PILATE.

BACON has been taken to task for the opening words of a famous essay. Pilate, his critics say, meant no jest when he asked, "What is Truth?" for the question has in it a ring of irony. Every child knows what truth means, yet philosophers and theologians hold disputations through two thousand years and more without agreeing on a definition. Is it that they cannot see what lies before their eyes, or that they will not open their eyes to that which is revealed to babes and sucklings? Is the difficulty a jest of the thinkers, sporting for ever with mystifications bewildering to the lay mind, or is it a subtler irony in the scheme of things which elects to puzzle us most with that which is in appearance easiest to comprehend? A sentence or two in Professor James's most recent statement of his position—"The Meaning of Truth" (Longmans)—suggests the latter view. We are to think that in dazzling the world with the kaleidoscopic variations of the pragmatistic view of truth, he and Dr. Schiller and Professor Dewey are not so much active agents as passive instruments in the hands of the "Time Spirit." Writing of humanism, which is one of the pragmatic incarnations, he tells us why the gates of logic will not prevail against it:—

"Humanism is, in fact, much more like one of those secular changes that come upon public opinion overnight, as it were, borne upon tides 'too deep for sound and foam,' that survive all the crudities and extravagances of their advocates, that you can

pin to no one absolutely essential statement, nor kill by any one decisive stab.

"Such have been the changes from aristocracy to democracy, from classic to romantic taste, from theistic to pantheistic feeling, from static to revolutionary ways of understanding life—changes of which we have all been spectators. Scholasticism still opposes to such changes the method of confutation by single decisive reasons. . . . This is like stopping a river by planting a stick in its bed."

The passage is at least in one respect just. It is a true piece of self-criticism. Whether to its credit or to its discredit, pragmatism is not so much a definite doctrine that can be refuted—from which incidentally it follows that it is not a definite doctrine that can be proved—as a tendency, an impulse, a mood which survives attack and retreats from one position only to make head in another direction. It may be worth while to take up Professor James's challenge in the form in which he utters it, to dispense with the ungrateful and, indeed, too easy task of pricking logical holes and pointing out inconsistencies of statement, and consider pragmatism broadly as a tendency, to look at its antecedents and its history, and to attempt some estimate of its value, not as a ripened harvest of thought, but as a seed that is germinating.

We do not suppose that Professor James will acknowledge the parentage, but in our view his true source of modern pragmatism is to be found in Newman's "Grammar of Assent." Taking advantage of the weaknesses and gaps in the rational order, Newman introduced, or re-introduced, the view that belief—not merely belief in the supernatural, but belief as such—is something intrinsically different from an act of rational thought, that it is an act of will, a voluntary assent or dissent supervening upon the distinct contemplation of certain ideas. Now Professor James is for ever repudiating such an interpretation of pragmatism. He is constantly telling us that this is what he does not mean. One of the earlier expressions of his views was indeed entitled "The Will to Believe." But we are to understand apparently that this was an unfortunate choice of words leading readers to misunderstandings. None the less, the notion of a choice still runs through Professor James's words. The spirit of Newman is perpetually laid by soothing incantation formulae, only to wake again and walk in new verbal clothing through Professor James's much-winding argument. The satisfactoriness of a belief is lovingly dwelt upon, and if at times our questionings are stilled by the assurance that self-consistency—which Rationalism itself demands—is the one thing eminently "satisfactory" to the intellect, at other times we are confronted with passages like this:—

"I had supposed it to be matter of common observation that, of two competing views of the universe, which in all other respects are equal, but of which the first denies some vital human need while the second satisfies it, the second will be favored by sane men for the simple reason that it makes the world seem more rational. To choose the first view under such circumstances would be an ascetic act, an act of philosophic self-denial of which no normal human being would be guilty."

Such a passage reveals a confusion of the psychological and the philosophical points of view, combined with a naïve attitude to the question of truth which makes Professor James's case appear nearly desperate. That men are habitually guided by their preferences, that they seek beliefs which will quench their mental and moral thirst we all know. We had supposed that the beginnings of scientific and philosophic criticism arose from the attempt to rise a little above this uncritical attitude, and that progress, if very slight, had, at least, gone far enough to make men draw up and examine their positions when they found themselves being led in this way. But to Professor James all this is foolishness; it is an act of asceticism of which no sane man in an age of comfort is guilty. What the despised rationalist would conclude in the case propounded by Professor James is that valid grounds for deciding between the two views were not available. Both of them by hypothesis have some evidence in their favor. That evidence is equal, and therefore not only not decisive, but incapable of weighting the scale with so much as a balance of probability one way rather than

another. In such a situation the degree of "asceticism," which any rational man requires, is a suspense of judgment. A man may indeed prefer the one view as more interesting, stimulating, or encouraging, but if he takes this preference for evidence he deceives himself, and the truth is not in him. That he should quite deliberately proceed to make of his preference a logical argument and avowedly maintain that he believes the one theory rather than the other on this ground is scarcely conceivable. Men do not act so. They begin by preferring and end by honestly believing. But if they have any rudiments of self-respect left in them, they cannot bring the two ends of the process together and yet maintain the attitude of belief unimpaired.

Nevertheless, Professor James is right in attributing to his theory a psychological significance. It is a part of the debris thrown off by the growth of science. On the one hand the growth of psychology, especially in Professor James's own hands, has illustrated the close interaction of emotion, will, and belief, and has familiarised us with a certain portion of the mental world in which facts—viz., states of our own mind and body—are ready made and unmade by our belief or disbelief in them. On the other hand the extension of physical discovery has revealed to us the immensity of our ignorance, and the infantine limitation of our ordinary concepts of matter and mind, cause and effect. It has opened up new vistas of human power, revealed the malleability of natural conditions, and demands an infinite flexibility in our conceptions of the possible. It has loosened the old foundations of certainty, and given reins to the constructive use of the scientific imagination. The foundations of physics and of the sciences of life and mind are given over to the unrestricted play of hypothesis, and the scientific thinker is in his own way claiming the sort of freedom that Professor James demands. He wants unlimited licence to frame hypotheses and see what comes of them, and his practice is not far from Professor James's principle in that he cares for little provided that his theory "works," that it suggests experiments, that it fits in with the results of investigation as far as they go, that he hopes to "make" it true by actually constructing the model in which it is to be displayed. The demand for strict demonstration embarrasses and annoys him. He wants at once to be "satisfied" and stimulated, because he is always pushing ahead in discovery.

The point of difference which the pragmatist does not sufficiently grasp is that the scientific man has always in the back of his mind the consciousness that in this form his theories are all provisional. He has behind his immediate work the knowledge that in the end severer tests must be applied; he wishes merely to postpone their application till he has reached a point of view at which decisive demonstration one way or another will be possible. If he followed Professor James he would abandon this saving grace, erecting his provisional theories into truths which need no other proof than the satisfaction which they yield. He would make a deliberate logical theory of that which is for him only a practical method. The results would not, we conceive, be "satisfactory," and here, at least, we have a consideration which the pragmatist will not ignore. We already have far too much of dogmatism in science, and far too much of investigation undertaken only to find "proof" for that which the inquirer is already determined to believe. All that Professor James has to say of the method of establishing results by "validating" them, that is by making them work, is but too true of much of scientific controversy. The function of the logician, the value of a theory of truth, is not to establish these bad methods in their ways, but constantly to recall men to the recognition that, though their theories perish, Truth is what it is. It offers us no choice, except to submit or to rebel, and there is unfortunately no ground to think that it was framed to give us satisfaction or meet our vital needs. It is we who have to limit our satisfactions by the conditions which it imposes, and limit our needs as best we can to those which the humble and dispassionate study of reality shows us to be capable of fulfilment.

ALMOST AN IMMORTAL.

It was a hundred and fifty years last Wednesday since Schiller was born, and a hundred and four last May since he died. That is a long time for any writer's name to be remembered, except by the curious. One might call it a long step towards "immortality," for a name that is familiar after one century will probably be familiar after two, and Schiller is still well known far outside the narrow circles of scholars, specialists, and literary ghouls. His thoughts are deeply involved in the life of his own people. In the common intercourse of Europe, his words still fly through the mouths of men, and never to have heard of him would argue a mind uneducated. Together with Virgil and a few other poets, he enjoys the advantage of use in schools. It is a dubious advantage, we admit, but because "there is no harm in him," he is made a text-book of literature for the German youth, and of language for foreigners' lessons. The knowledge of him is thus ensured, and both his conspicuous phrases and general ways of thought are almost unconsciously impressed upon the heart of each generation. He has become a school of language, a source of recognised quotation, and an instructor in those sharply defined characters of black and white which the inexperienced love, and perhaps require for their guidance amid the infinite complexity of the actual world. He is, as we said, involved in the life of his people, and even in the life of Europe, nor has any German writer hitherto taken his place.

It is a great reward, though it is not the highest. We doubt if any mature man or woman now turns to Schiller for personal interest, for inspiration, for comfort, or even for literary pleasure. If we did turn to him for any of those things, we doubt if we should find them. After all, there are very few who can supply us with those excellent gifts between the limits of youth and the beginnings of old age—few of the dead, we mean, for the living possess the irresistible interest of sharing the same dangers and hopes and fears as ourselves, since for a year or two we are together in the same boat upon the stream. But as we look backwards up the current, here and there we catch sight of a man whose words seem never to lose their bearing upon the life of any age, and to be as vital for ourselves as for his contemporaries. For inspiration and for interests closely personal to our own lives we may still look to the creators of Prometheus, of Hamlet, and of Mephisto. Or if we seek the comfort of expression in our own most intimate joy and sorrow, we may still find it in a few great singers from Euripides to Catullus, and from Dante onward to Heine. Those are the true immortals, for they appear to have drawn the water of life from springs of thought and emotion which shall never dry. But hardly below them come a larger number of great spirits who seem wanting just one touch for the aspect of eternity, and yet whose power dominated their age and whose name is preserved in honor, though the honor is paid to a tomb rather than a throne. In German literature, we think, it is Schiller to whom the highest reverence of that kind must be paid.

Goethe, who for about ten years was his most intimate friend, and who valued him to the full, once said that Germany had produced no Byron, but the nearest to Byron was Schiller. At first sight the criticism seems surprising, for Schiller had none of the attributes that still give vitality to the best of Byron's work—the wit, the poignant satire, the knowledge of the world and of action, or the passionate defiance of propriety. But it was not these greater qualities that first gave Byron his extraordinary hold over this country and Europe. That hold was won by dramas and poems which now are hardly read, and receive only the same kind of sepulchral honor as Schiller's would receive were they not a basis of education, such as Byron's could never be after he lost his good repute owing to his finest work.

In Schiller's early dramas there was something of the Byronic spirit of revolt. His noble brigands and melancholy cut-throats were the predecessors of the Manfreds and Corsairs who drove the youth of Europe to shake their fists in the face of established society. Like Byron,

he rose against the conventions of life as well as of art, and his rebellion was the more violent because the bondage was more oppressive. He had known it at its worst as army-surgeon in the little State of a converted German Duke, who for the preservation of the discipline and souls of his people forbade him to write. His first play—the play which won him influence—bore on its title-page a lion rampant, with the motto "In Tyrannos." Filled with the spirit of revolt and gloom, it moves with a certain grandeur of sentiment and action. It is characteristic that the hero of the piece, having rebelled against ungrateful man, is discovered among savage rocks and hearts more savage still, perusing the works of Plutarch; and that for this play, probably by the advice of Anacharsis Clootz, in the fourth year of Liberty and the first of Equality, the National Assembly in Paris conferred the honor of French Citizenship upon "Gilleers," or "Sieur Gille, publiciste Allemand." Unhappily, owing to so vague an address, the diploma took six years to reach him, and Anacharsis, with Danton, who signed it, and Roland, who drew it up, had then long since trodden the road of the guillotine; but it still testifies to the origins of Schiller's early fame.

Like Byron, he made demands upon depths of passion which the eighteenth century had obscured, or, having skimmed over with smooth and solid-seeming conventions, had forgotten. But, even in youth, he showed little of Byron's self-conscious cynicism, and every year he inclined more to the Revolution's worship of love, humanity, and reason, turning from rebellion to the joy of universal citizenship throughout the world. Something of the change may be seen in Beethoven's employment of the ode, "An die Freude," beginning:—

"Freude, schöner Götterfunken,
Tochter aus Elysium."

As the author of the Life of Schiller, in the "Great Writers" series, has noticed:—

"In the last movement of Beethoven's Choral Symphony, after a storm of struggle and chaos and passionate rejection, a voice is heard saying, 'O friends, not sounds like these! but let us raise a sweeter strain, and full of joy!' And then, quietly, as though exhausted with the struggle, but now at peace, the new phrase is given out, and gradually the whole chorus joins in the triumphant song of Schiller's Hymn to Joy:—

'Joy, thou radiant flame from heaven,
Daughter of the gods divine,
We, with sacred madness driven,
Here approach thy glorious shrine.
What the cold world's sword would sever,
Thy enchantment binds aright;
All mankind are brothers ever
Where thou retest in thy flight.

Chorus: Men in millions above telling,
Join in rapture of embrace!
Far above yon starry space
Some dear Father has his dwelling."

In the fifth line the translator has followed the earlier and better version, and the imitation gives a tolerable idea of the opening stanza of a poem very characteristic both of Schiller and of a revolutionary age, when it was a joy to be alive. That mood of hopefulness and belief in human kind was like the opening of a door into sunshine. Except during a few short weeks in Russia four years ago, and during the great Italian drama now being retold by Mr. George Trevelyan, there has been nothing to compare to it since Schiller's time, and Schiller was the man to give it voice. "Auch ich war in Arkadien geboren," he cries in one of his best-known lines, and though that poem ends with the lamentations of middle-age, we feel that Schiller's spirit never in reality quitted the Arcady of his childhood. Madame de Staël, who knew him only just before his death, said that he lived and spoke and acted as though wicked people did not exist. He knew the hardship and bitterness of the world, for he was generally poor, but that radiant spirit remained untouched in its persistent faith, and never lost the glory of its splendid vision.

"For the last twenty years," said Goethe in his old age, "the public has been contending which was the greater, Schiller or I, and they ought rather to have rejoiced that they have two such fellows to contend about." To us in these days it is almost incredible that

the question should ever have been raised, but still we may rejoice that Germany once had such a fellow as Schiller. Goethe counted him the greatest blessing fortune gave him in later years. "To me," he writes, "Schiller was a new spring in which everything burgeoned into glad and abundant life," and, again: "He saved me from the charnel-house of science, and gave me back to poetry and life." "The charnel-house of science" is a strange phrase coming from the man to whom all Nature was so full of vitality, but to the world, as to Goethe, there was evidently something about Schiller of this renewing, this life-giving power. His radiance elevated mankind above the contempt of those who call man a worm, and by the purification of that flame-like spirit he helped to redeem us from the vulgarity which so easily besets us, and especially besets the nations of the German and English stock. His truest praise is uttered in the epilogue that Goethe wrote for the "Song of the Bell" ten years after Schiller's death. One of the stanzas ends with the well-known lines:—

"Und hinter ihm, in wesenlosem Scheine,
Lag, was uns Alle bändigt, das Gemeine."

The vulgar and the commonplace, the existence uninspired, unredeemed, and unkindled into which the spirit so readily and so comfortably falls—from that it was given to this poet to deliver himself and others. He restored to art something of the grandeur of central and public conceptions, and to life he restored the brightness of unconquered faith. His works may no longer possess the attraction for us that they had; we are engaged in conflicts needing other words and other arms than his; but to himself, now that a century and a half have gone since his birth, we may still pay continued honor to one among those emancipators of the spirit who hand on the torch of hope to the generations.

BARBARIANS OF OUR TIME.

It would be an entertaining speculation to inquire what effect the discovery of Albania would have had upon the earlier phases of the Romantic movement. Here in these wild and beautiful mountains, almost in sight of the Italian coast and a bare two days' journey from Vienna, there still survives among a Catholic people of Indo-European stock the very world of peril, adventure, and honor out of which a whole generation of poets spun its ideals and its dreams. Byron, indeed, had travelled among the gentler clans of Epirus, and placed on record to their account an admiration and a sympathy which he refused to Greeks and Turks. Ali Pasha of Jannina was a considerable contemporary figure. He had attained the summit of glory among a people who regard a bribe only as a flattering testimony to their importance. Napoleon and Mr. Pitt had each sought in vain to corrupt him. He took their subsidies and continued to follow his own devices. But it was not until our own day that any information at once accurate and ample has been available regarding the Northern Albanians, who alone of their race have quite succeeded in defying all the influences of successive civilisations. The Roman conquest left nothing behind it save a few names on the classical atlas and a few ruins for lazy masons to dismantle. Of the Byzantine, the Bulgarian, and the Servian Empires there remains only the legacy of uncomprehending hatred. From Catholicism they have learned only to observe fast-days and to despise the Eastern Church. The very Jesuits only succeeded in assisting them to visualise Hell, and even of the Last Judgment they think much what they think of a Turkish Pasha's court, that it is alien tyranny invented to be defied. Here, in short, are the Dark Ages without their monasteries and without their cathedrals. It is the Europe of Charlemagne without its Latin. Amid all the brutalities of the tribal law, the blood feud, the sale of women, the brigandage, the witchcraft, and the childish ignorance there is only one anachronism and it,

too, is a barbarism. From Dibra to Scutari, from Scutari to Ipek, there is nothing modern save the Martini rifle.

The Romantics knew nothing of this paradise of honor and violence. Even the anthropologists, who will rummage a South Sea Island and go into exile among Dyaks or Samoyedes, have been content to leave Albania unexplored. One is doubly grateful therefore for the vivid and entertaining volume in which Miss M. E. Durham has just described her wanderings among the wilder Gheg tribes ("High Albania," Arnold). Her purpose is to amuse, and to kindle sympathy. But while she is far from having any scientific interest in anthropology, the essential fact about this primitive people emerges on almost every page with almost excessive emphasis. They are savages, brigands, murderers, but the root fact of their wild lives is not their lawlessness but their unflinching obedience to their law. They know no more of Old Testament or New than they know of the Pandects or the Code Napoléon. But from his cradle which the Church would call incestuous, to his unhallowed murderer's grave, the Albanian mountaineer bends all his energies to the observance of his own crude canon. His case seems to the modern mind peculiar, though in reality it is an almost universal phase of social evolution. He acknowledges so much of unity that all Albanians are brothers against Slavs or Turks, while all these northern tribes observe the code traditionally ascribed to one Lek Dukaghin, who is said to have been excommunicated by Pope Paul II. in 1464 on the unusually reasonable ground of the sin he committed in drafting this abominably un-Christian legislation. Yet, despite these bases of unity, the law of life among these clans is one of carefully regulated but unrelenting war. They are all of them exogamous, and marriage is sometimes by capture, but more commonly, where Christians intermarry, by purchase. A woman is worth anything between one and two rifles. The bargain is commonly concluded in infancy or even before birth. The most curious, and to us the most novel, of the institutions which Miss Durham describes is the honorable estate of virginity. There is apparently no religious or ascetic element in the ideal. A girl who refuses to marry the partner to whom she has been sold, may free the two families from the blood-feud which would otherwise result, by taking before witnesses a vow of perpetual virginity. Instead of incurring the contempt commonly meted out by savages to the childless woman, she rises at once to all the honours and privileges of manhood. She inherits property, she eats with the men, and above all, she is allowed to wear breeches and to carry a revolver. Monogamy even among the Moslems is an almost invariable rule, save only that Catholics and Moslems alike follow the Mosaic rule that a widow should cohabit with her deceased husband's brother. It is, of course, the wild law of honor which perpetuates the blood feud. The murders which are said to account for 20 per cent. of the deaths among adult males are morally indistinguishable from the civilised duel. There is this difference, that it is held to be quite honorable to shoot one's adversary from behind in the dark, and absolutely necessary to kill, while the close sense of kinship among the males of a clan makes any fellow-tribesman a legitimate victim. There is this to be said for the Albanian canon that it does introduce innumerable checks and restraints upon disorderly vengeance. The truce of God is frequent and is always rigidly observed. Women are inviolably protected, save from their own lawful owners. But in other respects the *lex talionis* does not deter. One might have supposed that the knowledge that a rash word or an unjust deed may bring misery upon the whole of one's family to the third and fourth generation would have bred caution. But the very universality of these quarrels, the honor done to courage, and the pride of killing many men, have apparently counteracted the intention of this Draconian code. It would be a mistake to waste pity on these glorious barbarians. They feel none for themselves. One tribe enjoyed itself hugely by entertaining Miss Durham with the merry tale of the last of its really splendid killings. One man at a feast lost a cartridge and immediately began to accuse the rest of theft and

lying. Twelve lay dead before the great evening closed, and even then the cartridge had not been found. It is, however, fairly clear that public opinion is now much in advance of the code. A man, who had been insulted by a man of another tribe, killed a young boy of that tribe while Miss Durham was present. His own fellows were indignant but puzzled. They had to admit that the avenger had observed the tribal law, and therefore they could not punish him. They solved the difficulty by telling the other tribe that they would not attempt to resist them, if they chose to come over and burn the murderer's house. The immediate proclamation of a universal truce from blood-feuds for many months after the establishment of the Constitution last year, was a striking proof of the strength of this growing desire for a humaner way of living. It pleases Miss Durham to sneer at the Young Turks and the Constitution, and to represent the Albanians as a race at once too good and too bad for it. But she is wholly silent on the fact that, at the very moment when she was in the mountains, the Albanian regiments at Monastir were shooting their Old Turk Pashas and striking the decisive blow for the new order.

But it would be to libel the whole Albanian race to send out this clever book to the world at large as a complete description of it. Miss Durham revels in her tales of violence and brutality. Her book reeks with blood, and one suspects that even if she had seen any milder side of the life of the mountains, she would not have cared to describe it. Her picture is a truthful record of one aspect, the more important and obvious aspect of the life of the wilder clans. But there is another chapter in Albanian annals. For more than a generation past a growing band of devoted men, mainly from the south, have been busied in reducing their untamed language to writing. Persecuted with equal animus by Greek Bishops and Turkish Pashas, they have still carried on their bloodless propaganda in a country where every other Nationalist ideal has been a standard of hatred, intolerance, and strife. They have faced prison, exile, and assassination. But even before the revolution they had transformed the thinking at least of Central and Southern Albania. This cult of the book has levelled the proud distinctions of birth, and swept away the jealousy of creeds. The present writer counts among his friends a southern Bey, once wild, vindictive, and barbarous, who met a persecuted schoolmaster while he was doing time for a common murder in a Turkish gaol. He learned to read, and came out a humane and civilised man. He has seen another friend, a Moslem of ancient lineage, embrace a Christian peasant in public, merely because they made the mutual discovery that both were helping forward the cult of the Albanian alphabet against Turks and Greeks alike. A third friend made the beginnings of a fortune in Boston, and returned immediately after the revolution to spend it all in founding a public library in his native town. A fourth friend, Faik Bey Konitza, a Moslem by birth, deserves, and has indeed won, a high place among philologists. Born not much more than thirty years ago in a feudal castle among naked mountains, he has mastered half the languages of Europe; he writes a French style worthy of Diderot; he has done more than any living scholar to explore in all the libraries of the Continent the obscure documents that relate to the history of his native land. He is at the same time a critic of music not altogether without renown, and even a composer. In the politics of the Balkans he illustrates the chivalry of his race by his unbending championship of his national idea. Miss Durham's bloody savages are certainly Albanians. The facts she relates about them are the truth. But they are not the whole truth about the Albanians of to-day, and with every month they are becoming less generally true. It is impossible to predict what destiny has in store for this singular race. Much turns upon the tact of the Young Turks, and much upon the ambitions of Austria. But no race in the Balkans deserves in its blind struggles and its unguided impulses to be regarded by Europe with more forbearance, more lenience, and more sympathy.

THE GAME OF DEATH.

A HOST of small birds have been feeding on the ploughing, the rear rank continually flying over the front, and then in turn falling to the rear, till the flock has somersaulted far out from the friendly hedge. Suddenly their activity ceases. The earth has opened and swallowed them up, or rather the heavens have disclosed a danger that bids them lie very still among the brown clods. High in the sky hangs a dot that every sparrow there knows for his ancient enemy, even though it may be a sparrow fresh from the nest, that has never seen a hawk before. But it is an awful business this lying quite still, hidden in sight, while overhead, with piercing eyes, hangs Death incarnate. One by one, and in twos and threes, the foragers slink off as best they can to the cover of the friendly hedges, and on one of them the hawk descends with unerring aim.

Has he taken the slowest or the stupidest greenfinch, or has he, holding them all completely at his mercy, made his swoop the penalty for excessive plumpness? Whichever it be, it can be only by a hair's breadth that the little bird lost. It is as beautifully feathered, as long and perfect of wing, as plump and as fit as any other November greenfinch. Yet, luck apart, it was somehow, by some very small margin, the least fit of to-day's flock. To-morrow, perhaps, the last one that escaped to-day will fall. It is not Nature's intention that we should escape our enemies by miles. We must win or lose by millimetres, and, whether we win or lose, Nature is equally satisfied. If we can give the hawk a reasonably good race for his meal, we have done well, and, if we are eaten, our cog has fitted the scheme just as well as if we escape. And is it not evident that what suits the machine suits every cog of it, whether it be an eaten greenfinch or a satisfied hawk?

We cannot find, on the whole, any evidence that Nature's tragedies are taken very seriously by the victims. At any rate, the friends of the victim and even those who have escaped death by the smallest margin are not much concerned, once the danger has passed. No more striking example of this can be had than the slight regard paid to the fox by the rabbits among which he lives, and from among which he takes toll when he happens to be hungry. When he is not hungry or hunting, he and his natural prey are as friendly as Englishmen and Germans when there is no war between them. Still more to the point and more easily verified is the careless familiarity with which roach treat the pike when the latter is not feeding, or the friendliness that exists in a narrow tank between a perch and the minnows provided for his sustenance. There is no unnecessary suffering from the fear of death. It would not do. The animal that was eternally worrying about such things would cease to thrive. It would be at a discount in the struggle for food—and when it came to die it would not satisfy the scheme of things by being worth eating. The victims of the hot pot invented by Mr. Rider Haggard had to be taken at the height of their enjoyment, or the gourmets that were to eat them would not be satisfied.

It is death without a shadow. When the hawk appears in the blue, then it is time enough to fly. It is just a hot-blooded race wherein we have no time to think of the stakes. Anyone who runs a race knows that all the anguish of it precedes the starting signal. At the firing of the pistol, worry and anxiety vanish, and we find ourselves running unexpectedly well. It is not nearly so bad as we had thought. We are quite happy and comfortable, until the race is over and we have come in second. Then it strikes us that we might have spurted earlier and better or have put an ounce or two more into it. The same would happen if the race were for life. We should run as gamely as any rabbit, and, if the race was a good one, should perhaps congratulate the victor as he proceeded to eat us.

Is it sheer speculation? In our islands we cannot imagine the horrors of earthquake or, happily, of war. If we dream of them it is an insupportable nightmare. Surely human nature could not endure such horrors. But when we speak to one who has been through a war or an earthquake, it is much as though he had gone

through a shower of rain. The crisis is accompanied by the right mood, and all goes off well. You walk about in the streets while the town is being shelled, but you lie down automatically when a shell is coming your way. In Piccadilly it would be an agony even to lie down, but in Ladysmith it is almost in an ordinary day's work to have an arm blown off. If that is so for man, self-conscious to a perfectly absurd degree, how much more must it be with the animals, which, if self-conscious at all, must be quite healthily so? They can no more be as imaginative or so tender-hearted as we are than the backwoodsman can be physically as tender as the overcomfortable townsman.

The ignoble, unseen enemy of slow approach does cause the animal a sort of misery. There are few sadder sights than a diseased rabbit. It seems almost as though it must brood on its misfortune, an unjust and undeserved misfortune as the human sufferer usually accounts it. Job was more than human not to rail at his boils, which he knew or felt to be a wanton infliction. Yesterday, a mouse crossed our path ever so slowly, and when we caught it we found that it was afflicted by huge ticks as big in comparison as if so many rats hung and sucked on a man. It must have suffered days of misery, each as acute as the moment wherein a mouse is caught and killed by a weasel. It had never seen, perhaps not even felt externally, the things that were sapping its life. No other mouse could tell it what was the matter, yet we cannot doubt that here was carking, brooding care as unlike a run for life as the despair of a Chatterton is unlike a shot through the heart in a glorious breach.

We can bear the severest lot with fortitude and a smile, when it is the common lot and when it comes from an enemy that is entirely an enemy. Man who pities the animals, perhaps overmuch, for what happens to them in the open field, where the loss of one is the exact measure of another's gain, has to deal with more terrible and more unjust conditions. The enemy of man is man himself. The tiger that eats him or that drives him from his food is not an animal of another make, but just a man of other opportunities. Neither his power nor his enmity is an actual thing against which one can fight, but a convention that he and the other victims of it must uphold and try to believe that they like to uphold. We need not say that it is so now. It has been so, and will be so again. Man has endured slavery at the hands of his fellow-men. He has been caught, fattened, and eaten by those whom with better or worse luck he would have fattened and eaten. He has been hived by the thousand like bees, say, on the Rand or at Kimberley, so that all the surplus the thousand could produce should be enjoyed by a single over-man. The game of death has been his, with not one chance in a hundred of life. And even under these conditions, consciously lacking justice or any sweetening counterbalance, he has not been aware of suffering. Why, then, need our greenfinch suffer when the hawk takes it for a meal?

The Drama.

CHURCH AND STAGE.

I FIND no form of the commercial play less interesting than that which is written to illustrate the powers of individual artists. Works of this type seem to me divested of the true character of drama. They cannot be truthful, for they have nothing to do with life; they are evolved not from within—from the artist's brain and heart—but from without, and their character and development can all be guessed beforehand, as soon as we know the actor or actress whom they are made to "fit." But they seem to suit a certain kind of public, just as old and common tunes suit them, the repeated air of the mechanical piano; their fingers beat time to the familiar rhythm, and follow with an idle satisfaction the expected sequence of notes. This kind of entertainment is offered by "The Great Mrs. Alloway." I found it no worse and no better than many of its predecessors. It exists for

Miss Lena Ashwell, or if it possesses any other justification as a work of art, I could not discover it. It deals—need I say?—with a woman's buried past; and in such a theme, built up as our average stage carpentry builds it up, there are three stages of development. The adventuress (shaded off in more or less nice discriminations of goodness and badness) is first shown when her active and therefore presumably her more characteristic life is closed, and an unreal, hypocritical life of concealment as a "society" lady, busied in good works and knowing only "the best people," has begun. She is then shown under the stress of discovery, and finally the ingenuity of the playwright expends itself in the working out of some device which will secure her (a) a further period of hypocritical peace, or if the lady be a thoroughly unsympathetic character will (b) lead to exposure and ruin. But his chief aim will be to secure the "star" the necessary scenes of sensation. It is clear that on these lines there is ample scope for the excitement that modern audiences desire, especially when the artist possesses Miss Ashwell's powers of suggesting the varying moods of nervous emotion—suspense, expectant fear, half-remorseful passion, or a woman's stoical despair. The coming "nerve storm" is therefore the dramatic centre of the work; all the rest is scaffolding built round the crowning event. For its development the author leans purely on accident, and owes everything to it. There is play, not of character, but of a chosen form of highly-strung temperament. The atmosphere and accessories are also "selected." The surrounding characters are all lay figures whose immobility or featurelessness sets off the excessive vitality of the "star." True feeling being absent, the play can have no relation to morals, life, or any serious dramatic purpose.

In this respect a work like "The Great Mrs. Alloway" offers at least a striking contrast to a drama of which the critics have had little good to say, "The Servant in the House." I do not think Mr. Rann Kennedy would claim this interesting play as a great work of art. Clearly it is not that. Clearly, too, we have had some of it before, in forms chosen by the greatest of modern dramatic artists. Readers of "Brand" and "An Enemy of the People" feel content when the symbolic method is in the hands of high poetic genius, and is linked with broad and keen insight into modern life, and a relentless criticism of its "show" characters and its intellectual and spiritual movement. They may be less powerfully attracted when it serves a less obvious mastery of the dramatic medium, and a more directly didactic purpose. And it is possible to hold that our serious, our religious, playwrights (and there is quite a school of them, and we ought all to welcome their appearance) would do well not to put the person of Jesus on the stage. This sceptical age has Moses and the Prophets; will it be convinced if one rose from the dead? The idea of this visible, re-appearing Christ, crudely worked into the raw fabric of modern city life, has been so cheapened by sensational journalism, and itself treads so close to mechanical device, that one hesitates to encourage it as a stage tradition. True, it was not an irreligious but a religious age which dragged its sacred characters on to the boards, and carved on its cathedral stalls the images both of its spiritual ideals and of its earthly humors. But can we restore this atmosphere? I do not say no; I would a thousand times rather see plays like "The Servant in the House" filling our theatres than witness the seemingly eternal reign of Mr. George Edwardes and his style of drama. Only, when one has a feeling for the incomparable form of the New Testament one shudders a little to hear our loose, facile modern rhetoric flowing from lips that we associate from our childhood with quite a different kind of speech.

Nevertheless, the play is an important and remarkable one, for it touches in a dramatic way things that are essential to our happiness, and are undoubtedly stirring more or less deeply in the minds of millions. Thus, it is important for us to consider whether having most abundant and imposing symbols of Church Christianity, we also possess or desire to possess the Christian spirit. It is

important to know what our nominally and professionally "good" men are doing for society, and what its most reputable forms contribute to its well-being. It is most important for us to decide whether we are always to be divided into two great camps—plutocrats, aristocrats, intellectuals, brain-workers, and idlers, on the one hand, and manual laborers on the other, neither class knowing anything of its neighbor. Is there to be a reconciling force? Mr. Kennedy says "Yes, it will be the Church, but a very different Church from that which exists to-day." He may be right or wrong in these theses which he nails to the doors of the Adelphi Theatre. I can understand the critics vehemently and angrily disputing the right of the theatre to deal with such things. Indeed, I cannot imagine them taking any other view; because, with one or two exceptions, they have co-operated with the managers to keep the British stage clear of all serious subjects and considerations. But I cannot understand their indifference in such a controversy. It is impossible to call "The Servant in the House" uninteresting. It is not a consistently powerful and moving work. It is a little too stilted, too naïve, too obviously didactic, for that. But it has humor, it has thrilling moments, and through it indubitably moves the awakening force which we call sincerity. In a word, it is not negligible. And yet those dramatic critics of ours, who are preparing to devote scores and hundreds of pages to the new bundle of old stage puzzles and cryptograms which this season will produce, for the most part pass over Mr. Kennedy's play with a word or two of good-natured contempt. It is really very strange.

H. W. M.

Letters to the Editor.

"MAKING THE FOREIGNER PAY."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The question raised in your issue of the 6th inst. as to whether the foreigner does or does not pay import duties or any part of them offers little difficulty to men of business who are not blinded by prejudices.

What we buy from the foreigner, upon which a duty is imposed, leaves his country at a net price and is redeemed from the Customs house at that price, with a duty added. If the buyer stipulates that the foreigner shall include the duty in the price, the Customs house takes no cognisance of the transaction; it demands the amount of the duty and frees the goods to the buyer. The transaction is either an isolated one and does not affect the market price of the article, or it is one of many, and thus affects the market price, but the duty does not, in the latter case, escape being paid by the buyer, for only the market price is lowered all round, and the duty charged is less protective than when prices were higher, as it is the level of prices in the selling and in the buying markets respectively which governs the protective nature of a duty—the buying market standing at a level higher than the selling market by the amount of the duty levied.

Let it be assumed that the foreigner pays the duty by a sacrifice in the price he accepts for his goods, exactly equal to the duty to be charged at the port of discharge. The cost to the buyer, after paying the duty at the Customs house, would be precisely what it would have been had no duty been charged, with no necessity for the foreigner to make a duty discount. The home manufacturer would say to the Customs officials: "Thank you for 'nothing.' You allow goods to come in at the old price, and I have no advantage." Yet the duty is received by the Government, thus a duty is not necessarily protective unless it is high enough. A ten per cent. duty, if the foreigner chooses to reduce the price of the goods he sells to us by ten per cent., is not protective in the minutest degree, and it must be increased until it passes the point of price reduction, when it at once ceases to add anything to revenue, and remains an engine for raising prices only, within our shores.

Finally, a business man will ask: What is the country

which has a low price for what it sells abroad, and retains the market price, or a high one, for what it consumes at home, except it be a country which is highly protected? There exists no such country which is not a protected one. Then what is gained by buying dearly and selling cheaply, to enable our fellow-citizens to obtain from us high prices for what they make?

Free Trade, as we know it, allows us to buy cheaply, to sell cheaply, and to live cheaply, and a shilling spent on the "Financial Reform Almanac" will give more texts to preach from, and to guide our action by, than any other work now published, as the balance sheets of our principal rivals and our own are there set forth most clearly, and doubts need no longer be entertained as to the wisdom of continuing and strengthening our present policy.—Yours, &c.,

A. GRIMSHAW HAYWOOD.

Blundellsands,

November 8th, 1909.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your article under this title you represent the writers on economics as dwelling "over-much on the rare instances in which the foreigner pays the tax," and you argue that such instances only occur when, owing to a monopoly of some kind, the foreigner is making profits above the minimum rate at which his countrymen are willing to do business. Is this not a grave admission? You yourself proceed to say that it is "arguable that a tax on petroleum might be borne by the Standard Oil Company and a tax on diamonds by de Beers." Are there not many articles, such as German chemicals (produced by patented or secret processes) and rubber (enjoying the advantages of the present shortage), which are producing exceptional profits? Foreign Chancellors of the Exchequer, you hint, should annex such profits, but if they "neglect their fiscal opportunities," and allow the German manufacturers and the rubber proprietors to pay the dividends they do—fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, or more, per cent.—why, on your showing, should not Mr. Lloyd George ask for his share? If without damage to anyone he can put death duties, increment tax (if they are freeholders), and super-tax (their incomes being sufficient) upon Sir J. Brunner and Dr. Ludwig Mond, "in respect of the values created by the social demand," why does not the Budget include some reasonable claim upon the Standard Oil and the Deutsche Anilin Fabrik and the like? Mr. Hobson's doctrine of superfluity appears to apply to the foreign and the home manufacturer without distinction. Having, like your original correspondent, "Veritas Vincit," a dislike of import or (I will add for myself) any other taxes, I will conclude by begging you to give us another article upon the same text.—Yours, &c.,

November 9th, 1909.

E. C.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am an author, and have published one of my books on commission. It sells in this country at *x* shillings net; but for copies sold in the United States I get exactly half that sum. The difference is accounted for by the cost of freight, the American middleman's profit, and the American import duty. I, the exporter, pay that duty, as I know to my cost. What, then, becomes of your contention that the consumer pays? Moreover, I do not pay the duty direct: it is deducted from the amount paid to me by the American importers. This, I think, answers your objection that if it was the foreigner who paid, "his payment would take shape in foreign goods, which Protectionists say they want to keep out." Is not the duty always paid in the form of a diminution of the price received by the exporter?—Yours, &c.,

MORRIS JOSEPH.

Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park,

November 9th, 1909.

[Mr. Joseph's letter serves well to illustrate, not to refute, the reasoning of our article. We there adduced conclusive evidence to show that, so far as ordinary trade is concerned, the exporter does not suffer any diminution of his price. But where a monopolist fixes his own price, it might in theory be possible for a foreign Government to tax him. An author, to the degree of the originality appertaining to his book, is a monopolist.—ED., *NATION*.]

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Balfour may or may not succeed in "broadening the basis of taxation," but he has undoubtedly enlarged the vocabulary of criticism. It will hardly be a breach of the canons of controversy if I characterise the Tariff Reform cry, "Tax the Foreigner" as a "frigid and calculated lie," or as "base coin put into legitimate circulation." From every platform this fiction is repeated, in the hope that people will be gulled, but there is not a Tariff Reform speaker so ignorant as to believe it. What he means is, "Tax foreign goods," but he forgets to tell the people that they are taxing themselves, and it would not help his case if he were to argue that there is not a single economist but has discovered, after microscopical examination, some exceptional case, which, while it proves the larger rule, supports the platform fiction. The practical man of business may be excused if he forgets, because he never encounters them in experience, some of the theories he learned at school, and looks on these questions in the light of everyday happenings.

As one such, I should like to add my experience to that of those whom you quote in your timely article on this subject. I am only a small operator, and my trade with and in protected countries, colonial and foreign, amounts, roughly, to £400,000. In no single instance where I make a sale do I fail to add to the price of the goods the cost of packing, inland freight, &c., leaving in no case less than the price I obtain at home for the same goods. The purchaser pays freight and his own duties. I have scores of competitors, and their practice is the same as mine.

In certain markets I have to sell in the currency of the country, and to the cost of my goods I have to add the duties, freight, &c., and a reasonable profit on these expenses in addition. This profit comes back to me in a form that may figure in the imports as boots and shoes from America, or millinery from France. It goes to swell the excess of imports, which is the *bête noire* of Tariff Reformers, but to me is, Thank God!

We talk of a 10 per cent. tariff. Take even that impossible rate. What will this 10 per cent. amount to by the time it reaches the user? The distributing importer must have just the same profit on the duty that he has on the goods. Ten per cent. means at least 15 per cent. by the time it reaches the consumer, and who is foolish enough to believe that we would stop at 10 per cent.?

All this on the supposition that goods will come in just as at present—but will they?—and if not, what goes? Revenue first, then trade. Fifty per cent. of the £140,000,000 of manufactured and partly manufactured goods coming into this country constitute the raw material of certain industries. Much of it is re-exported after the expenditure of labor. The duty would kill that trade, and in many cases climatic conditions and conditions of labor—apart altogether from higher or lower wages—would make it impossible to replace the imported goods with home products.

Another phase of the question seldom mentioned is worth notice. If, as is so ardently desired by the Tariff Reformers, imports are reduced and foreign indebtedness can no longer be liquidated by merchandise, exchange will rise, and will have the same effect as an additional tariff against our goods. The return from foreign investments, except when payable in London, will also be reduced by the cost of remittance.

Lastly, I am thoroughly convinced, from my own experience, that one of the main causes of unemployment is the agitation for Tariff Reform. It is paralysing industry and putting a stop to legitimate enterprise and expansion. My trade would justify fresh plant and increased facilities for production, but here is an agitation for a complete reversal of our fiscal policy, which, if successful, will lead us nobody knows where. One thing nobody disputes—it will increase the cost of production, and this will shut me out of some of the markets into which I now get by the skin of my teeth.

Can I take the risk, and gamble on the defeat of the agitation? Apply the same to the shipping trade, and you can account for almost all the depression in the shipbuilding industry.—Yours, &c.,

MANUFACTURER.

Glasgow, November 9th, 1909.

LIBERAL WOMEN AND THE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—“What cause, however great,” asks Mr. Holford Knight, “could displace in the public mind the Budget and the Constitution?” I will answer—Justice. Liberal voters like myself cannot prevent a Liberal caucus from forcing on certain constituencies gentlemen like Dr. Massie, who preach that political society is based not on justice, but on force; still, by refusing to vote for them, we shall prove our loyalty alike to Liberalism and Christian civilisation. Our case is admirably pleaded in the last issue of *THE NATION*. “A State (and likewise a party) which implicitly declares that it is not strong enough or wise enough to stand upon right, has *ipso facto* abandoned its moral claim upon the respect and obedience of the people.”

All gratitude to the Women's Liberal Federation, which, as far as in it lies, is saving the honor of Liberalism!—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL VOTER.

Devonshire Club,

October 27th, 1909.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I think your correspondent, Kate Chandler, is somewhat unjust to those members of the Women's Liberal Federation who have faithfully and loyally worked for their party during the last four years. These women think with your correspondent that they should count themselves Liberals first, and women afterwards, and they proved themselves to be “politicians” long before the advent of the militant Suffragists. They are, however, still awaiting the settlement of their just claims, and some of them are beginning to realise that those claims never will be recognised until they take the drastic step of refusing longer to work until their work is recognised by admission to the franchise.—Yours, &c.,

MARY D. HORNE.

7, Palace Gardens Terrace, W.

November 6th, 1909.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your issue of October 30th Mr. Conybeare explains his position with regard to the Suffragettes—the women who are supporting their claims to the suffrage by violent and illegal acts.

While agreeing with him as to the great harm they are doing, I estimate it rather as an injury to their present cause than as an injury to the position of their sex. I deplore and regret their action, perhaps even more than he.

But is not his a strangely illogical position? He was “formerly well-disposed towards the movement,” but is now converted into a determined opponent of it. That is to say, because two or three score of women have behaved in the way which he (and I) condemn, he would withhold the vote which he was formerly disposed to give them from what he will perhaps allow me to call “the enormous and daily growing multitude” of law-abiding Suffragists who have done nothing to deserve his displeasure.

He believes that “if Mill were alive now he would be reconsidering his scheme.” That is a speculation which he is welcome to entertain if it pleases him. But is it not more in keeping with Mill's character to remain firm to his principles than to surrender them even under considerable provocation? As regards the question raised by Mr. Holford-Knight, each Liberal woman must decide for herself what is right for her to do. But a very similar question arises for Liberal men who are also Suffragists. To me the issues involved in the coming election are so serious that in my opinion it behoves every Liberal man to spend such strength and such time as he can afford in working for the general Liberal welfare. But I can see no reason why he should work for a Liberal who is not a genuine supporter of women's suffrage, even though that Liberal is candidate for the constituency in which he lives, when he can probably find a candidate with whose views both as a Liberal and a Suffragist he thoroughly agrees in some neighboring constituency. I sincerely hope that many Liberal men may in this manner avoid sacrificing either their Liberalism to their suffrage views, or their suffrage views to their Liberalism, and may be able to throw themselves heart and soul into the great fight.—Yours, &c.,

FRANK E. MARSHALL.

Keswick, November 3rd, 1909.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Will you allow me to revert to the correspondence on this subject in your issue of October 30th?

I subscribe to the full to the opinions expressed by Mr. Fred. C. Conybeare with this exception, that I never was well-disposed towards the movement initiated by John Stuart Mill, no more than his friend and correspondent, Charles Kingsley, who expressed his aversion to the female vote in very simple language. Yet a more ardent admirer of the potentialities in womanhood, a better husband or father, is not known to me in English literature.

It is well for both that they were spared the recent emanation of the female mind.

I cannot but turn with sympathy to the question asked by "C. R." She has made up her mind that, for the benefit of the State, the Liberal policy is the best. Where and how is that conviction antagonistic to her sense of womanhood? It is not a question between womanhood and political factions, but between womanhood and manhood, and to this we men have to give the final answer without any political bias. We have weighed woman up with kindness and with justice, we know what they can do and what we can do. We take the hardest work upon ourselves, and no good and just woman can complain of want of consideration, legally or socially.

I am strongly inclined to believe that "C. R." will admit this, and will in future give us men her helpful hand.

I have no such hope in the case of your correspondent, "M. A.," who coolly states that, at the present moment, when vital political issues are at stake, nothing but enfranchisement does appeal to her. This, fortunately, is a state of mind shared by a very small minority of women. Here follows a string of assertions offered as incontrovertible maxims, and in a strain of self-assertion which it is not pleasant to behold.

"These women's matters," of which "M. A." so glibly speaks, I discuss with my wife and daughters, and act accordingly. The advice of "M. A.," or any woman who has studied at Girton, Oxford, or Cambridge, is of no importance to me. It is the family on which the State is based.

Women who respect their own dignity should not utter such mean threats as "M. A." so blandly utters, and they do not do it.—Yours, &c.,

G. S.

November 10th, 1909.

ELECTIONS ON SUNDAYS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In a recent issue appeared a letter from Mr. Albert Raphael, recommending either the extension of the present polling hours or the holding of elections on Sunday.

As regards the latter suggestion, perhaps the following paragraph, which I have just come across in Mr. Graham Wallas's admirable book, "Human Nature in Politics," might be of interest:—

"Something might be done, and perhaps will be done in the near future, to abolish the more sordid details of English electioneering. Public-houses could be closed on the election day, both to prevent drunkenness and casual treating, and to create an atmosphere of comparative seriousness. It is a pity that we cannot have the elections on a Sunday as they have in France. The voters would then come to the poll after twenty or twenty-four hours' rest, and their own thoughts would have some power of asserting themselves even in the presence of the canvasser, whose hustling energy now inevitably dominates the tired nerves of men who have just finished their day's work. The feeling of moral responsibility half consciously associated with the religious use of Sunday would also be so valuable an aid to reflection that the most determined anti-clerical might be willing to risk the chance that it would add to the political power of the churches. It may cease to be true that in England the Christian day of rest, in spite of the recorded protest of the founder of Christianity, is still too much hedged about by the traditions of prehistoric taboo to be available for the most solemn act of citizenship. It might again be possible to lend to the polling-place some of the dignity of a law court, and, if no better buildings were available, at least to clean and decorate the dingy schoolrooms now used. (pp. 230-1.)

—Yours, &c.,

H. P. DOUGLAS.

Manchester, October 30th.

"EDUCATIONAL FINANCE."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—At a debate on Lord Sheffield's paper on "Educational Finance," I submitted that folk songs, morris dances, and traditional games should be introduced into the school course. Unfortunately, sitting as I did a good distance from Lord Sheffield, I was unable quite to catch his reply, so I hope I am not misrepresenting him when I say he threw cold water on my suggestion, on the grounds that it would cost money, and that it wasn't to the point.

I write now to emphasise what I said in my speech, that the cost is practically nothing. The folk songs can be taught by any teacher, out of books which cost from one penny to five shillings. The pupils do not need to have books; indeed, experience has shown it to be better that the songs should be taught orally, as they have been for generations. As regards the traditional dances and games, a lady can be sent down for a week by the Association for the Revival and Promotion of Folk Music to teach the whole school, including the teacher, for two guineas, *plus* fare and lodgings.

Should it be thought desirable to do so, this cost can be more than repaid by an entertainment given by the pupils.

There is no doubt that the introduction of these songs and dances have a good effect on the children. It makes them brighter and more intelligent, it makes them like going to school, and creates a good feeling between teacher and pupil. In other words, to look at it from a material point of view, it enables the British tax-payer to get the value for his money. Surely this is very much to the point.

Another point which I raised, though only incidentally, was that if this scheme were carried out in the rural districts, the old "Merrie England" life would be to some extent revived, and there would be less talk of emigration to the large towns. Lord Sheffield replied to the effect that man was an economic animal, and by emigrating to the large towns he was merely following a law of political economy, in going where work is. To refute this, I will quote from a booklet by Mr. R. A. Lister, entitled "Danish Small Holdings."

"Quite recently I noticed in one Gloucestershire paper, circulating in rural districts, that there were only six men advertising for situations, and these were as gardeners, grooms, and butlers, whilst in the same paper twenty-two farmers were advertising for shepherds, stockmen, and other agricultural laborers."

Should space have permitted, I could have gone on to quote from Irish papers to show that it is at last generally recognised that one of the causes of the emigration from Ireland to America is the monotony of the country life, and that it is to counteract this that a large portion of the zeal and public spirit of the Gaelic League is now being directed.—Yours, &c.,

C-T.

November 10th, 1909.

THE AUTOMATIC FIXING OF IRISH RENTS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As the Irish Land Bill will occupy the attention of Parliament in the course of a few days, would you allow me to direct attention to some points, which, if not yet provided for, might well be considered in connection with the future administration of the Irish Land Acts.

The present cost of administering the rent-fixing provisions of those Statutes has become altogether out of proportion to the diminished duties that that Department of the Irish Land Commission is at present called upon to discharge.

In 1887 Mr. Balfour proposed to fix the fair rents of the agricultural holdings of Ireland by an automatic process, which would have had the advantage of being more expeditious and much less costly than the existing procedure provided by the Land Act of 1881.

At that time there were some thousands of fair rent applications awaiting adjudication, and the proposal to deprive the parties of a public investigation of their cases evoked the hostility of Mr. Parnell and his followers, as also that of the tenant right farmers of Ulster, and the combined opposition proved so powerful that Mr. Balfour abandoned his proposed legislation.

In the years that have since passed all the arguments

then advanced against the automatic fixing of fair rents have disappeared. At that time it was essential that each holding should be inspected by two Assistant Commissioners, who had previously sat in Court with an Assistant Legal Commissioner and heard the evidence. That course of procedure is no longer necessary, as the history and circumstances of every holding embraced within the purview of the Irish Land Acts, and which have been adjudicated upon for a first and second judicial term, has been inspected by at least four Court inspectors, and in the cases in which appeals were heard an additional inspection has been made by the Assessors of the Land Commission, and all that exhaustive official information is preserved in the records of the Land Commission. In addition, there is the recorded evidence of at least four valuers for the parties; viz., two for the landlord and two for the tenant, testifying to the amount of rent that should be put upon the holding. It should also be observed that this evidence is supplemented by the Statutory reports, known as the "Pink Schedules," which are attached to the Court file of each individual application, and which supply the following important particulars: (1) A map giving the area of each field in the holding. (2) The particulars of its mode of cultivation and its suitability for certain crops and pasture, &c. (3) The elevation of the farm, its aspect, and proximity to public roads, railways, market and seaport towns, &c. (4) The improvements effected by the tenant, or those to which the landlord has contributed. Thus every item of information connected with "the circumstances of the case, holding, and district," has been obtained and recorded, and in the future fixing of fair rents automatically only three statistical factors would have to be considered, namely (1) The fluctuations in the price of such produce as the holding, under a system of good husbandry, is capable of producing; (2) The prevailing cost of labor; and (3) The variations in such local charges and taxes as the holding may be liable to.

Again, out of the greatly reduced number of fair rent applications that remain to be disposed of, a very small percentage now involve questions on the legal construction of the Land Acts. Such cases have been so exhaustively dealt with by judicial decision that a public court inquiry is no longer required.

Time and practice, accompanied by extensive purchase, having thus created the present situation, what remains to be done is reduced to a limited quantity, and it is submitted that it would not only be expedient in the interest of all parties concerned, but of national advantage, to relegate the future fixing of fair rents, say, to one or two of the Chief Commissioners, assisted by two practical experts or accountants, to fix them automatically from the information available in the existing records of each case. Provision might, of course, be made for appeals in exceptional cases by special leave of a Chief Commissioner, under certain conditions as to costs, &c.

The saving that would thereby be effected in the annual cost of the Land Commission would be very considerable, as the salaries and travelling expenses of the Sub-Commissioners and officials of the Sub-Commissions, the salaries and expenses of the assessors of the Court of Appeal, and the enormous upkeep of the headquarters of the Commission in Dublin would be avoided. Purchase would be expedited and finality secured.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD GREER, B.L.

Dalkey, November 9th, 1909.

MR. ELLIS BARKER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—No doubt Mr. "Ellis Barker" is best dealt with as you deal with him, in a spirit of momentary amusement. There is even a sort of innocence about him, as of a man who truly and honestly cannot conceive what patriotism can be. But I think it worth while to pause upon the incident, because many people misunderstand the obvious Liberal principle in this matter. Mr. "Ellis Barker" solemnly states that he is not a German, but a naturalised Englishman. Now that is what we complain of; he is such a very naturalised Englishman. He has naturalised, or denaturalised, even his name. In fact, he plainly and definitely pretends to be a born Englishman; that is, he

pretends to be what he is not. If he were frankly a foreigner, he would have a perfect right to advise England to adopt Tariff Reform. If a Herr Eltsbacher chose to write on Protectionist projects in England, I hope we should all listen to him with respect. The subject is one of legitimate European interest. We could all respect Eltsbacher; it is Ellis Barker whom we cannot respect. I think the point worth a paragraph of your space, because, ever since the South African War, we have had cause to accuse the alien influence in Imperialism; and our protest should be understood. The objection to Imperialism is not that it attracts foreigners, but that it has a peculiar attraction for undignified foreigners. What weakens the Birmingham patriotism so much in the eyes of honest men is not merely that it is supported by the "naturalised Englishman." It is that it is so largely supported by the particular kind of man who pretends to be another kind of man; by the man who rejects his own father whenever he signs his name.—Yours, &c.,

G. K. CHESTERTON.

Overroads, Beaconsfield,
November 11th, 1909.

GENERAL BINGHAM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I be permitted to correct a slight inaccuracy in your article last week on the New York Police? General Theodore A. Bingham, the late Police Commissioner, is not, as therein stated, "a veteran of the Civil War." He was not born until 1858. The error is probably due to a confusion with General David J. Bingham, to whom your description would apply.—Yours, &c.,

H. W. H.

November 10th, 1909.

Poetry.

REQUIESCAT.

Your birds that call from tree to tree
Just overhead, and whirl and dart,
Your breeze fresh-blowing from the sea,
And your sea singing on, Sweetheart.

Your salt scent on the thin, sharp air
Of this grey dawn's first drowsy hours,
While on the grass shines everywhere
The yellow starlight of your flowers.

At the road's end your strip of blue
Beyond that line of naked trees—
Strange that we should remember you
As if you would remember these!

As if your spirit, swaying yet
To the old passions, were not free
Of Spring's wild magic, and the fret
Of the wilder wooing of the sea!

What threat of old imaginings,
Half-haunted joy, enchanted pain,
Or dread of unfamiliar things
Should ever trouble you again?

Yet you would wake and want, you said,
The little whirr of wings, the clear
Gay notes, the wind, the golden bed
Of the daffodil: and they are here—!

Just overhead, they whirl and dart
Your birds that call from tree to tree,
Your sea is singing on—Sweetheart,
Your breeze is blowing from the sea.

Beyond the line of naked trees
At the road's end, your stretch of blue—
Strange if you should remember these
As we, ah! God! remember you!

CHARLOTTE M. MEW.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"The Great French Revolution, 1789-1793." By P. A. Kropotkin. Translated from the French by N. F. Dryhurst. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

"The Medici." By Colonel G. F. Young, C.B. (Murray. 2 vols. 36s. net.)

"The Survival of Man." By Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Orpheus: A General History of Religions." By Salomon Reinach. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net.)

"Essays on Greek Literature." By R. Y. Tyrrell, Litt.D. (Macmillan. 4s. net.)

"Consciousness." By H. R. Marshall (Macmillan. 17s. net.)

"Life in an English Village." By Maude E. Davies. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Raphael." By A. P. Oppé. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Far Eastern Question." By T. F. Millard. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Reminiscences of a K.C." By T. E. Crispe. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Principles of Religious Development." By George Gallo-way. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

"On the Forgotten Road." By Henry Baerlein. (Murray. 6s.)

"Histoire de la Langue Française des Origines à 1900." Tome III. "La Formation de la Langue Classique 1600-1660." Par Ferdinand Brunot. (Paris: Colin. 12fr. 50.)

"Le Sillon et le Mouvement Démocratique." Par N. Ariès. (Paris: Nouvelle Librairie Nationale. 3fr. 50.)

"L'Évolution de l'Idée dramatique chez les maîtres du Théâtre." Par Jules Guillemot. (Paris: Perrin. 3fr. 50.)

* * *

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT, the current issue of "The Bookman" tells us, is at work on a series of three long novels relating the history of a family in the Five Towns, and written in the manner of "The Old Wives' Tale." The first of the three will not be issued until next autumn, but Mr. Bennett has two other novels ready for publication, one of which, called "The Card," is to appear as a serial in "The Times" weekly edition. The title of the other is "Helen with the High Hand." Mr. Bennett is also at work on a play commissioned by Mr. Herbert Trench for the Haymarket Theatre.

* * *

MR. FRANK PALMER, who has made an excellent start as a publisher by the issue of Mr. Frank Harris's very remarkable book, "The Man Shakespeare," has in the press "The True Story of Jack Cade: A Vindication," by Mr. Joseph Clayton. Mr. Clayton has made an independent study of the documents relating to Cade and his times, with the result that he considers Shakespeare's portrait of Cade to be an unhistorical travesty. Mr. Clayton holds that Cade fared little better at the hands of modern historians. Stubbs, he says, despised him, while Professor Gairdner, in the Introduction to the "Paston Letters," is also hostile. It is remarkable that though a book dealing with Cade's movement has been published at Strasburg, Mr. Clayton is the first English writer to think the subject worth an extended notice.

* * *

A COLLECTION of letters written by Mrs. Lothrop, whose husband was for some years American Minister at St. Petersburg, is announced for publication during the autumn. The letters are said to give an intimate picture of the Russian Court during the 'eighties, and of its leading figures, both social and political. The title of the volume will be "The Court of Alexander III."

* * *

"THE CLERK OF OXFORD IN FICTION" is the promising title of a book by Mr. Samuel F. Hulton, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen. It contains a series of portraits taken from Chaucer, medieval manuals of wit, the character-sketches of Overbury and Earle, and the essays of Steele, Amherst, Johnson, and others, together with a collection of verses written by contemporary Oxford Heads, and illustrating the various revolutions of University history. Mr. Hulton reaches the conclusion that the characteristics which make up the "Oxford manner" are both ancient and indestructible.

* * *

MADAME MARCELLE TINAYRE's story, "L'Ombre de l'Amour," which has appeared as a serial in the "Revue de Paris," will be published shortly in volume form by M. Calmann-Lévy. Another novel of importance is M.

Victor Margueritte's "L'Or," which will be published in a few days through the Bibliothèque-Charpentier.

* * *

AMONG the works of history to be published during the season are the two concluding volumes of Messrs. Longmans' "Political History of England." These are "From the Death of Edward VI. to the Death of Elizabeth," by Professor A. F. Pollard; and "From the Restoration to the Death of William III.," by Mr. Richard Lodge. Mr. Lodge's volume may be expected immediately, while Professor Pollard's is in the press. Another contribution to English history will be Professor Oman's "England before the Conquest," which appears in Messrs. Methuen's list.

* * *

A NOTE at the end of Mr. Stephen Gwynn's historical novel, "Robert Emmet," mentions, as among the materials for a history of the Emmet rising, "The Emmet Family," edited by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York. This volume has been printed for private circulation by a grandson of the United Irishman, Thomas Addis Emmet, who acted in 1803 in Paris as the accredited representative of the United Irishmen, negotiating for the assistance of the French Government. It contains a diary kept during that year and other documents—including several letters written by Robert Emmet—which throw light upon the history of the period. It is a pity that the book has not been published in the ordinary way, for, although copies are to be found in a few public libraries, it is inaccessible to most ordinary readers.

* * *

PROFESSOR JOSEPH BIEDER, who has succeeded Gaston Paris at the Collège de France, begins, this month, a course of five lectures on "The French Epic Legend" at the University of Chicago. The lectures will probably appear in book form next year.

* * *

THE Council of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies have taken the first steps towards founding a companion Society for the Promotion of Roman or Latin Studies, the scope of which will be ancient Roman civilisation in all lands of the Roman Empire, together with its survivals in Italy and Western Europe down to the end of the Middle Ages. It is proposed that the new society should issue a Journal of Roman or Latin Studies, corresponding in general features to the Journal of Hellenic Studies, while its members would also have facilities for borrowing books and lantern slides. Those in sympathy with the project are invited to communicate with Mr. J. ff. Baker Penoyre, the Secretary of the Hellenic Society, at 22, Albemarle Street, W.

* * *

MESSRS. BELL's new series, "Masters of Literature," aims at providing "a good collection of the best work of our prose masters, chosen carefully and deliberately, in accordance with a definite principle, and suitably introduced with relevant biographical, critical, and bibliographical data." The opening volumes are "Scott," by Professor A. J. Grant, and "Fielding," by Professor Saintsbury (3s. 6d. net each). In both cases the selections have been well chosen; they are long enough to interest the reader, and representative of the author at his best. A volume of selections is, from its nature, open to many objections, but there are a good many people who are debarred by want of time from reading the complete works of our great prose writers. For these, as well as for examination candidates who are required to know something about a multitude of authors, Messrs. Bell's series should prove useful. Professor Grant, in his introduction, makes a list of the twelve best of the Waverley novels. Scott's work, he says, is at its very best, "first, when it deals with Scotch life; secondly, when it brings public and private life into relation with one another; thirdly, when the lives of the poor play an important part." Applying these tests, he places "The Heart of Midlothian," "Waverley," and "Rob Roy" as the first three. Professor Saintsbury confines his selections from Fielding to the four novels and "The Voyage to Lisbon." The plays, the periodicals, the pamphlets, the poems, are, in his view, "merely interesting because they were written by Fielding: it is not rash to say, in regard to the others, that Fielding is interesting because he wrote them."

Reviews.

THE SOUTH POLE EXPEDITION.*

THE present reviewer remembers seeing from the capstan fronting the house from which he writes the "Erebus" and "Terror" at anchor in Aldeburgh Bay in May, 1845. His father, who came of a race of Greenland whalers, and who therefore felt special interest in Arctic exploration, went on board the "Erebus," and when talking to Sir John Franklin about the barriers of ice to be overcome, was met with the brief response, "If I can't cut through it, I'll bite it." The spirit which impelled that "heroic sailor soul" to his fateful enterprise has ruled in a succession of explorers, of whom he whose record is now published is the latest. One has only to look at the portrait which prefaces the first volume and is repeated "in winter garb" on a later page; still better, to look on the face itself, kind, sympathetic, but wrought as of heart of oak, to discern what a resolute spirit is there incarnate.

It will suffice to say, once and for all, how the impressions made upon those who have met Lieutenant Shackleton are deepened by the reading of his narrative. The secret of his success, which would have been crowned by planting the Union Jack on the South Pole had supplies held out, lies in the *camaraderie* between the crew of the battered forty-year old sealing-ship from commander to cook, and in the high aim which urged Lieutenant Shackleton to his task. That aim was not personal fame, but an addition to the sum of human knowledge and, as he tells us, his was the temptation by which the "mysterious fascination of the unknown lures a man from trodden paths." The cheerfulness which laughed at difficulties and short rations (between November, 1908, and February, 1909, the company "had but one full meal, and that was on Christmas day") imparted itself to the company, and goes far to explain how their well-nigh superhuman labour was accomplished. Not a life was lost. One man returned *minus* an eye, another a great toe, while another grew a second wisdom tooth!

A public avid for the latest news, especially when pluck and skill pervade it, has been made familiar already with the outlines of the moving story now told in detail, illuminated with wonderful photographs and effective colour-plates, and made easy to follow by excellent maps and charts. The gist of it lies in the fortunes of the three sledging parties between whom the work was divided. One of these reached the hitherto unvisited South Magnetic Pole (the earth is a great magnet, the magnetic poles being those at which the dipping-needle is vertical); the second surveyed the mountain ranges west of McMurdo Sound; and the third, which comprised Lieutenant Shackleton, Messrs. Adams, Marshall and Wild, achieved the task of planting the flag of Britain on a plateau 11,000 feet above sea-level "within one hundred geographical miles of the South Pole," leaving the mystery of the Great Ice Barrier to be solved, let us hope, by Captain Scott.

Duly acknowledging the sources of material, some of these supplied by the diaries of the other sledge-parties, Lieutenant Shackleton gives precedence to an account of the last hundred years of Antarctic enterprise from the competent pen of Dr. Hugh Mill. The earlier chapters are occupied with full details of the preparations for the expedition. These serve the useful purpose of informing future explorers as to necessary equipment, amongst which the motor car now takes its place. But vain are the most perfect preparations if "the man behind the machine" be not there. And that Lieutenant Shackleton, while urged by wholesome ambition to probe the mystery of the South Pole, was keen to seek what may be known of its biology, geology, and mineralogy; to ascertain how far weather conditions originating there affect Australia and New Zealand; what are the tidal movements; the ice formations, and a host of other matters of terrestrial physics; evidences what intellectual equipment is needful as supplement to bodily

vigour and staying power. A certain note of monotony runs unavoidably through narratives of voyages, even when, as in the present case, there loom up through them the dreaded forms of icebergs veiled in mist, and moving masses of "pancake" ice. • Nor can the details of store-landing and hut-building cause us to wish the chapters on these subjects prolonged. But the interest advances apace as we approach the story of the ascent of the steam-capped Mount Erebus, whose summit, "the most remarkable in the world," is 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, and whose crater is three times as deep as that of Vesuvius; an interest culminating in the story of the journey towards the Pole, the primary purpose of the expedition. The eight chapters concerned with this will be, to the adventure-loving reader, the most attractive in the book; to quote from them, even did space permit, would only be to tear quivering words from their context.

We must pass from the sequel of the planting of the Union Jack by the four adventurers in an "icy gale that cut them to the bone," on snow plains, a few miles beyond which lay the goal they so nearly succeeded in reaching, to a brief reference to the scientific results of the expedition "in the domains of geology, biology, magnetism, meteorology," of which only a summary is possible even in the volumes themselves, and which have yet to be worked out by experts. The interest of any discoveries bearing on the life-history of the earth at either pole is the greater, because, as Buffon was the first to suggest in his "*Epoques de la Nature*," life probably originated in those regions. In a cooling globe, they were the earliest places to reach a temperature making organic evolution possible. As far north as eighty-one degrees of latitude, there have been found abundant remains evidencing a warm climate, coal-beds nearly thirty feet in thickness having been discovered. Corresponding to this, is Lieutenant Shackleton's discovery of seams of varying thickness, which Professor David reports consists of coal or "mother of coal," and which lie between sandstone deposits towards the head of the glacier leading to the plateau on which the Union Jack was planted. Professor Edgeworth David, while able as yet to speak only of "one determinate fossil in the shape of a piece of coniferous wood," refers to previous discoveries, showing that, "in regions now continuously covered with ice and snow, there existed in Jurassic deposits (which cover a vast area in both hemispheres) a rich and diversified flora, embracing ferns, cycads, and conifers." The section on animal life in the Antarctic, from the pen of Mr. Murray, biologist of the expedition, supplies an amusing and instructive account of the only "civilised natives of Antarctic regions," as he calls them, the penguins. Among the microscopic forms described in detail are those highly organised specks, the rotifers, whose presence Mr. Murray suggests is explained either by their survival from times when a milder climate prevailed, or by migration from temperate regions. Although, individually, short-lived, he adds that "the Antarctic was not cold enough to show us any temperature at which they die." The additions to our knowledge of pelagic life as a further result of the expedition invite comment, but our space-limit is reached, and it is only with words of superfluous commendation that an inadequate notice of volumes replete with interest, both for the general reader and for the specialist, can be concluded.

CHRISTIANITY AT THE CROSS-ROADS.*

THE posthumous work of a distinguished man has a unique interest. More especially is this so when the personality of the writer was so intensely alive as in the case of Father Tyrrell. "Christianity at the Cross-Roads" is an enigmatic book; it leaves us with the twofold impression, the *pia curiositas et curiosa pietas*, of which Erasmus speaks. We long to interrogate, to cross-examine the writer; to make sure of the exact shade of meaning which he intended to convey.

At first sight the book may appear to be an apologetic treatise written in the interests of the Roman Catholic Church. Modernism, primarily a protest against the defects

* "The Heart of the Antarctic: Being the Story of the British Antarctic Expedition, 1907-1909." By E. H. Shackleton, C.V.O. With an Introduction by H. R. Mill, D.Sc., and an account of the First Journey to the South Magnetic Pole by J. W. Edgeworth David, F.R.S. Two volumes. Heinemann. 36s. net.

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and limitations of the Roman system, takes secondarily the shape of a vindication, not, indeed, of actual, but of potential Catholicism.

"It is not of Catholicism in the grip of the exploiter, but of Catholicism as a living and lived religion, as a school of souls, that Modernists are thinking. . . . What tyranny ever voted its own destruction, or admitted a truth fatal to its own interests? Will the Roman bureaucracy, that exploits even the Papacy, ever resign their revenues and their ascendancy? Modernists do not believe it for a moment. Their whole hope is in the irresistible tide of truth and knowledge, which must at last surround and overmount the barriers of ignorance, buttressed up by untruthfulness; and, above all, in such inward and living Christianity as may still be left in a rapidly dying Church."

This is not enthusiastic. "O Mighty Mother!" exclaimed Cardinal Newman. "O malign stepmother!" cries the Modernist. Yet repel him as she will—and does—he clings to her.

"While such hopes, be they ever so delusive, live in him, why should the Modernist leave his Church? Where else will he find the true Catholicism of which he dreams? In this or that body he may find some neglected principle of Catholicism, emphasised and developed, but in isolation from the rest and at the cost of integral Christianity. He would find a religion as little, or less, Catholic in fact, and far less in potentiality."

But Father Tyrrell's main purpose was not apologetic of this kind. "The difficulty is not Catholicism," he tells us, "but Christ and Christianity."

"In the Roman Church the question is put more clearly and exactly than elsewhere. But the answer must interest, and eventually decide, the fate of every other Church which shares any measure of the same dogmatic system and rests on the same ultimate presuppositions. If Rome dies, other churches may order their coffins."

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The argument of "Christianity at the Cross-Roads" stands or falls with a particular estimate of the time-and-place element in the historical Jesus. The question is one of emphasis and proportion. If the estimate to which we refer is accepted, we shall not say that the writer's argument holds—we do not think that it does—but it is waste of time to discuss the matter; because Christ and Christianity break down. If it be ruled out of court—and, in spite of the considerable names that can be quoted for it, it must (we think) be so ruled—the sufficient reason for the book disappears. It is ingenious, brilliant, suggestive—this is only to say that it is Father Tyrrell's. But it ends in a blind alley; we must get back to the high road.

All the churches want to claim Jesus; and that, reversing the order of things, we are apt to make Him to our own image is true. But the Divine Light never descends unclothed. He comes to us—He cannot but come to us—in the likeness of man. The "modernised Christ" is for to-day what the medieval Christ was for the Middle Ages. He was Orpheus for the Church of the Catacombs; the Logos for the schools of Alexandria; everywhere and always there is a superstructure, and this varies in various places and at various times. We picture Him as best we can, and as we advance the picture becomes fuller; but the unity derives from the subject, not from the perspective or the technique. The Christians of the first age enjoyed the same freedom and lay under the same necessity in this respect as those of later days. It was as inevitable that there should be an element of the marvellous, of the enthusiastic, in their presentation of Jesus as it was that this should be found in Him; they and He were of their place and time. That the compilers of the Gospels accentuated this note in the Central Figure of their story is a legitimate assumption and a valid inference. We should expect them to do so; and they did. This accentuation becomes more marked—again, as we might expect—in each successive stage of the formation of the history: a comparison of the incidents recorded in the earlier and the later narratives shows a steady development of legendary detail. But what is surprising is not that this should be so—it could not but be so—but that the element in question is present in so restrained a form and on so comparatively small a scale; that its separation from the sub-

stance of the Gospel can be effected so easily; that this should be so readily detached from its setting and frame. Take it at the most; suppose the improbable case of the Evangelists having represented the consciousness of Christ unrefracted by their own—in vain do we look in Him for the distinctive features of Catholicism, medieval or modern, or of anything from which these can be legitimately developed; the instinct which bids Rome keep the Bible from the people is sound.

"Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdis."

It is best not to read the New Testament with spectacles; but, if we must use them, better those of our own than of a past age. To suppose that—

"the Jesus of the first century would be in sympathy with just those elements of Catholicism that are least congenial to the modern mind—with sacraments, temples, priests, and altars; with diabolic possessions, and exorcisms; with devils and angels and all the supernaturalism of His own age and tradition,"

is a paradox; it recalls the convex and concave glasses of the optician which distort the features out of all recognisable relation to fact.

To bring the temple ritual under the shelter of Christ is to associate Him with just those elements of Jewish religion which in His time were smitten with decadence. The Temple ritual went with the Temple State—with the Diaspora, the Lesser as well as the Greater, it became secondary; the destruction of Jerusalem hastened but did not bring about its fall. This was the result, as such changes so often are, of migration and of the development of the religious sense. "Incense is an abomination to me," said the prophet: and the Apostle—"He dwelleth not in temples made with hands." While of the passing over of this paraphernalia—temple, sacrifice, priest, and altar—into the Christian Church, the New Testament has never a word. Nor is the argument one from silence only. The spirit of the two systems is incompatible: they look different ways. The fact that Jesus submitted Himself to certain—only to certain—prescriptions of the law gives no color to legal conceptions of religion. He dealt with such conceptions summarily enough. "It was said to them of old time—But I say."

The belief in diabolic possession stands on different ground. Jesus held, or at least accommodated Himself, to this belief: it was the setting in which certain nerve and mind disorders, even now imperfectly diagnosed by science, came before the thought of His time. Given the Incarnation, this attitude on His part follows: He willed the means in and with the end. But, if "the Devil is essential to the Catholic scheme," this is no argument for either. The revelation of God in Christ must be taken in connection with His general manifestation of Himself in the world and in man. This, is the teaching of the Fourth Gospel. To isolate Christ is to deprive Him of significance: His mission has its place, in the centre of indeed, but in the scheme of things. While to urge that the Gospel was His own, and His ethic was an adaptation, is unconvincing. Neither, in the strict sense of the word, was original: there were Apocalypics before Him. But each was transformed in the taking, and raised to a higher plane.

The problem of conformity, so burning a question for many Modernists (and not for them only) must be solved, it seems to us, on other grounds. Father Tyrrell gives them. It is to a great extent personal.

"No two men will quite agree as to the precise moment when a case becomes desperate. . . . The reason why, confronted by the same data, one man hopes and another desponds, is just a difference of personality, temperament, and experience. Hence even those who see eye to eye with the Modernist may not, and in most cases will not, agree with him. But they will respect the hope which they do not share, while those who despise the hope cannot truly understand it."

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and such as linger even in the most Calvinistic parts of Germany and Scotland. But they are not necessarily relics; frequently they are accretions, additions, or new developments, contributed by popular feeling to the pure original form. So it has been with Buddhism, originally one of the austere faiths, and so it is now especially with Hinduism, whose high origin has been overloaded with fantastic imaginings till it can hardly be discerned.

One would have supposed that Islam had kept itself pure equally from survivals of older faiths and from the additions of the common mind. Its creed is so definite and limited, the doctrine so intelligible and severe, that one would almost as soon expect vegetable growths on ice as mysteries or magic in Islam. And, in comparison to others, the faith is pure; even in the midst of West African superstitions you will recognise at once the simplicity and calm of the Mohammedan mind. But just on account of this purity the underlying demand of the Faithful for something their creed cannot give is the more remarkable. It reminds us of the background of obscurity, mysterious and inexplicable, which scholars have found in Greece behind the bright worship of Apollo.

It is these dim, underlying beliefs, these vague desires unsatisfied by the definite faith of Islam, that form the main subject of Mrs. de Bunsen's book. Not the only subject by any means. The book is the result of five journeys in the Near East, and, for the greater part, is based upon the seven months' journey from Smyrna to the Tigris described in "Desert Ways to Baghdad," by Mrs. Wilkins, who alone accompanied the author on her adventure. There are many excellent pictures of travel, of seldom visited scenes, and of life many centuries remote from our own. The story of the Albanian Turk who accompanied the little caravan is a revelation of the best Turkish nature and the common Turkish existence. But still the main interest of the book is religious. It lies in the pictures of the revolt of suffering and unreasoning mankind against a creed too narrow, not for his knowledge, but for his unlimited desire, affection, and longing for personal communion with the unseen. As Mrs. De Bunsen says:—

"This instinct of man, to pierce behind the material, the actual, to come into contact with the spiritual, the ideal, is an instinct deep-rooted, part of man's very constitution. It is as innate, as irresistible as any of the other great primitive instincts which, at bottom, form the structure of man's life on earth. Like hunger, sex, fear, it over-rides the reason, masters the will."

On one side, this instinct may turn to mere magic, as among ourselves it used to turn to crystal-gazing, table-turning, planchette, and similar devices. Of magic and its more interesting forms of folk-lore the writer has much to tell, for, partly to gain knowledge, but chiefly, one thinks, out of mere courtesy and human feeling, she took a personal share in all the people's ritual:—

"After a touch of fever," she writes, "I was ceremoniously purified by hair-cutting. For jaundice I drank the milk of a yellow cow. Against the evil eye I wore the blue bead. And when they saw that I did what they told me in all seriousness, they took me into their confidence. . . . My interest in these survivals of magic and religion brought me into touch with human hearts and lives, human aches and pains, human griefs and sorrows."

Mrs. De Bunsen does not here mention one of the finest instances of her compliance, when the captain of her escort insisted on squeezing the *jan* out of her head during an attack of fever, and actually felt that "genius" (as the old Arabian Nights used to call him) depart between his fingers, though the patient was conscious of no improvement, and only recovered, as she says, by drinking the milk of a yellow cow. But she has many other strange examples of magic power in knotted threads and fetish rags, and she dwells on the tendency of all mankind to charms:—

"It was Islam, with its cold fingers," she writes, "that separated me from the people. With that lofty creed, its simple, self-sufficing philosophy, its crude angles and its clear-cut definitions, I, the Christian of the twentieth century, could have little in common. But these primitive human aspirations, these inborn, unreasoning beliefs, this inevitable flight to magic and to religion for help in trouble—they drew us together. I understood, though I was puzzled. They stirred my heart, though they did not convince my mind."

It is not, however, mainly the discovery of folk-lore and magic charms that forms the real attraction of so excellent

a book. The attempt is made to penetrate the significance of much obscurer depths of man's soul than these, and it is with heresies, or at all events dubious sects, rather than with superstitions that the author is really interested. She finds in the Dervish, in the Shiah doctrine, and in the Imam, or incarnations of divine spirit, evidences of the soul's endeavor to transcend the limits of a Deistic creed whose functions on earth never go beyond the dictates of enjoined morality. The injunctions of ethics are all very well, but man in his blindness or his infinite power of apprehension demands ever so much more than ethics. When teachers bid us, "being mortal, to mind only mortal things," man always raises Aristotle's protest against the insufficiency of the counsel. Mrs. De Bunsen speaks often with great penetration of this, the deepest fibre in religious growth. Writing of the true Dervishes, not the tourist shows of Stamboul, she says:—

"What was the idea at the back of these dances? They were no mere dances of joyfulness and thanksgiving. They were means to an end, and that end was the highest religious goal of the mystic, the state of ecstasy or freedom from self. In that state alone was the union with the god possible. And this was a real union, no merely metaphorical term to express deep devotion or submission. It was actual oneness, a union in which the worshipper and the worshipped, the priest and the god he served, became identified and one. This is the most daring of all religious beliefs. . . . It is fraught with danger to all who cannot grasp the highest."

Certainly it is dangerous, as anyone with a knowledge of the ecstatic forms of worship in Russia, for instance, can tell. But still it is an evidence of that supreme desire for spiritual union which Mrs. De Bunsen found within the Shiah, as contrasted with Sunni or more "orthodox" forms of Islam:—

"In Shiah Mohammedanism," she says, "the Aryan consciousness finds its natural religious expression. The Shiah doctrine of the *Imam* and all it implies, this is but the crude and awkward embodiment of a fundamental attitude, intellectual and spiritual. . . . Man is one, body, soul, and spirit. No one part of him, intellect, reason, for instance, can lay claim to be sole vehicle of spiritual truth. . . . Hence the doctrine of the *Imam*, the incarnation of the divine in human form. God must become man, must walk the earth as man with men. Only so could every subtle part of man's personality find Him, reveal Him forth. The appearance of the *Imams* supplied the need."

The position, one sees, is much the same as in Matthew Arnold's essay on the kindred subject of Hassan and Hussein, and at the end of her book Mrs. De Bunsen follows out the idea in her successive chapters on Adonis, Hussein, and Jesus with equal vividness and reverence for the inherent longings of the human race.

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The authors spare us nothing that may be termed instructive. A more or less detailed description of the wars waged by the men of a particular period, of the intrigues of courts, of the caprices of kings, is considered a necessary preparation of the ground before we are told what they ate and drank, whether they washed, what clothes they put on, what was their taste in art, literature, and the drama; so it is set down remorselessly. But there is a plain purpose in this. The object is to connect the social with the political life of the century, before attempting to analyse the former, and to suggest in unmistakable manner the intimate relationship that has almost always existed between, say, a revolution and a new fashion or popular taste. Let us illustrate this by the case of dress. At the French Revolution—

"One of the first Acts of the National Assembly was the abolition by solemn decree of all distinction in the dresses of the classes. The noblemen who had selfishly usurped the wearing of feathers, embroideries, and red heels, had to look on while the citizens declared that they laid no value on such insignificant trifles, but left them gladly to the use of lackeys. It was significant of the victory of the lower class all along the line. . . . The result to us has been that all the variety and splendour of men's dress before 1789 have completely disappeared; they fell into discredit as reminiscent of a hated class, and every effort on Napoleon's part to revive them failed to check the universal introduction of black for men's wear. The democratic tendency which was then gaining power, the plebeian sentiment of equality, has so far carried the day that now when another century has passed over our heads, not only has man's dress attained to an uncompromising uniformity, but women's dress also has been forced to give up any peculiarity indicative of rank or station. In England this change of dress took place naturally and without fuss; it was not so in France, where it was accomplished with full stage effect."

The English change to soberer garb not only took place without fuss; it took place considerably later. In 1832 dark green and violet blue tail-coats, violet trousers, white velvet breeches, and gold buttons were still everyday articles of apparel. The modern lack of color did not become popular till the end of the 'forties. Necessarily the developments in women's clothes is a far more intricate subject, and it would be rash to affirm that history shows any clear connection between them and political happenings, or to suggest that all their fashions were dictated by human logic. The present authors appear to have been conscious of this difficulty, for in stating—in Volume II.—that "in 1815 everything about her is tight and straight, in 1830 puffed and rounded; in 1845 the dress becomes flowing, and the capricious, coquettish creature of 1830 has grown graceful and languishing," they are constrained to add: "The laws which govern fashion are as inexplicable as the reasons which give rise to change of taste." However, the connection between the pseudo-classic fashion in painting, furniture, and architecture, of which David was the high priest after the Revolution, and the classic ease in dress adopted by the ladies of that and the following Empire period, is easy enough to trace; and we can easily fit in the costume, frilled, flounced, vari-colored, and generally extravagant, of 1830 with "the romantic ideas that filled the smaller heads" of that time, or couple the quieter styles that came a little later with the growing interest in questions of social reform. But what baffles the simple mind is why the primitive classic style of dress degenerated into something so primitive as to be hardly dress at all. After 1795, in the most fashionable Paris circles—

"Not only did corsets and under-petticoats disappear, but further garments were also discarded—the lady of society wore rings on her bare feet, while silk tights and a transparent chemise open to the knee composed the remainder of her costume. The more fashionable of these half-insane women strove as to which of them should put on the least clothing. No one now spoke of any one as 'well dressed,' but as 'well undressed,' and it became an amusement in society to weigh a lady's garments; her whole clothing, including shoes and ornaments, was not allowed in 1800 to weigh over eight ounces."

A fashion that was surely the most curious of all democratic protests against the ostentation and license of the noblesse! However, it serves to recall the very common belief that fashions, whatever their logic or illogic, have generally been due to the caprice of Royalty or at any rate of some leader of Society. Marie Antoinette, the Empress Eugénie, Beau Brummel, Beau Nash, and Count D'Orsay are names that occur of personages who have exercised a sartorial tyranny over their generation. But as regards Royalty—in

France at any rate—this part of their prerogative was swept away with the fall of the French Queen's head, and the steady progress of democracy throughout the nineteenth century has undoubtedly affected our regard for the example of Royalty in this direction. It is, by the way, one of the contentions of this book that the Empress Eugénie, though a lady of fine taste, was not the leader of fashion she is usually believed to have been, but a follower of rare skill whose constructive achievement lay in modifying and possibly beautifying the fashions that were imposed upon her. Whether this was so or not, blind adherence to a leader of fashion no longer exists. Indeed, it is difficult nowadays to trace the origin of any fashion further back than the modiste—to such a pass have hygiene and the general leveling up of classes brought us!

The Romantic movement about 1830, and its effect upon social life, are instructively and entertainingly dealt with in these pages. At the first glance it seems paradoxical that any movement of the kind should have appealed to a society which, throughout civilised Europe, had the accumulation of big fortunes for its first object in life. The era of the middle-class business man had begun, and commerce was outwardly the one obsession. Yet society accepted Romanticism greedily. Without any training in or hereditary instinct for art and letters, it helped Delacroix and his fellow-painters to subjugate, though not to annihilate, the classical school, welcomed Scott with open arms, went into ecstasies over Byron, Dumas, Hugo. But it did more than listen to the preaching of the new gospel; it applied the doctrine, or tried to, to the ordinary events of life. It anticipated the somewhat prevalent modern habit of making Romantics out of lunatics and criminals. We do not hear much of the Romantic ordinary citizen—except in regard to his dealings with the other sex—who had his business to consider; but there was undoubtedly the Romantic Woman, who brought "ethereality" to unequalled perfection during this period, and posed and fainted at every possible opportunity. A further phase was the cult of Love. In its essence Love was romantic. The novels of George Sand and other writers not only criticised the marriage-tie as a protest against the spiritual enslavement of women. They made Free Love the special property of Romanticism. In contradistinction to the etherealists, whose watchword was helplessness, the stronger-minded women of the day clamored for the abolition of marriage as well as an equality of citizenship. Between the disturbance caused by these two conflicting sections of feminine fashion, complicated by a further movement, happily shared by both sexes, in the direction of social reform, Society was in a half-revolutionary state. It is, perhaps, not ultra-fantastic to suggest a connection between the perturbation of the times and the steady growth of the comforting tobacco habit among men.

Possibly the strongest impression produced by this record of nineteenth century Society is that nearly every problem with which we are confronted to-day has had its prototype within the last hundred years. Fashion then, as now, invariably tended to extravagance. There has always been the same popular enthusiasm for frivolous amusements, the same neglect of intellectual ones; the same sorts of mind have always propagated the same sorts of schemes, and failed owing to the same mistakes. So little has the method of human self-expression changed that it would not surprise us in the least if some patient investigator of 1830 archives discovered, let us say, the evidences of a Romantic Budget Protest League! We must leave this fascinating speculation to congratulate Miss Marian Edwardes, who is responsible for the translation of these volumes, on a most creditable achievement. She has preserved the flowing style so characteristic of modern German authors; and she has grappled successfully with the difficult task of preventing German candor of expression on delicate topics from reading like English coarseness. The unsuspecting fearlessness with which our Continental neighbors set forth matters not usually discussed at the English dinner-table offers many a pitfall in translation, and Miss Edwards has done well in steering a clear course between them. We can say nothing of the hundreds of reproductions from pictures, engravings, and photos, in color and monotone, that enliven these volumes, except that they are truly illustrations to a monumental history of nineteenth century modes.

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"*Bella Donna*" is, perhaps, the most striking piece of literary scene-painting that Mr. Hichens's clever brush has yet given us. His work, sure to captivate the imagination of a big audience, has an atmospheric color which will survive any test but that of a scrutiny in cold daylight. Just as Mr. Harker's magic backcloths in Act I. almost persuade us that the characters in a smart society set have really broken one commandment in a private suite in the Savoy Hotel, and in Act II. are proposing to break others in a houseboat up the Nile, so Mr. Hichens's "interiors" are almost as good as the real thing. Almost; in fact, better, so far as their romantic effect goes; for the romantic illusion in a picture of real life, as Mr. Harker knows, is what the public "is after." Seriously, we must congratulate Mr. Hichens on the skill he has lavished on his pictures of up-to-date life in the Villa Androud, Luxor, in the dahabeeah, the *Loulia*, in a tent in the Fayyûm oasis, in the Villa Nuit d'Or near Armant, in the Winter Palace Hotel at Luxor, and other attractive and impressive places where all his characters, the beautiful and sinister Mrs. Chepstow, and Nigel Armine, heir to Lord Harwich and "the immense estates," and Mahmoud Baroudi, the irresistible Turko-Egyptian seducer of our frail European womenkind, and Dr. Meyer Isaacson, the fashionable London physician, and Ibrahim and Hamza, the dragoman and the donkey-boy, have their being. The exciting drama is played out between the four leading characters. Mrs. Chepstow, a lady once very much in society, is in the odious position of having no future and of being cut by everybody, when Nigel Armine, partly from motives of sentimental kindness, marries her and carries her off to the Villa Androud on the Nile. Nigel bores her insufferably by his manly devotion, and she soon abandons herself to a *grande passion* for Mahmoud Baroudi, who typifies the glamor and the mystery and the luxury of Eastern sensuality. Under Baroudi's spell Mrs. Armine proceeds to administer daily doses of poison to the unsuspecting Nigel, when his old friend, Dr. Meyer Isaacson, suddenly turns up at Luxor, and after several pitched battles with the poisoner, takes charge of the case, and rescues the patient who is at death's door. Mrs. Armine, detected, tries to force herself on Baroudi, but the Turko-Egyptian repulses her, and the last glimpse we have is of the infatuated heroine "disappearing into the darkness, going blindly towards the distant hills that keep the Arabian desert." The plot and much of its presentation and working out are certainly effective. More we may not say. Dr. Meyer Isaacson is not a Jew at all, but a sentimental Christian who is playing at being a doctor. Nigel Armine is quite unreal—an impossible type of man. Mrs. Chepstow is better, but Mr. Hichens has taken a heavy load on his shoulders in attempting a psychological analysis of her insatiable craving for an Oriental. Baroudi is interesting, but we should believe in his existence more if he had been quite contemptuous of Englishwomen and their ways. The story of the poisoning is an artistic excrement, and does not fit in with Mrs. Chepstow's character, but still Mr. Hichens is to be congratulated on the cleverness and skill with which he has fitted all the pieces and properties of this drama of "real life" together.

Everyone has made merry over Daudet's "*Tartarin*," and now in "*The Diverting Adventures of Maurin*," a novel which has had a great success in France, M. Jean Aicard has vindicated the honor of the good people of the Midi. Maurin, hunter, smuggler, poacher, is a great personage in the department of the Var, where, although a peasant, he is known as the uncrowned king of thirteen communes and is styled the Don Juan of the Woods. The Provençal's love of heroics, his picturesque feeling for drama, his slyness and talent for poking fun, find full expression in M. Aicard's genial chapters which recount with leisurely ease how Maurin quarrelled with and outwitted the gendarmes from Hyères, won the Préfet to his side, captured wild boars singlehanded, made a conquest of Tonia, the fair Corsican, and carried on love affairs with half the pretty women of

the neighborhood. The old time popular hero worship of the bandit, in short, reappears in a new shape in this glorification of a free, wild, shrewd local champion, who is a match for stingy proprietors who hasten to lock up their wives when he approaches, and for the lawyers and police officers who scheme to lay him by the heels. All is, however, innocent and healthy enough in the narrative, and from the "*Diverting Adventures*" one can gain that insight into Provençal feeling and local habits and traditions which to the foreign tourist are always a sealed book. A good deal of modern folklore of the district of the Maures is also presented to us in the anecdotes and good stories of the worthy M. Désiré Cabissol, a French antiquarian, who holds that Maurin is "a figure worthy of Balzac's brush," and that his life is "an opera of which you will never have more than the bare libretto."

It is a far cry from the hardy and healthy Provençal Maurin to Jenny Peters, a typical child of the filthy slums of manufacturing Eastborough. Mr. Dudley Ward's story is certainly "a novel with a purpose," and what he lacks in art he makes up for in vigor. The hero of the tale, the Rev. Richard Smith, a High Church Parson in Eastborough, is forced to resign his living, at the close of the book, ostensibly through his Ritualistic practices, but in reality because his Socialistic opinions have alarmed Lord Midland and the Eastborough burgesses. By Socialism Lord Midland and Vibart, the Conservative member, mean that their duties as owners of slum property in the town have been brought home to them by the clergyman, and that the expenses of municipal reforms are to be thrown on the rates. A rival campaign for Tariff Reform is successfully conducted by these gentlemen, assisted by Mr. Jalland, the mayor, a man who has risen from the ranks and is always hat in hand to his superiors by birth. While the pictures of slum life in *Kershaw's Rents* are by no means exaggerated in tone, those that depict the pleasures of the wealthy circle at "*Midlands Park*" are somewhat crude in drawing. To speak frankly the partisanship shown in "*Jenny Peters*" is as strong as the author's honesty of purpose. But, taking it on the plane of "campaign literature," the book accomplishes its object, and the publisher would be well advised to issue the second edition at a popular price.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs's ingenuity is really remarkable. Here is the eleventh volume from his pen, and the changes are still rung dexterously on the identical characters, situations, and scenes that first won popular favor in "*Many Cargoes*." And very amusing most of his stories are. If we get a little tired of Mr. Jacobs's henpecked mates and timid master mariners who always sing small before their feminine tyrants, he makes amends in the story, "*Double Dealing*," where the situation is, relatively, new. Mr. Fred Carter, a holiday-making Londoner, is accosted on the beach by two seafaring men, who will take no denial that he is one "Bert" Simmons, an absconding suitor who four years previously has "nipped off to London," leaving the girl, Nan Evans, mourning in vain for his return. Miss Evans, in an interview, avows that Mr. Carter is not the recreant Bert; but Mr. Carter, smitten by her charms, has a bright idea, and gallantly insists that he is, and hands over his purse and watch and chain to her father as security for his future good behavior. When, later on, various gentlemen drop in and claim old acquaintanceship with Mr. Carter, and recall that he owes them "half a quid," "two quid," &c., the latter sees Nan's hand in it. She is punishing him for his presumption by the loss of his money. The situation, which is, naturally, too farcical for life, is neatly handled by Mr. Jacobs, who, by a few deft turns, deflects the pleasure craft as he pleases, never leaving shallow waters, but never running aground.

Extremely good fun of unusual quality is provided in Mr. Birmingham's "*Search Party*." Dr. Lucius O'Grady, the popular but penniless medical officer of Clonmore Union, unaccountably disappears from the town the day before the arrival of his fiancée, Miss A. M. Blow, a good-looking young lady of unusual determination. The Clonmore people, such as Jimmy O'Loughlin the innkeeper, Patsy Devlin the blacksmith, Lord Manton the R.M., Mr. Goddard the District Inspector, and Sergeant Farrelly, are at their wits' end, have to appease Miss Blow when she rejects their soothing concoctions, and insists that a search warrant must be issued, and every house in the neighbor-

* "*Bella Donna*." By Robert Hichens. Heinemann. 4s. net.

"*The Diverting Adventures of Maurin*." By Jean Aicard. Translated by Alfred Allinson. Lane. 6s.

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hood visited by the police. Being Irishmen, they cannot avow their firm belief that the doctor has absconded to escape his approaching marriage, and they are driven into the most humiliating evasions, all of which are scouted in turn by the exasperated Englishwoman. The plot thickens when Patsy Devlin himself disappears the next day, and confusion becomes general when two English M.P.'s, Mr. Dick and Mr. Sanders, who are touring the district with their wives, are also spirited away on the road to Pool-a-donagh. We shall leave our readers to investigate the mystery for themselves by procuring the book. Mr. Birmingham has a very nice sense of the humorous shades in Irish life and character, and he has succeeded in striking out an original line for himself.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

WE are informed that Mr. W. Grinton Berry's "John Milton" (Jarrold, 2s.) in the "Men of Fame" series has been designed for "secondary schools, students, reading circles, &c., and this circumstance quite justifies the elementary character of the criticism it contains. At the same time we cannot help thinking that the "young student," who is exhorted or advised on every other page, would not have resented a little more criticism of Milton and a little less advice addressed to himself. Mr. Berry has emphatically the schoolmaster touch. He is disposed, like many schoolmasters, to underestimate the intelligence of his audience; witness the reference to the Eikon Basilike, which title, he kindly but, one would think, rather superfluously, explains as "Greek words signifying the image or portraiture of the King." He is rightly desirous of impressing the student with Milton's power of suggestion, but his illustrations are not always happily chosen. For instance, in the chapter on "Paradise Lost," he observes that Milton's characteristic manner of indicating the distance between Heaven and Hell is to say that the conquered angels occupied nine days and nights in falling through the intervening chaos. "At what rate," proceeds Mr. Berry, "per hour, per minute, did they fall? Suppose an aeronaut to ascend five thousand feet . . . and then . . . leap out from his car, at what rate, &c.? . . . Suppose it was possible for him to continue this descent nine days and nine nights—what length of space would he traverse? . . . he (Milton) suggests a vast, undefined region of thought to be explored by the cogitation and fancy." We humbly submit that the interesting problems enumerated lie within the region of arithmetic rather than poetry; and that if Milton causes the young student's cogitation and fancy to wander in these directions, he had better be discarded in favor of Todhunter. However, the book is not all like this. There is a really illuminating comparison between Milton's attitude towards inanimate nature and that of Wordsworth or Burns. The poet's prose style, too, is capably dealt with, the comparative modernity of Shakespeare's being contrasted therewith. The book should serve its purpose as an introduction to a noble subject.

* * *

THE selection of four hundred "great" pictures out of the world's art production is a task that might dismay the most venturesome of book compilers. More than this number, however, are reproduced in "The World's Great Pictures" (Cassell & Co., 10s. 6d. net), a handsome publication containing nearly four hundred pages of text and illustrations, in which the great paintings of five centuries, from the fourteenth to the eighteenth, are dealt with. On the whole the book is very well done. The selection of works might have been better in some respects; but in view of the absence of any definite standard of taste—art criticism is a subject in which personal preferences are less distinguishable from actual right and wrong than in most others—we are not disposed to grumble overmuch. The text is discreet, and descriptive rather than critical. The worst blemish of the book appears to us to be that—excepting the British School, which is allowed to end with Turner—it practically excludes works of the nineteenth century. This arrangement is responsible for the French School cul-

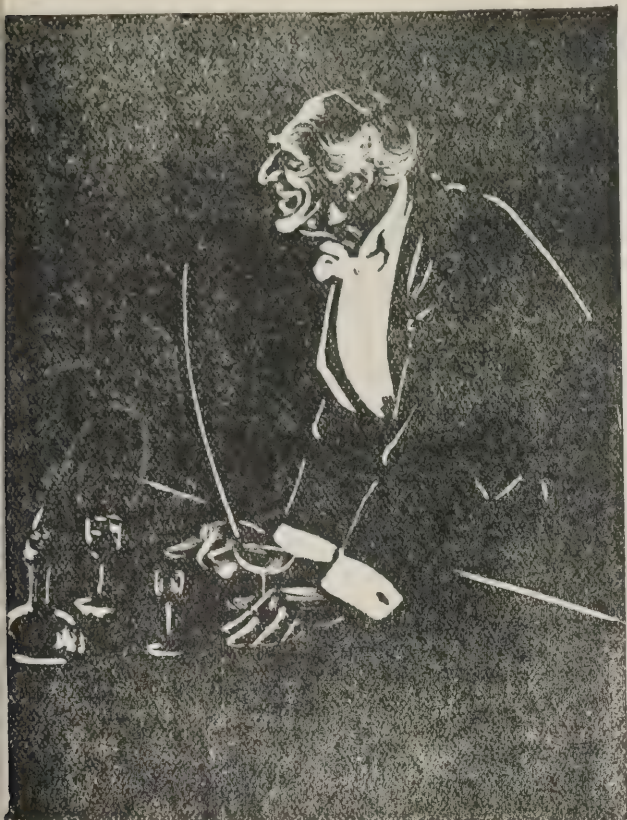
minating rather tamely with Madame Vigée Lebrun, and the German with Angelica Kauffmann; the latter's membership of the British Academy not preventing her from being relegated to the society of her compatriots. Thus we have none of the great pictures from the Romantic painters of France or the later Barbizon school, nothing from the history painters and realists of nineteenth-century Germany, nothing from the modern landscape school of Holland, nor from the Belgian school of the last hundred years. On the other hand, the older pictures have been explored fairly thoroughly, though there are instances of indiscrimination. We see no reason for giving a full-page reproduction of a work by Jan de Bray, an inconspicuous Dutchman who imitated Hals; considering that neither Honthorst nor Ravesteyn, more important artists of the same period, are not represented or mentioned. Again, the inclusion, in the Italian section, of two pictures by Melozzo da Forlì, and another by Francesco Albani, is typical of the modern tendency to regard every old Italian picture as great because it is Italian. One regrets the space occupied by these examples of minor masters the more because Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne" has been omitted. This should not have been passed over by any book on the "world's great pictures," nor does the fact that other famous works of Titian are included afford any valid reason for leaving this out, if we are to regard the title of the book as indicative of its object. It is rather unfortunate, too, that the art of the brothers Pollaiuoli should be represented by a picture executed by Piero alone, seeing that he was admittedly an inferior painter to his brother Antonio. There are one or two somewhat unthinking descriptions of this or that painter's art. Is it fair, for example, to say of Carlo Crivelli, who clung to Byzantine archaism long after it had ceased as an element of Italian painting, and whose art was always controlled by a decorative motive, that he was "exaggeratedly dramatic"? Is it accurate to describe William van der Velde as "a true deep-sea painter"? Bakhuizen came nearer to the description, but in the light of what we nowadays understand thereby, neither of the Dutchmen could lay claim to the title, and the art of van der Velde is certainly remembered more pleasurably by his seashore scenes of sea and shipping. Yet the volume, whatever its sins of omission and commission in text or illustrations, is one that will give a great deal of pleasure to any art-lover who takes it up. The half-tone plates are admirably wrought; and though the color pictures vary somewhat in quality, the average is sufficiently high, and many a friend in the European galleries, whose memory has grown dim, can be recalled vividly enough through their agency.

* * *

READERS of the "Daily News," who have followed the fiscal controversy, will be familiar with many of the "101 Points against Tariff Reform," the series of notes which Mr. L. G. Chiozza Money began to contribute to that journal on March 23rd last, in answer to Mr. J. Ellis Barker's "101 Points against Free Trade," in the "Daily Express." After thirty-three days the "Express" ceased to publish its "Points" daily, and announced that they would issue the remainder in a booklet. The "Daily News" followed suit by publishing Mr. Money's replies in its penny series. The booklet, apart from the convincing, not to say crushing, character of its contents, is of the handiest possible size and shape for the pocket. Every Free Trader should get it.

* * *

DENMARK is certainly the most progressive of European countries in matters pertaining to agricultural development, and one hopes to find some explanation of this excellent feature of her national life in a book of travel in that country. Miss F. M. Butlin, the author of "Among the Danes" (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net), is an observant traveller, and paints not only the system of land-ownership, of co-operative indemnity closely associated with State aid and encouragement, but also some pleasant pictures of the peasants in Jutland and Seeland. Two chapters are given to Copenhagen, "the most peaceful, prosaic, and prosperous of modern cities," and its pleasant open-air life. Danish legend and history are also noticed at some length, and the author, who knows her subject well, is to be congratulated on a capital description of Denmark and its people.



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THE many admirers of Miss Agnes Weston, whose devoted work in connection with the Sailors' Rests at Devonport and Portsmouth is well known, will appreciate the record of that work as given in "My Life among the Blue-Jackets" (Nisbet, 6s. net). In this volume Miss Weston describes the influences that led her to a missionary career, and how she came to interest herself in the Navy; how, in partnership with Miss Wintz, she founded the first Sailors' Rest at Devonport; how the modest buildings at this centre and at Portsmouth developed into the palatial buildings; and how the hospitality of these is now extended to the navies of other countries. The opposition of the public-houses, which were for so long the only refuge of the sailor ashore, was one of her principal difficulties, and the story of their gradual conquest makes interesting reading. It is pleasant, also, to hear of the cordial relationship that has always existed between Miss Weston and persons in high places, from Royalty downwards. The opening chapters of the book are ingeniously autobiographical, and the whole work, leavened as it is by a strain of sincere piety, is written in a simple and intimate style.

* * *

THOSE who are interested in vine culture should not fail to read the white paper in which Lord Blyth records the results of his recent visit of official inquiry and report to South Africa. Those who have the wines of Cape Colony in their home know that—though there is some very good Cape wine in London—it does not at present stand export very well. Its best is of a finer and more delicate quality than most Australian vintages, but it does not seem to bear a long voyage so well. Therefore Lord Blyth is well advised in recommending the Cape growers, who include some thoroughly accomplished experts, to grow first for the home market.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, Nov. 5.	Price Friday morning, Nov. 12.
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NOTHING is more wonderful than the buoyancy of the City, which is strong enough to repel not only the depressing influence of a five per cent. bank rate, but the rapidly-approaching menace of a national crisis in finance. Probably the firmness and cheerfulness of Wednesday's markets were due to the optimism of the Prime Minister's speech at the Mansion House. He was able to take a far more satisfactory view of foreign politics than last year; and so vast, so complex, so widely-spread are London's financial mercantile banking and shipping interests, ramifying, as they do, into every civilised or semi-civilised part of the earth, that nothing pleases City magnates more than prospects of settled peace and good relations with other Powers. Mr. Asquith's references to Germany gave special satisfaction. There is an idea that Germany has begun to co-operate with us on the Congo question, and the horrors of the Congo seem to have touched some quarters where the purse is usually larger than the heart. Foreign bonds have been much firmer, and it is expected that Portuguese will rise, temporarily at least, upon the visit of the King of Portugal. Some operators are taking an interest in home railways and predicting that certain of these stocks will have a biggish rise in the near future. This may very well happen, if the improvement in trade gains ground, as I expect it will. The J. and P. Coats figures for 1909 are wonderfully good—£216,000 better than a year ago.

THE TRADE RETURNS.

The returns for our imports and exports in October showed a rise of nearly two millions in imports, and of close upon a million in exports of British produce and manufactures over October of last year. Lancashire will observe that the figures are practically accounted for by the cotton

trade, which bought two millions' worth more of raw cotton and sold to foreign customers £856,000 more of manufactured cotton goods. Our exports of woollen goods and of manufactured iron and steel also rose. In the first ten months of this year we have spent 207 millions on imports of food, drink, and tobacco. The table analysing this total and comparing it with the figures for the first ten months of 1908 are rather interesting, especially in view of the prominence given lately to the Tariff Reform substitute for the present Budget. Here they are:—

I.—FOOD, DRINK, AND TOBACCO.

	1908.	1909.
A. Grain and Flour	£59,997,186	£68,871,531
B. Meat, including Animals for food	40,953,011	39,555,302
C. Other food and drink:		
(1) Non-dutiable	56,660,109	55,273,425
(2) Dutiable	39,506,296	39,539,740
D. Tobacco	4,183,706	4,148,651
Total, Class I.	£201,300,308	£207,388,649

The first three figures in each year represent free untaxed food, and as the stomachs of rich and poor are equal, it will be obvious that a tax upon these would operate very much as a poll tax after the manner advocated by the rich Budget-framers among the Penguins. Let me add for further material another table of another class of imports which have been much in controversy:—

II.—RAW MATERIALS AND ARTICLES MAINLY UNMANUFACTURED.

	1908.	1909.
A. Coal, Coke, and Manufactured Fuel	£4,051	£5,082
B. Iron Ore, Scrap Iron, and Steel ...	4,100,176	4,074,931
C. Other Metallic Ores	7,611,127	6,829,484
D. Wood and Timber	21,229,975	19,812,310
E. Cotton	39,872,639	41,669,667
F. Wool	25,457,290	28,656,110
G. Other Textile Materials	10,674,093	9,287,435
H. Oil Seeds, Nuts, Oils, &c.	24,119,252	25,413,160
I. Hides and Skins	7,891,115	9,514,184
J. Paper Making Materials	3,767,459	3,530,073
K. Miscellaneous	18,393,002	22,464,818
Total	£163,120,179	£171,257,254

About these categories Tariff Reformers are hopelessly at variance. Some, like Mr. Wyndham, would tax wood and some would not. Others look at the table rather with an eye to imperial preference. A third table has particular interest in view of the possibility that through the action of the House of Lords our Customs Tariff, more especially the Tea Duties, may be thrown out of gear. It is an account of the quantities of the principal articles of imported merchandise, subject to duties of Customs, remaining in the bonded warehouses of the United Kingdom or entered to be warehoused therein on October 31st, 1909, as compared with the quantities on October 31st, 1908, and October 31st, 1907:—

	1908.	1909.
Chicory (cwt.)	4,000	3,000
Cocoa, raw (lb.)	11,899,000	19,651,000
Cocoa, prepared (lb.)	121,000	172,000
Coffee (cwt.)	582,000	501,000
Currants (cwt.)	512,000	330,000
Raisins (cwt.)	231,000	295,000
Spirits (prf. galls.)	9,937,000	10,327,000
Sugar (cwt.)	2,840,000	2,250,000
Tea (lb.)	113,157,000	108,118,000
Tobacco, manufactured (lb.)	1,361,000	1,519,000
.. unmanufactured (lb.)	192,365,000	206,484,000
Wine (galls.)	4,748,000	4,739,000

THE FINANCIAL DANGER.

Though the City (as I have said) has been fairly cheerful, at least up to Thursday night, some astute financiers are making anxious inquiries about the action of the Lords. It is all very well for the wild peers to have a row, but the row may cost the City dear. "What will be the deficiency?" is asked when the rejection of the Budget is discussed, and the answer varies from 50 millions downwards. The top figure, it is whispered, has appeared in a Treasury calculation. But there is a latent notion that our statesmen are too practical to allow chaos and confusion to enter the doors of the Customs and Inland Revenue. Then there is not much confidence in the "Times" since Lord Northcliffe took it over; and it was the "Times" that announced the move against the Budget. Certainly the firmness of Consols has been wonderful. I think it is too good to last; for apart from the Lords, there is dear money and no immediate prospect of relaxation. The bank return was disappointing, and a six per cent rate is still on the cards.

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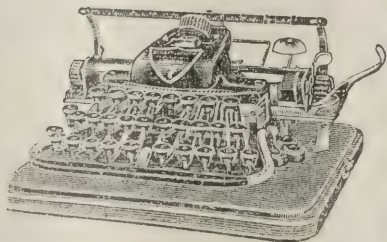
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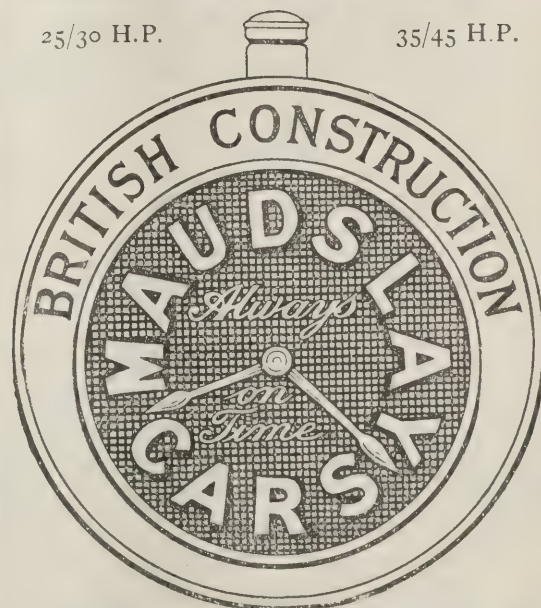
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Reviews.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.*

IN a publisher's *hors d'œuvre* which adorns the cover of this volume, the reader is informed that Mr. Belloc treats his subject "with considerable simplicity." The statement is calculated to whet the appetite of all who delight in Mr. Belloc's work; but the spectator who beholds the prologue of this impressive tragedy is soon relieved of the fear awakened by that singular foreword. It is soon apparent that Mr. Belloc has not lost himself, and that he is still himself. The reader is soon enfolded in the convolutions of the author's capacious mind, and with him gazes at the march of the centuries that preceded the Diplomatic Revolution of the years 1755-1756. The narrative is characteristic. It oscillates between brooding introspection and tangential rhapsodies. We once heard a lady express delight in a lecturer because "My dear, you never know what he is going to say next!" That is part of the secret of the charm of Mr. Belloc.

His paradox is never so daring as when the theme of religion glints before his rapt vision. And this often happens. It is difficult to say whether the first chapter belongs to the sphere of history or of neo-Catholic propaganda. The author traces the causes of the Diplomatic Revolution—in other words, the Franco-Austrian Alliance of 1755-1756—back to the Reformation. The "great schism" broke up the unity of Europe, dividing it into the States of the South, representing Faith and Tradition, against the robber States of the North, Great Britain and Prussia. These last showed their real bent when Frederick the Great seized Silesia, and England harried the peaceful French in their colonies and on the high seas. It was the work of Maria Theresa, Kaunitz and Louis XV. to punish the robbers, restore the Faith, and preserve the unity of Europe. Such is the thesis. We will not labor to refute it, for those who know the other side of the Silesian question, and have heard of the policy of Dupleix and Montcalm, will perceive its hollowness. It runs on all fours with the singular statement that, had the vast disturbance of the Reformation impaired the traditions of France, as it did of England, European civilisation must have perished, or that the second manifestation of "the atheist theory," on which the rise of Prussia was based, was Bismarck's forgery (*sic*) of the Ems telegram in 1870. Again, those who know the facts will shrug their shoulders and read on, fully conscious of this much—that if the solidarity of Europe were an actual and blessed fact up to the year 1740, there is small chance of its being restored (as Mr. Belloc seems to hint) by the combined efforts of those champions of the Faith—France, Austria, Italy, and Spain.

But all this is but the airy vestibule of the fabric. Premonitory signs must, however, always be noted in the case of so artistic a writer as Mr. Belloc. For, according to him, that singularly unscrupulous statesman, Kaunitz, had in view the restoration of the true religion when he framed the French alliance and furthered Maria Theresa's scheme of the marriage of the little Marie Antoinette to the grandson of Louis XV. The natal signs were portentous. The day before the birth of the Princess an earthquake brought swift doom on the heads of the faithful who were crowding the churches of Lisbon at High Mass on All Saints' Day. Earth, water, and fire conspired to work havoc. And at that very time the envoys of Maria Theresa were there to request that the King and Queen of Portugal would be sponsors for the child. Certainly the omens were not favorable.

Mr. Belloc tells, in his rapid, picturesque style, the story of the training of Marie Antoinette, or, rather, of the failure to train her, and he sketches pointedly the long vista of consequences resulting from the ignorance and levity of

this vivacious girl when transferred prematurely to that centre of starched etiquette and venomous intrigue, the Court of Versailles. Seeing that her marriage with the future Louis XVI. was but a boy and girl affair, Mr. Belloc seems to us to insist needlessly on the lack of issue of the first years. But we must refer our readers to his pages on that curious topic. Undoubtedly her influence over her husband increased when a son was born—the unfortunate child who died in the early days of the Revolution; but it is questionable whether the influence of *l'Autrichienne* on French policy was so great as has often been represented. Certainly the tittle-tattle of Versailles and Paris magnified it tenfold, as when the subsidy of 15,000,000 louis to Austria in 1778 became "a whole convoy of gold"—a thing flung in her teeth as she went to the scaffold. It is not easy to understand the unpopularity of this charming young Queen. Of course, she was extravagant, but less so than the mistresses of Louis XV.; she gambled, but for smaller sums than very many of the nobles; she had her own private theatre at the Trianon, and acted and sang (far from well) at it; but then a private theatre was a usual adjunct to a great mansion. In this connection we note that Mr. Belloc deals out lusty blows at the riotous display of London Jews, the wicked extravagance and worse of the London newspapers, the Stock Exchange, and the wealthy generally. Certainly it adds to the fun of this historical *mêlée* to see Mr. Belloc bowling over every figure that crosses the beam of his ever-revolving vision. But does it advance the subject at issue? Of what avail is it to establish the thesis that France was very poor then, and very wealthy now, while England was then bursting with riches, which now (strange to say) are depleted and vanishing? Or is it germane to the subject to compare the debts of Marie Antoinette, which were an affair of State, with those of Pitt and Fox, which were not? And why does Mr. Belloc fling out the remark that England "taxes" India?

Returning from these Quixotic quests to the main track, constantly crossed by alluring glades down which our Knight Errant eagerly plunges after some heretic, we cannot but be struck by the vigor of his portrait sketches and the charm of his style. His portraits generally err by excess, but they bite the imagination. We may demur to the glorification of Kaunitz, the undue depreciation of Joseph II., the constant sneers against "the Huguenot," Necker, and all others who had strayed from the one fold, but the vigor of the characterisation excites our admiration. So does the style. It is artistically varied—sometimes sonorous, always vigorous and pointed, and it has that power of arresting thought by unexpected turns and graces, which delights the reader of Burke. Above all, it bodies forth men and things in a charmingly visual form. Mr. Belloc has been at pains to gaze at many of the scenes which he describes, and he sharpens the outline of his narrative by convincingly pictorial touches. Examples of this are the reception of the child-bride by Louis XV. and the Dauphin in a wooded glade of the road near Compiègne, some scenes in the Diamond Necklace affair, the march of the deputies to the Church of St. Louis at Versailles in May, 1789 (a brief account, but comparable with Carlyle's, and more accurate in one important detail), and the following passage, describing the deputies of France filing away from Salle des Menus Plaisirs, which the King and Court had closed against them (June 20th, 1789):—

"That very middle-class sight, a great mob of umbrellas wandering in the streets, was full of will: wandering from one place to another, they landed at last in a tennis court which was free, just where a narrow side street of the southern town makes an elbow. Into that shelter they poured; and over against them, watching all they did from above, from his home just across, was Barentin, Keeper of the Seals. He saw the umbrellas folded at the door, the hundreds pressing in, damply: he saw through the lights of the Court their damp foot-prints on the concrete of the hall—a table brought."

The details are very slight, almost trivial, but they stand out with the sharpness of an etching. The unfortu-

* "Marie Antoinette." By H. Belloc. Methuen. 15s. net.

nate thing is that two lines suffice to deal with the resulting Tennis Court Oath, the import of which the reader is left to guess. Some scenes Mr. Belloc passes by, if the etching fit is not upon him. The most curious of these omissions is the Feast of the Federation (July 14th, 1790), to which Carlyle devotes immortal pages. Seeing that the King and Queen were there, that Marie Antoinette for once behaved tactfully and enjoyed the last sweets of popularity, it is singular that Mr. Belloc missed such an opportunity. We would gladly have sacrificed some of his earlier broodings over her lack of children, or her premonitions of maternity, for three vivid pages on the Feast of Pikes.

Thereafter the tragedy rapidly darkened. We join issue with Mr. Belloc in his assertion that "for Mirabeau failure was only possible with death"—still more that his success in maintaining the fabric of the French Monarchy would have made of the nineteenth century "a time of easy reaction" (p. 240). Certainly the man had vast energy. But in the winter of 1790-1, when his plan of escape for the King and Queen was nearing completion, the opposing forces were well-nigh invincible, even had the King, the Queen, and he all pulled heartily together—an impossible supposition. The National Assembly, the Jacobins' Club, with its network of branches, all the National Guards, and perhaps half of the regular army, along with the vast mass of the people (for even la Vendée had not yet begun to stir), all this would have formed a phalanx unbreakable by the iron will of Mirabeau, the wavering wills of King and Queen, and the few mercenary regiments which alone were to be wholly trusted. The fact is, the plan came too late to save the Monarchy. All it could have done, surely, would have been to consign those ill-matched Sovereigns to a swift and glorious doom.

But we are straying after the phantom of prophecy which so often beckons Mr. Belloc aside into religious quagmires. The story of the fall of the Monarchy here unrolls itself as impressively as ever, marred, however, by the author's odd refusal to see anything very important in the decision of Louis XVI. to leave the palace and repair to the Legislative Assembly hard by. Was it, then, merely a "personal act" and "no capitulation"? Louis doubtless thought so, with his usual lack of insight; but all who surrounded him knew that it was the deathblow to the old Monarchy. Contemporaries state that the King, on hearing that very dubious counsel from Roederer, looked fixedly at him, to see if it were a snare, then at his Queen, who quietly said, "Let us go." The story is suspect; for Marie Antoinette had both the pride that spurns retreat and the quick woman's wit to see that it spelt disaster. The closing phases of the life of King and Queen are here very suggestively linked with the changing fortunes of the war on the frontier. Students must have noticed the close connection between the war and the Terror; but Mr. Belloc, with his usual vivacity, links it up far closer. Very impressive are the final paragraphs, alternating between the hours of struggle at Wattingnies, in French Flanders, and the trial and execution of the Queen at Paris. We will not spoil these fine passages by attempting to summarise them. Their argument is at several points disputable; their force and charm cannot be denied.

We think this the best of Mr. Belloc's historical works, and that is saying much. Few writers have had so keen an eye for the inner realities, the picturesque glimpses, the subtle concatenation of things, and he infuses into his narrative a native force and charm that arrest the attention even when they fail to convince the reason. At times he fails deplorably, when a petulant or dogmatic fit overtakes him. Gibes at Jews and journalists, sneers at "our dunderheads of Westminster" (there is an even worse lapse of taste on page 195), alternating with a suggestion that St. Bartholomew was a mere uprising of poor oppressed Catholics against wealthy Huguenots, show that the author often forgets whether he is writing a novel or history. He should remember that Clio looks ill either in monastic garb or in dressing-gown and slippers. If he will erase nine-tenths of these petulant or egotistical outbursts, if he will curb his boyish delight in dealing out pinpricks to heretics, if he will learn, not only to visualise scenes, but patiently to realise facts as they are, he will succeed, not only in throwing off a brilliantly subjective narrative, but in attaining that more enduring quality, objectivity.

MR. POPE.*

"I do not speak of the Virgils and Alexander Popes, and who can say how many more whose names I dare not mention for fear of offending. They are as stuffed birds or beasts in a museum; serviceable, no doubt, from a scientific standpoint, but with no vivid or vivifying hold upon us. They seem to be alive, but are not."

Thus wrote one of the most broad-minded and human of modern men of letters, the late Samuel Butler. Butler's demand is that the candidate for immortality shall exclaim, with Abou ben Adhem, "write me as one who loves his fellow-man." And few will dispute that Dr. Johnson might have had Pope in his mind when he declared that he loved "a good hater." "The portentous cub never forgives," said Bentley. Let us pass to one or two earlier judgments. Johnson, almost inevitably, compares Pope with his great predecessor, "glorious John," remarking that Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. "The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention." Pope, in fact, pressed into the service of poetry the methods of the modern scientific investigator, who, from repeated experiments, establishes a generalisation. Dryden leaped to his conviction from the sympathetic vibrations of heart.

Byron, himself the child of the romantic movement, was for re-forging the fetters which Pope had bound round literature, and declared frankly that he thought all modern poets were in the wrong, not excepting himself. After going over Moore's poems and his own and some others side by side with Pope's, he insisted that the later work would not stand. "Depend upon it, it is all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us; and if I had to begin again, I would model myself accordingly."

Hazlitt remarks: "He was a wit and critic, a man of sense, observation, and the world. He saw Nature only dressed by art. (How one's thoughts here are forced to Pope's garden and his grotto, and how Landor's famous line beats on the ear in protest!) Hazlitt's astonishing conclusion is: "If I had to choose, there are but one or two persons—and but one or two—that I should like to have been better than Pope." But Hazlitt also, we must remember, was "a good hater."

Macaulay concerns himself less with the man of letters than with the man. "He was all stiletto and mask. To injure, to insult, and to save himself the consequences of injury and insult by lying and equivocating, was the habit of his life. . . . He puffed himself, and abused his enemies, under feigned names. . . . Besides his frauds of malignity, of fear, of interest, and of vanity, there were frauds which he seems to have committed from love of fraud alone. . . . Whatever his object might be, the indirect road to it was that which he preferred." The last phrase recalls Lord Orrery's summary of Pope: "*Mens curva in corpore curvo*."

As to Newman, "George Paston" only conjectures that he had Pope in mind when he pronounces that the great author, whatsoever other gifts be his, must possess, in a large sense, the gift of expression; but the conjecture is certainly plausible. Newman's words are: "He expresses what all feel and cannot say, and his sayings pass into proverbs among his people, and his phrases become household words and idioms of their daily speech, which is tessellated with the rich fragments of his language, as we see in foreign lands the marbles of Roman grandeur worked into the walls and pavements of modern palaces." The difficulty encountered in subscribing to this pronouncement of Newman's is that among the great names in English literature it will only apply to Shakespeare and to Pope, though it will apply almost as emphatically to one other English writer, popular enough in his day, but not even then acclaimed as great, Young, of the "Night Thoughts."

Of the writer whose mind and heart are thus variously estimated, "George Paston" has presented us only with a sympathetic picture, such as we are accustomed to expect from her pen. She describes the man, his contemporaries, and his times. If there were any further frailties of his to draw from their

* "Mr. Pope: His Life and Times." By George Paston. Two Volumes. Hutchinson. 24s. net.

dread abode, she has refused to be accomplice in the task. An uncommon feature of this study of a poet is the incorporation in the narrative of an outline of the principal poems, with occasional critical comments. This, in the case of Pope, is very helpful, for in, perhaps, a larger measure than was the case with any other poet of his standing, Pope's poems were a reflection of his daily life. The diarist notes his observations and reflections, not in locked private pages for his own eye alone, but in volumes which are set before the public as each one is filled up. His nearest approaches to cipher, the disembowelled surnames, were all easily recognisable to his contemporaries, and even now there are few that cannot be identified with tolerable certainty.

What in Pope's circumstances might have proved a disability beyond remedy, the fact that he was born of Catholic parents, was, as it turned out, the pivot upon which hung his worldly success. The elder Pope had made a comfortable little fortune in trade, and had retired to rural pleasures in Windsor Forest. Even though his co-religionists, of whom there was quite a little colony in the district, had been disposed to neighborliness beyond the ordinary, it would have been neighborliness with reserves, for they were all of much higher standing. The bright, eager, intelligent boy, however, already only too plainly handicapped by physical deficiencies, was able to use them as a step in his ascent. What was a condescension to the retired draper was seized by the gifted, ambitious son as a claim to equal friendship. By the time when, at the age of twenty-five, Pope was the most fashionable poet of the day, he had for some years been on terms of intimacy with the loftily placed and the long descended. Whether he contemplated marriage as a surety against possible future repudiation by his aristocratic friends nothing remains to tell us. He may have indulged in tender passages with Martha (Patty) Blount, which raised expectations that were never fulfilled. But, either from indecision or from real disinclination to an irretrievable step, he made his frail health an excuse for never carrying the project through. His tender relations with the lady lasted throughout his life; he invested money for her; he provided handsomely for her in his will. On the sudden death of his father, he wrote to her in terms which, perhaps, reveal his human side more openly than any utterance of his save the "Ah, Editha! Matrum Optima! Mulierum Amantissima! Vale" of the inscription to his mother's memory. "My dear father died last night," he tells her. "Believe, since I do not forget you this moment, I never shall." Yet we have the oft-told tale of Martha Blount's journey to Twickenham during the poet's last illness, her landing from the wherry at the foot of the garden, and her apparently brutal remark to Lord Marchmont, who handed her out, when she perceived Pope sitting with Lord Bolingbroke upon the lawn, "What! is he not dead yet?" It would be the simplest and most generous explanation of such speech to believe that it came from an embittered heart.

It is very easy to conceive that robust health might have given the world a more tolerant and genial man. It is not unreasonable to deduce from the facts we know that Pope possessed the spirit of the *viveur*, held in check by the "little crooked body," and that, untrammelled by deformity, his heart might have expanded in place of distilling gall. But when every damaging circumstance which can be gleaned has been laid in the scale against him; his breach of faith with Bolingbroke over the "Spirit of Patriotism"; his acceptance of a bribe from the Duchess of Marlborough for the suppression of the "Character of Atossa," which he subsequently caused to be printed; his inhumanly cruel handling of his lampooners, whom a man of his abilities and acknowledged eminence could have afforded to leave unanswered; when all has been said, acts of spontaneous kindness, and in the case of Savage, for instance, of open-handedness, can be adduced in plenty. Even his resentment for Dennis was dropped when the critic became blind and poor; and against the condemnation of Bentley and Cibber and Lady Mary Montagu can be opposed the loyal admiration of Swift and Gay, Arbuthnot and Warburton. Mrs. Piozzi records an interview with the Prioress of a convent in Paris, a niece of the heroine of "The Rape of the Lock," by whom she was told that Mr. Pope's "numberless caprices would have employed ten ser-

vants to wait on him." Yet his friends willingly tolerated his exactions, and he himself constantly apologised for them. His need for affection through that long disease, his life, was urgent, but the response was prompt and unfailing. As for his poetry, to paraphrase the passage quoted above from Johnson, those who seek to rule him out of Parnassus merely define their own limitations.

THE LAST PHASE OF THE OLD REGIME.*

THE period covered in the first volume of Sir Herbert Maxwell's history has been described by Dr. Redlich as belonging not to the nineteenth but to the eighteenth century. Some modern historians lament that the eighteenth century ever came to an end, and the only statesmen they can admire are those who tried to postpone its disappearance as long as possible. Sir Herbert Maxwell, though a Conservative, does not take that view, nor does he write in that spirit. He is enthusiastic over the Reform Bill, and he has little patience with the quibbles by which "the dishonest system, which, professedly representative, had become flagrantly nominee," has been praised and defended. Perhaps, as his history develops, we shall find that the reason he regards this great measure with composure and satisfaction is that he sees that it did not disturb the distribution of class power very violently, and that the governing oligarchy of the eighteenth century has not suffered the dreadful eclipse which it anticipated in the nineteenth. "If we take the Bill, or even give improvements of it, you may rely upon it that neither Lord Grey nor any nobleman of his order, nor any gentleman of his caste, will govern the country six weeks after the Reformed Bill will meet, and that the race of English gentlemen will not last long afterwards. That is my sincere opinion." Such was the Duke of Wellington's prophecy in 1832, and it only shows how amazingly a public man can misread the world he lives in. We know to-day that the power of the English aristocracy—the "caste," as Wellington significantly calls it—was far too firmly and deeply laid in the great social system it had established to be shaken by a dozen Parliaments elected on a middle-class suffrage. Yet Wellington was not more strangely misled than others who had better opportunities of judging, and if the forces that resisted Reform fought under the wild illusions of terror, the forces that carried it by storm owed much to still wilder illusions of hope.

Sir Herbert Maxwell has no very original contribution to make to our knowledge of his period; nor does he offer us any new discoveries or any new solutions. But he has many qualifications for the more modest task he has set himself. He writes pleasantly, and his narrative is agreeable to read. Further, though a party man, he is not bitterly partisan. Indeed, his book, when compared with certain books recently published on the history of England, illustrates the advantages which a historian can derive from actual participation in affairs. If party breeds its own vices of temper and intellect, there is a narrower world than the world of politicians, and in that world party spirit itself would be a liberalising influence. No man is so much the prey of mean prejudices as the man who thinks that he is above party when he is really below it, and the superior and arid critic who snaps and snarls at every opinion he does not share, every public man he does not admire, may learn something even from the politician whom he thinks he can despise. Sir Herbert Maxwell has his favorites, and they are not ours, but his partialities do not make him intolerant or ungenerous.

Sir Herbert Maxwell's general treatment of his period is conceived in the modern Conservative spirit. He gives, as we think, a mistaken impression of the foreign policy of Castlereagh and of Pitt in representing Canning as their successor. Mr. Temperley has shown that neither Canning nor Castlereagh's friends took this view at the time, that it was not the view taken by the European Chancelleries, and that, as far as Castlereagh's own policy is concerned, there is overwhelming evidence that Canning forced his views on the Cabinet in spite of Castlereagh's opposition.

* "A Century of Empire." By Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, F.R.S. Arnold. In Three Vols. Vol. I. 1801-1832. 14s. net.

Castlereagh himself said, in a letter to Bathurst, that he had "tried to present something which would meet Alexander's ideas"; there was not much of Canning's spirit about that attempt. Sir Herbert Maxwell gives us, too, the regular Conservative view of the Six Acts and the general policy of repression that followed peace. But he does not say anything that is likely to alter the opinions of those of his readers who condemn those measures of coercion. Another respect in which the volume resembles Conservative histories of this period is in its disregard of the great questions and movements that were raging outside Parliament. Sir Herbert Maxwell's readers would take away the impression that soon after the Peace there was a dangerous outburst of sedition, due to the success with which agitators played on the economic misery of the time; that that misery was the result of the sudden change from war to peace and the introduction of machinery; and that no statesmanship could have done anything to relieve it. After this social England drops out until we come to the Bristol riots. This survey, which gives a strangely incomplete, and therefore a very misleading, picture, omits even the domestic reforms which are associated with the names of Canning and Peel. It misses, indeed, the most important feature of the times. Mr. Wells has described the impression that the negligence and confusion of our civilisation would make on a visitor from another planet, and the surprise with which he would learn that a condition which he had supposed was the temporary result of a migration or upheaval was accepted as the permanent lot of humanity. That picture exactly describes the England of Castlereagh and Sidmouth. Momentous changes were passing over the life of the country, and its rulers had as little idea of controlling them or of tempering their violence as they had of controlling the moon. Historians like Sir Herbert Maxwell look on these movements in much the same fatalist spirit. The unhappy artisans, they argue, who were wreaking their spite on machinery, could not be expected to understand that the Parliamentary vote would not protect them from the sharp edge of economic law. From this they pass, naturally, to the view which Macaulay satirised as the view that the only duties of a Government were the duties of a hangman. Yet in truth it is just when such changes are at work that vigilance and initiative are most needed in a Government. To sit still in an industrial revolution or a series of revolutions is to acquiesce in the degradation of the poor and the weak. The oligarchy sat still with a pistol in its hand for use against those whose despair drove them to strike.

The men who thought that, if the poor had a Parliamentary vote, the conditions of which they were the helpless victims, would be changed, were dimly right. If the poor had been enfranchised, it would not have prevented the introduction of machinery, it is true, but England would not have remained a society in which the rich could exploit the poor to their hearts' content, driving them from their common rights, keeping their little children in the factories to work day and night, and denying to them education, decent towns, or any of the elements of civilised life. The governing class so conducted its policy as to aggrandise the rich and to cripple the poor. The enclosures, which flung the village population into the abyss of pauperism, gave to the landlord the benefit of the famine prices, and to the manufacturers the benefit of cheap labor. Mr. Hobson's warning of the danger of leaving the rich to swallow all the surplus profits and of starving the State finds its best illustration in the monstrous order in defence of which the Tories fought against the Reformers. It would be difficult to estimate the penalty which the nation has had to pay since for those wasteful days of social anarchy and class plunder.

THE GREAT BRITISH DICKENS.*

It is close upon a hundred years since Dickens was born. It is all but forty since he died. The dates involved are 1812 and 1870. This is worth remembering, when it is also remembered how much is yet left in Dickens of what we loosely, but not inaccurately, call force. He began to

move in 1836 (the year of "Pickwick"), and has not once left the track. He started at top speed, and the distinguished "publishing party" whose faithful imprint attaches to his wares has no difficulty in proving to us that he is "still running." That aged performer, "Culture," who carried for a generation the money of all superior punters, dropped long since exhausted in the path. The great middle-class champion foots it as game as ever. What a wind!

Mr. Teignmouth Shore submits (or, more precisely, glances at) the question whether Dickens's personality "would have been worth studying had he not been one of the most influential, as well as famous, of English writers." Presumably, some doubt is here implied. Our own doubts upon the subject—let us presume to say it—are non-existent. Were such a question raised respecting Sterne, for instance, we might hesitate indeed. Sterne late in life blazed into fame as an author, and was during his few remaining years a personage in society. Were it, however, submitted in debate that the "man Sterne," apart from the authorship of "Tristram" and the "Sentimental Journey," was a slight and futile and unedifying (if most amusing) creature, how many among us would be quick to lift cudgel in defence of him? The case of Dickens we take to be altogether different.

Dickens (whether in all respects we like him) is quint-essentially a man; he is a man of his time; a man of two hemispheres. We may say farther that he was for a very long time not only the best known, but the most popular, man in England and in America. He was our most celebrated character. He was almost the most celebrated character in the United States.

Nor, we are quite certain, was his celebrity due in whole to the fact that he was the most widely-read and most applauded novelist in the English language. Among the devourers of romance—splendid romance, by all means—the elder Dumas, on the flood-tide of his renown, had a prodigious following; but, as a man, what was Dumas's position or authority in comparison with Dickens's? Dickens had the undefined and indefinable quality of personal ascendancy. If he were not always absolutely sure of his place in "society," he had always the multitude at his back. Had he announced at a public dinner that he had perfected Swift's suggestion for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, the "Times" would have had a leader next morning, and the man in the street would have been asking the price of shares. Fortunate, indeed, was it for Dickens himself as for his legion of admirers that he had not the craze for speculation that laid poor Balzac low. If no other English writer of fiction has had the homage of so vast a crowd of readers, no other English writer—whether of fiction or anything else—has filled so large a space in the world that is not literary.

Like Napoleon, Dickens wears the rose of youth upon him long after he has blushed at his first fame. Napoleon at twenty-six was teaching new tricks in war to the veterans of Europe. Dickens was twenty-four when he came full-armed with the new humor of "Pickwick." It is Youth, in fact (and he really is entitled to the capital Y.), that makes the first appeal to us in Dickens: Youth radiant, irradiating, indomitable, and seemingly eternal. The last word we use not unadvisedly, for the sense of youth, dominant and dominating, goes with us through the larger half of Dickens's career. We lose it suddenly—and not without a kind of shock. We lose it (towards his late prime), not in his writings, not in his speeches, not in his letters to friends: it vanishes on a sudden from his pictures. The beautiful young face that Maclise has given us, with its bright, eloquent eyes, nervous mouth, and locks that the ladies (and Disraeli) called hyacinthine, has all at once taken on a cast of age, sternness, and hardness. The eye is there, as brilliant as of old—the challenging eye that the Kembles and Kean and Irving had in the theatre, and Gladstone in his Parliament—but all the lines of the face have hardened. Its seductiveness has merged in assertiveness, but we read in it also something of the pace of life.

One of the most strenuous existences in modern literature is Carlyle's. Carlyle's output is enormous, and enormous also is the expenditure of vital energy upon it. But Dickens also has his very big shelf of books, and the whole of this work is of the pure creative imagination. Carlyle lives, we may say, within the four walls of his study; is satisfied, between the hours of herculean toil, to peer at the world

* "Charles Dickens and his Friends." By W. Teignmouth Shore. Cassell. 6s. net.

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from the roof of an omnibus. The overflowing novels of Dickens show us only one side of him. After lunch, the door of the workroom is shut and he is ready for anything and everything that comes. He walks like a jockey getting flesh off. He clamors to his friends to meet him at dinner. He rushes into the country, crosses the Atlantic, dances over Europe. He is the man most demanded in England for the chair of a charity dinner: no one to equal him at loosening the purse-strings. He has readings to prepare, plays to stage-manage and to act in. And wherever he goes, he is the light and centre and controlling power of the life around him. He is like Napoleon again in his unwillingness—nay, his inability—to play second fiddle. Everything flows from him and towards him. At such a pace does he live and move up to the very end.

His friends, his intimates, we note, are drawn almost entirely from his own sex. He had countless admirers among women; but he has not, like Chateaubriand, his bevy of attendant nymphs. Living as he did so incessantly in the public gaze, this would scarcely have been possible. His generation was agreed in the main in esteeming and liking him. Mr. Shore says:—

"Of few men is the opinion of their contemporaries so strongly favorable as it is in the case of Dickens, and the evidence is all the more powerful in that it comes from all sorts and conditions of men and women, chiefly, however, from the former. Few women of any great strength of character or power of will appear to have been among his intimates."

To George Eliot he was "not distinguished-looking in any way"; but an opinion such as this is very rarely met with. G. H. Lewes found him "a delightful companion," but adds to this: "I came away more impressed with the fulness of life and energy than with any sense of distinction." He lacked atmosphere a little, no doubt; and for all his sympathies, and the intense expression of them, we may perceive in him something superficial. Lewes thought him "softest outside, hardest at the core"; but it is a verdict we shrink from. It seems to us that he shone with the middle-class virtues at their best. His practical aims were high, and he was very much in earnest about them. A masterful man, domineering even, "and not over fond of those" who denied him his way; but—all through life—what he takes in hand to do he tries with his might to do well. Carlyle passed on him a eulogium as unqualified almost as he ever gave to anyone:—

"The good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens—every inch of him an Honest Man."

Mr. Teignmouth Shore's plot is, as he says, "but loosely jointed," and his scenario "most vague"; but the rambling method of his book takes nothing from its human interest.

A TOURIST IN ITALY.*

We must confess ourselves in some ways a little disappointed in Mr. Henry James's description of Italian cities and scenery. We do not question the sincerity of his love of Italy, but, after all, such love is best testified to and best communicated to others, not by being analysed and examined as an emotion, but by being used to illumine the things on which it is cast. A disinterested love forgets itself, does not dwell upon its own sensations, but dwells rather on the objects which inspire it; and we, who are helped to see by its light, realise its depth and genuineness in the insight and intimacy revealed in its descriptions. It is a gain to us, too, and we, too, share its benefits. The lover holds the torch, but we see by it. But Mr. James's love is not quite of this kind. Eloquent as he often is, and interesting and suggestive as he often is, he is usually more concerned with his feelings towards Italy than with Italy herself. As soon as he becomes aware of an emotion his instinct is to trot off with it, like a dog with a bone, to some quiet retreat where he can discuss it at leisure. He is, at such moments, like all introspective people, extremely impatient of interruption; indeed, we have seldom come across a sightseer so harassed by fellow-tourists and perennially displeased with them as Mr. James is. His pleasure is of the delicate kind that is at the mercy of the first stranger who comes along. "Ten-

derly fond you become," he writes as long ago as 1873 of Venice; "there is something indefinable in those depths of personal acquaintance that gradually establish themselves. The place seems to personify itself, to become human and sentient and conscious of your affection. You desire to embrace it, to caress it, to possess it; and gradually a soft sense of possession grows up and your visit becomes a perpetual love affair." Of course, to bring this off, to bring these delicate emotions to fruition, needs great care and skill, and it is easy to sympathise with Mr. James's feelings when he finds himself suddenly interrupted and half a morning's work spoilt by the chattering of a parcel of Germans in the Piazza, or the silly remarks of some English and American visitors to the Ducal Palace. His cosy *tête-à-tête* disturbed, Venice "exists only as a battered peep-show and bazaar." The fact is, common sight-seers ought to have a day or two in the week set apart for them, and at other times ought not to be allowed about.

It is the same with every place. Among many visits to Pompeii only one yielded Mr. James anything of importance, and this was when he enjoyed what he calls "the sweet chance of a late hour or two, the hour of the lengthening shadows, absolutely alone." Other times he had been there he had been "beset with traps and shocks and vulgar importunities," and his visits had been "fatal discouragements." Not till this fated Sabbath eve, when "all the Cockneys of creation" have been providentially banished, is it given to him "to open himself as never before to the fond, luxurious fallacy of a close communion" with all that remains of Rome's Brighton.

Really, one cannot help thinking, it is possible to overdo this sort of thing, to overdo the sentimental aspect of travel. Feeling and emotion are all very well, but they are apt to grow rather thin and anæmic unless they are dieted on intellectual ideas and nourished by rational interests. How much richer and stronger are the very emotions and feelings of one who has penetrated into the nature and pith of his subject than of those writers who occupy themselves with weaving fine-spun webs of feeling out of their own sensibility. It is not, moreover, the deep-thinking traveller who goes into hysterics at the sight of a fellow-countryman. Doubtless there are times and seasons when he would wish to be alone, nor are such opportunities ever lacking; but loneliness is not his perpetual guest. He would understand, know, enter into the meaning of things. What is it to him that others also would know and understand? Let them, too, prosper in their undertaking. Why should their presence pollute the springs of knowledge? You do not find a traveller of this calibre fainting at the sight of a Baedeker, or seizing occasions for the display of his emotional sensibility. Yet it is precisely his emotions which are of value; which have stuff in them and are communicable. It is for him that the doors of the past are opened and old scenes re-enact themselves and the dead live.

But, indeed, there is something in the atmosphere of Italy itself which seems to rebuke Mr. James's over-fastidiousness. Italy is never self-conscious and self-analytical. Whether it be that Nature there, in a more winning mood, tempts people to freer abandonment and a more self-forgetful acceptance of her genial influence, or whether it be, as is, perhaps, still more the case, the strong afterglow of paganism lingering on which prompts the Latin blood to a franker enjoyment of the life of the present, it is at least certain that in Italy the mental disquietude, the anxiety and the doubts which are so apt to arise from a too close examination of our own feelings, seem out of place. How many have felt, is it not one of the main sources of the attraction of Italy, that there for a while, at least—

"the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened";

that the genius of the country lures them to forget their mental and spiritual anxieties and misgivings, and that the sunshine and blue sea and the vineyards and the "sun-burnt mirth" of peasants and children suddenly seem to present life under a new aspect, as a thing justified in itself and containing in itself sufficing elements of joy. It may be that this is not a profound philosophy, but to tired and overtaxed hearts and minds how real and vital, nevertheless, is that "tranquil restoration," arising from the child-like

* "Italian Hours." By Henry James. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. Heinemann. 25s. net.

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It would be unfair to Mr. James to say that he does not recognise something of this, but while recognising it, he is unable to catch the contagion himself, or enter wholeheartedly into the prevalent humor. He is forever examining his own feelings and dissecting his own emotions, and we are bound to say that the process often leads to disquisitions which are apt to prove obscure if not incomprehensible. "I find myself," he writes, for instance, of Naples, "noting with interest—and just to be able to emphasise it is what inspires me with these remarks—that, in spite of the milder and smoother, and, perhaps, pictorially speaking, considerably emptier, Neapolitan face of things, things in general, of our later time, I recognised in my final impression a grateful, a beguiling serenity." And his final reflection, in view of the Neapolitan bay, is this: "All one could do, at the heart of the over-arching crystal, and in the presence of the relegated city, the far-trailing Mount, the grand Sorrentine headland, the islands incomparably stationed and related, was to wonder what may well become of the so many other elements of any poor human and social complexus, what might become of any successfully-working or only struggling and floundering civilisation at all, when high Natural Elegance proceeds to take such exclusive charge and recklessly assume, as it were, *all* the responsibilities." The worst of such sentences as these is that the difficulty of interpreting them is apt to be followed by a doubt as to whether the gain was worth the trouble. In any case, they reveal the writer as one who treats his subject from without. Ingenious, subtle, introspective, they have nothing of the outgoing freshness and frankness which belong to Italian life and scenery and which seem, in a more especial degree, to bathe those islands and headlands of which their author is here speaking. Much of the book is in a simpler style and is sure to please; still, it is essentially the book of a stranger, the book—if its author will forgive us for using the word—of a tourist.

We must not forget the illustrations, of which there are over sixty, in pencil and colored chalks, by Mr. Pennell. They are drawn with a remarkable, sometimes perhaps a rather negligent, vigor, Mr. Pennell's mastery of effect having tempted him in some cases, especially in the representation of architectural detail on rich façades, to trust almost unduly to the suggestions of a few dots and scratches. A dark ground, it may be added, is bound to produce a sombre effect, and the use of brown paper for these drawings almost precludes the attempt to suggest Italian light and sunshine. In spite, however, of these drawbacks the sketches in their easy skill and power will remain among the book's chief attractions.

THE ETHIC OF JESUS.*

THE increasing importance attached to the ethical side of Christianity, and the necessity for vindicating its ethical value, are witnessed to by the growing number of books issued on the theme. We are still far behind Germany in this regard, but we are getting on. It may be questioned, however, whether any really outstanding book on the topic has appeared; and we hardly think that the adjective can be applied to Dr. Stalker's book. It has, nevertheless,

a solid worth and value, and, within its limits, is an informing piece of work. It should be said at the outset that the volume does not profess to deal with Christian ethics as a whole, but only with such ethical teaching as is contained in Jesus' own words, and contained, for a further limitation, in words which the Synoptists record. Whether such a study does not lose a considerable part of its value by thus limiting itself, is a question which recurs perpetually while one reads, and which remains at the close.

The plan of Dr. Stalker's book is quite simple. He follows the method of ethical writers generally, and treats first of "the Highest Good," then of "Virtue," and last of "Duty." In the teaching of Jesus, the highest good is "the kingdom of God," or "righteousness," with the "blessedness" which attends it, and it is with Jesus' utterances upon these themes, and upon "missing the highest good," or "sin," that the first section is concerned. Under "Virtue," Dr. Stalker deals, in successive chapters, with "repentance," "faith," "the imitation of Christ," and "the Cross and offences." While in the third section, that devoted to "Duty," the topics are "the love of God," "the things of God" (worship, the Sabbath, reading of Scripture, &c.), "the love of man," "the things of man" (almsgiving, evangelisation), "the family," and "the State."

We do not imagine that Dr. Stalker would claim to have said anything very original under any of these heads. "Sound" is, perhaps, the epithet which comes most readily to one's lips as describing the chapters. The style is remarkably lucid, but does not aim at adornment, poetry, or special grace; and we are taken in safe "pedestrian" fashion over the road. In atmosphere the entire book is somewhat cold, recalling that of the lecture-room in which ideas are marshalled slowly and with careful precision in order that there may be time to take them down. This doubtless has its advantages, but one cannot help wishing sometimes for a little more glow. The theme, one would suppose, should now and then inspire it. But the value of the studies is in their summarising and bringing together of ideas which, though not new, are not co-ordinated in the ordinary man's mind. Dr. Stalker, as it were, puts a hand upon familiar, but loosely-lying, thoughts, and, having massed them, presents them to us in his open palm. It is a real service. And it should be said, also, that here and there we get a sidelight—thrown out almost parenthetically—which has a real freshness of its own. For instance, in respect of Christ's utterances in the house of the Pharisee, Dr. Stalker remarks:

"the appearance of harshness vanishes, if we conceive Him to have uttered the words, as would have been fit and natural on such an occasion, with a kindly smile. By people incapable of understanding Him the tradition has been invented that He was never seen to laugh, but there are not a few of His dark sayings which become luminous the moment we admit the notion that He may have uttered them in a tone of pleasantry."

And again, in respect of the seemingly contradictory maxims, "He that is not with us is against us," and "He that is not against us is for us"—

"the one is a safe guide for judging ourselves, and the other is equally a useful guide in judging others."

These flashes are so delightful that one wishes there were more.

It has to be said, however, that the plan, at any rate in our opinion, greatly limits the value of the book; and, indeed, we gravely doubt whether a treatise on Christian ethics, or on part of it, can be wisely constructed in this way. For Christianity, though it has ethical consequences, is not primarily a system of ethics, but something more; and the moment one begins to follow the line of common ethical treatment, difficulties arise. Dr. Stalker formulates the "Highest Good," quite rightly, as being "righteousness." But that means (remembering the New Testament connotation of the term) that we are forced upon the line of religion, as distinct from ethics, at once. And then something else follows. We perceive immediately that the other sections, "Virtue" and "Duty," occupy a quite different place in the Christian system from that which they occupy elsewhere. They are not merely additional topics—two other parts of one whole. The things dealt with under "Virtue"—such things as "repentance" and "faith"—are, in Christianity, the means by which the highest good is to be won. And the things dealt with under "Duty"—

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such as man's relations to man, the family, and the State—which in other ethical systems are the *means* of attaining the highest good, are in the Christian system the *consequences* following upon its attainment. If we formulate the "Highest Good" as happiness, for instance, then the rectifying of mutual relations becomes a means to it. But when we formulate the Highest Good as "righteousness," the Highest Good has *first* to be attained, at least partially, in order that these other things may be truly controlled. And in this way we come to see what a really satisfying treatment of Christian ethics must be. It must make a veritable *dynamic* connection between the "Highest Good," or righteousness, once attained, and "Duty"—must show how the Christian conception of goodness provides for an inevitable working out of virtues on the practical side, thus emphasising the importance of both, not exalting one to the detriment of the other, and preventing that divorce between Christian faith and Christian ethics which is one of the evils of our time. It is in this direction that most studies of Christian ethics are so poor. We know of only one English book (there are some German ones) in which such an attempt is made. Yet it is the one thing needful. It is not enough to show that in the sayings of Jesus, or in their implications, many ethical suggestions and commands are to be found. A right ethic must be shown as related *organically*—like child to parent—to the interior "righteousness" won from and through Christ. Only thus does Christianity, as a matter of fact, get a guarantee of permanence. Even if, so far as ethical suggestion is concerned, Jesus was far before His age, it might be said that at any rate the world has overtaken Him now. But if from a true religious relation to Jesus a true ethic follows almost automatically (this, of course, implies that many who have supposed themselves to be in such a true religious relation have not really been so, and this is perhaps just the lesson needful to be learnt by not a few), then Christianity keeps and must keep its place. It is from this side that the study of Christian ethics needs to be taken up. True, Dr. Stalker declares in his epilogue that "Christ must give what He demands," and there are more allusions than one to the supernatural help He offers; but more than this is required. What has to be shown is how, if man once wins the "Highest Good," relates himself aright to Jesus, right practice follows "as the night the day"—by the mere working out of latent force.

Of course, the reply may be given that this was not in the scheme. And we are content to take Dr. Stalker's book for what it is in the meantime, thankful for whatever new light, or re-kindling of old light, it brings. But we could wish that in this, and in other books on Christian ethics, the problem spoken of—which is really the heart of the whole matter—had been at least glanced at. For people who read one book are not always safe to read another, even for the further explication of the same theme. And it is a grave question whether a study of Christian ethics, a study of ethical precepts involved in the mere words of Jesus, as distinct from the ethic involved (like a flower in the bud) in a true religious relation with Him, may not to some extent divert the mind from the more important thing, and lead it to put the accent wrongly. However this may be, we are persuaded that not until more attention is paid to such constructive ethical work as we have indicated, will Christian ethics become the fruitful study it ought to be.

H. W. C.

MEMORIALS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.*

WHEN Dean Church died in 1890 an article appeared in the "Spectator," presumably from the pen of the Editor, Mr. Richard Holt Hutton, entitled "The Effacement of St. Paul's." Well, there are various kinds of effacement; and though it is sadly true that the Metropolitan Cathedral has since that year no longer held the place that it once held in the affection of men of letters, or in the esteem of those who delight to hear preaching on lines that assumed that all things remained as they were from the beginning (for Liddon also died in 1890), still St. Paul's holds to-day a place of high

consideration as the principal church not only of the City of London but of the Anglican communion as a whole. As such it is a centre of interest to visitors from all parts of the country and of the Empire. Nor do foreign visitors fail to enter it, and to come away perplexed as to what it stands for, Catholicism or Protestantism; for indeed it is precisely in accord with neither. Archdeacon Sinclair's newly-published account of the Cathedral, though it makes no pretence to originality, and bears no marks of profound research or scholarship—the author humbly acknowledges his obligations to the "Index Volume and Epitome of the Dictionary of National Biography"—will give the average inquirer all, and more than all, that he wants to know about its history, its architecture (both old and new St. Paul's), and its contents. A considerable portion of the book is taken from Dean Milman's "Annals of St. Paul's," and other well-known works—always with full and appreciative acknowledgment—and here we have a brief and interesting history of England from the Londoner's and from the ecclesiastic's point of view. Then, for the last half of the nineteenth century (1853-1900), we are given copious extracts from Verger Green's Diary, followed by a similar chronicle of events for the twentieth century down to date. It is all very interesting, especially to those who have followed, whether with sympathy or mistrust, the extraordinary change that has come over the Church of England during the last fifty years, more interesting and instructive than a learned essay or summary would have been; for here we have the actual record of facts, many of them trivial, it is true, but hardly any without some significance. From such a record there is necessarily absent anything to show what St. Paul's stands for in the religious life—in a deep and serious sense—of the people. The spirit is that of Henry Machyn, the City undertaker, whose diary is here largely quoted, and who viewed what passed in the reign of Edward VI. and of Mary, and in the earlier years of Elizabeth, from the undertaker's point of view, the splendor of funeral processions being to him the true test of national greatness. So here it is largely a record of Royal visits and of State funerals, and of similar occasions which touch the imagination of the man in the street, but do not inspire him to any heroic action in consequence. St. Paul's strikes us, as we read these pages, as a valuable and, indeed, necessary asset in the life of the people, but not as counting for much as a centre of spiritual life, in spite of the endless series of "painful" sermons preached there week by week, and in spite even of the rhetoric and the lofty aspirations of Canon Scott Holland, whom the University of Oxford recently certified as preaching under divine inspiration. It may be the dullness of the age which leaves things so; and yet the age is not dull in other departments—only in the hushed shadow of ecclesiastical buildings does a kind of spiritual apathy prevail. The same is true of Westminster Abbey, where the mantle of Dean Stanley is no longer worn, and where dusty muniments and petty details of ritual are thought more of than the present pressing need of moral and intellectual enlightenment in the spiritual side of the nation's life.

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worth is interminable. There is a considerable library on the subject. We have Edgeworth's own "Memoirs," continued by his daughter; we have the "Letters" edited by Mr. Augustus Hare; we have brief biographies by Miss Helen Zimmern, Lady Ritchie, and Miss Emily Lawless, and a few favored ones have read the "M memoir of Maria Edgeworth" by her third step-mother, printed in three volumes for private circulation in 1867, and still awaiting publication. Every new biography contains some hitherto unpublished material. Miss Lawless provided a great deal, and now Miss Constance Hill has further added to our knowledge. We owe Miss Hill grateful thanks for attractive presentations of Fanny Burney and Jane Austen. The volume before us approaches more nearly than any of her works to "book-making," so largely does it consist of quotations. The copious extracts from the Comtesse de Boigne are clearly superfluous, as that lady's "Memoirs" have been recently presented to the public in good English dress, and have been read, we imagine, by the very people who will be attracted to this book. But it is impossible to quarrel with Miss Hill, or fairly to describe her as a "book-maker." She has woven her multitudinous quotations with singular deftness, and she has added a considerable number of fragments from hitherto unpublished letters by Maria Edgeworth.

Miss Hill, indeed, has done her work so well that we wish that she had extended it. She confines herself to Miss Edgeworth's life during two prolonged visits to Paris, and to her stay in London, and she has nothing to say about the Irish life of her heroine, although that also was in the days of Bourbon and Bonaparte. Miss Hill spells it as doubtless Maria would have done—Buonaparte. It is true that Maria Edgeworth was an Englishwoman, her parents on both sides were essentially English, and she was born in this country. Still her literary fame is derived from Ireland, her home for a long period of years, although not, be it remembered, for the most impressionable part of her life. It is with Edgeworthstown that we most associate her; and one would like to have seen a new biography that covered the whole of her life, and that included all the material provided by the fourth Mrs. Edgeworth in the privately printed "M memoir" to which we have referred. It is as an Irish novelist, as the author of "Castle Rackrent" and "The Absentee," that Miss Edgeworth lives for us. Sir Walter Scott was indeed generously uncritical (to say nothing of his noble modesty) when he declared that he wrote his novels because he desired to do for Scotland what Miss Edgeworth had done for Ireland. Maria Edgeworth really did nothing for Ireland. Scott, with Burns, rekindled a passionate fervor of nationality. Miss Edgeworth accomplished no such service (how could she with her environment?) as that of binding together the forces which rent Ireland in twain. The great writer who is to do this for her has not yet been born. Perhaps as an example of her failure we may quote a sentence in Miss Helen Zimmern's "Life of Maria Edgeworth," from which we learn that:—

"Ireland is not amongst those countries that arouse in the hearts of strangers a desire to pitch their tents, and to judge from the readiness with which her own children leave her, we cannot suppose that they find her a fascinating land. And little wonder, when we consider the state of ferment and disorder which in a greater or less degree has always prevailed there."

The passage shows the negative effect which a reading of Maria Edgeworth's books produces upon the stranger. Miss Zimmern, we believe, is an Anglo-German. Clearly she knows nothing of the devotion to country which is probably more marked in the Irish than in any other European race. It is not, however, to the Maria Edgeworth of Edgeworthstown, Co. Longford, that we are introduced in Miss Constance Hill's pages; it is solely Maria on her travels. She was in Paris in 1802, where she met Mme. Récamier, then at the height of her charm and beauty, and she met her again in 1820 in the days of her poverty.

The relationship of the Edgeworths to the Abbé Edgeworth who had attended Louis XVI. on the scaffold, gave Maria and her father entrance to all the Royalist circles, which under the First Consul were re-establishing themselves in Paris. One gathers from Miss Hill's narrative that Napoleon tried to be gracious to the Edgeworths, but the father would seem to have treated the First Consul very discourteously. Napoleon took his revenge, for Lovell

Edgeworth, a brother of Maria's, was confined for twelve years in a French fortress. After this visit to Paris comes a visit to London. That was in 1813. We have here a glimpse of a personality of that period who is little remembered in our own. Maria writes:—

"Lydia White has been very kind to us, and eager to bring together people who would suit and please us; very agreeable dinner at her house. She conducts those *bel esprit* parties so well; her vivacity breaks through the constraint of those who stand upon great reputations and are afraid of committing themselves."

Perhaps the best description of the Edgeworths in this visit is one we find in Byron's letters:—

"I thought Edgeworth a fine old fellow . . . active, brisk, and tireless. He was seventy, but did not look fifty—no, nor forty-eight even. . . . Edgeworth bounced about and talked loud and long. . . . He was not much admired in London. The fact was, everybody cared more about *her*. She was a nice, little, unassuming 'Jeanie Deans-looking body,' as we Scotch say; and, if not handsome, certainly not ill-looking. Her conversation was as quiet as herself. One would never have guessed she could write *her name*; whereas her father talked, *not* as if he could write nothing else, but as if nothing else was worth writing."

Miss Hill tells a good story, which has, however, been told before, of the Prince Regent. Lord Whitworth had just been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It is the fourth Mrs. Edgeworth who is writing:—

"It is said that at dinner at the Prince Regent's the other day the Prince drank Lord Whitworth's health, saying, 'I am greatly obliged to you, my Lord, for accepting the government of a country which nothing but a sense of duty could induce you to do. I have already offered it to two dukes and an earl in vain.' By this speech the unlucky Regent offended all the noblemen in question, insulted Ireland, and did not please Lord Whitworth."

Maria was again in Paris at the time of the Restoration of Louis XVIII., and we learn from the unpublished manuscripts that while Louis was passing through the streets she heard a body of soldiers repeatedly calling out, "Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoleon!"

She was there a third time in 1820, and the most charming episode in the whole book is the account of a visit to Madame Récamier at the Abbaye aux Bois. These were the days when Madame Récamier, no longer young, was living in a small room in a convent up seventy-eight steps. "Lady Elizabeth," Miss Edgeworth says, "asked us to go with her and Miss Canning to the opera, but we were engaged with Madame Récamier, and as she is no longer rich and prosperous, I could not break the engagement." There are many accounts of Madame Récamier in this period of her life, but not one more pleasing than is here afforded. It was at the Abbaye aux Bois that Miss Edgeworth met Madame de Boigne, whose recently published diary has made her so familiar to our literary world.

There is also a very brisk account of Coppet after Mme. de Staël's death, which occurred in 1817. Altogether, the book, in spite of the exceptional number of quotations it contains from not unfamiliar works, has a very distinct charm, and it is enhanced by Miss Ellen Hill's attractive illustrations.

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Diary of the Week.

ON Tuesday Lord Lansdowne gave notice in the House of Lords that on the motion for the second reading of the Finance Bill he would move

"That this House is not justified in giving its consent to this Bill until it has been submitted to the country."

If the seventeenth century Peers had submitted a similar resolution to Puritan democracy, they would have answered for it with their heads. To-day the milder Liberal retort will be the destruction of the veto. It seems to us impossible that the Government can suffer debate on such a resolution without declaring it to be outside the law, to say nothing of the Order Book of the House, for with its passage the present force and balance of the Constitution cease to exist. We hope that within a few hours of its passage a National Convention will be summoned in the capital, and that Sir Henry Norman, the organiser of the brilliant Budget campaign, will be put in command of machinery for stirring the whole country into instant alarm and agitation.

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SUBVERSIVE as is the resolution, it has been recommended in the most quavering notes by Mr. Balfour and by the Tory Press, which has clearly been instructed to deprecate its significance, and suggest that the Peers only want to make a single breach in the Constitution, and that a little one. This is not surprising in view of the statement that the King's remonstrances have been utterly disregarded, that this mad motion is, in the main, the work of Lord Cawdor, Lord Milner, and Lord Curzon—three of the worst judgments in the Peers—and that both its shame-faced authors were dragged into responsibility for it.

ON Thursday, Mr. Balfour, for whose Manchester speech the Lansdowne motion was plainly arranged, followed the National Union of Conservative Associations in a spiritless defence of it, which the "Morning Post" described as "a perfect lecture to doubting Thomases"—by the greatest doubter of all. His speech was that of a sickened and anxious man. The greater part of it was spent in recommending an unexplained form of Protection to Lancashire, which lives on Free Trade, in denying Home Rule to Ireland, and in saying that the Budget was Socialistic because it taxed a man according to the kind of wealth he possessed, and divided land values between the ratepayer and the taxpayer, instead of giving them all to the former! On these grounds he declared that Lord Lansdowne was "right" in "submitting" the Budget to the country because the great function of the Lords was to see that the Government was a "popular Government," i.e., popular with the House of Lords. He spoke dubiously about the election, wet-blanketing the revolutionary appeal, and merely hoping that the country would show "moderation" and "resolution."

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MEANWHILE the heaviest disappointment to a depressed and already half-beaten party has been the response of the City to the Lansdowne resolution. The expectation was that the City would leap to meet the Lords' rally against "revolution," and that Consols would flare up like a rocket, even if they presently came down like a stick. Nothing of the kind. A state of utter flatness and despondency fell upon the stock markets, clearly apprehensive of a loan and a long period of agitation and unsettlement, for all of which they will have to thank the Lords. The truth is that the Stock Exchange is not out for revolution. It even went in a patriotic way to the Chancellor, and freely offering him its toll of a quarter of a million, came to a handsome agreement with him. It would have nothing to do with the Rothschild petition, which has in consequence been a complete fiasco.

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ON Thursday Mr. Haldane, addressing the members of the Eighty Club, made a splendidly thorough exposition of Liberal duty, in face of the crisis, excommunicating even the disappearing Perks and all his works. He declared the Cabinet and the party to be absolutely united, stated that the three issues for the election must be Free Trade, the Budget, and the Lords, showed that Lord Milner's call for twenty millions from foreign imports led straight to heavy food taxes, and that they, in their turn, were a short cut to Socialism, and insisted that the alternative to the Budget was a Constitutional Revolution, followed by Protection. The country therefore had reached a pass in which the Liberals must fight the Constitutional issue again and again, till they won. Let them remember the example of the Romans who, when Hannibal was at the City gates, decreed punishment to all who pronounced the word "Peace." So should it be to any Liberal who at this juncture went back on his Liberalism.

MR. CHURCHILL, who was subject to a silly outrage by a suffragette, made a brilliant speech at Bristol, in which he ridiculed the notion of calling the Budget revolutionary because of Mr. Lloyd-George's speeches, or because it "tacked" on to a land tax the machinery for collecting it. Even if it were as bad as the Tories pretended, they could put it right in a few months. But no; the "proud Tory faction" could not wait till the dish came round to them; in their ungovernable haste, they must needs kick the table down. He stated the official Treasury calculation of what the action of the Lords might cost the nation to be fifty millions, an estimate which practically agrees with Lord Welby's estimate, in the "Daily Chronicle," of forty-nine millions. The Lords would then come whining to the Commons to repair the mischief they had done; and, though they had all the responsibility, the Government, as the King's servants, would try and save something from the wreck, and see to it that the people did not lose too much money. We hope, however, that the Commons will not make things too easy for the wreckers. The action of the Lords struck at the King's prerogative, at the power of the Commons, and at the whole structure of civil government, and there should be no delay and no compromise in meeting them.

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THE visit of King Manuel of Portugal to the King had its official culmination in a Guildhall reception on Wednesday. The toasts referred to that ancient alliance which historians like to consider as a continuous influence since the days of Edward I. It certainly was remembered and acknowledged by the elder Pitt, and it was the pivot of our Peninsular policy, though had it not existed then it would have been necessary to invent—or impose—it. King Manuel, whose simplicity and seriousness of purpose are said to impress all observers favorably, dropped one significant hint in his speech. Political ties, he said, are already as close as they can be. It is the commercial relationship which Portugal is now anxious to develop.

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WE have received from a Liberal peer, too late for our present issue, a very strong protest against the action of the Government in coming to an agreed or half-agreed settlement with the Lords upon the Irish Land Bill. Something, no doubt, must be done to save social order in Ireland, which will be gravely threatened by the failure of the Bill. But it is a strange spectacle to see a Liberal peer engaged at this juncture for three or four hours in moving amendments to the Bill, some of which he described as "concessions." Lord Crewe practically apologised for the rejection of the Lords' amendments by the House of Commons, and declared that this action was not meant to be "disrespectful" to the Lords. There was no clear statement of what the Ministry had resisted and what it had given away, but on at least two points of great importance the Irish Party refuse their assent. The same course is being followed with regard to the Housing Bill, which, originally a weak measure, has been further compromised by the Minister in charge, who even rejected the strengthening amendments moved by the Bishops. These proceedings seem to us *pessimi exempli*. Why should not the Government have declared that they will have no more mangling of Commons' Bills?

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By far the most powerful intellectual endorsement of the Budget has come from Professor Marshall, the *doyen* of the modern school of British economists, and

the most highly trained and richly furnished, as well as the most cautious and deliberate mind, now engaged in this country upon this science. Professor Marshall vindicated his own proposals of a new burden on urban land-owners as a necessary investment for the "physical, mental, and moral nurture of the people." He said that he would have put his fresh-air tax at ten millions a year, but he welcomed the more moderate proposals of the Budget.

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PROFESSOR MARSHALL concluded as follows, in a passage which we hope will be written upon thousands of hoardings all over the country:—

"The proposal made in the present Budget to isolate future accretions of 'public value' and to tax them only was not open to me. I regard it as in many ways a great improvement. Those Socialistic aims, which tend towards the supersession of the responsibility of the individual for his own career, seem to me the gravest of all the dangers that loom on the social horizon. But in so far as the Budget proposes to check the appropriation of what is really public property by private persons, and in so far as it proposes to bring under taxation some real income, which has escaped taxation merely because it does not appear above the surface in a money form, I regard it as sound finance. In so far as its proceeds are to be applied to social problems, where a little money may do much towards raising the level of life of the people and increasing their happiness, it seems to me a Social Welfare Budget. I do not profess to have mastered all its details; but, on the whole, I incline to think it merits that name."

It cannot be too widely known that the Lords treat the promotion of "social welfare" as "revolutionary." As minor signs of educated opinion, we note that the Oxford Union has only rejected by eight votes (308 to 316) a motion declaring the House of Lords to be a menace to the State, and that at a meeting of the Cambridge Economic Society, attended by young economists of distinction, like Mr. Keynes and Mr. H. O. Meredith, only one speaker opposed the Budget, and he on the ground that he was a Tariff Reformer.

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A FRESH example of Mr. Balfour's extreme laxity in the management of the Tory Party has occurred at Portsmouth. Sir John Baker, one of the Liberal members, having died, the official Unionist candidate, Mr. Falle, has been hurried out of the way in order to make room for Lord Charles Beresford, who, in a great dockyard centre, is to work up a rattling naval campaign at a moment when he is at grave issue with the Admiralty on questions of discipline, and is subject to charges of false statements by its official head. It does not seem that a by-election will take place, because Parliament will probably be dissolved before it can be completed. But it seems to us to be a grave scandal for a political party to make our great naval station the cock-pit of Lord Charles Beresford's battle with Sir John Fisher.

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MEANWHILE, we record with great satisfaction the news that Sir Arthur Wilson is to succeed Sir John Fisher as First Sea Lord on the latter's retirement and peerage. Even those who cherish the strongest view of Sir John Fisher's services as an administrator will congratulate the fleet and the Government on such an appointment. Sir Arthur Wilson is, by the consent of naval authorities all the world over, a great strategist and a great commander. He has long been acquainted with the problems of naval defence, both from Whitehall and from the high seas. But, above all, his is the name to conjure out of existence the disputes and scandals of

the last few years, and close the era of Fisherites and Beresfordites. Moreover, we fancy that even the backers of these redoubtable champions rejoice to feel that we now have a man incapable of making a party in the Navy, and knowing how to serve as well as how to command.

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THE duel between the Austrian and Russian semi-official Press over the real facts of last year's crisis still continues. To the impartial onlooker the result of all the revelations is to discredit M. Isvolsky and Count Aerenthal in about equal degrees. The main facts are fairly clear. Even before the Buchlau meeting M. Isvolsky had consented to the annexation of Bosnia, and apparently also of the Sanjak, in return for which the Dardanelles were to be opened to Russia. It is also probable that a Russian occupation of Constantinople in certain eventualities had been bartered for an Austrian occupation of Salonica. M. Isvolsky at this time had no thought of championing the Serbs. He was enraged only because the act to which he had assented was consummated before he understood that it was imminent. Prince Ferdinand is the scapegoat. He was in the plot, but spoiled its time-table because he had been incensed by the Austrian Emperor's refusal to bestow on him the Golden Fleece. That story has all the exquisite stamp of authenticity. The lesser Tsar has the soul of a court usher.

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ON the eve of the proclamation of the Indian Reforms, whose purport we describe elsewhere, two bombs were thrown at the carriage of Lord and Lady Minto, as they were driving through Ahmedabad. They fell on sandy ground, and did not explode, but a sweeper who broke one of them against a cart was badly injured. The outrage has happily attracted little notice, and the chief serious obstacle to the success of the Reforms is the deportations—which we hope will soon cease—and the coolness of the Hindu community, who have been partly estranged by the concessions to the Mohammedans.

* * *

LIKE all the Great Powers, amid the process of "rattling into barbarism," France is facing a heavy deficit and an interesting Budget. The lukewarmness of the Radicals and the opposition of the Senate has enforced the postponement of the perennial income-tax scheme. M. Cochery proposes to fill up the hole with taxes on tobacco, alcohol, and wine licences. The "trade" is up in arms, and has held a "monster" demonstration in Paris. More serious is the revolt among the more opportunist Radicals. The General Election is due in May. Why cannot M. Cochery balance his Budget with Treasury bonds? They are very popular with the bankers and the small investors, whereas the "trade" is strong in every constituency. The Minister of Finance fills the least popular office in France. M. Cochery's predecessor was sacrificed to the middle-class dislike of the income-tax. He himself has been this week in imminent peril. M. Briand, however, with a manner that is all quietness and moderation, is, in reality, much less "squeezable" than M. Clemenceau, who had a way of covering his yielding with bluster. The battle in the Chamber, however, has yet to come, and the battle in the Senate will be still more uncertain. The Senate conceives that it is already conceding too much by passing a contributory pensions scheme in time for the elections, after hanging it up for four years. The two-Chamber issue, which focusses a class conflict, may before long be almost as interesting in France as it is with us, and M. Jaurès, in his eloquent way, is already drawing parallels.

IN the small hours of Sunday morning Madame Steinheil was acquitted of the murder of her husband and mother. Few verdicts have been more wildly welcomed even by Paris. The grace and dramatic skill of the lady, no less than her eventful "past," had made her interesting, while the terrible torment of her protracted examination and trial by a puzzled police, a sensational Press, and a harsh judge, had stirred an entirely proper feeling of pity. Her psychology is very puzzling. She had good reason for despising her husband, and she is said to have been a good daughter. Some distinguished men, from the late President Faure downward, had succumbed to her charm. Her bewildering lies seemed equally inconsistent with guilt and with innocence. The evidence against her was mere conjecture. Her own story was improbable. Yet the tale of the three men in gabardines and a red-haired woman who bound her, while they robbed and murdered, derived some plausibility from the fact that the gabardines had been stolen before the murders from the property room of a theatre. The three men may, none the less, have been her accomplices. On any theory it is difficult to explain why at one stage she tried to inculcate her servants. The problem is not likely now to be solved—the possible trails which might have been followed are now too old to be traced. But the trial is likely to exert a permanent and salutary effect by the attention which it has called to the defects in French judicial procedure.

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THE Turkish Parliament and the Persian Mejlis have both met during the past week, but to our thinking the most interesting event relating to Eastern politics has been the lecture of Sir W. Willcocks to the Royal Geographical Society. The great engineer, fresh from his triumphs on the Nile, is sanguine of success in his schemes for restoring Mesopotamia to civilisation. His surveys have gone far enough to allow him to sketch the outline of his plans. His first task (already begun) will be to deliver the Euphrates valley from the floods which have vexed it from the time of Noah. An outlet for the flood-waters will be provided by diverting them into the course of the scriptural river Pison. At present the farmers of the valley reckon on losing their whole crops every third year by flood. These operations alone may add a million tons of wheat and two million cwt. of cotton to the world's supplies at a cost of only £350,000. Barrages on the Euphrates and Tigris, two main canals, and a plan for using the sunken lake of Akkarkuf for the decanting of silt will complete the eventual scheme.

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SIR W. WILLCOCKS is not content with sea transport or with the long and costly German Bagdad route as a means of bringing the immense potential riches of his Garden of Eden to the world's markets. He argues for direct Western communication over the desert by rail to Damascus and the Syrian coast. The length of the line would be only 550 miles, and the cost some £2,200,000. This is, of course, the revival of a much earlier English scheme. It will, no doubt, be disliked by the Germans, but if Mesopotamia has anything like the possibilities which are now predicted by sober and experienced engineers, there is nothing excessive in the provision of an alternative and much shorter route. The Young Turks are naturally friendly to the scheme, and they see safety in a plan which will interest two Powers instead of one in what may soon be their richest province. A wise diplomacy would seek betimes to prepare co-operation rather than rivalry.

Politics and Affairs.

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME.—CHAPTER I.

WE need spend little time in discussing the canting formula in which Lord Lansdowne at once advances and masks the design of the peers to depose every power in the Constitution but their own. Lord Lansdowne's criminal resolution equally insults and degrades the King, the Commons, and the People. From the first power it takes the authority to order a dissolution of Parliament on the advice of his responsible Ministers, depending on a majority of the House of Commons. The second power it strikes, for the first time for three hundred years, through its untouched and unquestioned control of taxation. The third power it deprives of half the value of their vote, for it asks them to transfer the right to appoint and dismiss Ministers from the men whom they can touch to a set of self-constituted judges, sitting as gods above them. The Lords pretend to "submit" a single issue to the present voters in order that for the future all voters who desire progress may have to submit all issues—including taxation—to their decision. The last point could not be put more forcibly than by the "Manchester Guardian":—

"Every Opposition candidate . . . who does not clear himself of complicity in the plot for giving to the House of Lords the present final power of the House of Commons over finance and changes of Ministry is guilty of an intrigue, not against the Liberal Government or against the present Liberal majority in the Commons, but against every voter, Liberal or Conservative, whose vote he seeks. He is an accessory to a scheme for robbing them of part of their vote's worth in political power, and he stands before the electors in a position morally as unsound as that of a business man who seeks a post in a firm in order to injure it for a rival firm's advantage, or a land steward who applies to be entrusted with an estate with the unconfessed purpose of lowering its value."

Therefore let the man who votes for the Peers at the coming election know that in so doing he confesses, not only that his fathers' blood was shed for nought, but that he, a common laboring fellow, is safer, for his own good, in putting his vote in the political bank opened for him by his betters, where he will get it back one day with a discount of about seventy-five per cent.

But for the moment sharp, immediate, political consequences depend upon this Lansdowne motion. In the first place—always on the hypothesis that there is such a thing as a Constitution—it is OUT OF ORDER, for the Lords, as Mr. Balfour says, cannot touch finance. In the second place, it is UNCONSTITUTIONAL, for the double reason that it violates the prerogative of the Crown and the privileges of the Commons. How can the King's servants and the people's Executive meet a DISORDERLY, UNCONSTITUTIONAL, and REVOLUTIONARY motion? How—if the Lord Chancellor cannot at once stop it from being debated, as the Speaker of the House of Commons can stop all matters lying outside the province of that Assembly—save by a resolution denying the competence of the peers to proceed? Let the Lords vote that down if they please, and in so doing formally add to what is in itself an act of treason to the State. But we cannot imagine how an Administration,

resolved to discharge their trust to the Constitution, can allow such a motion to remain on the Order Book until they have to admit duress, and can thus doubly stamp the illegality of the original procedure.

Let us remark in passing that that procedure remains without stated cause or excuse. We observe that the reed shaken by each wind of pernicious doctrine has made another tremulous appearance before the sturdy people of the North who cast him out four years ago. Then Free Trade had to go because Mr. Balfour dared not say that he believed in it. Now, our Constitution must be smashed because, still wandering in his metaphysical mist, this invertebrate trifler sees plain, if mistaken, men eager for some kind of issue, and cannot, because it is not in his nature, help them out. The Budget is to be destroyed, a deficit of fifty millions is to be incurred, trade is to be damnified and a violent political storm is to sweep through the country, for weeks or months no man is to know for certainty whether he need pay his debt to the State, the House of Commons is to be set under the heel of a handful of nobodies, and all for what? Because the Budget distinguishes between a man who works for his money and a man who makes others work for him, and because it taxes land and proposes to divide the proceeds between the taxpayers and the ratepayers, instead of putting them all into the ratepayers' pockets! No other complaint did Mr. Balfour make against Mr. George's proposals. No plea for the overturning of secular liberty was advanced but that the House which hates everything Liberal, democratic, generous, progressive, enlightened, and free—everything, in short, that touches its pride and its purse—was the appointed and rightful authority for discovering, not, if you please, when a Bill or a policy was *right*, but when a Government was "popular" or no. It is barely necessary to add the Liberal comment. We know well enough that the Lords only "submit" to the people things which they hate, and that this self-regarding fury has reached a point when no Liberal Government can count on a year's life at their hands, and no power in the Constitution, not the King himself, or the oldest and simplest custom of Parliament, is secure.

The Tories, therefore, are going to their second *débâcle* as they went to their first, stumbling into Revolution as they stumbled into Protection. All the more necessary is it for us to have a clear, strong, and, above all, a united lead. We are not speaking of Liberalism only. This is to be an *ad hoc* election. For the Budget two forces in Parliament have equally contended; and if a prize were to be given for steady and enthusiastic support, we should not know whether to award it to the Liberal or to the Labor Party. To both these sections a common platform and advocacy are assigned by the fact that the Lords, now visibly threatening all progress save at the cost of Revolution, deny a career to Liberalism, Nonconformity, and social reform, and say to Poverty in the name of Property, "Your back shall bear the whole burden of the State, and that burden we, and not your representatives, will adjust." Such a crisis calls for a full treaty between Liberalism and Labor, and we make a special appeal to the Prime Minister, whose eyes have witnessed the unshaken de-

votion of the Labor Party to the first object of his Government, and who has, in a singular degree, earned the confidence of its members, to sign and approve such an instrument. We do not think—no one thinks—that Labor representation can remain as it stands in this Parliament. It must grow. There are still a number of almost purely industrial constituencies to which labor representation is thoroughly appropriate, and which can never be held for progress on any other basis. Let us be at once wise and generous, and admitting only brotherhood of arms in the great conflict before us, confess that it is to the advantage of the common cause that Labor should have its full say in the momentous decision that awaits us. Later on paths may diverge. We are not pledged to all that Labor wants, nor is Labor limited to Liberal doctrine. But to-day, as we have one aim and one enemy, and the same tremendous stake to play in the safeguarding, not only of the people's food, but of democratic and representative government, let us present one invincible line of battle. If any man wants marching orders for this campaign, let him take them from the attitude of the Republican Party of France in 1877, when MacMahon, under aristocratic and clerical dictation, pointed the double weapon of the *coup d'état* and the *plébiscite* at the heart of French democracy, as Lord Lansdowne presents it to our heart to-day. The motto of every Republican group, moderate or advanced, then was: "Elect the 363"—i.e., the representatives of Republicanism in the outgoing Parliament. Unionism exercised the same measure of discipline over the Election of 1886, when every member who had opposed the Home Rule Bill, Liberal or Conservative, secured the Unionist vote. In that spirit alone can we at once secure the full effective power of the popular vote against the Lords, and save the future for progressive democracy.

THE RETORT OF THE COMMONS.

THE challenge of the Lords throws on the Liberal and Labor parties a double duty. The first is that of vindicating the undivided financial authority of the House of Commons, the second that of securing the ultimate control of government, administrative, financial, and legislative, for the people. If the first question stood alone, no dissolution would be necessary or advisable. The House of Commons would vindicate its position by re-asserting and extending the financial resolutions and refusing supplies by any other method, and, in point of fact, as we shall see, this is the first step to be taken. But it does not meet the whole situation, because it leaves the further claim of the Lords to control legislation unimpaired. This claim ought in our judgment to have been fought long ago. The battle has been put off in the hope of averting a direct conflict between the Houses. But the only result of postponement has been the constant encroachment by the Lords upon fresh territory. Apart from the Budget, what shadow of excuse was there, for example, for the rejection of the London Elections Bill? What possible explanation can be given of this action, but the naked partisanship which has impelled the Lords to resist everything calculated to improve the

position of popular candidates and diminish the handicap on the poorer classes of electors? The invasion of the sphere of finance is merely the crown and coping-stone of the edifice of assumed power, which the Upper House has been building up during the quarter of a century that has followed the compromise of 1884. The conflict is at length finally forced on the popular parties, and it must be fought to a finish. This cannot be done by a House of Commons already four years old on the strength of its own prescriptive rights and privileges alone. It must go back to the people for renewed authority and propound to them a reform which will not merely sweep away the formal intervention of the Lords in finance, but their substantial power of thwarting the elected representatives of the people in legislation. The issue will be clear cut between the representative and the hereditary principle, between democracy and privilege. We may thank the House of Lords for presenting it with such incisive clearness and completeness. It has underlain all political issues for many years, but reformers, immersed as they are each in his own special sphere of interest, have been slow to grasp it as a whole. It is now once for all the dividing line of parties, and even were the first battle lost, which we have not the smallest reason to expect, the campaign will go on till the victory is won. No Liberal Government will again take office without the necessary security for overriding the veto of the hereditary Conservatives.

The principal care of the Liberal leaders, acting, as we do not doubt they will, in full concert and harmony with the leaders of Labor, will be to place this broad issue before the country. The Lords have provoked the battle, but the Government will choose the ground and settle the stakes. They will not admit that the financial powers of the House of Commons are at issue. They will treat the behavior of the Lords from the first as constituting a Revolution—a Revolution clothed, no doubt, with a certain form of legal procedure, but none the less a Revolution. The rejection of the Budget is indeed a greater innovation than the refusal of the Royal Assent to a Bill passed by both Houses would be. For that Assent has, in fact, been refused in past history, though we have to go back a couple of centuries to find an instance, but the rejection of the entire vote of money for the year is wholly without precedent or parallel. It creates a situation which is not merely anomalous but in the strict sense revolutionary. For, in a constitution destitute of written formulæ, and resting almost entirely on custom and tradition, whoever breaks, by the sudden use of obsolete forms, with the more vital of these traditions has destroyed the basis of reliance on the system as a whole.

The Government has, as Mr. Churchill has justly urged, the duty of rescuing public affairs from the chaos into which the Lords threaten to plunge them. It has also the permanent interests of the community to safeguard, and these are bound up with the principles of the Constitution. It must therefore avoid any form of procedure which would have even the appearance of yielding to an unconstitutional claim. As it will refuse to divide the Budget, so it cannot consent to ask the authority of the Lords for any portion of the taxes or for any temporary and provisional collection. It must fall back on

the authority of the Commons, and the more boldly it asserts that authority the more it will win favor with the country. It will start the fight with the prestige of a strong assertion of the rights of the Commons in finance, and will carry the war into the enemy's country by the demand for equal rights in legislation. But how is this authority of the Commons to be asserted? The simplest method is that advocated in these columns last week of procedure by Resolution. Beginning with a declaratory Resolution affirming the undivided authority of the Commons in finance on the precedent of 1860, the House would proceed to resolve that the provisions of the Budget hold good until the Finance Bill for the year 1909-1910 passes into law. This would be to depart from the ordinary course in the collection of taxes in this respect only that the date of the Bill is postponed, and that it will be carried into effect by a new Parliament. If necessary, the new Parliament would carry an Act of Indemnity which will quash any proceedings that may have been taken in the interval in opposition to the authority of the Commons. But we are not to assume without proof that any such Act will be required. The collection of taxes on the authority of the Resolutions has never been challenged.

An alternative method has found favor in some quarters, and has been advocated with his usual incisiveness of statement by Mr. Arthur Chamberlain. His suggestion is that the Prime Minister, following the example of Earl Grey in 1832, should advise the King to create, or give him permission to create, as many peers as would be necessary to overcome the opposition to the Budget, and so supply the needs of the Exchequer for the year. Now this proposal as it stands appears to us inadmissible. We have on previous occasions shown that the wholesale creation of peers would be legitimate for one purpose only, for a purpose which would be final, for the purpose of abolishing the absolute veto of the Lords alike on legislation and finance. On the other hand we have always recognised that a point must come in the progress of the struggle between the Houses at which the possibility of a wholesale creation will have to be faced. If the Government win in January, as they will win, their first proceeding after passing the Finance Bill must be to regulate the relation between the two Houses. For this purpose no resolution framed by the House of Commons alone will any longer suffice. It will be necessary to proceed by Bill, and we can hardly assume that the Lords will accept like lambs a Bill curtailing their own powers. The creation of peers will have to be held in reserve as a possibility in order to secure the measures necessary, as Mr. Haldane puts it, to the smoother working of the Constitution. What the details of such a Bill will be we do not for the moment inquire. But on one thing all shades of Liberal opinion are now agreed—that the veto in its present form cannot remain. They are also agreed that the present Government cannot retain office, nor can any future Liberal leaders take office, without a preliminary assurance from the King that the powers necessary to overcome the resistance of the House of Lords will be available for them. We think that the moment has come for a plain declaration by the Prime Minister in this sense. It can only clear the

position and help to consolidate the forces of democracy if our leaders now state quite plainly to the world that the fight is not confined to finance but concerns the whole question of the position of a hereditary second Chamber in the Constitution. To the creation of peers as a necessary step to the settlement of the entire issue the party would reluctantly consent as an alternative necessity imposed by constitutional forms. Whether this can help us in the immediate crisis is more difficult to say. The financial trouble arises from the dissolution of Parliament, and to help in this respect the creation would be necessary at once. From the Liberal point of view, there need be no objection to such a step, provided that it were accompanied with the definite pledge that on returning to power the majority so obtained were used for the settlement of the whole constitutional question. From the Conservative point of view, a different objection might be taken. Our opponents might urge that this would be to create a Liberal House of Lords, which would grievously hamper them if, against expectation, they should obtain a majority. We realise the force of this objection, but our opponents, on their side, must realise that, if they do not wish to drive us to extremes that may be as unpleasant for them as for us, they must be careful how they, on their side, strain the forms of the Constitution.

A HALF-WAY HOUSE TO FREEDOM.

"In view of the danger that official control over plays before their production may hinder the growth of a great and serious national drama, and of the grave injury that such hindrance would do to the development of thought and of art, we consider that the licensing authority, which we desire to see maintained, should not have power to impose a veto on the production of plays."—*Extract from the Report of the Joint Committee on the Censorship.*

It is, we think, unfortunate, that the Joint Committee on the Censorship of stage plays should have devoted one part of its report to destroying or, at least, neutralising the moral effect of the other, so that the dramatic authors have the melancholy satisfaction of winning their case without getting their judgment. How far their contention is endorsed by the very mixed body of legislators and lawyers to whom it was referred, readers of page nine of the report can see. The Committee acknowledge the important fact that the stage is now attracting writers of character and intellect who desire to present "sincere and serious dramas," critical, *i.e.*, reforming, in their tendency. They admit the right of entry upon the stage of "ideas and situations" "disturbing" to existing conventions, and they conclude that room must be found for the problem play as well for the theatre of amusement. Most significant of all, they confess the obstacle which the absolute censorship on production places upon the "growth of a great and serious national drama." Do they therefore propose to abolish this hindrance to the flow of dramatic ideas and methods, which they insist are necessary to the progress of "thought and art"? In form they do. But in fact they set it up again, in the shape of a perfect forest of prohibitions which, like the wall of young trees that Robinson Crusoe planted round his fastness, may grow

so thick as to prevent the master from entering the house prepared for him. Now there is one obvious objection to the dual system of licensed and unlicensed plays which the Committee must set up. It discredits the Censorship at once, for it must identify it mainly with that kind of play which seeks it as a cover for puerility, and not infrequently for indecent suggestion, and for the class of manager who desires an easy way out of his personal responsibility. From this time forward the Lord Chamberlain's licence will shelter the worse and poorer and often the more vicious play; its cover will be withheld from the finer and sincerer work. But at least we might have expected the Committee to acknowledge some kind of equality between the two kinds of dramatic production which they sanction. So far from doing this, they insist upon clothing the "sincere and serious" drama with a specially devised livery of shame. In future the unlicensed play—and we feel confident that this will be the form generally chosen by the best authors—is to be exposed not only to the necessary and proper action of the law on the ground of indecency, but a new and secret court of inquisition, whose subject-matter is to be the treatment of difficult matters of taste, judgment, and opinion, is to be carved out of the Privy Council. The action of this body can be so severe that it can not only suspend the production of a play for ten years, but can forbid its appearance for ever, save on the condition of passing the Censorship. It can hear *in camerâ*, and the author is thus cut off from all power of effective representation or appeal. It is easy to see how unfairly such a system may work. Take, for example, two of the batch of offences which will render a play liable to the action of our new Star Chamber for Serious Dramatists—namely, that it is calculated to "conduce to crime and vice," and that it may "impair friendly relations with any Foreign Power." At this moment not merely one or two but a whole system of plays is running under the protection of the Censorship, whose subject is the glorification of theft. Such are "Raffles," and "Arsène Lupin," and other grafts of the noble stock of "Jack Sheppard." But supposing some English Brioux takes it into his head to satirise our not impeccable administration of justice? How many Tory judges and Privy Councillors would not hold such criticism to be an endorsement of crime? Lord Althorp had no qualms in licensing a direct dramatic appeal for conscription, but he held that a parody of "An Englishman's Home" was an insult to a Foreign Power. Are we to trust an *in camerâ* Committee of the Privy Council with the power of vetoing a dramatic setting of Mr. Hall Caine's apology for Egyptian Nationalism?

But if, as Liberals, we find it hard to defend the powers and constitution of the new Censorship, we find it still harder to excuse the attempt of the Committee to incite the landlords of theatres to drive the unlicensed play from pillar to post, until at last, we suppose, it finds refuge in some shabby Alsatia of Soho. It would, we think, have been fair for the Committee, seeing that they confer the right of existence on the unlicensed play, and even base their hopes of the British drama on its continuance, to suggest the repeal of the clause in many theatre leases which forbids its performance. In place

of that act of common justice, they actually invite the landlord to force such a prohibition on the dramatic author, and recommend, not that all leases which contain this clause should be construed as if they did not contain it, but that all leases which do not contain it should be construed as if they did. We cannot imagine anything more unjust; and we can only hope that the serious authors will stand firmly together, that they will decline to pass under the Censorship, and that, if they are barred out of the majority of the London theatres, they will combine to form and sustain that Independent Theatre to which, at least, the Report, with its many deficiencies, does open a way. We do not think that they will have long to wait for complete freedom. For, indeed, all that is weakest and most illogical in this report is bound to fall by its own weight. As Mr. Granville Barker points out in the unanswerable article we print elsewhere, the optional Censorship was forced on the Committee by an administrative, no less than a moral, necessity. They were bound to establish the single Censorship for theatres and music-halls for the simple reason that under the present system a vast body of dramatic work, in the shape of so-called "sketches," which are actually but not legally dramas in little, has entirely escaped Mr. Redford's eye, and that the real play-houses which present a mixed musical and dramatic programme have for years been free—subject to fear of the local authority—to revel in the seven deadly sins that are now to be laid to the account of the dramatic authors. Now all this light-going machinery of sketch or short play, song, patter, gesture, and innuendo is to come directly under the Censor. Is he going to touch it? Everyone knows that he neither can nor will do anything of the kind, and that there is no substantial reason why he should. The new order will therefore be a charter of freedom for the music-hall. But, as far as a network of prohibitions can make it, it will be a sign of dependence, even of repression, for the serious drama. This is quite intolerable. The Committee have just left the door of freedom ajar. The Government which acts upon their report will have to fling it wide open.

THE NEW INDIAN CONSTITUTION.

ELEVEN months have passed since Lord Morley laid before this country and India the great scheme of reform that will always connect his name with Indian history. It will be remembered that the proposal aimed at an extension of political and legislative rights, the intention being to reduce the predominance of the official element upon the various governing councils, and to afford to Indians a greater part in the management of their own affairs. With these objects Lord Morley proposed the development of both the Executive and Legislative Councils. The reform of local self-government under the Municipalities, Taluka or District Boards, and Panchayats or old Councils of Five in the village communes, was set aside, perhaps to avoid over-weighting the measure, perhaps in the hope that the vast report of the recent Decentralisation Commission might some day be digested.

In the general scheme of reform we ought certainly to include Lord Morley's very important step in nomina-

ting two Indians (a Hindu and a Mohammedan) to the India Council in Whitehall. But, as regards India herself, the first step was the recommendation that an Indian should be appointed on the Viceregal Executive Council as soon as occasion offered (as has since been done), and that the Executive Councils of the Governors of Bombay and Madras should be raised to four members apiece, one being an Indian, while smaller Executive Councils, each with an Indian representative, were to be established in course of time in the remaining five Provinces under Lieutenant-Governors not appointed from England. The introduction of an Indian representative, or rather nominee, upon the Executive Councils was in itself a most valuable concession to the long-standing demands of the constitutional Indian reformers as represented by the National Congress.

But, after all, the longest step in the reform scheme was the expansion of the Legislative Councils by a great increase of the numbers and of the non-official members in each. The final regulations under which these Legislative Councils are to start their new career next January were issued last Monday in a special Gazette at Calcutta, and in the main they follow the outline drawn by Lord Morley in his original proposals. In numbers some of the new Councils will exceed the maximum first laid down, and some fall far below it. According to the telegraphic summary, for instance, the Viceroy's Legislative Council (including the Viceroy) will run to sixty-eight instead of sixty (up to now it has numbered only twenty-four), while the Burma Council, which might number thirty, will only count eighteen. But the point does not lie so much in the numbers as in the fact that even on the Viceroy's Council the official members will retain only a majority of three, and in the Councils of the seven Provinces the official majority disappears altogether. In cases of obvious danger, the Viceroy retains the right of veto against the majority, but, as Lord Morley wisely said in introducing his measure:—

"Perhaps more often, there may be opposition on the part of non-official members to legislation that the Government desires. . . . If such a combination of all the non-official members against the Government were to occur, that might be a very good reason for thinking that the proposed measure was really open to objection, and should not be proceeded with."

The total number of members for all the Councils together has now been raised from 126 to 370 (against a possible maximum of 400), and the elected members from 39 to 135. The numbers alone are significant, though it is true that the members will not represent districts or constituencies in the British sense, but rather classes and interests. In some cases they will even represent religious distinctions, and we regret that throughout the discussion of the reforms so much prominence has been given to the Mohammedan claim for separate electorates. We may put the Mohammedans in the eight Provinces (including the Central Provinces which do not possess a Council) at about 54,000,000, against 160,000,000 Hindus, and, of course, it is right that they should have their representation. It would have been an admirable opportunity for trying a proportional scheme. But the device which has been followed by the spokesmen of official Anglo-Indians and the Mohammedans themselves

of belauding the Mohammedans and proclaiming that their loyalty and past services entitle them to a higher representation than their numbers justify, can but irritate the Hindus, against whom it is an oblique insinuation. It is, indeed, only too clear that this method of reviving the ancient but dying strife between Hindu and Mohammedan has put obstacles in the way of the whole scheme of reform, and made it far more difficult for moderate reformers like Mr. Gokhale to commend it to their followers, or to the more definitely Nationalist party, as an earnest of that gradual and peaceful extension of the full rights of citizenship which they desire. It would have been fairer and far more advantageous for both the great religions in the end to have imposed a system of proportional representation, or even to have left the elections open. For even Madras, an almost fanatical centre of Hinduism, has hitherto steadily returned a distinguished Mohammedan citizen to the Viceregal Council.

We might dwell on other important points—the peculiar provision that the Imperial or Provincial Government may forbid the candidature of an undesirable person before the election, and the concession (one of the most valuable of all) that the unofficial members may ask questions and move resolutions at the meetings of the Council, especially upon the annual consideration of the Budget, whereas hitherto each has read an academic essay that might as well have remained unwritten. But we leave the Councils Bill with confident hopes for its future, and with sincere congratulations to Lord Morley for his persistence in carrying through the reform in the face of prejudice and powerful opposition. We would only further remind him and the Indian Government that close upon a year has passed since nine of our Indian fellow-subjects were deported without trial, without charge, without reason given, and they still remain in gaol. We had hoped that the King's Birthday would have been taken as an opportunity for their release, but nothing has been done. In the case of Lala Lajput Rai, the most conspicuous of the deported prisoners hitherto, even so steady a Government organ as the "Pioneer" has admitted that injustice was permitted, and Lala Lajput Rai himself has won two libel actions in the Courts (one in Calcutta and one in London) on the ground of the utterly false charges brought against him. All who are personally acquainted with such men as Mr. Ashwini Dutt, of Barisal, and Mr. Krishna Kumar Mitra, of Calcutta, now imprisoned without trial, find the utmost difficulty in believing that the unknown charges against them are any better founded. In the name of our high character for justice, on which more than anything our power over India rests, we would plead either for an open trial or release for men who have already suffered a serious penalty on a suspicion the reasons for which are kept hidden from the light of truth.

OUR ANCIENT ALLY.

It is creditable to human nature that the visit of the young King of Portugal to England should have called

forth something more than the formal cordiality which all such ceremonies evoke. The figure of a mere boy, genial, simple, and generous, summoned to the throne in a period of mortal crisis, after a tragedy in which both brother and father perished, makes a powerful appeal to our natural sympathies. There stands behind him, moreover, the rather mysterious and legendary tradition of our ancient alliance. Few of those who repeat that conventional phrase are aware that it really corresponds to an actual and far from negligible fact in world politics. It rather recalls memories of the brave days when port was a political drink, of the Peninsular War, and of the Queen whom Charles II. so gaily wronged. It stands for the hereditary ailments of our aristocracy, and for some of the sublimer passages in Meredith. But, in truth, there is hardly a land in Europe with which we have to-day so few sentimental ties. The cemeteries of Portugal are filled with English graves. Its history for nearly a generation after Wellington's occupation was almost that of an English dependency. Nowhere did Palmerston meddle and intrigue so steadily. But there is no cult of Portugal among us. Greece has her phil-Hellenes, and Bulgaria her firm friends. But Portugal stirs no sentiment. She has gone out of our daily lives, and that at a moment when she is very consciously within the calculations of our Foreign Office. We are under an obligation, which we are far from seeking to ignore, to defend her Atlantic coast with our fleet. Her culture is French. Her finance depends almost absolutely from Paris. But it is on her "ancient alliance" with us that her policy is really based.

It is a curious speculation to enquire what cause it was which really sapped the energy of a people who came so near to greatness on the seas. One can hardly read the narratives of the early navigators without suspecting that these hardy voyages, from which it was an untold good fortune if one ship in two returned, actually depleted the stock of her energetic men of action. The dissipation of the remainder over vast colonies, most of them unhealthy, did the rest. To-day we have seen too much of her apparently hopeless disorganisation to feel sanguine. Her only saviour, the dictator Franco, was little more, one fears, than an adventurer, who acted in collusion with King Carlos to seize power at the price of acquiescence in the royal tampering with the national finances. The two parties which ultimately saved the Constitution were also saving an immemorial spoils system. The Republican group, which alone gives promise of any radical change, has evidently too slender a hold on mass opinion to work with effect. The essential fact of Portuguese politics is an illiteracy which throws even that of Russia into shade, and behind the intellectual stagnation is an economic despair which translates itself into a steady flow of peasant emigration to Brazil. Wealth is to be made only by the monopolies, and they are in foreign hands. The African Colonies sleep in a tranquil decay, which is broken only by the occasional arrival of Boer immigrants, or of foreign railway prospectors. Only the cocoa islands coin money for Portuguese proprietors, and they depend on a system of slavery.

It is, in short, the weakness of Portugal which makes the alliance a traditional necessity. Fortune has scattered her possessions over ocean ways which are of the first strategic importance to ourselves. Her Atlantic coast and her islands would make the Mediterranean route insecure if they were in hostile hands. Her African possessions flank the older and alternative route to India. Delagoa Bay is the key to the Rand. Her Asiatic possessions may acquire importance when the fate of China is in the balance. Her staggering finances, her weak defences, alike oblige her to look for allies. Nor can Powers which are struggling to maintain a European balance afford to ignore her. There are from time to time recurring crises in which some fact or rumor suddenly reminds us of the pieces in the world's war game which are under her flag. The Kaiser is allowed to send his marines over her railway to salute Kruger at Pretoria. Delagoa Bay becomes the key to our own strategy, or gossip declares that Germany is acquiring one of her Atlantic islands as a sanatorium or a coaling station. The round is varied by speculations about King Manuel's marriage, and yet again the quidnuncs are discussing who has the reversion of her colonies, if the fear of bankruptcy should compel her to pledge them. She contrives to derive a back-handed consolation from her very weakness. Her situation is invariably interesting, and it is interesting to more than one Power. Weakness is fatal only when it excites in the breast of a single Empire an exclusive interest.

There lay in the past, no doubt, the reason of the extreme forbearance which our diplomacy showed towards the Portuguese slave trade, while it was still undisguised. We paid our subsidies in the form of a remitted loan; we made our protests, and still it went on. That also is doubtless the reason why our official remonstrances at the survival of the system in Angola and San Thomé have been so very sparing of Portuguese susceptibilities. We should do well to remember that only the strongest Naval Power is in a position to give Portugal the guarantees which she requires. We are at least as indispensable to her as she is interesting to us. For the moment the usual paper promises are all that has been obtained. There is a promise to repatriate the slaves on San Thomé, and an undertaking to see that their recruitment is really voluntary. Certain of the more notorious man-hunting grounds are said to have been closed. Laborers are also being fetched from Mosambique, but at a wage so trivial, when compared with what they might earn on the Rand, that it is difficult to believe that they can have been obtained in the open labor market. But the reforms are under the charge of men notorious for their connivance in the open slave-trading of the past, and in Lisbon there is as yet no effective pressure for amendment. A better use might have been made of the ancient alliance. The protection which it gives to Portugal is not a trivial boon. Some price we might exact, and the price which would redeem much that has been sordid in this long connection would be the coming at last of freedom to this West African Coast.

Life and Letters.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

MR. TAYLOR of the Balance Club was a good deal exercised in mind, for he had heard members saying in the smoking-room that in the following week the Lords were going to reject the Budget for the first time in history. He cared nothing for history, and having expectations from an invalid uncle, he strongly objected to the Budget, though when the Club put up the price of a small whisky-and-soda from fivepence to sixpence, he had paid the round sum like a man, in the interest of national defence, and had even called for another. But now he was told that the Lords by killing the Budget would shake all securities and cost the country an extra £50,000,000. That, he feared, might have some effect on his income of £2,000 a year, derived from his father's investments, and he was rather fond of maintaining in his philosophic way that happiness depends, not on the bulk of one's income, but on the margin in one's pocket. His margin, his happiness, was threatened by the Lords, and though he revered them as the owners of great country houses, he could not help wondering if there might not be something in Liberal principles after all. For if a whisky-and-soda went up to sevenpence, it would be as inconvenient a sum as fivepence, with the inconvenience all on the wrong side.

In his perplexity, he went round the Club collecting the Conservative papers in the hope that they might confirm his convictions, for he was a conscientious man. The "Daily Mail," the "Spectator," the "Daily Express," the "Times," the "Daily Telegraph," the "Observer"—he found all the party organs, except the "Sporting Times," which was in use. Piling them on his knees, he sank into a deep armchair and began to read. With every paragraph his apprehensions melted away, and a consoling peace stole over his senses. He felt assured the Lords would do him no harm. They were not the people to threaten property. They were the natural protectors of men of position and intelligence, and would display a fellow-feeling towards people of his class. Into their hands he and the nation could safely commit themselves. He had hardly read more than one and a half of the papers when, with a feeling of tranquillity that only an assured competence can afford, he fell asleep.

When he awoke, ten years later, the country was preparing for the General Election of 1920. Meeting his old friend, Mr. Sinclair, in Piccadilly, he heard that the Lords had just ordered a dissolution because the first Liberal Government that had been in power since 1909 had refused to double the tax on bread for fear of exciting the working population to violence.

"It is mere cowardice on the Government's part," Sinclair said. "The working classes showed no indignation at the Lords' conduct in 1909, and have shown none since. The old talk about the English people's love of freedom was nothing but a myth, and the lower orders know very well that their very existence depends upon the Lords, for it is impossible to live without either land or wealth. As to violence, there is not the slightest fear of that, since the Lords control army, navy, and police."

"I did not know that was the function of the Lords?" said Mr. Taylor.

"Yes," his friend replied; "they control all the services by their established right of refusing supplies. Landowners and men with a stake in the country are the natural defenders of law and order, since it is for their benefit that law and order primarily exist. Nothing of late years has been more remarkable than the revival of the grand old saying that property has its duties as well as its rights. The Lords have shown themselves nobly resolved to act on it, and the first duty of the governing classes is to govern."

"Then property must be secure," sighed Mr. Taylor with relief.

"It is doubly secure," Mr. Sinclair answered. "A benign feeling of security is extended throughout the country. Even the lower classes share in it, for their labor is constant and never stops. For fear of interrupting it and reducing the weekly wages, the Lords have lately abolished the Sunday idleness, and in gratitude the people now call Sunday the Lords' Day."

"I am glad the lower orders are having a busy time," said Mr. Taylor sympathetically.

"Nothing is so terrible as unemployment," Mr. Sinclair replied. "But come for a run over the country in my aeroplane, and see for yourself."

Flying low, they sped over crowded cities and squalid towns and patches of fields where depressed-looking laborers were plodding about in the mud. But here and there they flew across vast estates of park and woods, and in the middle of one of these they descended on a hill from which the chimneys of factories, pits, and innumerable little streets could be dimly discerned beyond a distant ring fence.

"One can breathe here," said Mr. Taylor comfortably.

"Yes," said Mr. Sinclair, "This estate is an example of forethought and public spirit. The owner is determined to allow no encroachment on the people's future inheritance. That town outside is overcrowded already. They are living at an average of six to a room, and if this splendid estate were built over now, where would they have to live in another twenty years? But the owner holds the land for future generations. Meantime, it grows in value every year, and the wealth of the country is enormously increased without any effort. That is what we mean by the magic of property. When at last the owner permits building, the ground-rents will multiply his wealth ten or twenty times over, and his consumption of that wealth will supply employment for ten or twenty times more labor. For wealth has a double beneficence, blessing him who enjoys and him who works for another's enjoyment. So true is it that the interests of capital and labor are identical."

They entered the great town outside the barbed wire fence, and passed among the ignoble and monotonous streets, varied only by blocks of artisans' buildings, pits, factories, churches, and schools. The workpeople were hurrying about, their faces bloodless and famished, their clothes dingy with third-hand use. Outside a soup-kitchen a long string of men and women stood waiting.

"Strike?" asked Mr. Taylor. "Everyone looks very hungry."

"Hunger is the best incentive to work," his friend replied. "The first food-taxes which the Lords imposed some years ago soon taught us that. They raised the cost of living so much that the people worked twice as hard and produced twice as much wealth, by which the whole community benefits. For a time, certainly, there was considerable starvation, but the wealthy tempered the wind by their generosity in subscribing to soup-kitchens like that one, which is maintained entirely by the landowners of the town, and the population is now dying down to its natural limits. The majority of the workpeople you see are in excellent condition for producing more wealth, and the rich people in the country were never so well off. It is, in reality, on their wealth that the poor live, though one hardly likes to call them parasites."

Walking down the main street, they entered a political meeting, into which a few shivering men and women had loitered for warmth. The candidate for the approaching election was speaking, though his return was unopposed, since it made no difference who got in for the House of Commons. Mr. Taylor entered just in time for the peroration, in which the candidate was extolling the Lords for doubling the bread tax.

"What's the good of cheap food if you've got no wages to buy it with?" he was asking. "Increase prices all round and you induce landowners and capitalists to invest more of their wealth in the certainty of larger returns, and their wealth means more wages for you. The House of Lords may not be very clever; we don't set much store by clever people in this country;

we like something solid and sensible; but the House of Lords does at least understand the inner working of these great economic laws, and they pledge their word to you that they will be right in doubling all taxes on foreign imports so that both agriculture and manufacture may share in that abundant and increasing prosperity which we see around us."

"Didn't people once say something about taxation and representation going together?" Mr. Taylor asked his friend in a low voice. But he had hardly spoken when he was seized by six powerful stewards and flung out of the hall with the greatest violence.

"You may thank your lucky stars you didn't ask that question of the speaker," said his friend, "or you'd have got a month's hard labor for disturbance. The tyranny of the majority must be controlled at all costs."

Pursuing their way in the aeroplane, Mr. Taylor caught sight of a seaport crowded with huge battleships.

"That," said Mr. Sinclair, "is a division of our glorious fleet. We spend £90,000,000 a year on our fleet so as to make the foreigner pay. He has not begun to pay yet, but by broadening the basis of taxation the Lords support the fleet without effort and secure a general average of contented poverty among the working classes. As you know, equality is an excellent thing for a nation."

"You would not have us all equal?" cried Mr. Taylor with a shiver.

"Oh no," his friend replied smiling. "There must, of course, be the wealthy, who enjoy their natural revenues from trusts, loans, or the possession of towns and lands. But a steady average of strenuous poverty increases the dignity of a nation and promotes the new way of life. 'The private wealth small, the public great,' as our old Latin poet said. The Lords have lately much increased the body of public wealth by abolishing the income-tax and setting that large amount free for investment. But if you say the people look miserable, I reply the country was never more powerful. That fleet could sink all the navies of Europe, and we continually add to it so as to increase our security, enrich the shipbuilding Trusts, and distribute their wealth among the workers, all at the same time."

Flitting back to London, Mr. Taylor dismounted in Parliament Square, and seeing a lady whom he recognised as the finest orator of Queen's Hall and Hyde Park, he asked his friend whether women had got the vote.

"We wouldn't have your silly vote at a gift," she exclaimed as she swept past, with eyes fixed on revolution.

Then indeed Mr. Taylor realised the full consequences of the Lords' action in rejecting the Budget.

AN AMERICAN LEADER.

No more inspiring and convincing vindication of progressive principles in politics has appeared in our time than these three portly volumes of the recollections of an American statesman ("The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz," Murray), whose very name is little known in this country. Mainly concerned with the momentous events of the Civil War and the period of reconstruction, they give a truer presentation of the political and social conditions of the country and a keener and more accurate analysis of the national and personal forces than are contained in any of the formal histories of the epoch with which we are acquainted. This is attributable to the splendid personal qualities of Carl Schurz, and to the position of independence without isolation which he was able to maintain throughout his active career. Always in the thick of the fight, usually a strong partisan, he yet managed always to preserve such coolness and detachment as are needed for the historian. Even where, as is occasionally the case, his own personal honor is in question, no malice appears in his defence, no vindictive feeling towards his traducers.

Born of good country stock in a little village near Cologne, he had scarcely entered student life at Bonn before the revolutionary movement, which had for some years been gathering, came to a head in '48. Young Schurz, a vigorous, enthusiastic lad of nineteen years, full of Heine and of the new Liberal spirit, soon found himself a leader among the students and tasted the perils of participation in the armed movement which, national in its first aim, was converted into a rebellion by the obstinacy and illiberalism of Frederick William. After a period of exciting and dangerous adventures as a lieutenant of his friend and teacher, Kinkel, one of the most prominent personages of the '48 movement, he found himself an exile from his country, and after a short sojourn in Paris and in London, drifted with his girl-wife to the United States. A convinced Republican, he soon found his feet, his voice, and a full career in his adopted country. It was an era of stirring movements, and young Schurz planted himself in the thick of them. After making himself well acquainted with conditions in the East, he settled for a time, first as farmer, soon as lawyer and politician, in a little town of Wisconsin, then the "far West," where thousands of his countrymen had found a home. Handsome in person, eloquent and thoroughly sympathetic with the working of popular institutions, he soon won great influence as a speaker, and, first among the German-speaking population, afterwards among the wider public, became a man of political importance. Of singular interest is his account of the moral and intellectual forces which the new institutions and atmosphere of democracy brought to bear upon the hordes of immigrants from lands of despotic rule, who now found themselves called upon to make their own local and State governments. Schurz soon found a call for his talents as orator and organiser in the wider field of national politics. It was by no means the coarse and sordid work too commonly associated with American politicians. Beneath all the surface waves and currents of self-interest and party faction, there has always lived in America a passionate feeling for the great experiment of democracy. This enthusiasm always inspired Schurz. Of his great gathering at Faneuil Hall in Boston upon Jefferson's birthday in 1859, he writes, "I spoke with great fervor, dwelling upon the idea which has been a *leit motiv*, a leading motive, with me during my whole public life in America; the peculiar significance of the position occupied by this Republic in the progress of mankind towards democratic government and the consequent responsibility of the American people to the civilised world." When the present writer talked with Mr. Schurz six years ago upon the drift of the United States towards Imperialism, he found that it was this betrayal of the great democratic mission of America which more than anything else weighed down the spirit of the aged statesman.

But it soon ceased to be a time for dwelling upon political abstractions, however elevated, for it became evident that the arrogant encroachments of the Slave Power were endangering the concrete liberties of the several States and of their individual citizens. The endeavors to enforce the powers conferred on slave-owners by the Dred Scot decision first roused the North to the full perils of the situation, while the combat between Douglas and Lincoln for the control of Republican policy in the opening conflict enforced the supreme urgency of the issue. Vivid and convincing is the story of the great encounters and of the seething stir of passions everywhere unloosed as the issues of slavery and the Union took clear shape in the common mind of the people. No such exhibition of the reality of politics in a democracy has ever been afforded elsewhere, and this second volume of Carl Schurz is undoubtedly a document of the first importance in the interpretation of democracy. Schurz was everywhere, saw every important personage, was present at most of the critical events, and kept accurate records. A close personal friend and a genuine admirer of Lincoln, he took an active part in the presidential campaign which set Lincoln at the White House to face Secession.

From a vigorous recruiting work on the outbreak of the war, Carl Schurz was taken to serve a short term of diplomatic office as United States Minister at Madrid. Soon, however, seeking a reason to return to America, he threw himself into the struggle, now military, not political, between North and South, rising to high command, and acquitting himself with personal distinction on several bloody fields.

After the war was over, when the assassination of Lincoln raised Andrew Johnson to the post of supreme honor and difficulty, Schurz undertook a most laborious and important investigation into the condition of the Southern States, with the view of advising a policy of reconstruction. Unfortunately Johnson, weak, ill-advised, and intemperate, disregarding the warnings of Schurz and of the Unionist leaders in the South, plunged upon a policy, which, had it been maintained, must have undone all the solid gains of the war, so far as the condition of the negroes was concerned. Those, and they are many, who lightly condemn the repressive hand which the Federal Government so long retained upon "the late rebel States" and, in particular, the amendments conferring a negro franchise, might read with great profit the clear evidence which Mr. Schurz affords of the intentions and endeavors of the Southern States to restore slavery after the war, with or without the connivance of the Federal Government.

Betaking himself, though hardly "settling down," to journalism, first in Detroit, soon after at St. Louis, Mr. Schurz shortly found himself, still a young man of forty, seated as Senator for Missouri in the highest legislative body of the country. It was characteristic of the man that his first step was a point-blank refusal to support the new President, Grant, in his endeavor to bring San Domingo into the American system, his chief reason being that "acquisition and possession of such tropical countries, with indigestible, unassimilable populations, would be highly obnoxious to the nature of our Republican system of Government," the deadliest of all arguments against Imperialism.

"I stand in the Republican Party as an independent man." No one acquainted with the meaning of "party" in America can fail to realise the nobility and the difficulty of endeavoring to live up to this principle. Yet Mr. Schurz did it, and it gave him, not, indeed, long enjoyment of high office, or such popularity as fell to a Blaine or a McKinley, but a very solid and wholesome influence over public life for several decades. His independence showed itself at once in a revolt inside the Republican Party against the repressive measures adopted by Grant against the Ku Klux riots in the South. Indeed, with the brief exception of a spell of office under Hayes, as Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Schurz found himself always in a minority of Liberal reformers. On every great issue of the time he took a strong, straight line. In office he distinguished himself as a pioneer in Civil Service reform, to which he devoted himself with immense energy in later years. Outspoken Free Trader, sound currency man, anti-Imperialist, he rang true Liberal on every great public question. Closely associated with Mr. Roosevelt on many reform movements, he severed himself at once from him when he began to stir the spirit of war and conquest, and his latest public utterances were in repudiation of the Philippine policy.

In the course of his long public life Mr. Schurz was brought into personal contact with many of the most remarkable men of the century both in Europe and in America. In his youth Marx, Mazzini, Kossuth, and other leaders of revolt crossed his path, and one of the most impressive chapters in his middle life contains his talks with Bismarck. But the unique value of the work is derived from the air of absolute and penetrating veracity conveyed in every statement and every judgment. Courageous, energetic, industrious, sympathetic with every honest ideal, he found himself in a country where these qualities commanded success and brought good fame. It was the career of a great Liberal statesman, and its possibility is an effective answer to those who croak about the failure of American democracy.

METHODS OF JUSTICE.

WE do not pretend to admire that feature of French criminal procedure which combines the functions of presiding judge with that of prosecuting counsel, but much of the outcry that has been raised in this country by the Steinheil case is ill-founded. Our attention would be much better directed to the defects of justice among ourselves. During the Dreyfus case we called the Heavens to witness our indignation at the refusal of the right of appeal to a man who had been unjustly condemned. The case called for indignation, but meanwhile we ourselves had at that time no Court of Appeal—except on points of law—for any sort of criminal, whether his offence was against the State or a private person. Since that time we have rectified the omission, but there remain plenty of defects in our criminal law which might more suitably occupy the British Press than the iniquities of a system which it does not understand. The contrast between French and English modes of procedure has its roots far back in history, and the simple truth is that the English system has remained nearer to the original barbaric court than the French. The early courts of Europe, after the settlement of the barbarians, had neither coercive authority nor any regular methods of trying the material facts of the cases that came before them. They were rather of the nature of institutions for the suppression of the blood feud, either by reducing it to the regular forms and limited dimensions of a judicial duel, or by substituting certain tests of the goodness of their cause to which contending parties might subject themselves. Such tests were the oath taken by each of the parties along with a required number of compurgators, and the ordeal to which resort might be had, particularly if the oath was not decisive. The court at this stage prescribed a "task," as Pollock and Maitland call it, to the litigant. If he performed it successfully his cause was won. There was no troublesome enquiry into mere facts, and no wearying examination or cross-examination of witnesses. The oath duly taken in full and solemn form was sufficient, or, if not, there was the ordeal. This was the old "accusatory" process, which represents justice in the stage where the rule of the strong hand is being first brought into some control by a public authority.

It was a very new departure when a public authority took upon itself to enquire into crime, to bring the criminal to justice, to investigate the facts of the case by evidence, and to inflict its own punishment through its own officers. This was the method of the "inquest," or inquisition, which we hear of in connection with episcopal courts as early as the ninth century, but which only made its way by very slow steps into the ordinary working of justice, and in this country never entirely triumphed over the "accusatory" method. Our "coroner's quest" represents one element in the system, the public enquiry into all cases of sudden and violent death with a view to discovering whether a homicide has been committed. Another element is represented by the presentment of cases for trial by the Grand Jury. A third, and by far the most important, is the remission of special questions of fact to a number of men representing "the country," whose sworn testimony was found to be a better mode of deciding the truth or falsity of a claim than the successful handling of hot iron or the ordeal by battle. So successful, in fact, was this method that the body of sworn witnesses evolved into the jury who tried the substance of the case, while the function of the judge was gradually limited to that of conducting the enquiry and expounding the law. But it was only by slow degrees and by some strange devices—including the torture of the *peine forte et dure*—that the practice could be established of compelling an accused person to forego his right to the combat or the ordeal, and "put himself upon his country," and it was by a far longer and slower process that juries won their way to independence. The transition from ordeal to evidence took place in England mainly in the thirteenth century—though in the reign of Edward I. champions could still be hired at need for a judicial combat. It was contemporaneous but more complete in France, where the "accusatory" method wholly gave place to the inquisitorial.

The jury system did not develop, and torture—never, it would seem, strictly legal in England—grew to the dimensions of a scandal. The more modern French methods have borrowed much of what is best from the English, including, as a pivotal point, the jury, and the very case which has stirred so much indignation shows that the forensic attitude assumed by the judge is by no means decisive of the event of the trial. The modern French judge, in fact, is the representative of an inquisitor. It is his business to probe and get to the heart of the accused. He is there to discover and punish crime. But he has behind him the jury whom he has to convince. The English judge has a different history. He is not appointed to discover and punish the criminal, but to preside at a contest between a prosecutor, very often a private person, and a defendant. He is to see fair play between them, to declare the law, sum up the facts for the jury, and pronounce sentence at need. Both systems have their faults, and we doubt whether our descendants will view with more surprise the interrogation of Mme. Steinheil, or our own view that truth is to be discovered not by impartial investigations but by pitting advocate against advocate, examination against cross-examination, form and quibble against quibble and form. At any rate, our history does not show such haste in securing the rights of the accused as to enable us to look down on the French system from the remote heights of pure equity. It was long before the accused with us obtained the full title to the services of counsel, and even then to place himself on the same level with the prosecution in this respect he had to abandon the right to speak on his own behalf. It is only eleven years since we extended to a man accused of the gravest crimes the right to give evidence on oath in his own defence, or to call his wife's testimony to his aid. The idea of impartial justice is very elementary, and we speak of it as though it were part of the air we breathe. In reality it is a late product of social progress imperfectly attained even to this day. Probably, if we go into the whole matter, we shall find that in the impartial, equitable, and rational treatment of crime both England and France have much to learn, and that each country would be better employed in copying what is good in the other than in denouncing what is bad.

THE CHARITY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

OF all the pleasanter vices, the idealistic interpretation of the Middle Ages is perhaps the least noxious and the most alluring. One turns but too gladly from the controversies that rage around our own dehumanised Poor Law to the graces and humanities of medieval charity. Here are no economics, here is no organisation. Manchester was still a sleepy village which boasted no School. Men gave from impulse, and liked to think of those who received only as the blessed occasions of good-will. The sick poor were "the sore members of Christ." Ever the leper begged with the halo of the Gospel around him, and the Dukes of those days took warning from the Dives of the Miracle Play. We are all familiar with the rôle of the monasteries in medieval charity, but the immense development of the hospitals has only now been investigated by a competent student. Miss Clay has succeeded in compiling a list of no less than 750 of these 'spitals.* The total impression one derives from her analysis is of an active and very genial benevolence. The mere number of these houses in a population much less than that of modern London is enormous. They cared for the leper and the sick poor, for the aged and the orphan, for the broken soldier and the shipwrecked or homeless sailor. Some specialised in attending to wayfarers and pilgrims, and planted themselves by the gates of the town. Others, until leprosy died out, were lazaretto-houses; some were primarily for the poor clergy. A few specialised quaintly, as a supplement to direct persecution, in caring for the converted Jews. Others were primarily alms-houses set apart for the permanent residence of the aged and destitute. Most of them, however,

were promiscuous to a degree which would fill Mrs. Webb with horror. Tramps and pilgrims, the aged and the sick, soldiers, sailors, and idiots, poor married mothers and "yong wymmen that have mysse done" dwelt somehow together under the same roof, and the large tolerance that spoke so few moral judgments made their association endurable.

One might go on from this broad survey to a closer investigation in the same mood of envious wonder. A pity which did not seek to degrade its victim was everywhere the presiding spirit. One foundation specifies minutely the provision that shall be made for the tramp and the wayfarer:—

"In regard to poor people who are received late at night and go forth early in the morning, let the warden take care that their feet are washed, and, as far as possible, their necessities attended to."

It was a casual ward without the stone-heap. Discipline there was, but it was commonly that of the fraternity, one might almost say of the club. The consent of the Colchester lepers, for example, was necessary before a new member could be admitted. Sometimes, indeed, as in the Bristol sailors' home, the organisation was that of a benefit society, to whose privileges only members who had contributed for seven years were admitted. The "cases" became brothers and sisters of the foundation, and the whole spirit of its rule of life was that of a preparation of the broken in this life for a better world. The material conditions of existence in these hospitals must have varied enormously. But in one case there is a record of meat three times a week, of vegetables in abundance, and of the glorious allowance of one gallon of beer a day. The older and wealthier foundations paraded a certain pomp and grace of architecture. Their chapels, in which all but the bed-ridden were expected to keep the canonical hours, are sometimes perfect and even elaborate specimens of the style in which they are built. The hospital itself was built sometimes with tenelements, sometimes with cubicles, and sometimes with dormitories. But there was always a great refectory with a vast inglenook which was the centre of the fraternal life of the place. In some of the larger hospitals there were elaborate preparations to facilitate the cleanliness of the inmates, from weekly baths to weekly visits of the barber, and the phrases in which the rules were drafted, suggest rather the hospitable provision of comforts than the penal discipline of a modern workhouse. There are details, moreover, which prove that over some of these 'spitals there brooded a spirit of more than apostolic charity. The statutes of Chichester, for example, provide that "if a brother under the instigation of the devil fall into immorality out of which scandal arises, or if he strike or wound the brethren," he must be expelled if incorrigible. "But let this be done, not with cruelty and tempest of words, but with gentleness and compassion." One might in this strain fill a volume with praises of the generosity of pious donors, and sketches of the gentleness and goodwill that reigned in these medieval "God's Houses," in the manner of a sunset picture by Fred Walker.

But were the Middle Ages really charitable and humane? There is much in Miss Clay's records which suggests a less comfortable judgment. The real test of the charity of the Middle Ages was the leper. History loves to record the exceptional tales of love and heroism which grow frequent in the twelfth century. Queen Maud would kiss the diseased feet of the most loathsome lepers, declaring that in so doing she touched the feet of the Eternal King. There was a Bishop of Lincoln who acted in the same spirit, and the greatest of all the leaders in this movement was St. Francis. But such sacrifices suggest to our mind rather a conscious and passionate protest against the brutality of the rest of the world, than a natural expression of pity. While a few saints acted thus, the general attitude was one of angry loathing which passed easily into active cruelty. Miss Clay surmises—and the evidence is pretty clear—that the instinct which shunned and segregated the leper was aesthetic rather than hygienic. Men were not yet afraid of infection or contagion. They hated the

* "The Medieval Hospitals of England." By Rotha Mary Clay. The Antiquary's Books. Methuen.

sight of a hideous affliction. Hating first, they came to fear. All France could become convulsed over a legendary conspiracy between the lepers, the Jews, and the Saracens to poison the wells. That panic set men burning lepers alive by the score, and not in France alone. The natural sentiment of the Middle Ages was even to think of lepers as the enemies of the human race. They were suspected, after the peril of infection began to be realised, of a malicious desire to revenge themselves on fortune by deliberately infecting as many of their fellows as they could. London, indeed, kept three lazaret-houses. But one reads that it also maintained two officers whose sole duty it was to make a daily round of these hospitals to flog the lepers for any contumacy which they might have committed. The main impression one derives is almost of a war between the sick and the whole, in which, indeed, it may well have happened that these outcasts became actual outlaws and combined for defence or revenge. The teaching of the Church was officially condensed in a precept which bade lepers "to bear themselves as more despised and more humble than the rest of their fellowmen." Nor can one conceive a more cruel form than the office by which the Church expelled the certified leper from the congregation of the living. It was a symbolical burial service. The leper lay in the posture of a corpse on the floor of the church, and rose up only that the priest might sprinkle with a spade three handfuls of earth upon his feet. It was a childish world which could devise a mummery so brutal and ghastly as this, and one suspects that it really regarded the leper much as children in a City slum to-day regard a broken and half-witted hunchback, whom they alternately torment and flee. Nor was the imposing mechanism of charity which endowed the hospitals altogether disinterested. In the later centuries their funds were mainly provided by the sale of pardons. They were largely used by the rich and powerful. Edward I. filled the almshouses with the aged servants of the Court. Nobles and princes quartered their retainers on them when they travelled. It sometimes happened that the wardens were detected in filling them with "paying guests." The brethren who served and controlled the hospitals were vowed to poverty and the renunciation of all their goods. But when one finds in the statutes of a hospital the terrible provision that a brother detected in leaving property at his death shall be "cast out from Christian burial," the inference is not that poverty was an ideal willingly embraced. It is rather that it was an ideal which pious founders almost despaired of enforcing.

It is difficult to believe that the brotherly pity of the Middle Ages can ever have been a habit generally observed. It is certain that scarcely a memory of it remained when the Reformation arrived. We read no more of the provision of shelter and water for wayfaring men. Instead, the vagrant is lashed by statute from town to town. Under Edward VI. he is even converted into a chattel slave, with a ring round his neck and a brand upon his skin. The destruction of the hospitals accompanied the dissolution of the monasteries. It was not, indeed, complete, for some of the most venerable foundations, like Saint Cross at Winchester, survive to this day. But no hospital attached to a monastery was spared, and of the rest the greater number perished. St. James's Palace was built on the site of a 'spital for women. The Savoy, but newly built, was turned from its purpose. The City of London was fain to buy back Bedlam after the Crown had confiscated it, and to endow St. Bartholomew's after Henry VIII. had closed it. Yet there can never have been a time when England stood in greater need of charity. One reads in Brinklow's "Lamentacyon of a Christian agaynst the Cytie of London" (1545), how

"London being one of the flowers of the worlde, as touchinge worldlye riches, hath so manye, yea innumerable of poore people forced to go from dore to dore . . . and dye for lacke of ayde of the riche."

The Crown did well out of this spoliation. The gentry did better. The Dukes of that day no doubt had their excuses. They annexed the dissolute monasteries that they might have the wherewithal to give and to employ.

The Reformation was not always so ruthless. One might suppose from Franz Hals's canvases that half the respectable matrons of Holland were engaged in managing the orphan hospitals. But in England, because the basis of conviction was weaker, it was important that the economic foundation should be stronger. Our Protestant nobility defended the faith because it was also defending its hearths and homes. It made an end of mediæval charity. But it entrenched the Thirty-Nine articles on its whilom abbey lands.

Short Studies.

A PARTING.

WHEN one is walking languidly under those trees where a few gold leaves are still hanging, and the scent of brown drying leaves underfoot, and the sweet, pungent scent of leaf bonfires is in the air, and the pursuing rustle of one's dog padding amongst leaf-mortality steals along close behind; then the beauty, and the pale, lingering sunshine, and the sadness are almost more than one can bear. It is all a wistful incarnation of the ghost that will sometimes visit even the sanest soul with the words: Death! And then?

On such a day there is no refuge. It does not seem worth while to take interest in a world touched with mortality, it is even impossible to differentiate between the prosperous and the unfortunate; for the pleasures and pains of the body, riches and destitution, seem like twin sisters in the presence of that rustling of dead leaves. The pale candles of life are flickering, waiting to resign, and join darkness.

On such a day the sky is the greatest comfort a man can have; for though he feels terribly that it will never part, and let his eyes peer on and on till they see the top of eternity, still it is high, free, has a semblance of immortality, and perhaps is made up of all the spirit breath that has abandoned dead leaves and the corpses of men.

On such a day when love, like a discouraged bird, moves her wings faintly, it is well to stand still, and look long at the sky. The haunting scents, the pursuing rustle, may then for a brief while become deserters; for up there it seems as though the wings of Harmony were still moving.

It was on such a day that in Kensington Gardens I saw the parting of two poor souls. They had been sitting side by side in the dim alley of chestnut trees which leads down past the Speke monument to the Serpentine—a tall, burly, bearded man, and a white wisp of a girl. There was nothing in any way remarkable about them; the man just an ordinary business type, the girl, probably, a governess. And they sat so motionless, talking in such low voices that I had quite forgotten them; for on that day, the tide of interest in one's fellow-creatures was at low ebb. But suddenly I became conscious that they had risen. Half-hidden by the trunk of the chestnut tree, whose few broad leaves were so like hands stretched out to the pale sunlight, they stood close together, indifferent to my presence; and there was that in the way they were looking at each other which made one's heart ache. Deep down in the eyes of both, life was surely dying—dying quietly as ever were leaves just about to fall. And I knew, as certainly as though all their little history had been made plain, that this was a last meeting. Some fatal force was severing them, and though neither confessed, both knew that it was for ever.

"And you'll write to me?"

"And when I come back?" . . .

But the words were spoken as though all words had the same lack of meaning to two desperate hearts each trying to comfort the other. From their talk it was clear that they were not man and wife, but it was certain too, by the way they touched and looked at one another, that this was the parting of those who had been lovers;

the least of their looks and touches was full of passion, quivering, alive. The girl had a little gold crucifix bound on her breast, and while the man talked, his thick fingers kept playing with it, turning it over and over, evidently without knowing what they were handling. She wore, too, a narrow band of ruby-colored velvet at her neck; and when he touched it, her eyes, of that pale blue the color of flax flowers, darkened as if with delight. Her face, which was rather foreign-looking, with its high cheek-bones and ashen hair, had something of the wilted whiteness of a flower, turned up to him, and her hands, stroking and twisting at his sleeves, could no more keep still than her rapid, whispering voice with its little un-English accent. And he—that burly fellow—it was queer to see the twitching and quivering of his face, as though all the memories common to these two were trying to break through the thick mask of his flesh.

It must have been something very fateful to drag them apart in the full tide of their passion; or was this perhaps only one more of those most pitiful of all episodes, when the twin grim facts of money and reputation have tramped in on love? It was hard to tell which was the stronger emotion on those faces so close to one another, pity for self, or pity for the other heart, about to be left lonely, to be bereft of its little share of immortality.

And then, without even a glance round to see if anyone were looking, they clung together. There could—they felt—be no doing that in the street or at the railway station; but here, in shadow, under trees that knew well enough what partings were like, with no one to see them except one indifferent stranger and a spaniel dog stirring the dead leaves with its long, black nose—here they could try once again to forget.

Whatever their poor story—commonplace and little noble in the world's eye—they, thus clinging together, in their love and in the presence of its death, were symbolic of a world touched with mortality, where all things seemed to love, and yet lose love, and pass out into nothingness. There was no statue in all those Gardens like this dark, pitiful group of two blotted into each other's arms, trying for a last moment to crush sorrow to death within the prison of their joined lips.

But when that kiss was over—what then? Would they have courage to turn and walk different ways, leaving their hearts hanging here in the air, framed by the sparse, wan leaves, and taking away, instead, within each of them a little hollow of rustling sound?

They had not that courage. They went together, their arms listless, the man trying to bear himself indifferently, the girl crying ever so quietly. And as they came nearer and nearer to the Gate, they walked always slower, till they had passed through it, and stood still on the edge of the pavement. And as though indeed they had left their hearts clinging in the air of the Gardens, evermore to haunt under those trees, they hardly even touched one another, but with one long, pitiful look, parted; he to his cab, she to stand looking after it.

The sky had changed. It was still high, but as grey as a dove's wing; sunless, compounded of unshed tears. And a little cold, talking wind had risen, so that when a leaf fell, it fled away, turned over, fluttered, and dropped. In this wind people hurried as though it were telling them things they wished not to hear; and the numbers of little birds balancing on the bared boughs seemed very silent; one could not tell whether they were happy.

In the alley of chestnut trees I tried to find the place where those two hearts had been left. The wind had blown over; it was lost in the wilderness of grey air. But though I could not see it, I knew it was there, that kiss for ever imprinted on the pale sunlight. And I hunted for it, desiring its warmth on this day that was like the death of love. I could not find it, and slowly walked home, the chill scents dying round me, the pursuing rustle of my dog, padding in leaf-mortality, creeping along behind.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Present-Day Problems.

LORD NO ZOO.

WHEN Toby Chuzzlewit lay a-dying, he was asked this solemn question, "Who was your grandfather?" He replied, "The Lord No Zoo," whereupon the chronicler remarks, "It may be said—it *has* been said, for human wickedness has no limits—that there is no Lord of that name, and that among the titles which have become extinct none at all resembling this, in sound even, is to be discovered." If this be so, we must, I fear, dismiss Mr. Chuzzlewit's vaunted ancestor to the realm of myth and fable; but a careful study (such as existing circumstances have induced some publicists to make) of the roll of the House of Lords reveals the existence of a good many peers of whom little more is known than is known of Lord No Zoo. Indeed, that nobleman's title may be taken, without offence, as the type or representative of that miscellaneous throng, who, variously described as "Backwoodsmen," "wild peers," or "wreckers," are going to destroy the Budget.

"What will the Lords do?" is a question which has been asked with tolerable frequency during the last six months; but it may be fairly questioned whether the great majority of those who have asked or answered it have any clear notion of the persons to whom it applies. In short, the general public does not realise Lord No Zoo. When serious-minded people talk of "the Lords," or speculate on their intentions, they have in mind a class of men which has nothing in common with the house of No Zoo. The Lords, as we generally conceive of them—Lords who generally transact the legislative business of the House of Peers—are men well known, in many cases highly distinguished, at least as virtuous and respectable as their neighbors; men with public reputations to maintain, and with "records" of usefulness and dignity which they would be loath to sully. When, in ordinary times, we speak of "The Lords" as a legislative force, we think of men accomplished and experienced as the late Lord Salisbury or the present Lord Lansdowne; men of consistent probity and uprightness, such as the late Duke of Devonshire or the present Lord Spencer; philanthropists like the great Lord Shaftesbury; religious leaders like the present Duke of Norfolk and Lord Halifax; men like the late Duke of Westminster or the present Lord Cadogan, who combine immense wealth with generous philanthropy; men who by sheer force of intellect and energy have forced their way into the House of Lords—such as the first Lord Cairns and the present Lord Loreburn, who would be chosen by acclamation into any Senate, on account of the real contribution which their learning and experience can make to the service of the State.

This, or something like this, was the type of man with whom, in calculating the probable action of the House of Lords, we have usually had to reckon. The fact that the great majority of them sat in Parliament by virtue of birth only, and would have sat there just the same whatever their characters or careers had been, was indeed a standing annoyance to believers in representative self-government. But the great majority even of Liberals fell back upon the consideration that the system worked out in practice better than in theory seemed possible; that the two Front Benches in the House of Lords were occupied, as a rule, by men of character, who had some pretensions to statesmanship, and that the bulk of their supporters, though not in all cases pre-eminent for virtue or intellect, might be trusted to follow them along the paths of probity, moderation, and common-sense.

This was a view which might, not unreasonably, be taken by each side of the other; and, when tried by the test of practice, it was not found wanting. The Irish Land Act of 1881 and the Franchise Act of 1884 became law, because both sides were guided by prudence and public spirit. The Home Rule Bill of 1893 and the Education Bill of 1906 were rejected, because both sides realised that neither Bill was popular. All the decent

semblances of fighting were gone through on all four occasions, and the result in each case represented the common sense of both sides. The Tory Lords knew when to yield and when to stand firm; and the Liberal Lords knew when they had, and when they had not, a case which they could press to a fighting issue. Similar instances might be multiplied, but they are needless.

It was government by "understanding," and give-and-take; and, though not democratically ideal, it saved us from shocks and collisions. Within the last two or three years the system of government by mutual understanding between the two Front Benches in the House of Lords has begun to break down. The cause of the change is not clear. It may be the greater activity, and even secret violence, of the Liquor Trade. It may be that influences, less sagacious and more partizan than those of an earlier date, have begun to infest the Tory Front Bench. It may be merely that, the popularity of the Liberal Government having naturally waned after four years' power, the Tory leaders see a chance of returning to office, and that is a prospect which seduces even the most virtuous and patriotic of public men.

Yet, in spite of all these forces which make for discord, I personally believe that Lord Lansdowne and his colleagues would, after counting the cost, let the Budget pass—if they could only reckon on the support of Lord No Zoo. There's the rub. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Cadogan and Lord St. Aldwyn may wish for peace, and may be able to influence the rank and file of their ordinary supporters. But Lord No Zoo and his congeners are skulking in the background. Nobody knows them. Nobody can get at them. Nobody can persuade them. Nobody can terrify them. Nobody can read their mental processes. There are plenty of Peers who are known—Peers who move in Society, who are amenable to the just influence of the Crown, whose interests bind them to the chariot-wheels of party, who have something in the past to be grateful for, or something to hope for in the future—and to these a pressure, not less effective because secret, can be applied. But Lord No Zoo and his friends are inaccessible. They live in the remotest wilds, where they are paramount. They never consort with their equals, never hear what is going on in the world. They know very well that, come what may, they will not be made Knights of the Garter or Lords Lieutenant. They rather enjoy the opportunity of showing their independence, boasting that they don't care a brass farthing for Lord Lansdowne, and professing a robust confidence in their ability to safeguard their own interests.

Their one notion of politics is to get the Radicals out of office, and, if they think that by throwing out the Budget they can compass that end, their vote is assured beforehand. So, when the momentous day of the Division in the Lords arrives, Lord No Zoo and his companions will arrive from Northumberland and Cornwall, Suffolk and Shropshire, and we shall see the real rulers of the House of Lords. And now I have to walk warily. The Lord No Zoo of my youth was much given to excess of wine—indeed, was rarely sober after dinner. He scarcely ever left his ancestral hall; but, having come up, in the interests of religion, to vote against the Irish Church Bill, he wandered into the House of Commons, got past the door-keeper, and sat down on one of the green benches. Presently he turned to an M.P. next whom he was sitting, and said, "Can you tell me if the gentleman who is now speaking is Lord Salisbury?" and was with difficulty hustled out by the door behind the Chair. Let us, in order to avoid personalities, expand the name of No Zoo till it covers all the Backwoodsmen, past and present. There was Lord No Zoo the dipsomaniac, and Lord No Zoo the kleptomaniac, and Lord No Zoo whose keeper had to conduct him to the door of the House; and Lord No Zoo who was a patron of forty livings and died in a house of ill fame; and Lord No Zoo who beat his wife, and Lord No Zoo who cheated at cards; and Lord No Zoo who fought his footman; and Lord No Zoo, who, according to a recent book of Memoirs, exhibited his dead wife's decayed teeth to a bachelor friend; besides a host of No Zoos who were merely non-entities. I have

deliberately used the past tense, and said "was"; but let no one dream that the House of No Zoo is extinct.

"Lord Churston made a short speech. He said he supposed they wanted to know what the House of Lords was going to do with the Budget. Well, he was not going to tell them. He did not know what was going to happen, but he thought it would be all right. He would not say more than that. He thought that when a gentleman of Scotch extraction came down and talked about not being able to find money for the old age pensions he was not only a liar, but a ——— liar. He did not say the House of Lords would kick out the Budget neck and crop, but he did not think it would live very long."

Here are the oratory and the statesmanship of the Backwoods. Against Lord Churston and Lord No Zoo even the gods—let alone Lord Lansdowne—fight in vain.

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

The Drama.

LORD GORELL'S AMENDMENT.

To me the most interesting passage in the Censorship Report occurs towards the end of the Minutes of the Committee's proceedings, and runs thus:—

Paragraph 19 is further considered.

It is moved by Lord Gorell to leave out the last three lines of the paragraph, and to insert:—"We consider that an optional censorship is not logical, although it might work if the powers of licence and of prohibition subsequent to performance were in the same authority with adequate competent advice. Rather than separate these powers, as was suggested by some witnesses, it would be advisable to abolish prior licence altogether. We consider that the choice therefore lies between control prior to or subsequent to performance, and that having regard to all the difficulties of the matter, the system of licence before production should be abolished, and that reliance should be placed on subsequent effective control."

On Question:—

CONTENTS (2).

Lord Gorell.
Mr. Robert Harcourt.

NON-CONTENTS (6).

Earl of Plymouth.
Lord Willoughby de Broke.
Lord Ribblesdale.
Lord Newton.
Mr. Alfred Mason.
Mr. Herbert Samuel.

It is resolved in the negative.

Paragraph 19 is read and agreed to.

The italics are mine. Now this simply means that Lord Gorell, for obvious reasons the most judiciously-minded man on the Committee, at the end of the enquiry into which he went, as was evident from his early questions to witnesses, with no opinions formed, has come to a conclusion, not only that the Dramatists' contentions are theoretically just (that the Committee has handsomely and unanimously admitted), but that it is perfectly feasible to treat the Theatre as all other arts and professions are treated, condemning its misdeeds after commitment, not before. It is to be observed that this amendment to the draft report was not moved until close upon the end of the Committee's last sitting. One knows of the weariness that infects any committee towards the end of its buffeting by conflicting interests, of the scamper towards signature of a report, once that happy release is in sight. In this instance one readily understands how overworked Parliamentarians might complain that they really had had enough of it; after disposing of Clause 69, it was too bad to be brought back again to Clause 19. But still, when Lord Gorell, belatedly but very definitely, put forward this reasoned amendment of his, it might have been worth while to adjourn for its better consideration.

For what is the position?

The Committee admit the claims of the Dramatists by recommending that all powers of veto upon the production of a play should be removed, that there should be established a system of Optional Censorship. This is all to the good, a distinct advance, and doubtless represents a real conversion of some members who set to work upon the matter in what was apparently a rather hostile spirit.

But behind this pious opinion there is the question

of administration. Indeed, to the practical legislator the whole question must ultimately resolve itself into one of administration, and it is the recognition of this fact that underlies and prompts Lord Gorell's amendment.

Optional Censorship already exists. It exists in Leeds, Sheffield, and Bradford, Stratford, Newcastle, and Croydon (to name only the towns that are so noted in Appendix D). Variety Theatres are there conducted under a double licence, one for music and dancing, and one for stage plays. By this means the managers are rendered immune from prosecution for the production of sketches, and released from the concordat arrived at on this subject between the Theatres and Music Halls. That is to say, their sketches are no longer sketches but stage plays. And as practically any personal entertainment involving costume or action has been held to be a stage play, probably nine out of every ten turns at these variety theatres legally come within the scope of the Theatres Act of 1843. But are these turns submitted to the Lord Chamberlain? Not at all.

Here, then, we have optional censorship, and there is nothing that I can see to prevent the practice of granting double licences becoming universal. The only formal barrier exists in London in the shape of an agreement between the County Council and the Lord Chamberlain to grant only one kind of licence to one building; but this I take it is not irrevocable. It is true that the plays or sketches performed under these circumstances are at present only one-act plays; but if it is entirely open to a manager working under a Theatre Licence to send in a one-act play for censorship or not as he chooses, how can you deprive him of that discretion over a three-act play? At a pinch all he need do is to label it: one act and three scenes. But if all this may be done in Bradford, why may it not be done in London? The answer is, of course, that it depends at present upon the amount of influence that can be brought to bear against such a solution by the Lord Chamberlain, or by local or business interests; in London, doubtless, the Lord Chamberlain's influence might remain potent for some time to come. And it is to remedy this ludicrously partial state of things and to regularise the gross breaches of the law, winked at by the Lord Chamberlain for years past, that the Committee have unanimously recommended the establishment of a single licence for all places of entertainment. But a single licence in the very nature of it can carry, as does a double licence, no less freedom to every sort and kind of entertainment, theatrical and otherwise, than Optional Censorship, and it would have helped to clear thinking in the matter if the Report had called attention to this fact.

Now what have been the results of optional censorships at Stratford, Croydon, Newcastle, Leeds, Bradford, etc.? In the first place, it is pretty certain that the managers have not taken up their option; none of the one-act plays they perform have been submitted to the Lord Chamberlain. In the second place, no serious complaint has been made about them, no complaint at all that has not been satisfactorily dealt with by the local authorities acting in their licensing capacity. To a plain man this would seem a good enough argument for abolishing the Censorship altogether, at any rate as a protection against indecency. For though it has been contended (I'm sure I don't know why) that a three-act play can be much more immoral than a one-act play, no one has been found of the opinion that a dramatist cannot be just as indecent in one act as in three. But no; the Committee, bound to admit that one-act indecencies and the possibility of one-act immoralities are easily dealt with by the force of public opinion and common law, are firmly resolved (always with the honorable exception of Lord Gorell and Mr. Harcourt) that five-act immoralities and three-act indecencies require for their suppression the creation of a brand new schedule of offences hitherto unknown in England, and even upon occasion the revival of the Star Chamber itself in the form of a Committee of the Privy Council. These compliments to the Theatre! This, though they will also be involving the peaceably

jogging Music Halls in such a new and possibly exciting condition of things.

For instance, provision is made in the Report's scheme for a Music Hall singer being able to send his song to the Lord Chamberlain for a licence. This is a logical consequence of Single Licence plus Optional Censorship, and could not be avoided. Doubtless it will not be, and is not meant to be, taken advantage of. The Music-Hall singer is happy enough without Mr. Redford, and Mr. Redford as happy as may be without the Music-Hall singer. Had he to suppress every song which (I quote from the new schedule of offences) contains "offensive personalities," "represents in an invidious manner a living person," or is calculated (generously) to "conduce to crime or vice," he might well have to suppress half the songs brought to his notice, having first multiplied himself by twenty in order to deal with the job at all. At the other, or theatrical, end of the scale of entertainments under Single Licence and Optional Censorship, the Committee have made it clear that they expect ninety-nine out of every hundred plays still to be submitted to Mr. Redford. They even go so far as to suggest that the owners of theatres shall be entitled to add to any existing leases a clause that plays produced there must willy-nilly be submitted for Censorship. If this is meant to apply to owners of Variety Theatres the power is to be summarily given them, if the present legal definition of a stage play is to hold, to dislocate, not only the entertainments, but the Lord Chamberlain's office as well. Songs and duologues would be submitted by thousands weekly. And how it can be made to apply only to buildings holding a stage-play licence I don't quite see, since the kind of licence held may vary from year to year. But in any case one would have thought that if Optional Censorship were meant to be anything more than the mere automatic concession involved in regularising the actual *status quo*, the boot would have been upon the other leg; every theatre lease containing a clause forbidding unlicensed plays (and that is every theatre lease I ever heard of) should have been held *not* to contain that clause except upon specific confirmation by mutual consent of landlord and tenant. Why the landlord as such need be dragged into the matter at all, or made to concern himself any more than he naturally does with the respectability of his tenant I can't see, since the ultimate and just penalty proposed for repeated misconduct is that the licence shall be forfeited and be incapable of renewal for another five years *to the same licensee*. At most the loss of a licence might be made to imply the cancelling of a lease; and glad enough the landlord should be to be rid of a discreditable tenant. But no, the Committee, conscious of the virtue there is in overcoming obstacles, have determined that (the principle of freedom having been established) for practical purposes, the production of an unlicensed play shall remain a very difficult and heroic thing indeed.

There is no reason, I think, that the scheme should not work well enough for the present. The principle of the authors' contention is admitted, the path of dramatic progress is somewhat smoothed, and we must be thankful for small mercies. The rest is, as I have said, only a legalising of the present state of affairs. But for the future, when, by virtue of the single licence, conditions have quite changed, the line between Theatre and Music Hall has disappeared altogether, and some new composite form of entertainment flourishes—have the Committee read their report in the light of the possibilities then? Mr. Samuel has tried to be kind to everybody, to give to each importunate suitor as much as the screams and protestations of the others would allow. I venture to think that this was not the Committee's business. It was in their power to protest against a scandalous and illiberal aberration of the principles of justice and liberty. To their hands was committed a not unimportant thing, the destiny of English Dramatic Art. They might have reported with a single eye to that. But they have chosen instead to concern themselves, Martha-like, with the worries of the present situation, and if Mr. Herbert Samuel finds himself at the Home

Office a few years hence reaping the whirlwind he is now so well-intentionally sowing, he must be comforted by the reflection that it is poetic justice descending on him.

Is it not plain that the opposition to the abolition of this one remaining English Censorship is a business opposition, natural enough in the managers, who find the prestige of the Lord Chamberlain's protection very useful in their business, but not really germane to the inwardness of the issue? Other public men must accept responsibility for their words and actions; preachers, editors, even politicians. Why must theatre managers alone be exempt?

A censorship is foreign to our whole system of government; moreover, in this case the very march of events has overwhelmed and discredited it. Is not an attempt to bolster up the remnant of its dignity predoomed to failure? We thank the Committee for their recognition of our claims, but the liberty promised us must be made real or we cannot rest satisfied. Complacency belongs to the past. If it is impossible to reconcile the future of the Drama with present business interests in it, then business interests must re-arrange themselves rather than a whole Art and a vital principle of English law be sacrificed to their convenience. At least so thought Lord Gorell, and it is a pity that the Committee even now do not afford themselves another sitting, to reconsider his amendment.

H. GRANVILLE BARKER.

Letters to the Editor.

THE LORD ADVOCATE AND MR. BALFOUR.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—About a month ago a letter reached me from a man living in my constituency saying that some Liberals were spreading the report that Old Age Pensions would come to an end with this Government, and he asked me whether I approved of the circulation of such a statement. I replied that any such statement as this met with my strongest disapproval, because the Old Age Pensions Act, like so many other Acts of Parliament which owed their origin to Liberal Governments, was founded on a sense of justice of the whole community, that many Conservatives were now heartily ashamed of the bitter attacks which their leaders had levelled against it, especially in the House of Lords, and that no Government would dare to undo what this Government had done in regard to Old Age Pensions.

Differing widely from the conclusions arrived at by the Lord Advocate, is it even now too late for a private member to express the earnest hope that Mr. Balfour may see his way to withdraw the virulent and venomous charge brought against that gentleman? Can he think that any man who intended to say what he knew to be false would come down to the House of Commons and repeat the falsehood there face to face with his critics and opponents? Has such a thing ever been done? The Lord Advocate repeated, as nearly as possible verbatim, the arguments and figures he made use of outside the House. No one that heard him there could possibly doubt his sincerity, and whatever mistakes may have been made in the House of Commons, its cheers have never been given to an intentional lie. Mr. Balfour's reputation belongs to the country—not to his Party only. The Lord Advocate's figures may be all wrong (they have not, as yet, been proved to be so). His opinions are liable to error. He has never claimed infallibility.

Those who have often listened with intense admiration to Mr. Balfour, and who appreciate how much he has done to maintain the courtesy and chivalry of debate—these are the men of all and every side in political life who feel most the lapse of such a leader from the higher to the lower level.—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL MEMBER.

November 17th, 1909.

THE ULTIMATE BASIS OF AUTHORITY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am by this time well accustomed to the unconscious misrepresentation which your anonymous corre-

spondent, "A Liberal Voter," thinks it worth while to put in writing.

I have never used the phrase, "Political society is based not on justice, but on force."

What I have often said is that "the last resort, the ultimate basis, of authority is force." This is a mere truth, and is a maxim of eminent political philosophers and historians such as Mr. James Bryce. Yet Mr. Bryce is a Liberal.

Justice is great, but does not, as yet, prevail, nor is it the last resort of authority. There are still too many people and too many States that do justly, not always because they like it, but often only because they must.

"A Liberal Voter's" practical politics should be to abolish at once the army and the police force. But ordinary men have to deal with things as they are, and not as they want them to be; still less as "A Liberal Voter" imagines them to be. I fear, however, it is useless to argue with a well-meaning imagination. Perhaps these few lines may serve to put the case before reasonable beings.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN MASSIE.

Oxford, November 13th, 1909.

"MAKING THE FOREIGNER PAY."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—With deference, we suggest that Mr. Joseph's letter does not, except indirectly, illustrate either side of the fiscal question, because it relates to a commodity having no standard value. The prices in both markets are arbitrary; the diminution of value in America is probably determined mainly, not as Mr. Joseph thinks, by freight, profit, and duty, but by absence of demand. This is, no doubt, what you meant by "monopolist" price; but we think the term was hardly fortunate, because the word "monopoly" usually implies a distinct use or exchange value.

There is another factor which complicates any discussion of the effect of tariffs on the book trade—the difference of the Copyright Laws, which makes literary property a quite different thing when it crosses the Atlantic.

A concrete instance of an Anglo-American publishing arrangement may, however, interest your readers. A book is published here at 7s. 6d. net, and an edition consisting of a few hundred copies is sold, unbound, to an American publishing firm at 1s. 10d. Landing charges will probably bring the price up to 2s. a copy; the American publisher has to bind his purchases, to advertise and canvass the book. Were there no duty to be paid, he could publish the book at the equivalent, or very nearly the equivalent, of 7s. 6d. and make a reasonable profit. So far the business is clear enough. But the American Government charges a duty of twenty-five per cent., which, on 1s. 10d., equals 5½d. Thus, the American importer's prime cost is 1s. 10d., plus landing charges, plus 5½d., plus the cost of binding—say, altogether, approximately, 3s. He publishes the book in America at \$2.50—three shillings more than the English published price. The American consumer consequently pays the duty at least six times over.

Let us add that, while this particular instance is a fair average case, the proportion paid by the American consumer would, with many books, not be so high. The book we have in mind was published at what one may call a reasonable competitive price, and the figures we have given reinforce your argument that, with goods produced under competition, the consumer in the protected country pays the duty. It may be stated, as a general rule, that prices in America for an identical book property are somewhat higher than in England. Many books are published in England at artificially high prices. We can give an instance of such a book in regard to which a very similar transaction took place; but, in this second case, the American published price is only the equivalent of a few pence higher than the English published price. In this case, therefore, the cost of the duty was apparently borne in very nearly equal proportions by the English exporter and the American importer.—Yours, &c.,

THE LITERARY AGENCY OF LONDON,

5, Henrietta Street, C. F. CAZENOVE,
Covent Garden, W.C.

November 17th, 1909.

THE POLITICAL POSITION OF WOMEN GRADUATES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In furtherance of the Parliamentary enfranchisement of duly qualified women, our Union, consisting of graduates of the University of London, desires to call attention to the position of women graduates of Universities which are entitled to send a representative to Parliament.

The University of London was the first in this country to admit women as candidates for degrees. In 1878 the Senate and Convocation obtained a Supplemental Charter making every degree, honor, and prize awarded by the University accessible to students of both sexes on precisely the same terms. On that occasion an address, signed by 1960 women, was presented to the Senate and Convocation, expressing gratitude for the generous action of the University in placing women in a position of free intellectual activity "unhindered by mistaken protection and unfettered by ancient prejudice."

The same enlightened policy was maintained in the University of London Act of 1898 which contains as a fundamental principle the declaration that "no disability shall be imposed on the ground of sex." Thus, in all University affairs men and women are accorded the same electoral and other rights, and they acquire them through exactly the same qualifications.

The granting of degrees in 1878 was promptly followed by the admission of women to Convocation which, besides being an advisory and elective body of the University, formed its Parliamentary constituency. The University, however, had not the power to prevent a differential treatment of its graduates in the election of their Parliamentary representative, for the denial of the vote to women in such elections rests on a general Act of Parliament. The register of Convocation is accordingly altered for the purpose of a Parliamentary election (and for that purpose only) by striking out all names of women, at present about one-sixth of the total number.

After graduating, a large proportion of the women thus unrepresented enter one or other of the professions. They serve the public as teachers in schools; they hold posts as lecturers and examiners in this and other Universities; they help to advance knowledge by original investigations, and those who enter the profession of medicine undertake heavy responsibility in every department of medical and surgical work. Even those who hold that women have not the ordinary human interest in the laws imposed upon them by Parliament—a contention which we utterly repudiate—must admit that members of the teaching profession of either sex constitute a class of persons specially qualified to form an opinion on educational and allied problems. These women prove by seeking admission to Convocation their interest in University affairs, yet they are debarred from any share in choosing the Parliamentary representatives, although the choice may greatly affect the welfare of their University.

After thirty years during which women have shown themselves capable of reaching as high an academic standard as men, we wish to renew the expression of gratitude to the University, and to point out that the old opposition, conceived in a spirit similar to that which to-day opposes the extension of the Parliamentary franchise to qualified women, is so far silenced that the example of London has been followed entirely or partially by all British Universities, except Oxford and Cambridge.

It is fitting, therefore, that graduates of the University of London should take their part in the removal of the artificial barriers still maintained against the full development of women's faculties and against the constitutional expression of their convictions. We wish to do our utmost to win for the nation the benefits to be derived from raising duly qualified women to the status of citizenship. In order to do so, however, we must make the case of women graduates known to a wider public, and particularly to those who already possess, in the Parliamentary vote, a constitutional and effective means of pressing their claim.

Further, in view of the approaching General Election, we would urge all graduates of the University of London—both men and women—who are in sympathy with the objects of this Union, to join it without loss of time.

Particulars and forms of membership can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Miss Jessie W. Scott, M.A., 114A, Harley Street, London, W.—Yours, &c.,

L. GARRETT ANDERSON, M.D., B.S.,
Chairman of Committee;

MARIAN BUSK, B.Sc., Hon. Treasurer;

E. HONOR BONE, M.D., B.S.,

HARRIETTE CHICK, D.Sc.,

JESSIE W. SCOTT, M.A.,

Hon. Secs., London Graduates' Union
for Women's Suffrage.

November 17th, 1909.

"LAND FOR THE ASKING."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I do not know whether Mr. Ellis Barker's letter in your issue of the 6th inst. will be taken sufficiently seriously to justify comment, but I can hardly allow his remarks on the Tory democracy proposal for setting up peasant proprietorship to go unchallenged. Not a scrap of evidence of any sort does he produce in support of his theory that the small holder wants to own the land he occupies. I have been living in the midst of rural surroundings for the past twenty-eight years, and have been closely associated with agriculture during the whole of that time, and for the last two years I have been actively engaged in administering the Small Holdings Act, 1907, in a county where arrangements have been already made for leasing or purchasing some 2,700 acres for small holdings.

All our applicants had the option when applying of stating whether they wished to rent or purchase a holding, and I think I am safe in saying that not more than two per cent. were in favor of purchase. What they want is a fair rent and fixity of tenure; this appears to satisfy the vast majority, and they very rarely ask for more than a yearly tenancy when they can have the County Council for their landlord.

I quite agree with one remark of Mr. Barker's, that "political landlords are an abomination." A very large part of the dissatisfaction at present existing arises from the fact that landlords will bring politics into their dealings with their tenants, and the desire to escape from the "political landlord" is one of the chief reasons why the small men are so eagerly availing themselves of the advantages to be gained from the present Government's Small Holdings Act.—Yours, &c.,

COUNTY COUNCILLOR.

November 15th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You do well to point out so forcibly the true meaning of Conservative land reform. What our landowners delight to see are such Socialistic and Fabian societies springing up, as, for example, "The Hampstead Garden Suburb Trust"—who boast of having made a most wonderful arrangement whereby they circumvent the greedy landowner, and then let out the fact that they paid £155,000 for 243 acres of land. They bought in bulk, as you see, and as they boast about, and paid just about ten to twelve times the agricultural value.

What other profit do our landowners want, or do they ever get more than this? The use of £6,000 a year immediately to hand, instead of doling out this large area of land bit by bit, or keeping it for agricultural purposes and drawing, say, £700 a year at the outside. All the work and worry of laying-out, planning, and selling done for them, and full building land price, at one bargain.

May I, as a builder, emphasise as much as I can what ought to be obvious—viz., that no proper or successful building or housing schemes can be made until land can be obtained nearer the agricultural value, even in suburbs?

One of the most striking object-lessons the world has seen is at Hampstead suburb, where you may see a huge block of what are no better than tenement dwellings, fifty to sixty of them, standing on half an acre of land. They are, I believe, intended to be for the use of poor old couples, but the rentals for one room and scullery are 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. a week.

This Trust needed this and other blocks to make up that fearful £6,000 a year outgo in interest on purchase price.

I say, let our building trade be stinted a bit longer, till the valuation is made, and the incidence of local and Imperial taxation gradually shifted away from buildings and other improvements on to one standard or basis, and that land value. Until that comes about, how can housing reformers and garden city promoters—with their finely devised and, at Hampstead, in the main beautifully carried out, schemes—be other than the mere tool or handmaiden of the owner of suburban land, who has taken toll for so many years that he honestly believes he has a divine right to go on taking?—Yours, &c.,

BUILDER.

November 17th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the article last week entitled "Land for the Asking," you outlined the tactics that are about to be adopted by the Tories to counteract the effect of the campaign for land reform in England, of which the Finance Bill is the beginning, and you suggest, quite rightly, that a very valuable lesson as to this may be drawn from Ireland. Land Reform in Ireland began in 1881, when Mr. Gladstone passed the Land Act of that year which established the Land Commission and enabled the tenants to get fair rents fixed. The fixing of fair rents meant, of course, the reduction of rent. A fair rent lasts for a judicial term, namely, fifteen years, and at the end of that period the tenant may apply again to the Land Commission to have his rent reconsidered. The average reduction all over Ireland in respect of first judicial terms was 20.7 per cent. The average reduction in respect of second judicial terms has been 19.6 per cent. The Land Act of 1881 simply deprived the landlord of the unearned increment value added to the land by the capital and industry of the tenant. Instead of handing over the equivalent of that increment value to the State, as the Finance Bill proposes to do, the Act of 1881 gave it to the tenant. That is the only difference in principle between the Irish Act and the proposals of the present year. In 1885, when the effect of the Act of 1881 was becoming apparent and the tremendousness of the revolution effected by that legislation was beginning to be felt, the Tories, through the instrumentality of Lord Ashbourne, hurried through Parliament the first of the Land Purchase Acts, during their short period of power in 1885.

That was the beginning of Land Purchase in Ireland, a scheme which was devised and elaborated by the Tories in the interests of the Irish landlords for the purpose of defeating the fair rent legislation of Mr. Gladstone. Additional Acts were passed in furtherance of that scheme by the Tories in 1887, 1891, 1896, and, finally, 1903. The Liberal Party never identified itself with, nor made itself responsible for, the policy of Land Purchase, which at the present moment is revealed as a huge swindle by which the taxpayers of the United Kingdom and the tenantry of Ireland have been defrauded. The system of inspection in the earlier Land Purchase Acts, which enabled the Land Commission to refuse to make a loan where the land did not afford sufficient security for the proposed loan, was some slight check upon this fraud. That procedure provided some degree of protection to the tenants, and prevented them from making the improvident bargains that they otherwise would have made.

The Mephistophelian scheme devised by Mr. Wyndham and Lord Dunraven in 1903, however, swept all that away, allowing the tenant to enter into any bargain he liked, however improvident, so long as that bargain came within the wide limits of the zones, and obliging the Land Commission to advance the purchase money without any inspection of the lands or any consideration as to security. The result has been disaster from the point of view of both the taxpayers and the tenants. The land hunger of the poverty-stricken Irish tenantry is something stupendous. The reports of half a dozen Royal Commissions in the 'Sixties and 'Seventies bear testimony to the fact that that land hunger brought about an utter recklessness which was being rapidly followed by national bankruptcy and social ruin.

Mr. Gladstone's Act came in time to save the country

from the improvidence brought about by it. The landlords had an absolute monopoly of the land, and the State intervened in 1881 to regulate how much they should be allowed to take out of the land in the shape of rent. The Act of 1881 has been very properly called the Magna Charta of the Irish tenant, but its effect has been almost entirely nullified by the scheme of 1903. The State, which in 1881 had declared legislatively that the tenant should not be left to enter into contracts with his landlord and that the former must be protected from the latter, proceeded to withdraw that protection in 1903. The tenants were given, for all practical purposes, complete freedom of contract, with the same result as that which happened previously to 1881. Freedom of contract for the Irish tenants means the freedom of contract that the lamb has in his dealings with the wolf. The prices for land that have ruled in Ireland since 1903 would make the hair of a London property broker stand on end. Mr. Wyndham, with complete knowledge of the rental and acreage of agricultural Ireland, calculated in that year that the whole transaction would be carried through for a sum of one hundred and twelve millions.

We now know that twice that amount will be required before it is complete. The error in Mr. Wyndham's calculation consisted in his failure to take into consideration the rapacity of the Irish landlord, and the Land Bill of the present session, which was intended to restore some little protection, however inadequate, to the tenants, has been in effect thrown out by the House of Landlords. The total result of the whole matter is that the tenants of Ireland are now purchasing their holdings on the basis of the rents that they were paying previously to 1881, and in that way the fruits of Mr. Gladstone's fair-rent legislation are being filched from them.

It is perfectly plain that the same scheme of fraud is being considered by the Tory leaders in England. Says Sir Gilbert Parker and company: "Your rents are about to be cut down. Why not sell out at once and pocket the capitalised value of what you are now receiving, or what you hope to receive in the future?" The plan is a repetition of the Irish scheme, and it is to be hoped that England will profit by the unfortunate experiences of the taxpayers and peasantry of this country.—Yours, &c.,

W. J. JOHNSTON.

32, Elgin Road, Dublin,
November 17th, 1909.

HIGH ALBANIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I should be obliged if you would allow me to correct a misunderstanding in the long review given of my book, "High Albania," in your issue of November 13th. The reviewer says I have no scientific anthropological interest in the people. Whereas it was solely for anthropological reasons that I undertook a journey in the wildest parts of the land, and I was all the time engaged in collecting details and specimens for several members of the Royal Institute of Anthropology, of which I am a member. In order that South Albania should in no way be misjudged, I expressly state in my first page that the conditions prevailing there are very different.

As to the political events in the rest of Turkey which your reviewer accuses me of passing over in silence, that I did so in no way indicates political bias on my part. Politics were not my concern; I recorded only those events that came under my immediate notice.

I regret that your reviewer should lay so much stress on the more uncivilised characteristics of the North Albanians, and have omitted to point out their great hospitality, generosity, and bravery, and the very honorable way in which their word is kept. For this I strove throughout to emphasise.—Yours, &c.,

M. E. DURHAM.

116A, King Henry's Road, N.W.
November 16th, 1909.

JOHN MILTON.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you permit me a word concerning your—on the whole, kindly—notice of my little book on Milton?

Your reviewer complains that I exhort or advise the "young student" on every other page. Even granting that your reviewer uses the words loosely, I must say that the statement is widely inaccurate. Further, it is misleading to suggest, as your reviewer does, that I employ myself in giving advice and in exhortation to the young student rather than attending to my business and criticising Milton.

It appears that I have "emphatically the schoolmaster touch." Perhaps. However, I'm not a schoolmaster—only a journalist.

Your reviewer considers that my explanation of the words, "Eikon Basilike" is rather superfluous. The book was written principally for the use of the older scholars in the higher grade and secondary schools controlled by the various public education authorities throughout the country. In the majority of these schools no Greek is taught. Do you think it "rather superfluous" to explain the meaning of "Eikon Basilike" to a lad of fifteen or sixteen who does not know any Greek?

These are matters of fact. On matters of opinion I have, of course, no right to challenge your reviewer in your own columns.—Yours, &c.,
W. GRINTON BERRY.
November 17th, 1909.

CHARLES KINGSLEY AND WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I do not know whence "G. S." has drawn his opinions about Charles Kingsley, but I can testify that I heard Kingsley make a strong speech in favor of Female Suffrage, into which he introduced a warm eulogy of Mill's book on the "Subjection of Women."

At a later time, Kingsley felt that a disagreeable element was forcing itself to the front in the Suffrage agitation; and I think that a letter of his to Mrs. Peter Taylor, bearing on that side of the subject, is printed in his Life. But, in the same letter, he writes as one approving Mrs. Taylor's own action.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens,
Hampstead,
November 16th, 1909.

PRAGMATISM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your article in your last issue, entitled "The Jest of Pilate," strikes me as being a little confused. As a regular reader of *THE NATION*, and a humble admirer of Professor James, may I be allowed a few lines of your space?

When two views are presented for decision as to their truthfulness, each of which have some evidence, you advocate suspension of judgment. These are the words of your article:—

"Both of them by hypothesis have some evidence in their favor. That evidence is equal, and therefore not only not decisive, but incapable of weighting the scale with so much as a balance of probability one way rather than another. In such a situation, the degree of 'asceticism,' which any rational man requires, is a suspense of judgment."

This position, at first sight, seems very reasonable, I admit. But is it practicable? I think not. This impartial superhuman being has not yet been evolved.

Such a method would be very satisfactory were it not for the fact that it neglects one very large aspect of the question altogether—the practical aspect. Are not our beliefs the tools by which we live, humanly created for human purposes, forged in the workshop of our own experience? Is there any one of them that is true and not useful in some way or other? Should we believe any of them if they were not useful? Surely the only proof which we have of their truth is their usefulness. I know of no other proof in the last resort.

The whole question of religious faith hangs upon whether we accept this method of suspension of judgment or not. Let me take an instance that is not very favorable to my case, because the evidence is nearly all one way. Certain scientists have long been fond of demonstrating that the world will run down, that its fund of energy will run

out, and the human race be exterminated; most of the evidence appears to be on their side, yet how many people believe that to-day? Do not most of us, on the contrary, believe in some purpose in this earth which we can serve solely and simply because it works to believe in it, because we could not live without believing in it. In real life we always have to decide and act one way or the other, we have to believe in a thing and see if it works. This is the true experimental method, and the only hopeful method as far as results are concerned.

The rationalistic method of suspension of judgment may be all right for things that do not matter on a purely intellectual plane, but, if widely adopted, it would lead to a barren scepticism which would ultimately lead to pessimism and death.—Yours, &c.,
L. CROOK.

Wimbledon,

November 14th, 1909.

MR. "ELLIS BARKER" WITH US.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Ellis Barker, alias Eltzbacher, has recently cut a sorry figure in your pages. In his unconsciously humorous publication entitled "101 Points Against Free Trade," he has thoroughly satisfied himself that Britain is a decadent country, fast going to the dogs; he asserts that "Free Trade means low salaries and wages"; that "most of our workers are badly paid" (the "our" is good); that "Protection causes high wages"; that "Tariff Reform means better wages"; that "poverty is terribly prevalent" here; that the Germans are wealthier than the Britons (whom he calls "44 million Englishmen"!); "who are employed in stagnant and declining industries"; that "hampered and restricted" Britain is "helpless" with her Free Trade, &c., &c., *ad nauseam*.

Now, Sir, what I want to know is why, if all this be anything like true, Mr. Eltzbacher ever left his happy paradise of Protected Germany to settle in such a wretched country.

If he must leave vaunted Germany, why didn't he proceed to one of the many blissful tariff countries, instead of coming to a nation so singularly consistent in its adherence to those principles which he professes to find so much at fault, and which result in the national ruin he depicts?

It is surely not too much to expect Mr. Eltzbacher to perceive how incongruous and unintelligent is his protesting presence among us, and to request that he will act accordingly.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. S.

Glasgow, November 17th, 1909.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND FORCIBLE FEEDING.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—One cannot attend a meeting on the subject of woman suffrage, or discuss its present position privately, without the question being asked by someone, in reference to the forced feeding, "What else can the authorities do?" There is only one answer to the question, viz., "They cannot do this."

Forced feeding is not an alternative: it is an impossibility.

If our penal system is such that torture can find a place and be justified, that system is wrong and must be re-cast. The more the system "justifies" the torture, the more the system stands condemned. This "reductio ad impossibile" of our penal system has not before become an accomplished fact, because men hitherto have never been able to keep up a hunger-strike more than twenty-four hours, it has been left to the endurance of women to bring this matter to a head. The feeling in the country shows how acutely this point is realised.

Whatever may be our opinion on woman suffrage, we must acknowledge that we owe a debt to the women now in prison, if on this count alone.—Yours, &c.,

ENNIS RICHMOND.

West Heath School,
Hampstead, N.W.

WOMEN AND THE LAWS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A correspondent in your issue of last week asserts that women cannot complain of want of legal or social consideration, arising out of their unenfranchised condition. I would like to draw his attention to certain remarks made by Burke in 1792. Writing to Sir Hercules Langrishe, M.P., on the Penal Laws against Irish Catholics, he said:—"They who are excluded from votes . . . are excluded not from the State, but from the British Constitution. . . . The disenfranchised part cannot, I say, think themselves in a happy state to be utterly excluded from all its direct and all its consequential advantages. The popular part of the Constitution must be to them by far the most odious part of it. To them it is not an actual and, if possible, still less a virtual representation. It is, indeed, the direct contrary. It is the power unlimited placed in the hands of an adverse description, because it is an adverse description. And if they who compose the privilege body have not an interest, they must but too frequently have motives of pride, passion, petulance, peevish jealousy or tyrannic suspicion to urge them to treat the excluded people with contempt and rigor." . . .

These words are equally applicable to the disenfranchised women of to-day, who, although absolutely unrepresented, find that Parliament does not scruple to deal with laws which vitally affect them in their very home lives.—Yours, &c.,

ALBERTA RUSSELL.

26, Franconia Road, S.W.
November 13th, 1909.

[An important letter on "Taxing the Foreigner," by Mr. Rowland Hunt, has been unavoidably held over till next week.]

Poetry.

THE WELSH SEA.

HERE like a green and golden snake
The twisting waters flow,
And whisper how the dead men wake
Who died too long ago
For us to care or know.

And here, O dreamer, you may trace,
When all the waters shine,
Graved on the dark sea's jewel face,
A faint and fearful sign,
The Old Embankment line;

And you may learn of Dyfed's reign,
And sing Nemedian tales
Of kings who rowed on ships from Spain,
And lent their swords to Wales:
Listen, for Evening pales;

Listen, for they of ghostly speech,
Who died when Christ was born,
May dance upon the golden beach
That once was golden corn,
And wind their battle horn.

Listen, for Ocean moans and stirs
And blinks a thousand eyes,
And she will tell you how the years
Reveal their mysteries
To Oceans, who are wise.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

Reviews.

LYRIC BEAUTY.*

To an honest critical mind the most remarkable thing about the verse which is being written to-day must surely be the high pitch of beauty to which it frequently attains. No doubt, a great deal of the day's verse is very transient sort of stuff, poetry only in typographical appearance, foredoomed to make a rapid return to the paper mills. But looking narrowly into it for pure aesthetic satisfaction, we must find that a large proportion even of our less famous poets easily achieve something more than tolerable mediocrity, a quite positive, and often quite potent, beauty. Here are three new books of verse. The authors' names are certainly not unknown to persons of culture, but we doubt if any of them would be selected as foremost writers of the day. Yet for the sheer beauty of verse, for beauty of sound, and the internal beauty of imagery and epithets and the other poetic devices, these three books are quite remarkable, and one of them is very remarkable. In this matter (it may almost be asserted) there is work in them that is on a level with some of our classic poetry. It is easy to say that this beauty is derivative. So it is, and so it must be. Any person who writes poetry nowadays has, besides his natural endowment of genius, a further endowment of the whole mass of poetic beauty made by the English poets who preceded him; and it is inevitable and proper that this second accidental endowment should appear in his work. And not only will his work be tinged by all the verbal decency achieved by the poets before him. Certain philosophical and mystical ideas of beauty, of the First Beauty, which were with difficulty won to, or, perhaps, unconsciously possessed, by former poets, are now the conscious common property of all poets. Anyone now, provided he is really a poet, can kindle his verse with these excellent ideas. We find Mr. Alfred Noyes, for instance, singing thus of Beauty working through the appearances of the world:

She, the unchanging, shepherds their changes,
Bids them mingle and form and flow,
Flowers and flocks and the great hill-ranges
Follow her cry and go.

By his expression of it, Mr. Noyes has certainly made that transcendental idea of beauty his own. But it is an idea that has been familiar to the poetic side of his mind from his infancy, just as railway trains have been familiar to the practical side of his mind. As, for the material conveniences of life, we all stand on the achievements of our ancestors, so it is with the poets of to-day for what we may call the conveniences of their art. They begin their careers on their predecessors' lofty achievements of beauty, in practice and in idea. We should not be surprised to find, then, that there is by no means any lack of beauty in modern verse. And it behoves criticism to-day more than ever to look into the spirit that wields this beauty. Of the three books before us, the wielding passion that appears in Mrs. Taylor's "Rose and Vine" is far more vehement than in the other two. Mr. Noyes, in "The Enchanted Island," strikes one as being a trifle cold in the management of his poetic apparatus. Most of the attributes that poetry should possess are easily discoverable in Mr. Noyes's work. But the spirit underneath these attributes seems to us—shall we say?—too business-like in its employment of them; by which we mean that the business of employing them does not sufficiently excite it. We may be quite wrong as regards Mr. Noyes personally; he may be full of passion when he writes. But we do not get that impression from reading his poetry; somehow the passion does not get into his writing. The impression we get is of a man setting out to write charming poetry, and succeeding admirably; but his knowledge of how to do it is so exact and certain that he seems to be insufficiently exhilarated by the performance. In the case of Mr. Henry Newbolt the moving spirit of the verse is not vehement, but neither is it cold; it is quiet, but strong and very genuine.

Mrs. Annand Taylor's "Rose and Vine" is, as we

* "Rose and Vine." By Rachel Annand Taylor. Elkin Mathews. 5s. net.

"The Enchanted Island." By Alfred Noyes. Blackwood. 5s. net.

"Songs of Memory and Hope." By Henry Newbolt. Murray. 3s. 6d. net.

have said, a very remarkable volume. Though the tendency is for modern poetry to make as great a use as possible of the materials of poetic beauty, seldom do we meet with such a lavish and gorgeous display of them as in this book. Like the vow the mother makes for her children in one of her poems, seems to be the vow Mrs. Taylor has made for her verses, that they

... shall dance
With all the rapturous delicate circumstance
Of dancing.

All the words which the ordinary man calls "poetry words" we shall find employed, and well employed, in this book. So also shall we find instances of all those sensuous experiences which are traditionally held suitable for poetic purposes. Sumptuous is the word for the trappings of Mrs. Taylor's poetry. The thought is dressed in astonishing riches; the whole book is full of musics and colors and fragrances, of gold and opals ("wild with fire"), of taffeta, miniver, and arras, of exquisite bowls and thuribles. But Mrs. Taylor uses as a rule a very definite selection from the riches of the sensuous world, perhaps a too limited selection. Evidently she has found a group of images that perfectly suits her needs, and she employs the same group again and again. We know not how many times the rose and the vine of the book's title appear, nor how often in her poetry we meet with violets and violins, green skies, and silver evening stars. This makes the poetry individual, but it is a questionable method of attaining individuality. Without doubt, Mrs. Taylor's limited imagery is something of a mannerism; but, as far as it goes in the present volume, we are very ready to put up with it. But surely one whose mind is so stored with sensible beauty has no need to fix herself in a narrow convention of her own, however splendid the convention she has devised may be. For few people have been so entirely at one with all the manifold traditions of beauty in the world as Mrs. Taylor. In all her poems we can feel the worship which finds overt expression in "The Joys of Art"; we must quote the poem:—

As a dancer dancing in a shower of roses before her King
(A dreamer dark, the King)
Throws back her head like a wind-loved flower, and makes her
cymbals ring,
(O'er her lit eyes they ring);
As a fair white dancer strange of heart, and crowned and shod
with gold.
My soul exults before the Art, the magian Art of old.

There is a fine rapture in that, married to a perfectly wrought image; and we may note that the best line in it, the third, is the one which is most free from her special convention of imagery. Nor does she respond only to art; whatever ecstasy man has attained to, religious, æsthetic, or sensuous, she is familiar with. In one fine poem, "The Visions," she doubts whether to follow the saints of Judaea,

Holy and white and wounded
Like stained ivory,

or Sophocles and the rapture of poesy, or Antinous "the dreamer of all the senses know," or the grail-knights on their mystic quest. And so we find, as we wish we had room to show, that all her poems are drenched with beauty of idea, beauty of image, beauty of phrase. There is an obvious danger in this; poetry has often stifled under such luxuries. But Mrs. Taylor is a genuine poet; we have not to reprove her, by quoting against herself from her own Neo-Platonic dirge:—

The soul that was more beautiful
Lies drowned in pleasure's crystal pool.

For one thing, sensuous delight with her is raised to a fire of passion; so that her poetry, instead of being trapped in opacous gorgeousness, is dressed in imagery as if in luminous flames. Also, she nearly always vivifies her imagery with some symbolic intent. As a symbolist, indeed, she does very well; and she can even liken a lady to "mournful Latin litanies" without being affected. But chiefly her poetry bears up under its costume of riches because it is, in its primary essence, such a strong, exultant, vehement spirit. As a last sample of Mrs. Taylor's manner, we quote the opening lines from one of her most obviously symbolist poems:—

In lands like faded arras-broideries
Where dead green skies are veiled with golden trees,
With golden trees, from whose frail branches young
Star-tangled jasmine in great ropes is hung,—

There, while the morning star is fluting low,
The amazing silver Unicorns must go. . . .

Those who wish to know what these "amazing silver Unicorns" are, and to read a poem (along with several others) that they will not easily forget, must make themselves possessors of Mrs. Taylor's "Rose and Vine."

Books protect themselves from the onslaughts of criticism as beasts protect themselves from their enemies. Either, with a disconcerting rage, they take the offensive themselves and tame the critic by their sacred wrath; and this is how Mrs. Taylor's "Rose and Vine" does it. Or else they defend themselves in an armor of unexceptionability; and this is how Mr. Noyes's and Mr. Newbolt's books do it. We can object nothing to Mr. Noyes's diction, except an occasional incongruity when his theme is what Dr. Johnson would have called "vulgar." His metre sings admirably, especially in his "Actæon"; and we like his frank way of dealing with modernity, and his fresh way of dealing with old matters. He makes a good choice of lyrical subjects, too; but he is best when he can mingle seamance with humor and pictorial writing, as in his version of "Bacchus and the Pirates," which is a really excellent poem. But we cannot think that "The Enchanted Island" will much enhance the high reputation he has properly gained by his former books. Mr. Newbolt, on the other hand, gives us work in his new volume that is better than anything of its kind he has done previously. For the most part, it is in a quieter vein than his fine and vigorous ballads; but he has never before used his fantasy (as in "Dream Market"), or described nature (as in "The Return of Summer"), so charmingly as in this book. In the latter kind of his poetry, his nature-description, his observation is as close as his phrasing is happy. When, for example, in describing the call of a nuthatch, he says the bird "keeps chucking stones along a frozen pond," we must surely feel that a natural sound has never been better enclosed in a single line of poetry.

These three books are lyric poetry, and in all three the beauty of the verse is noteworthy. This is the main thing that is demanded of the lyric nowadays; and the lyric is obviously preferred now by the cultured and elect few that still read poetry. Is the lyric of exquisite beauty therefore to be considered the poetic form of the future? And may we take the high achievement of these three books to mean that such lyric is the form natural to the day? Whatever be answered to the latter question, as regards the former we shall venture on a heresy, and say that we believe not. We believe that the lyric poets of to-day, in perfecting one side of their art, have estranged themselves from another, equally important side, the expression of human nature. A man must be a fool or a criminal to misprise beauty in poetry; yet a too deliberate pursuit of beauty may take half the power from poetry. All the great lyrical poets of the past—Sappho, Catullus, Goethe, Heine, Burns, Wordsworth—show that the lyric can be as intimate with sheer human nature as drama itself. If this intimacy can be restored to the lyric, then it may prevail in the future. But, in any case, the poetry that will prevail will be something less ascetically intent on the pursuit of beauty than the lyric of to-day, something that will not shrink from the most direct dealings with raw human nature, heart, mind, and spirit.

SIR WILLIAM HUGGINS'S DISCOVERIES.*

IN 1856, three years before Darwin supplied the key in his "Origin of Species" to the evolution of man from lower life-forms, and Kirchhoff had unlocked the secret of the chemical constitution of the sun, Sir William (then Mr.) Huggins built a modest observatory at Tulse Hill which was to become world-famous in the annals of astronomical discovery. For he "builded wiser than he knew." At that time it seemed that the work of the observer of "that inverted bowl we call the sky" was limited to the conventional lines of his predecessors. At intervals another minor planet would swim "into his ken"; or a new star flash and become extinguished; or, as recently in the case of Jupiter, another satellite be added to the list of "companions"; or the number of stars whose distances can be reckoned in

* "The Scientific Papers of Sir William Huggins, K.C.B., O.M., &c." Edited by Sir William and Lady Huggins, Hon. M.R.Ast. S. With sixty-six illustrations. Wesley & Son. 31s. 6d. net.

light-years increased. But that the mystery of the stuff of which the heavenly bodies are made would be solved was a speculation dismissed well-nigh as soon as broached, for how was it possible to establish any physical relation between the chemistry of the earth and that of a mass of matter ninety-three million miles distant?

As M. Declaux acutely said, "It is because science is sure of nothing that it is ever advancing." And in 1802 Wollaston's detection of four dark lines which crossed a sunray at right angles when broken on a prism, lines which are now numbered by thousands, set the workers in celestial physics on a quest whose result, in the hands of Kirchhoff, was the discovery that sodium, iron, and other terrestrial elements are present in the sun. Thereby Sir William Huggins, "dissatisfied," he tells us, "with the routine character of ordinary astronomical work," received the impetus to the application of the spectroscope to analysis of the light from the so-called "fixed" stars, whereby their chemistry might perchance be also known. His researches, carried on for some time in conjunction with the late Dr. Allen Miller (and during many years, to the present time, in still happier collaboration with Lady Huggins), began in 1863. In that year Huxley, pushing Darwin's theory to its inevitable conclusion, demonstrated the fundamental unity of man, psychically as well as physically, with every living thing, a demonstration which synchronised with the proofs of fundamental unity of sun and stars, and the dependence of the organic on the inorganic being no matter of question, the inter-relation of all phenomena was made manifest. It was the birth of the New Anthropology and the New Astronomy.

Of the triumphs achieved, "transcending the wildest dreams of an earlier time," by Sir William Huggins, as, practically, the founder of the science of astrophysics, this majestic volume, and a preceding one entitled "An Atlas of Representative Stellar Spectra," are alike the witnesses and the record. Discoveries are not reached *per saltum*, and Sir William shows how the researches of Wollaston, Fraunhofer, Angstrom, and others "who died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded to them," made his success possible. Fraunhofer employed some of the letters of the alphabet to denote the more prominent lines, beginning with A in the red or least bent or refracted part of the spectrum, H denoting the violet or most refracted part of the spectrum, and D, famous as furnishing the earliest key, denoting two lines in the yellow portion, which are due to the omnipresent element sodium. When common salt is burnt in a spirit lamp, it gives a spectrum of two nearly coincident bright lines, which, superposed on the sun's spectrum, are seen to be in an identical position with two dark lines therein. According to an unvarying law as explained by Kirchhoff, "when a group of bright lines coincides with a similar group of dark lines, we know that the terrestrial substances producing the former are present in the atmosphere of the sun," the vaporised element absorbing the same kind of rays that it emits, but in larger quantity. It would be interesting, but space forbids, to show how modern geologists are finding in the annual rate at which sodium is being carried by all the rivers to the oceans one of the data for determining the age of the earth. Explanations of the method employed is given in Professor Joly's recent volume on "Radio-activity and Geology." Here it must suffice to say that, as the amount of salt in the sea is known in its entirety within a fair percentage, analysis shows what addition is being made, the result giving an estimate of about 90 to 100 million years.

Returning to the spectrum, Kirchhoff identified sixty lines (since increased to more than 2,000) as due to the presence of iron, and to this is added proof of the presence of calcium, magnesium, helium (which was not discovered on the earth till some time afterwards), copper, zinc, and other metals. As the planets are not original sources of light, their spectra resemble the sun's spectrum, but somewhat modified by the absorptive character of their atmospheres.

But, in securing such results, the method of analysis is simplicity itself compared with that which had to be devised when the spectroscope attacked the problem of stars whose distance is measurable, not in miles, but in "light-years." For starlight appears as only a tremulous point,

which the most powerful telescope can increase in brightness, but cannot convert into a disc. To broaden it into a short line, the star's image has to be thrown upon a narrow slit; a spectroscope is fixed to the eye end of the telescope, and then, by means of a small reflecting prism placed before one-half of the slit, light from a terrestrial source at the side of the telescope is sent into the instrument, together with the star's light, thereby forming a spectrum by the side of the stellar spectrum for comparison with it. Thus was prepared the apparatus for analysis of light radiated at the speed of above eleven millions of miles per minute from bodies which, in the case of Vega, is only one forty thousand millionth part of the light received from the sun, and the fact revealed that sodium, magnesium, and iron are present in that star, in Sirius, Pollux, and, without doubt, in all like self-luminous bodies in the infinite spaces. In addition to this, the nature of the thousands of nebulae was, once and for all, settled. The resolution of large numbers of these into clusters of minute stars by powerful telescopes lent strong support to the theory that all of them were of the same constitution. But in 1864 Sir William Huggins's examination of the spectra of certain nebulae disclosed the presence of bright lines, three of which are due to hydrogen. Thus the gaseous nature—protoplasm of sidereal systems—of all true nebulae (in which the imposing nebula in Orion is included) was demonstrated, and, broadly speaking, the like applies to the vagrant bodies known as comets. Marvellous as is the work done by the eye, penetrated with billions of light-waves every second from the sun and star, fatigue and impairment of vision are its fate, and its use is, fortunately, now largely superseded by the invention of the gelatine dry-plate process, which Sir William was the first to adopt. By this means the labors of the astronomer are enormously lessened, the photographic dry plate, placed within the telescope, receives impressions of myriads of stars, invisible to man, and, what is of much import, reproduces those portions of the solar spectrum which lie beyond the infra-red and the ultra-violet. But the story of what photography has done to advance astronomy would fill a volume.

"Ohne Hast, aber ohne Rast," Sir William applied the spectroscope to the problem of star direction, measuring the rate at which bodies at inconceivable distances may be approaching or receding from our system. This was arrived at by calculating the relative displacement of the lines in the spectrum, as, for example, a minute shift of the F or hydrogen line in the spectrum of Sirius indicated that that star is receding from the solar system at a speed of eighteen to twenty-two miles per second of time. "Under favorable circumstances," Sir William says, "the spectroscope enables us to measure to within a mile per second, or even less, the rate of motion . . . any small want of coincidence of the stellar lines with the same lines produced upon the earth may safely be interpreted as revealing the velocity of approach or of recession between the star and the earth." As for the movement of our system, it appears to be towards a point in the constellation Hercules, while recent observation lends support to a theory that the stellar system, as a whole, comprises two general drifts of stars rushing in nearly opposite directions. As the spectroscope reveals what appear to be stages of condensation in the matter of the universe, it is probable that the conclusions as to star evolution and dissolution drawn from their colors will be found to be valid. That fascinating branch of cosmic dynamics has not escaped the vigilant eye of Sir William Huggins; but the life-history of stars remains among speculations which may be converted into certainties when we know more about the disintegration of the so-called elements.

To this list of great achievements (1) the establishment of the identity of stuff between our system and other stellar systems; (2) of the direction in which the stars are moving; (3) of the nature of many of the nebulae; (4) the revelation of the invisible by the application of photography—enough in themselves to represent the ceaseless labors of a long life—there might be added others, such, for example, as the method of viewing the prominences in the unclipped sun; but their secondary importance is warrant for omission from the present attempt to compress in untechnical language the main contents of a volume with which the expert alone can adequately deal. It is a tale of wonder, the effect of

which is deepened by the absence of all rhetoric and the presence of modesty in the narration. Dulled must be the intelligence which fails to be quickened thereby to ponderings over man's stupendous advance in knowledge, or to be touched by the reflection with what added pathos the final monition, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," comes home to the rare truth-seeking souls typified by the author whose discoveries are the subject-matter of this volume.

THE MARTYR OF THE MARRIAGE LAWS.*

IN Caroline Sheridan, afterwards Mrs. Norton, the brilliance of the Sheridan family and the charm of those beautiful and talented women whom it was the habit of the Sheridan family to marry, reached their highest development. Beauty, wit, artistic, musical, and literary talent, personal charm, and large intelligence all were hers. Yet it was not by any of these endowments, but rather by her extraordinary sufferings, that Mrs. Norton influenced the history of her time. She was the martyr of the unfair marriage law of England, and by her martyrdom became, in a large measure, the emancipator of English wives and mothers.

Her mother, the widow of Richard Brindley, Sheridan's eldest son, was left with seven young children to support, and with an income which, by the social standards to which she was accustomed, was insufficient. To her, the early marriage of her beautiful daughters was—as it would have been to most women of her day and degree—a prime object; and in 1827 Caroline, the second of these daughters, being then nineteen, or possibly younger (there is some uncertainty as to the year of her birth), became the wife of Mr. George Norton, a younger brother of Lord Grantley. The bride's previous knowledge of her bridegroom was small, and horrible, indeed, must the revelation of his real self have been to the ardent, high-spirited, quick-tempered girl who, in her own home, had known nothing but affection and sympathetic gaiety. She was to learn that she had put herself under the bondage of a man who was mean, malignant, and coldly, perseveringly cruel, and whose whole view of life, moreover, was in direct antagonism to her own. Within a few weeks of their marriage he was treating her with personal violence, and during their life together was always ill-conditioned, jealous, and overbearing. His family, composed largely of persons as unamiable as himself, resented her influence with her husband, her lack of fortune, and her Whig politics, while her family, with far more justice, resented deeply the brutalities to which she was exposed. There were, of course, smoother intervals; he had certainly been much in love with her and he valued the addition to their income which her literary work brought in; her generous, affectionate disposition responded quickly to any kindness, and the children who were born formed a strong link between their uncongenial parents.

In 1830, when the small appointment held by Mr. Norton was threatened with abolition, he naturally wished for another, and, Tory though he was, set on his wife to make applications to the Whig statesmen then in power who had been friends of her grandfather. Thus she was brought into contact with Lord Melbourne, afterwards Prime Minister, who presently procured for Mr. Norton an appointment as a Metropolitan Police Magistrate. A friendship, consistently promoted by her husband, grew up between Mrs. Norton and Lord Melbourne, whose genial temper, range of information and spacious views, must have contrasted delightfully with the ill-humored narrowness of Norton, and whose age—he was nearly thirty years her senior—may have seemed to her a sufficient protection against scandal.

In 1835 she left her husband, but yielding, against the advice of her family, to his remorseful entreaties, went back. The next year, after a violent quarrel, she left him again. From this time he seems to have been possessed by a desire to injure her. He took away and kept from her three children; he gave public notice, though he must have known it to be inoperative, that he would not be liable for her debts; he retained her clothes, jewels, and personal pos-

sessions, including the income of £50 a year left by her father; and he brought an action for damages—in those days the first step towards a divorce—against Lord Melbourne. The evidence produced was of the flimsiest; no witnesses were called for the defence and the jury gave a verdict in Lord Melbourne's favor without leaving the box. But Mrs. Norton had no *status* in the case; she had no legal means of rebutting the flagrantly false charges made against her, and her previous condonation of her husband's offences deprived her of the right to divorce him. For four years not only did she never see her children, but she often did not know where they were. She set herself to try and get the law altered that allowed a married woman no claim to her own children, and there can be no doubt that her two pamphlets largely assisted the passing in 1839 of an Act that opened for mothers a possibility of access to their children. Mr. Norton, not waiting for its compulsion, now permitted his wife to see her boys occasionally, and the death of the youngest from an accident so far softened the father's heart that he suffered the barrier to fall, and thenceforward she had much of their company. Moreover, in 1848 he signed an agreement by which he was to allow her £500 a year. Three years later her mother died, whereupon a life interest in Mrs. Norton's little patrimony of £1,500 fell into her husband's hands, while she inherited an income carefully secured to her of £480. He announced to her that he should withdraw her allowance, and did so, six months before she could receive any part of her mother's legacy. She then learned that since the English law recognised no contract between man and wife, his signed promise was not binding. Trusting to it, she had naturally incurred liabilities which she was now rendered unable to meet. One of her creditors sued Mr. Norton, who resisted payment on the ground that his wife had a sufficient income of her own. He seized (as the law allowed) upon her bank book and her publishers' agreements and compelled her to undergo a cruel and insulting cross-examination, in the course of which the old charge against her and Lord Melbourne was revived. Once more she turned her mind towards a reform of the law which permitted her husband, because he was her husband, to cheat her with impunity and to assume control of her money affairs long after she was separated from him. The two pamphlets which she wrote on this topic are among the best of her works, glowing with lofty indignation, yet reasonable and cogent. To them was certainly due those clauses of the Marriage Act of 1857, which allowed the Court to order the payment of separate maintenance to a wife, enabled her to inherit and bequeath property like a single woman, protected the earnings of a deserted wife, and enabled a separated wife to contract, sue, or be sued. Thus to the wrongs of Caroline Norton England owes the first steps in that legal recognition of the married woman as a person instead of a property, which is not yet complete. For this, if this were all, she fully deserves that clear, impartial, and interesting record which Miss Perkins has produced. But this is not all, as a personality, many-sided and delightful, Mrs. Norton is well worth knowing; while her cruel story is stranger and more exciting than that of many a novel.

THE LAST OF EXPLORERS.*

IN the year of Stanley's death the present reviewer, who happened to be on the Congo and in other parts of Central Africa, was much struck by the rapidity with which history was moving there. Only sixteen years had then passed since the third and last of Stanley's great expeditions—the passage up the river and through the unknown forest to Albert Nyanza and the Ruwenzori range or Mountains of the Moon; yet already the man and his labors were surrounded with mythical splendor, and anyone who remembered Stanley or had even known one of his companions could claim a veteran's reflected glory. Till Stanley came, for thousands of years the history of Central Africa had remained unknown and its destinies had probably witnessed little change. But now, within a generation, the whole conception of that vast land was altered, and during its

* "The Life of Mrs. Norton." By Miss Jane Gray Perkins. With portraits. Murray. 12s. net.

* "The Autobiography of Sir Henry Morton Stanley." Edited by his Wife, Dorothy Stanley. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 21s. net.

explorer's lifetime the story of his achievements had come to belong to an almost inconceivable past.

When we think that less than forty years ago Stanley found Livingstone on Lake Tanganyika devoting the remaining months of his heroic life to establishing his theory that the Lualaba was the Upper Nile; when we remember that others maintained it was the Niger, and that only thirty-five years have gone since Stanley followed down its course, still in doubt which of the great rivers it might be, till at last it swung westward and south-west and proved to be the main stream of the Congo itself—then we realise what extraordinary an advance in knowledge the world owes to this one man. We may set Columbus apart for the result of his exploration, but Stanley ranks with the other greatest explorers of the world—with Marco Polo, and Vasco di Gama, and Cook, and Mungo Park, and Livingstone himself. And as he was among the greatest of explorers, he was also the very last the world can know. For no matter how crowded with flying visitors the Poles may become, their area is small and their geography uninteresting to mankind, compared with the heart of the great tropical continent that Stanley revealed.

In this so-called "Autobiography," Stanley tells the story of little more than his first twenty years. He wrote it only down to the end of the American Civil War, but the remainder is admirably told by Lady Stanley, with the help of letters, scraps of diary, and a few extracts from the published books. Undoubtedly, Stanley's reputation will gain from the picture. In his own part of it, especially in his Introduction, his most obvious weaknesses reappear—his rather defiant self-assertion, his rather big manner of expression, and his confident appeal to Providence. But we can make greater allowance for such weaknesses now that we know the hard facts of life that caused them, and the book reveals a sympathetic and winning side to his nature that those who did not know him can seldom have suspected. We see it in the generosity of his praise, in his power of attracting devoted service, in his tenderness to suffering, and, as Lady Stanley says, a certain touch of the "Ewigweibliche" which is felt at the root of his character.

He had some cause for his belief in a special Providence, for destiny was very kind to him. From babyhood he was exposed to every sort of discomfort and hardship that could prepare him for the great enterprise of his life. He escaped the spoiling influence of a mother's coddling, for his mother evidently hated him, and in early childhood he was tricked into a Welsh workhouse school, and the boy whose character survives a workhouse school will not fail for want of toughness. His education was continued on the same lines, for, after running away from the school, he served as cabin-boy in a sailing ship under a savage master. Then came the first gleam of happiness in his career, for by mere chance he was adopted by a Southern States American, from whom he took the name of Stanley, having been John Rowlands before. Even then the fate which was hammering him into its proper instrument did not allow him to deteriorate, for the Civil War broke out, and by a peculiar gift that reached him through the post, he was constrained to volunteer in the "Dixie Greys" of the Confederate Army:—

"About this time," he writes, that is just at the outbreak of the war, "I received a parcel which I half suspected, as the address was written in a feminine hand, to be a token of some lady's regard; but, on opening it, I discovered it to be a chemise and petticoat, such as a negro lady's-maid might wear. I hastily hid it from view, and retired to the back room, that my burning cheeks might not betray me to some onlooker. In the afternoon, Dr. Goree called, and was excessively cordial and kind. He asked me if I did not intend to join the valiant children of Arkansas to fight, and I answered 'Yes.'"

So he earned his hard experience, not only in fighting (he was present at the terrible days of Shiloh), but in camping, which is far more trying and more valuable to the explorer.

It is very significant that while he was serving with the Southern Army, he invented a method of sinking the camp fire below the surface, so as to make it more convenient both for cooking and warmth. This carefulness of detail distinguished him all through life. Writing of the years in the workhouse school, he says:—

"How I came to manifest the passion of a fanatic for order and cleanliness I know not, yet when it was my turn to clean up and make the beds, I was seized with a consuming desire to exhibit everything at its best, to arrange the beds without a single crease or pucker, to make the folds with mathematical

exactness, to dust and polish cupboards and window-sills until they were speckless, and to make the flagstones shine like mirrors. 'There,' I would say to my companions detailed to these duties, my eyes sparkling with pride, 'that is the way to wash a floor. Let us make the beds fit for princes to sleep in.'"

The present reviewer, who has spent the best years of his life in camps and wanderings, could not, certainly, have foretold that such a boy would become one of the greatest explorers, but he could have said without hesitation that he was of the stuff great explorers are made of. The same rare quality—the housekeeper's and organiser's quality—remained with him to the end. After his active life was over—far too early over, as one cannot but think—and he was preparing his pleasant home in Surrey, Lady Stanley writes:—

"He had even replenished the store-room, fitting it up as for an expedition, or to stand a siege. There were great canisters of rice, tapioca, flour enough for a garrison, soap, cheese, groceries of all kinds, everything we could possibly require, and each jar and tin was neatly ticketed in his handwriting, besides careful lists, written in a store-book, so that I might know, at a glance, the goodly contents of the room."

Unless a man is prepared to organise and toil at details like that, he has no right to think of adventure and exploration; he had better stay in civilisation, where others will do it all for him without his knowledge.

But, in spite of his capacity and courage, in spite of his success and the splendor of his fame, a peculiar irony marked all Stanley's greatest achievements. No one could have served a finer apprenticeship, for, after enlisting on both sides in the Civil War, he acted as correspondent in Asia Minor, in Abyssinia, in Spain, in the Caucasus, and Persia; and yet when he was sent upon his first great expedition into Africa to find Livingstone, he succeeded, indeed, in his quest, but the glorious old explorer refused to return with him and remained to die in solitude. The second great expedition, in which he circumnavigated Victoria Nyanza and Tanganyika, and then explored the course of the Congo to its mouth, resulted in the formation of the Congo State, which has become one of the plague-spots of mankind, and has, perhaps, brought more execration upon European civilisation than any other exploitation of Africa, even than the Portuguese slave-trade in Angola. Similarly, the third great expedition accomplished, it is true, its immediate aim, though at a terrible cost of life and suffering. Emin Pasha was rescued; but, owing to some national or personal peculiarity, he was almost indifferent to his rescue, and presently, having gone over to the enemy, he met exactly the kind of death from which Stanley came to preserve him.

It was a terrible fate to sit at home and hear news of the mismanagement of the Congo passing from bad to worse. It was wounding to listen to the detraction and incredulity with which all his reports were received in turn by people who had never travelled outside the frontiers of England or the tourist resorts, and chose to make light of an explorer who went neither as missionary nor as soldier. But it must have been worst of all to face the indifference of officials or Parliamentarians, who hated to be disturbed in their routine by a "mere journalist," and kept their eyes fixed on the exigencies of the party pump when the whole destiny of Central Africa was in the balance. What with Congo Reform Associations, Albert Hall meetings, and the infinite circumlocutions of diplomacy, we are paying pretty dearly for their neglect; but the unnumbered villages of Central Africa are paying a far heavier toll, and for no unrighteousness of their own.

"Who hath believed our report?" has always been the cry of men whose vision has reached beyond the common range. It was often Stanley's cry, but the full honor has come to him in the end, and his example is a lasting encouragement to all whose report, however slighted by invidious or indifferent persons, nevertheless remains true.

THE RISE OF CHRISTIANITY.*

THE rise of the Christian religion in the first three centuries from the position of an obscure, despised, and persecuted sect to official recognition as the exclusive religion of the

* "Early Church History." By Henry Melvill Gwatkin, Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Cambridge. Macmillan. Two Vols. 17s. net.



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Roman Empire is one of the most interesting as well as one of the most astonishing events in the annals of the Western world. What are the conditions which produced this marvellous change in the status of the Christian faith? Why is it that a belief which arose in the humblest circles of society should have ultimately succeeded in seating itself on the throne of the Caesars? Why is it that an obscure band of wandering Orientals should have been able to impose their religious ideas upon the highest culture of the West? Why is it that the great gods of Greece and Rome, with their magnificent temples and majestic traditions, should have fallen one by one before the victorious advance of the carpenter of Nazareth? These are some of the questions which the historian of the first three centuries of the Christian Church has to attempt to answer. But how scanty are the materials he has for answering them! How little we know of the early origins of Christianity! The Gospels are in their present form products of the second or third Christian generation. They are works of edification rather than precise historical narratives. They were written with the object of deepening the faith of the believer rather than of imparting historical information. It is not a *fides historica* but a *fides divina* which inspires the early memorials of the Christian Church. What we get from them in the way of accurate information is an account of the state of mind of the early Christian societies and only incidentally a glimpse at the development of outward events. But this glimpse, when we succeed in getting it, is deeply interesting. Apart from St. Paul and one or two of the apostles, the Christian faith was spread first of all, as Dr. Gwatkin tells us, by a crowd of obscure missionaries. "Some of them might devote themselves to the work and wander like apostles; but every Christian was a missionary in his place and measure, and the common intercourse of trade and life spread the Gospel far and wide. Even women took their share in the work as we see in Priscilla's case; and from slaves and freedmen it reached slaves and freedmen, and not uncommonly their masters also. Every church was in a real sense a missionary society."

What was the inward motive which inspired this society with such burning zeal and devotion? Among the earliest believers it was the attractiveness of the personality of their Master: it was what we would now describe in modern terms as the personal magnetism of Jesus Christ. His earliest followers had formed no definite theological theories of the relation of their Master to the Godhead; they devoted themselves to him because he drew them to him; because they felt that he was a man of God. We have recently had one or two belated attempts to question the historical existence of the Founder of the Christian faith. We have had the old idea revived that Christianity did not proceed from a historic personality at all; but from the social and economic conditions of the Roman Empire. It is perfectly true that the ideas and circumstances of the time favored the development of the new religion. But ideas and circumstances do not of themselves create great movements. They provide the material for them. But the movements ultimately proceed from some great human impulse, and this impulse is given by a human personality. All the historic evidence, in particular the evidence of St. Paul, points to the fact that the personality who created the Christian Church is Jesus of Nazareth, and it is a pseudo-criticism which would cavil at this conclusion. In making Jesus Christ the central figure of its faith, the Christian Church is on solid historical ground. But the belief in his pre-eminence does not exclude the fact that Christianity incorporated many pre-Christian and non-Christian materials into itself. One of the weaknesses of Professor Gwatkin's book is that it is not quite up to date upon points of this kind. An overwhelming mass of evidence is now before us to show that Christianity is not an autonomous but a syncretic religion. It has drawn many of its materials from Persian, Babylonian, Jewish, and other Oriental sources. The New Testament itself contains many traces of this process, and it would have been of great value to the English reader if Dr. Gwatkin, in discussing the rise of Christianity, had shown us more of the extraneous sources from which the forms of Christian thought have sprung. To have done this would have been strictly in keeping with the plan of his work. This plan, he tells us in his preface, is to trace the

growth of Christianity in its connexion with the general history of the time. But in a field which opens up such a wide vista we must not complain if some points are not dealt with as fully as could be wished.

In the first three centuries of its existence the Christian Church had a two-fold task before it. It had on the one hand to propagate and organise the new faith, and on the other to fight against the forces which were antagonistic to it in the Jewish and Pagan world. The propagation of the faith was carried on at first by great personalities like Jesus, St. Paul, and the author of the fourth Gospel. When these commanding personalities disappeared, their place was taken, not by others, but by a flexible and compact organisation—the Church—with the bishops at its head. The free and unfettered spirit with which the Christian faith originally set out upon its mission had ultimately to take refuge within the borders of a church. It had to submit to all the limitations which such a step involved; such as a rule of faith, an ecclesiastical order, a professional clergy, a strict system of discipline. It had to sacrifice its spontaneity and much of its liberty in order that it might live. This sacrifice enabled the Christian faith to overcome the forces opposed to it in ancient society. Its first, and perhaps its bitterest, foe was Judaism. It succeeded in beating down the hostility of the mother from whose bosom it had sprung; but it only did this by making concessions to the older faith and allowing many Jewish conceptions to find a home within the church. It overcame the insidious and subverting atmosphere of Greek speculation. But it has ever since borne the marks of this great crisis. Mere orthodoxy has been made the test of faith; and a religion which in its essence and its power is a spirit and a life has been compelled to adopt the barren intellectualism of a creed. The greatest outward triumph of the Christian religion was when it finally forced its way to the front as the religion of imperial Rome. But it had to pay the price of this pre-eminence by permitting the spirit of Caesarism to enter into its vitals and dominate its outward life. When Christianity emerges into the light at the end of the third century as the official religion of the empire, with its hierarchy, its worship, and its creeds, we see at once that it has been living among strangers; it has lost the primitive simplicity of its early years.

Professor Gwatkin's learned volumes help us to understand how this great transformation took place. He frankly tells us that he does not think history can be written without a subjective bias. He starts from the pre-suppositions of what may be described as liberal orthodoxy. To all who are in sympathy with this point of view, Dr. Gwatkin's history of the Christian Church in the first three centuries is a work which ought to be read.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON.*

THE late Sir Wilfrid Lawson did not die without leaving a fairly ample personal record of his political life and opinions, and under Mr. George Russell's skilful touch this collection of personal memoranda loses nothing of its proper effect. But the best thing about Sir Wilfrid was, after all, his personality, and that delightful essence distils but faintly from the written page, however faithful the hand that set it there. Sir Wilfrid's character was always pure gold; and it was never tried by office, by dignities, by any one of the commoner allurements of politics. It was joined to a most simple and modest demeanor, to perfect temper and courtliness, and to a zeal for the good of mankind into whose pious zeal no note of self or even of vanity entered.

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the counsels and passions of the hour, were able to turn him by a hair's breadth from the pursuit of one of them. In the process he not only came in collision with all the Tory Governments of his time, but with most of the intervening Liberal Administrations—with Disraeli on the Jingoism of the seventies, with Gladstone on Egypt and on Ireland, with the Liberal Imperialists on the Transvaal, with Palmerston on everything. A statesman he would not allow himself to be called; and he once thanked Heaven that, among all the bad names people had called him, they had "never called him that." But Lawson was a true father of modern Radicalism. Its later economic leanings were unfamiliar to him; and, Garibaldian as he was, he opposed even humanitarian intervention in foreign politics. A clergyman who had gone "fanti" over the Ashanti War had expressed his delight that we were attacking a "stronghold of Satan." "If we were to attack all the strongholds of Satan," said Lawson in a sentence which made even the saturnine Disraeli laugh aloud, "we should require Supplementary Estimates." But the uprightness of Lawson's judgment and his inflexible political morals made him an almost perfect representative of Cobdenism—that is to say, of Cobdenism lit up with moral fervor. "A democrat" he called himself, with justice, though his editor remarks, with some shrewdness, that Lawson's formula of letting the people manage their own affairs in their own way did not work out perfectly in its application to the Permissive Bill. Lawson hated the drink trade, and his earnestness and insight made him a great leader in a moral crusade. There came a point in the Alliance propaganda when other qualities were needed, which it was not in Lawson's nature to supply. It is easy to understand that such a man, with his exquisite humility and unselfish sweetness of bearing, was adored in his family circle, and that even his Tory neighbors in Cumberland liked the squire of Brayton, who rode straight in the hunting-field as well as in politics. Chivalry is not quite a good enough word to use of such a personality as Lawson's; but, at least, it brings his high courage and gentle grace to the remembrance of those who knew and loved him.

ROBERT EMMET.*

STORIES of "execrable rebellions" and "horrid conspiracies" on the part of the "ill-affected Irish and their barbarous and inhumane leaders" were wont to be pleasing to law-abiding English citizens, and we trust that Mr. Stephen Gwynn's historical romance of Robert Emmet's rash project to seize Dublin Castle in 1803, will prove no exception. Luckily, times have changed, and it is possible for so good a Home Ruler as Mr. Gwynn to draw a sympathetic picture of Emmet's character and conduct without his readers questioning his motives or challenging seriously his verdict. Emmet's plot was, in truth, an ill-timed, unhappy affair, and, luckily for Ireland, its complete failure spelt disaster only for its begetter and for a few of his associates. Just as when a forest fire has been stamped out we find some outlying patch flaring up unexpectedly, so this isolated conspiracy was an offshoot of the serious conflagration of '98. The story is an interesting one presenting some curious features, and Mr. Gwynn has handled it with equal insight and impartiality.

The estimable Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls, in his famous, discreditable "History of the Irish Rebellion of 1641," expressed his astonishment that such a "mischievous plot should, without any noise, be brought to such maturity, as to arrive at the very point of execution, without any notice or intimation given . . . before the very evening before the day on which it was generally to be put into execution." History repeated itself in 1803, and Mr. Stephen Gwynn quotes in his Notes a passage from a contemporary memoir of an officer of the 32nd Infantry: "Miss Wolfe . . . fled to the Castle, and made her way to the Secretary, to whom she gave the first intimation of the breaking out of the insurrection that had been received there. All who heard her laughed at the statement; one said that she was mad, another that she was in love; but a sudden rush through the gates by the 62nd Regiment put

an end to their unseasonable jesting." Sir Richard Temple, a century and a-half before, had remarked: "I have observed, in the nature of the Irish, such a kind of dull and deep reservedness as makes them, with much silence and secrecy, to carry on their business," and Mr. Gwynn, in illustration of the fact that Emmet's extensive preparations were carried on unsuspected for four or five months, under the noses of the Castle authorities, and that "of all the prisoners not one would consent to identify him or bear witness against Emmet," makes Hope, a historical character, say: "Have I not always told you that in Ireland you will never be betrayed by the poor? I can remember thirty years of trouble in this country, but, north or south, I never knew a poor man turn traitor yet. . . . It is the man who has been brought up in comfort and luxury who tries to save his wealth when the danger comes near him."

Impracticable and hare-brained as Emmet's project has hitherto appeared in history, Mr. Gwynn makes it clear that it was the defection of the Wicklow and Kildare men, at the eleventh hour, which prevented a serious rising, and the mere accident of a street brawl which shattered the plan whereby Miles Byrne and his Wexford men could have seized, without hindrance, the unguarded Castle. And lucky it was that these several sections failed to act in concert, for in the light of Emmet's own experience Dublin could have known only a night of street butcheries, incendiaryism, and pillaging, and the recapture of the Castle, in a few hours, by the three thousand soldiers barracked in the city. The central point of interest in this abortive rising is the temperament of the ardent and sanguine enthusiast whose coolness and composure never seems to have deserted him in the face of fast multiplying dangers and insurmountable difficulties. Had Napoleon made any serious effort to land in Ireland at this juncture, there is small doubt but that Emmet would have played a most important part in Irish history. But he stood at the crisis alone, and, thereby, his epitaph, a patriot's, is all the more touching.

In his twenty-nine short chapters Mr. Gwynn has constructed a very lifelike picture of Dublin society of Emmet's day, and of the special circles affected by his plot. We see this slight, delicate young man, with "the concentrated gaze of a student," interviewing the Dublin mechanics, Quigley and Hope, and the ex-French officer, William Hamilton, in a chamber in the White Bull inn in Thomas Street. We see him renting a couple of secluded storehouses, enclosed by high walls, in quiet lanes off Thomas Street, fitting them up with a powder mill for the manufacture of hand grenades and rockets, and introducing friendly artisans, old "United Irishmen," and his intimate friends who there turned out "pikes by the hundred." We hear the conversations spread over a period of four months, between the enthusiast, his friend Russell, the emissary from France, Allen, Dowdall, and Byrne (all three of whom eventually escaped to France and distinguished themselves by their gallantry in the Irish Brigade), Grey and Cloney, "the heads of the organisation in the country," and we watch the spread of the organisation, till it is suddenly checked by the powder explosion in the house in Patrick Street. This dramatic episode is admirably handled by the author in Chapters XI.-XIV., and the reader can only hold his breath while the conspirators make their journeys to and fro, carrying away the stores of pikes, blunderbusses, pistols, and cartridges, while expecting the arrival of the police officers at every instant. Mr. Gwynn has fortified his narrative with some effective chapters on the romantic love passion between Emmet and Sarah Curran, the daughter of the great orator. He has introduced Curran's friend, MacNally, into the plot, the famous Nationalist advocate, who, while defending the United Irishmen in court, was betraying them all the time to the Government. This sinister figure, whose infamy has only been revealed of late years by the publication of the Castle archives, is also handled by Mr. Gwynn with marked success, the scenes in which he is seen worming out the secret of Emmet's hiding-place from the distraught girl being almost the only ones, we gather, for which there is no definite historical basis. The freshness and variety of the "romance" are undeniably heightened by the enforced shifting of the scene from the Dublin lanes and alleys to the prison and the dock. The account of the fiasco of the rising on the 23rd of July, of the refusal of the ignorant and inflamed Dublin rabble to follow poor Emmet

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who marched, clad in his green coat, white pantaloons, and high black boots, at the head of only fourteen associates, to within a hundred yards of the Castle gates, while the mob behind him was dragging "the humanest judge in Ireland from his coach and piking him to death," is extremely vivid. The last chapters supply the key to Emmet's character. His chivalrous conduct towards all his friends and companions, his resolution to go through with his "rising," "for the honor of ourselves and for the honor of Ireland," when his cooler-headed companions held back, his touching, misplaced confidence in the Castle officials, and in the turnkey, Dunn, who cheated his hopes of escape from gaol, and his manly and unshaken demeanor in court, when he abashed Lord Norbury, the "placeman," with a death speech that will always live in Irish oratory, all reveal that his nature was that of a singularly pure, high-souled idealist.

The only criticism we have to offer is that Emmet, in certain passages, talks too like a book, and that the tone of the conversations between Curran and MacNally is over modern. Mr. Gwynn, however, has done so well in this nervous and tersely written narrative that we trust he may find another opportunity before long to give us a new Irish historical novel.

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ON Wednesday morning the Stock Exchange politicians (the Tories, I mean) looked for a little boom as a result of the publication of the Lansdowne amendment and the prospect of the Budget being cast out. To their dismay, the serious members and the outside public took a different view. A disturbance of the money market and of public credit (to say nothing of the turmoil and expense of a General Election) is not regarded with equanimity by City interests. The opinion of Lord Welby, as an ex-Treasury official, with regard to the possible extent of the deficiency, carries weight, and Lord Swaythling's reasons for fearing difficulties in the money market cannot be treated with contempt. He is one of the cleverest and most experienced bankers in the City, and feels sure that if heavy borrowing should become necessary, and importers should be able to bring in any quantity of tea, the dearth of money would be very great. However, the City thinks it will muddle through, and that, somehow or other, the duties will continue to be collected, whether they are legal or not. I cannot help thinking that this will prove to be the case; for if the Resolutions have been good so far, they ought to be good enough to tide over the interregnum. But the shadow of a General Election, with all its distractions and expenses, has fallen over the Stock Exchange, and not even Thursday's Bank Return could dispel the gloom. The Kaffir market is particularly sad, and there is talk of failures. I should add that the Bank Return (with a five per cent. rate) showed a great increase in the reserve, which stands nearly as high as it did at this time last year, when the rate was only 2½ per cent. ! Meantime, the improvement of trade goes on, and the last Board of Trade returns of unemployment are the most favorable for a long time past. This is distinctly fortunate for the Government, though the cotton shortage is distinctly unfortunate. Cotton factories are on short time in all parts of the world, including Lancashire; but no one can find out whether the supposed shortage is, or is not, an American "fake." The Indian crop this year is nearly half the American crop, and India is remarkably prosperous in consequence. There is certainly every prospect of a boom year in India.

THE MEANING OF CAPITAL EXPORTS.

A correspondent has called my attention to a speech made at Dover by Mr. Wyndham on his favorite subject

of the export of British capital. Mr. Wyndham, as we know, regards money lent to the foreigner or to the colonial as money lost, and believes that to finance your neighbors is not merely derogatory, but ruinous. Now Mr. Wyndham is perfectly entitled to his opinion on this point, though he is not likely to get much sympathy from financiers in the City; but he is not entitled to go round quoting figures without giving his authority or to draw conclusions from them that they will not properly bear. He says:—

"We have had a Budget. In the first nine months of this year the money put up for abroad was 132 millions; for home 16 millions. How can you get on in England if the money put up here is 16 millions? How much of that 16 millions was for manufactures? A little over two millions. (Sensation.) Do that and you are doomed to die as a nation."

This is in Mr. Wyndham's happiest style; but where does he get his figures from? He does not acknowledge their source, but apparently they come from the pages of the "Economist," which published a nine months' statement at the beginning of October. Incidentally Mr. Wyndham has embroidered the statistics before reproducing them, and where he gets his statement about only two millions being "put up" for manufactures, I do not know. It certainly does not come from the "Economist." The broad figures of the "Economist" were as follows:—

United Kingdom	£16,277,500
British Possessions	£64,767,100
Foreign countries	£67,723,400

Thus Mr. Wyndham, Imperialist that he is, claps together without distinction the money "put up" for the colonies and the money "put up" for abroad, from which we are forced to conclude that he objects as strongly to developing the Empire with British money as to developing foreign countries.

But what does Mr. Wyndham mean by that curious phrase—borrowed, I imagine, from the vocabulary of the cock-pit—"put up"? If it has any meaning it must mean "put into," or applied to certain purposes, and no doubt the speaker meant his audience to understand that his figures represent all the money applied to English industry. Of course, they represent nothing of the kind. They are taken from published prospectuses, prospectuses advertised in the Press and submitted to the general investor. They do not, and cannot, include capital put into industry by private capitalists on their own account. Nothing but a public transaction figures in these calculations, and so they do not pretend to tell the whole story. And this is a most important qualification, because English industry is financed—as the industries of newer countries are not—by private rather than by public subscription. For example, in the last few years enormous additions have been made to the cotton mills of Lancashire, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the industry has been renovated. But it has all been done privately. There has been, so far as I know, no public offer of shares; all the re-building and re-machining has been done without the addition of £1,000 to the figures of capital applications. On the other hand, the development of Canada, Argentina, Mexico, and Brazil, the greatest foreign borrowers and the great builders of railways, is dependent mainly on joint stock companies and on public subscription.

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Diary of the Week.

LORD LANSDOWNE moved his resolution in the House of Lords on Monday in a speech of some cleverness, but much levity. He brushed the Constitutional arguments lightly aside, saying that in any case the struggle between the two Houses had "got to come," and "we" must ask "ourselves" whether "we" shall stand better or worse if it be shirked to-day. He thought that no serious financial deadlock would occur, unless the Government wanted to bring it about, but admitted that rejection might mean "temporary chaos," and handsomely offered the Government help to mitigate any inconvenience that might arise. Was the Budget so "perishable" that it could not keep six weeks? But in any case temporary chaos was better than the permanent chaos which the Budget would produce. He criticised all the taxes, just as if he were in the House of Commons—the super-tax, death duties, land taxes, licensing taxes—as bad and penalising, and hinted that the Licensing Bill and the Land Taxation Bill had been "tacked" on to the Budget without, however, moving to omit them as "foreign" matter.

* * *

THE speech, quiet in tone, but thoroughly revolution-
ary in matter, was answered by the Lord Chancellor
with great directness. Legally, the House of Lords
could reject the Budget; constitutionally, so long as we
were governed by custom and usage, it could not. No-
thing in the Budget was "tacked." Without valuation
not a shilling of the land taxes could be collected, and
the licensing clauses merely changed the incidence or in-
creased the burden of existing taxes. The Money Bills
which the Lords had rejected were merely the old-

fashioned omnibus Bills, but to throw out the Budget
was a direct invasion both of the prerogative of the
Crown and of the privileges of the Commons.

* * *

THE Lord Chancellor defined the Constitutional posi-
tion in the following impressive words:—

The power in this country is divided between King,
Lords, and Commons. To the Crown belongs the
supreme authority over all, checked by the doctrine of
Ministerial responsibility, and by the power of the
House of Commons to refuse supply. To the House of
Commons belongs the control over the purse, and there-
fore the control over Ministers of the Crown, checked
by the power of the prerogative of dissolution residing
in the Crown. To the Lords belongs the supreme juris-
diction in the administration of justice—surely of itself
a noble attribute—together with a full share in all
legislation except finance. There is no check on this
House, except the creation of peers. Such is the ancient
and famous balance of power known to our Constitu-
tion, the envy of other nations, which your lordships
are now being invited to overthrow.

LORD LOREBURN concluded that, as the result of the Lords'
invasion of these rights, any future Liberal Government
would ask for protection against them, a declaration
echoed both by Lord Pentland and Lord Beauchamp, the
latter of whom definitely declared, on behalf of the
Government, that the Commons would never go on
bended knees to the Peers to seek from them a
new Budget or even a Bill of Indemnity. Both
these speeches, delivered on Tuesday, and also
the speech of Lord Russell, showed great strength
and ability. Lord Russell's included a pointed criticism
of Lord Revelstoke. The head of Baring's had ven-
tured to doubt whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer
understood the meaning of the word credit. Lord
Russell retorted that this kind of City spirit hardly
understood what was meant by social service and
improvement.

* * *

THE only Constitutional point of any substance made
by Lord Lansdowne was his quotation of an *obiter dictum*
of Lord Spencer's in 1904, in which he declared that the
Lords had the right to throw out a Money Bill. This
nominal right has no doubt been just kept in verbal being
by individual peers, though, as Lord Courtney says, if
it is not dead, neither is it constitutionally alive. But
the reference to the debate of 1904 shows how insin-
cere is Lord Lansdowne's citation of it. Lord Spencer
then used the phrase in form only to repudiate it in fact.
"I need hardly say," he added, "that I am not going to
propose that the Finance Bill should be thrown out, but
I do claim the right of the Lords to discuss a measure
of this great importance." But in reality Lord Spencer's
mild claim is less significant than Lord Lansdowne's
practical repudiation of it. The circumstances were
these. The first and second readings of the Budget of
1904 were set down in the Lords for the same day with-
out giving the peers any notice. They protested
vigorously, but their protests were resisted both by Lord
Halsbury and by Lord Lansdowne, the former de-
manding the instant passage of the Bill (on July 29th)
because on August 1st, one of the House of Commons's
resolutions would determine. Lord Lansdowne insisted

that the House could better debate finance on other Bills than on the Budget. That is to say, Lord Lansdowne would not risk "temporary chaos" for a day, much less for six weeks, and under the circumstances thought it ill-advised for the Lords even to discuss a Budget, to say nothing of rejecting it.

* * *

THE second day's debate, like the days that followed it, went badly for the amendment. Two formidable opponents appeared in Lord Cromer and Lord Lytton, representatives of the older and the younger schools of Conservatism. Both strongly opposed the Budget, Lord Cromer thinking it more unworkmanlike than unsound, and Lord Lytton disliking the class bias which he found in the land clauses and in the Chancellor's speeches. But both agreed in condemning the Lansdowne amendment. Lord Cromer thought the passionate faction fight which it would produce dangerous to the Empire, and certain to lead to a material change in the functions of the Second Chamber. Lord Lytton could not take the responsibility of refusing supplies on account of a Budget which was clearly popular. On the other hand, stalwarts like Lord Camperdown insisted that the House had nothing to do with "consequences," and that, by showing fight, it might gain rather than lose with its friends.

* * *

THIS "Balaclava" mood was severely damped down by Lord Rosebery on Wednesday night. His speech, brilliantly ironic in form, was divided between a recital of his Glasgow criticisms of the Budget and a sombre protest against the Lansdowne resolution. He still thought the Budget "crude and vindictive," and insisted that millions of money were leaving the country because of it, and that ships were hurrying across the Atlantic carrying bonds and stocks as ballast. But he feared that the wrong battle-ground had been chosen, that the stakes were too heavy, and that an unreformed hereditary House could not face the electorate. Some of the Lords were young, others had taken little part in public life. It would be better for most of the unknown Tory peers to retire and delegate 150 men to vote for them in the coming division. He trembled for the future power of the House of Lords, which was "the only remaining obstacle to Home Rule." Therefore he could not stake all his hopes of the future on the "tumultuous hazard of an election." Lord Milner, characteristically rejecting Lord Rosebery's policy, criticised the Budget less severely, and expressed complete confidence in his power to raise the whole of the deficit of thirteen millions by taxes on foreign imports.

* * *

A STILL heavier misfortune befell the stricken party on Thursday. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, a Unionist ex-Cabinet Minister of great power and steady courage of opinion, tore to shreds the constitutional basis of Lord Lansdowne's resolution, and prophetically warned his party of the fate that awaited them. The resolution attacked the old usage of the Constitution under which the House of Commons was supreme in the control of the Government of the day as well as of finance. A referendum on a Budget was impossible; if such an engine were set up, the control of the Commons would go, and the "most momentous change" ever effected in the Constitution would occur. The Lords were offending the deeper conservative instincts of the country, and it was fatal to associate the defence of the peers with an attack on the food of the people. If they won, their victory could only be temporary; if they lost, their credit and prestige were ended

for ever. The speech had all the greater effect because Lord Balfour confessed a measured dislike of the Budget.

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ANOTHER blow came from the Bishop of Hereford, who, disregarding the Primate's call to the Bishops to pass by (in strict accordance with historical precedent) on the other side, stoutly declared that it was their duty to plead for the "multitudinous poor." He supported the Budget because it was a "social welfare" Budget. Lord Lansdowne's resolution was purely revolutionary; whereas the Budget was a safeguard against revolution. If the Lords forced an appeal to the people, the answer would come back—"Never again in this country shall the fundamental liberties of the people be endangered by any privileged class." Later in the debate the Tory Lord Newton said that Lord Rosebery had pushed the peers to the brink of the precipice and then turned right-about-face. It remains to be said that the Liberal peers, the moderates included, have spoken with great ability and have stood like a rock for Constitutional right. The division takes place on Tuesday, and a great speech is expected from Lord Morley on Monday.

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LORD REVELSTOKE is the head of Baring's, and his maiden speech against the Budget in the House of Lords aroused a good deal of interest. The language and form were quite good, but the substance was flimsy. That the head of a firm, whose main business it is, and long has been, to tempt English investors into foreign securities, should denounce this Government for driving capital abroad, is very strange. But the assertion, as Lord St. Davids showed in his thoroughly informed speech, is not founded on fact. The only figures available—those for capital issues in London—are against Lord Revelstoke. Then again, he tries to prove that the credit of the country has been shaken by this Administration, and refers to the fall in Consols and railway stocks. But the fall from 1897 or 1898 to 1905 under the late Government was heavier than the fall under the present Government, and it is absurd to talk about our credit being shattered when it is at least 25 per cent. better than that of Germany.

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The main causes of the fall of Consols are, of course, three: (1) the Boer War; (2) the inclusion by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain of Colonial stocks in trustee securities, and (3) Mr. Wyndham's Irish Land Act. Lord Avebury's speech was worse than Lord Revelstoke's, for he made a good many of the usual "Avebury" howlers. Lord St. Davids showed how in the case of Argentina an investment of English capital is followed by large exports of English manufactures. Lord Milner admitted that exports of capital are normally proofs of prosperity—superfluous savings. But apparently when a Liberal Government is in office it must be presumed that home industries are being starved! The countries which "welcome" our capital and, of course, pay through the nose for it are not the richest but the poorest countries in the world.

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OUTSIDE Parliament the most important speech has been made by Sir Edward Grey, the great Liberal Moderate, who insisted that the country was in the presence of a revolution, that the Lords had put back the clock, and that their breach of Constitutional practice was "a gambler's throw," and a direct attack on the privileges of the House of Commons. If the Liberals won, the Lords would have to accept "fair and reasonable means" for making the established opinion of the House of Commons prevail.

THE French Chamber is still occupied with a difficult Budget and unpopular taxation. M. Jaurès, in a brilliant oratorical effort, traced the deficits from which every European Power now suffers primarily to the "latent but chronic hostility of England and Germany." A vigorous intervention by the Premier was required to rally his majority. A long statement by M. Pichon seemed to prelude the entry of the Moroccan difficulty upon a fresh and very disquieting phase. Morocco, he explained, owes already £3,200,000, and will be required to pay an indemnity of £2,800,000 to cover the cost of the French expeditions, of which the main object certainly was to intervene (unsuccessfully as it happened) in the dynastic conflict. The occupation will not end, however, even with the payment of the indemnity. The Sultan will first have to organise an efficient police—which means, we suspect, a French police. He will be helped, if he consents, to float a loan in France—which again means French control in a more absolute form. He is also reminded of his many barbarities, particularly the "outrageous treatment inflicted on the Jews"—a reproach which France might more properly have addressed to her Russian ally. It is impossible to predict what the end of these negotiations will be. M. Doumer, an ardent colonial, reminded M. Pichon that it would be unsafe to embark on any extensive military adventure, since France required all her military strength in Europe.

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THE impressive demonstration of last Saturday held in the Albert Hall under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury against the misrule on the Congo has had a somewhat unexpected echo abroad. The "Kreuz Zeitung" in a leading article has registered the belief that this movement is sincerely humanitarian. It went on to declare that Germany also must insist on the observance of her treaty rights on the Congo, which she could do only in co-operation with Great Britain. The Bremen Chamber of Commerce has addressed a memorial in the same sense to the Archbishop of Canterbury. These symptoms make it easy to accept the statement in one of Mr. Morel's public speeches that German diplomacy is ready to act with our own. Indeed, we have always inclined to think that French rather than German opposition was the obstacle to any European action in the Congo question. The Belgian promises of reform are not unsatisfactory, and the system of forced labor has so far broken down that their sincerity need not be doubted. But the stronger the pressure from outside, the better will be the prospects of reform. There is as yet no regret for the past, and no repudiation of the principles on which the system of exploitation rests. In the absence of any change of mind we can only judge by results. Results as yet there are none.

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THE affairs of Hungary are still in riotous confusion, and the chiefs of the now broken Coalition have once more been in consultation with the Crown in Vienna. The Cabinet has been, with brief intervals, in a state of suspended resignation since April. The Crown will not concede the demands which might, perhaps, enable the moderates under M. Kossuth and Counts Apponyi and Andrassy to rally a following. In the absence of any concessions the extremists under M. de Justh are daily gaining strength. Nor can one wonder at the reluctance of the Crown to bargain with the Magyar party of ascendancy. It stipulated, when it originally gave office to the Coalition, for a Universal Suffrage Law which would have been fair to the non-Magyar nationalities. The Coalition has not executed that promise; worse still,

it has produced a scheme of plural voting which would only perpetuate the present Magyar hegemony. The one hopeful feature of the present dissensions among the Magyars is that they offer some hope to the oppressed nationalities. The Croatian members for the moment hold the balance in the Diet. M. de Justh, extremist patriot though he is, has actually been bidding for non-Magyar support. The days of the hegemony seem at last to be numbered.

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THE able correspondent of the "Times" in Peking has written an account of the Chinese Provincial Assemblies, which met for the first time on October 14th. They are purely consultative, and leave the prerogatives of the official class untouched. But they are part of a carefully timed programme, which, in nine years from now, is to culminate in an Imperial Parliament at Peking. The ruling class refuses as yet to take the new institutions seriously, and professes to regard them as a mere safety-valve, and a machinery which will allow them the more readily to repress the reformers by forcing them into the open. But already the Assemblies have displayed a very independent spirit, and checked at least one unpopular tax. They are "formidable," "iconoclastic," and "patriotic," but as yet they lack leaders. Leaders, however, can never be developed under a secret despotism. One expects a Mirabeau only after the States General have met. Japanese opinion seems on the whole to be optimistic. But perhaps the Japanese hardly realise that the Chinese have to face a difficulty which did not exist in their own case—an alien dynasty, and an alien Manchu ruling caste, which is both reactionary and uncultured.

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THE internal troubles of Greece have entered on a fresh and peculiarly undesirable phase. The Military League, after successfully ejecting a large number of senior officers from the army and navy, is now turning its attention to the Civil Services. It has published a scurrilous attack on Dr. Kavvadias, the head of the archæological department, and demanded the dismissal of four members of the diplomatic service. Its organ, the "Chronos," next announced that it would print a full list of other Civil servants whom it wished to proscribe. The persuasions of the Prime Minister have procured a delay in this publication, but the pressure is none the less privately exerted. There is no reason to suppose that it stands for anything more respectable than the desire of junior or disappointed officials to break their more successful competitors. Meanwhile, the Turks—very unwisely—have retorted on the chauvinistic side of this agitation by prohibiting the entry of most of the Greek newspapers into Turkey. Greece in this crisis is sadly deficient in statesmen. The real administrative ability of the race has gone into commerce.

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MR. BALFOUR delivered the Romanes lecture at the Sheldonian Theatre on Wednesday on "Questionings on Criticism and Beauty." Curiously enough, he followed Tolstoy in criticising and almost rejecting the æsthetic judgment of art, and showed some hankering after the older custom of asking whether it served morality and religion, or helped the State, or served some practical end. Generally, he seemed to think that good resulted from the efforts of the school which sought to attach æsthetic enjoyment to morals or religion, or to some form of utility and race progress.

[The next issue of THE NATION will be a special number dealing with the gift-books of the season.]

Politics and Affairs.

"IT NEVER CAN HAPPEN AGAIN."

WE hope that no friend of the Constitution will assume that, because some of our new Revolutionists are shivering in mid-stream, the step taken by Lord Lansdowne either will or can be retraced. His resolution, which will be carried on Tuesday night, will be deprived of much even of its initial force by the knowledge that the ablest of the non-official leaders of the Unionist Party openly disapprove it, and the suspicion that many or most of their officials will vote for it with distrust and apprehension. But it will pass; and it remains only to face the unprecedented political situation that will thus arise in these islands. The Constitutional forces will be ranged, not necessarily by the will of all the parties, in two camps. On the one side will stand the Crown, the Commons, and the People—all of them, in a more or less degree, affronted and diminished in authority by the action of the peers; on the other side a part, and that the less popular and defensible part, of the hereditary power. So far as the Crown is concerned, we imagine that no immediate recourse will be had to it, and that only at a later stage can the King be asked, practically through the united request of the Commons and the People, to restore the disturbed balance of forces, and to secure us all against a similar disturbance of them in the future. For the moment, the battle lies between the House of Commons and the House of Lords. In the election to come there will be not Liberal or Tory or Labor candidates, so much as House of Commons candidates and House of Lords candidates, and we do not see why the party leaders should not, for this occasion only, rule out ordinary denominations, and thus sharply indicate the true point of division. For we have now at last to decide the question which has been at the back of the mind of every democratic statesman for the last twenty years. Is the governing force in this country to be representative or non-representative? This question comes home with equal force to the two divisions of men who adhere to progressive politics. The Liberal Party is called on to answer for its entire scheme of fiscal and legislative work; the Labor Party for its right to exist. Happily, the hard struggle to preserve these activities alive has centred in the denial by the Lords of the birthright of a free people; the right to be taxed only by those whom they elect. Every significant chapter in our history has centred round those rights. With their concession the British Constitution was born. With their destruction, it must die.

Thus plain in the sight of all men, English, Irish, Scottish, and Welsh, lies the issue. But if no man can quite turn from it, many will seek to evade it. We will deal with the most plausible of these pleas, as they appear in Lord Lansdowne's speech, before we return to the central point. Practically, they are contained in one contention, that the Budget is revolutionary in form and in fact, and that instead of casting it out forthwith, the House of Lords has chosen the mild course of "submitting" it to the people. Let us say at once on the point of reference, that the Lords have submitted no-

thing. They have refused supplies to the Crown for a stated period, intervening, with violence, in a transaction which, both formally and actually, takes place between the Commons and the Sovereign. No machinery for the "reference" of a Budget exists, nor can the wit of man devise it, for every tax would have to be submitted on its merits and by itself. Will the Lords "submit" the land taxes to a referendum? Or the super-tax? Or the new scale of death duties? And would they accept a submission to the great mass of consumers of every item of indirect taxation which the Budget contains? If so, we can promise them, not the moderate proposals of Mr. Lloyd George, but an invitation to a Budget which would not merely check the charitable emotions of the peers, but would end them altogether. No; the Budget is not, and cannot be, "submitted": it is killed, and the only hope that the Lords cherish of winning an already lost election is to rouse in their defence a mixed force of bribery, intimidation, and trade pressure, set up by untruthful and ignoble presentments of the fears of property.

We come then to the plea that the Budget is revolutionary. Here we have to deal with a contention so clearly dishonest that it answers itself. A Budget has no permanent character. It is a mere annual schedule of taxes, which can be filled in by each succeeding Government according to its will. The Lords have only to convert the people to their mind about this particular Budget, and then, without confusion, without any strain upon the British Constitution, it can be changed, and Lord Milner can carry out his threat of sweating thirteen millions out of the wages of the workmen and workwomen and the earnings and capital of the general body of consumers. That, indeed, would be a Revolution, compared with which this Budget would be trifling, and it happens to be the actual Tory alternative, now officially adopted by Lord Lansdowne. In a word, the Lords want a return at once to the Hungry 'Forties and to the Tyrannous 'Twenties. But there is a further test of the sincerity of this phase of Lord Lansdowne's attack on the Budget. He said, or hinted, that the taxes on land and licences had been "tacked"—i.e., that they contained matter "foreign" to a Finance Bill. If this was true, and if those clauses violated the historic resolution of the Lords against "tacking," the remedy would have been to move their excision on this ground. We do not believe that any "tacking" device would have passed either the House of Commons or the Cabinet, but certainly the Lords would have attempted to stop it, if there had been fair cause for such tactics. But neither in the Commons nor in the Lords was this line of action adopted. In place of it, the whole Bill was marked for destruction. By that act, the Lords admit the perfect relevance and propriety of these taxes. Lord Milner knows his business as a financial expert, whatever may be said of his statesmanship, and while he criticised the method and discredited the workmanship and yield of some of the Budget taxes, he abstained from the charges of "revolution" and of "tacking." Indeed the Lords, by rejecting the only procedure consistent with their argument, reveal their true end. That is to acquire the general

control of taxation. This obtained, they will have secured the chief power in the State, and can estop every Liberal Government from free access to the Sovereign and to power, and from all living dependence on the House of Commons.

Here, then, is the stake, and Lord Rosebery is correct in describing it as a tolerably high one. The Liberal Party is faced, not merely with the loss of a popular Budget, built up, in Professor Marshall's words, as a means to "social welfare," but with a paralysis of the representative principle. The rights of the "passing majority" are to be taken away by a party which never "passes" before the people at all, and whose governing members Lord Rosebery advises to hide betimes, lest the electorate should catch a glimpse of them. In face of this emergency, the various ranks of the progressive army, which, we believe, will present an absolutely united front to their common enemy, make only one demand on their leaders, and that is an assurance that the fight will be joined on its full and true issue. The Lord Chancellor and Lord Pentland put the general point with no lack of precision. "It is, in my opinion, impossible," said Lord Loreburn, "that any Liberal Government should ever again bear the heavy burden of office unless it is secured against a repetition of treatment such as our measures have had to undergo for the last four years." "Their lordships knew perfectly well," said Lord Pentland, "that no Liberal Government would ever again be placed in power in this country unless it was ready to take steps to secure itself in future from the harassing opposition to which the present Government had been subjected." Not only, therefore, are the Government bound to see that the present denial by the Lords of the most fundamental of Constitutional rights is barred to them in future, but they must re-establish the whole way of progressive government. This issue does not raise the whole question of rule by two Houses or one. It does raise the acute problem of the quite modern usurpation of the peers. If the House of Lords had sought to retain only the revising and delaying powers which Bagehot and the general body of mid-century Constitutionalists freely conceded them, they might have rested in peace, and even done good work for the State. But now that they have changed, first to a body of rabid landlords and Tory partizans, and then to sheer revolutionists, no further terms can be held with them. This means an election on the Veto, and we have no doubt that before it opens the Prime Minister will define the general lines of his plan for rescuing the representative House from servitude to the peers. But the questions of the Lords and the Land go together. Twin problems, never far apart from each other, they are now indissolubly linked. The people of Great Britain want room to live and develop under a fixed Constitution and a vitally changed system of land tenure.

THE ISSUES BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

THE immediate task set to the Government by the House of Lords is the bringing home as clearly and forcibly as possible to the people of the country the nature of the

revolution involved in the passage of Lord Lansdowne's motion. The questions raised by the Budget, great and urgent as they are, sink into insignificance by the side of the question raised by the rejection of the Budget. Let us see what that question is. Under our Constitution, as it has been framed, partly by law but mainly by usage, the House of Commons, as representing the people of the country, is the central and dominant authority. It maintains that position because the King, in whose name and by whose legal authority the whole work of administration is carried on, selects his Ministers from the leading men of the party which holds a majority in the House, and because Ministers retain their position only so long as they can command that majority. Why are Ministers thus dependent on the House of Commons, and on the House of Commons alone? The reply is very simple. It is that the House of Commons has the power of the purse. It alone can vote the taxes necessary to the work of administration, and appropriate them to their various purposes. The uncontrolled power of the purse is thus the foundation of the authority of the House of Commons, and the means of ensuring the responsibility of Ministers to the nation.

This power Lord Lansdowne's motion extinguishes. This motion being carried, the House of Lords asserts the right, not merely as now and again in old days to refuse a particular money Bill, but to stop the whole machinery of supply. If it has this power, it has also the power of forcing the dissolution of Parliament, since without supply Government cannot go on. Thus at a stroke it usurps, first, the principal prerogative of the Crown, the right of dissolution, and secondly, the principal right of the people, the right of saying through their representatives what moneys they will provide for the King's Government, and by what means. It follows next that no Government can retain power beyond a few months—and substantially this means that no Government can assume power at all—without gaining and maintaining the support of the House of Lords, since at any moment by the refusal of supply the House of Lords can prevent it from carrying on the work of administration. So far it would appear that the House of Lords has placed itself on an equality with the House of Commons, and has ousted the Crown from its main prerogative.

But the change is greater than that. The consequences of a dissolution are not equal for the two Houses. The Lords have no constituents to face, and no election bills to pay. To them a dissolution is no more than a prorogation. In case of a controversy between the Houses they have all to gain and nothing to lose. Hence their position becomes far stronger than that of the House of Commons. Equally, it is stronger than that of the Crown, for the King through his Ministers is responsible for the government of the country, and cannot with equanimity face a deadlock. The Lords have no such responsibility, and, as may be seen in Lord Lansdowne's airy references to the insignificance of a financial chaos, have no hesitation in creating a deadlock which they leave to others to overcome. It follows that if the action of the Lords be sustained they become without doubt masters of the country, and the hard-won Parliamentary franchise is shorn of three-fourths of its value. The

House of Commons is reduced to a platform on which the opinions of the country may be registered, and resolutions passed, but by which and through which nothing can be done. The power of legislation it has already in large measure lost, and now with legislation go administration and finance.

Perhaps the most remarkable contribution to the debate this week has not been anything that has been heard in the House of Lords—though we do not forget the weighty speeches of the Lord Chancellor and Lord Pentland—but the letter of Professor Dicey in the "Times" and the reply of Sir Frederick Pollock. Professor Dicey has written on the Law of the Constitution, and no one has done more to enforce the general confidence in the rule of tradition and the moral efficacy of unbroken practice. Yet it is Professor Dicey of all men who comes forward to cancel the value of the whole of his work by justifying a reversal of a tradition which is absolutely unbroken. And what is his fear? It is that if the rights of the Lords be denied, "the majority of the House of Commons would henceforward be supreme." Well may Sir Frederick Pollock reply that this is precisely what he and others who learned constitutional law along with Professor Dicey always supposed them to be. For what does Professor Dicey say in his own work but that "the one essential principle of the Constitution is obedience by all persons to the deliberately expressed will of the House of Commons, and ultimately to the will of the nation as expressed through Parliament?" Both these principles are set at naught if the Lords can at will force a dissolution of Parliament. If they are at liberty to decide the points on which the nation has or has not expressed its will at an election, then it is they who are masters of the situation, and not the House of Commons nor the people as expressing their will through Parliament.

The issue, then, is simple. It is a direct question between political liberty and irresponsible oligarchic rule. It remains only for the Government to see that it is presented in its simplicity and its fulness to the electors. The first step to this end is to refuse all concession to the usurped authority of the House of Lords. There can exist, and there will exist, none of those neat little schemes which Lord Lansdowne, with very ill-timed levity, assumed Lord Crewe to have in readiness for carrying the country through the crisis by an arrangement between parties. The House of Lords has put itself outside the bounds of any possible arrangement. It will not accept the Budget as it stands. Thus no alternative to the Budget will go before it. There will be no temporary measure for the special authorisation of those taxes to which the Lords choose to give their consent, for any such Bill, whether directly or indirectly, would imply an admission of the right of the Lords to control taxation. The Commons will maintain their substantial rights as sanctioned by tradition. They will no doubt assert their authority by resolution, and may very well declare that the collection of taxes is sufficiently authorised in accordance with long-standing practice by their resolutions until the time at which the Finance Bill of the year becomes law. Meanwhile, they will lay their case before the constituencies, and demand

from them authority to bring to an end a state of things which has for three years paralysed Liberal legislation, and is now equally paralysing Liberal administration and Liberal finance. That is to say, they will put the whole question of the veto, financial as well as legislative, before the country, and make it, so far as it is possible to make any one question, the single issue of the election. For the meantime, we can only trust that the good sense of the Courts will interpret the authority of the Resolutions in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution and the manifest requirement of the public welfare. If they refuse to do so, the responsibility will not be with the Government or the House of Commons. For the loss and confusion that will result the country will have to thank the Lords. It may be a sharp and expensive lesson. But it has to be learnt.

THE SOCIAL POLICY OF LIBERALISM.

THE present crisis in Liberalism is no chance happening, but the inevitable result of the endeavor to use the State as an instrument for realising liberty. Now liberty, it has been well said, consists not merely in the absence of restraint but in the presence of opportunity. The modern Liberal is not content with the unfair conditions of life's handicap. Individuals are not born with equal personal endowments, but it is the first business of civilised society to see that they are provided with equal opportunities, to make the best use of such capacities as they possess for their own advantage and for the commonweal. The growing determination to apply this principle has forced to the forefront of politics new social problems, the solution of which involves important limitations of "rights" of private industrial enterprise and private property. Sweating, unemployment, destitution, physical degeneration, and, in large measure, crime, are recognised as being in part at least the fruits of a bad social-economic environment traceable in the last resort to certain abuses of landlordism or industrial dominion. The strictly conservative element in the new Liberalism consists in a policy for securing a minimum standard of life and work for all effective members of the nation, with educative and humane consideration for all defective members. Thus Liberalism strengthens the foundation of modern society. But to this conservative policy a creative or progressive policy is organically related, aiming to discover and develop the potential resources of the nation, those properties of her land and labor which private enterprise is not adapted fully to evoke and utilise.

This social policy of modern Liberalism has not been planned with clear, far-sighted intention; it has been a slow, secret, many-rooted, obscure growth within the party. Perhaps for this very reason it is strong, persistent, and undeniable. But, though the earlier processes in such an organic change may often take place instinctively, there comes a time when clear recognition and a conscious focussing of social will are essential. That time has now arrived, and it is well that some of our leading statesmen are realising the necessity for a reformulation of Liberal principles and policy to accord with

the new conditions of the task they are called upon to undertake. We have no hesitation in saying that the clearest, most eloquent, and most convincing exposition of this new Liberalism is to be found in the volume of collected speeches of Mr. Winston Churchill just published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Those born in a creed are often at a disadvantage for purposes of valuation and exposition with those who have achieved it. Mr. Churchill brought into Liberalism a certain impartiality and subtlety of appreciation hardly attainable among the traditional Liberals. The very title which he gives to this volume, "Liberalism and the Social Problem," indicates his rigor and accuracy of political judgment. For, though recent history has flung into strong relief issues of Empire and of foreign policy, besides fiscal and constitutional matters of the gravest moment, upon some of which Mr. Churchill can claim to speak with authority, it is the new resolve of Liberalism to confront the social problem that is the explanation of the new struggle. For the latest action of the House of Lords, unconstitutional, revolutionary though it be, was not unexpected. In a true sense, it was inevitable. For the new conservative and constructive Liberalism involves, as we have recognised, large interference with abuses of property and social power, represented to an overwhelming degree in the Tory Party. The policy involves what to the mind of great landowners, liquor lords, and other beneficiaries of vested and protected interests, will naturally appear "an attack upon their property." National defence, efficiency, development, cannot be compassed without an enlargement of public services, and a standard of life and work cannot be maintained without restrictions upon anti-social modes of land-owning and profit-making. Standing firmly by tradition and personal proclivity for public economy, Mr. Churchill is far too wise to confuse that term with parsimony, or to fail to recognise that, for such tasks as we denote, the modern State must require a large and growing revenue. Thus social reform compels a Liberal Government to recast its revenue system with a view to tracing forms of income and of property which possess a large and increasing ability to bear taxation. With bold penetration Mr. Churchill insists that this revenue policy demands that the State henceforth undertakes a scrutiny into "origins" of wealth. It is this proposal which stirs the passionate indignation alike of Mr. Balfour and the Dukes. It is to their mind an incendiary doctrine. It is not, indeed, novel. "Unearned increments" in land have long been recognised in theory: it is now proposed to translate theory into practice. Mr. Balfour complains that other "unearned increments" get off scot free. This is not true; but, if it were, it is likely to be remedied as Mr. Churchill's inquest into "origins" becomes fuller and more systematic, even though we may have to resign the attempt to make it perfect. In short, the new Liberal policy necessitates a revision of the meaning and the sanctions of "property," not for invasion or for confiscation, but for correct discrimination between "earned" property which cannot easily bear a tax, and "unearned" property which can and must be made to pay.

It is here that the Constitutional issues arise. The House of Lords stands for unearned property. "One-sided, hereditary, unpurged, unrepresentative, irresponsible, absentee," it proposes to stake its life against the necessities of the Liberal State in the defence of those political, economic, and social privileges which enable its members to live in leisure, dignity, and luxury at the expense of the industrious classes of the nation. There is, as Mr. Churchill indicates, no repudiation of property, but an insistence that property must be so ordered in its attainment and its uses that it be "associated in the minds of the mass of the people with ideas of justice and reason." Firmly and clearly does Mr. Churchill discriminate between Liberalism and Socialism. Monopolies must not remain in private hands, unearned wealth where it can be found must be intercepted for the State, an ever-widening area of public productive enterprise lies open to the Municipality and the State, the law must keep an effective control over the conditions of employment. But this growth of collective organisation is consistent with the maintenance of wide fields of private business enterprise utilising under wholesome limits the spirit of competition and of individual effort. This moving equilibrium of the forces of collectivism and individualism, not a contradiction or a compromise, but a harmony, is of the very essence of that social progress to which Liberalism commits itself with fresh faith and with growing courage, as the nature of her task becomes clearer to consciousness, and draws its inspiration from a firmer grasp upon the principles of social justice.

THE CASE OF FINLAND.

THERE are two reasons which make the fortunes of the unlucky Duchy of Finland in a peculiarly intimate way the concern of every good European. The population which is now awaiting from week to week the final destruction of its liberties at the hands of the Tsar, belongs to our Western world as does no other race in the Russian Empire, not even the Poles. Its civilisation has never been Oriental. Its religion is Lutheran. Its constitution has been from remote ages representative. The language, at least of its upper class, is Swedish. In all that makes the mentality of a people, in its logical obedience to democratic ideals, its steady faith in order, its respect for womanhood, it is not only Western, but a leader and a pioneer among Western peoples. Its windows have always looked towards Europe, and its universities have taken their full part in the intellectual life of their time. It is a party in Russia which is not merely reactionary, but Oriental, that once more conspires against its liberties. The conceptions of Pan-Slavism, alike in their exaltation of autocracy and in their obscurantist religious basis, are of the East. It is an affair of the outposts in a long war of two civilisations of which we are to-day the passive spectators. We have no rights of intervention. We have no status sanctioned by treaties. But the struggle none the less appeals to our sympathies and to our sense of fraternity as clearly as did the conflict between Christianity and

Islam in the unhappiest epoch of Turkish misrule. In another, and even larger, sense the issue has a vital interest for Europe. It is the test of the ability of a great Power to over-ride treaties, to obliterate written guarantees, and to use the brute force of a hundred-and-fifty millions to trample on the rights of three. Finland, it is true, was added to the Russian Empire amid the convulsions of the Napoleonic wars that were fatal to the last relics of Swedish dominion. To the Russian reactionary school, the Duchy belongs to the Empire by the "right of conquest" alone. In that first triumph of force they see a sanction which over-rides the solemn promises and contracts that secured from the first invasion downwards the autonomy of the conquered province. If, after the lapse of a century, a Tsar may recur to this "right of conquest" to annul all that his predecessors gave and himself recognised, there remains in the structure of modern Europe one trace the less of any respect for law and right. Finland will not suffer alone. A blow will have been dealt indirectly at every race and people which has to dread the oppression of the strong. The checks upon unchartered authority will have been weakened, the currency of international honor will have been debased. The impotence of public opinion to restrain a lawless Power in the commission of palpable wrong will have been demonstrated in a way that must depress and discredit in every country the parties which deny the unlimited rights of force.

For the third time in four years the Finnish Diet has been dissolved by the Tsar. That, however, is the least of the calamities which the Duchy has to face. The steadiness of the national character, the unanimity of the national patriotism, acting through the mechanism of proportional representation, may be trusted to return a Parliament substantially identical with those which preceded it. A regiment of Cossacks is camped on Finnish soil. The administration is in the hands of soldiers, sailors, and officials. The Russian Cabinet has usurped the right to advise the Tsar as Grand Duke of Finland in all his dealings with the Diet of the Duchy. A military contribution has been imposed without the Diet's assent. But grave as these infractions of Finnish autonomy are, a worse menace is impending. The old pretext used with such deadly effect in 1899 has been revived. M. Stolypin is bent upon asserting the right of the central Government of Russia—which now means nominally the Duma—to legislate for Finland in all common affairs. There can be little doubt of what juridically the position of Finland properly is. She is an autonomous State, subject only to these disabilities—that her Grand Duke is always the Russian Emperor, that her foreign relations are controlled by him alone, and that her military forces are under his executive command. In all else she is independent of Russia. In this reading of her autonomy, European jurists—including even some distinguished Russian professors—are unanimous.

The evidence has just been collected and set forth, with a convincing display of erudition and good sense, by a notable Dutch authority, Professor van der Vlugt, of Leyden (*Un nouveau conflit Russo-Finlandais*). The practice of the past, wherever Finnish legislation might have

affected Russian interests, was to arrange for a prior consultation between the Finnish Senate and the Russian Minister whose department was affected. Whatever case there may be for some more businesslike arrangement, there can be no justification for the procedure which M. Stolypin contemplates. He proposes by the act of the Russian Central Government alone to transfer what he is pleased to consider common affairs to the competence of the Russian legislature alone. The consent of the Finnish Diet will not even be sought. The methods of bribery by which the Irish Parliament was induced to surrender its autonomy were respectable by comparison with this threatened usurpation. Compensation to Finland there will be none, unless indeed she values the privilege of sending three or four members to the nearly impotent Russian Duma. But the whole extent of the revolution becomes apparent only when we enquire what is to be the range of these so-called "common affairs." They include not merely the army, the posts, the railways, navigation, customs and tariffs, but also the share of Finland in Imperial taxation, the maintenance of order, the judicial system and procedure, and all legislation affecting the rights of the press, of association, and of public meeting. The people of Finland, in short, will no longer tax themselves, no longer control their own police, and they will see their most fundamental liberties levelled down to the common measure of the Tsar's barbaric Empire. The Diet, if it lingers on, will be little more than a Zemstvo or County Council. The autonomy of Finland will be at an end, and, in all that makes life worth having, the conditions at Helsingfors will be no better than the conditions which rule at Odessa and Tomsk. The same police, the same censorship, the same insecurity of personal rights, will bespeak the triumph over the last free people of the Empire of the ideals of the Pan-Slavist reaction. It is hardly worth while to enquire what would remain from this wreck of Finnish autonomy. The little that might be left would doubtless disappear amid a state of siege controlled by some new Bobrikoff.

The Finnish people, at this painful crisis in its eventful history, preserves its wonted self-control. It will not play into the despot's hands by attempting an armed revolt which might seem to justify the aggression. Its weapon will doubtless be a passive resistance, in which the whole nation will refuse to assist the Tsar in his designs on its liberties. It will once more appeal to the conscience of Europe. Two articles by the ex-Premier Mechelin and Professor Reuter in the forthcoming "English Review" state its case, coldly but firmly, on the unanswerable ground of juridical argument. The answer, if Europe had as yet that solidarity towards which she is only struggling, would be a boycott of the Power which has defied the very conception of international good faith. No nation which respected itself would enter into an alliance with that Power, or receive its sovereign with public honors, or open its purse to its appeals for loans. That, unfortunately, is as yet an impracticable policy. But a Nemesis does none the less await so flagrant a breach of public faith. Even our own Tories perceive the need of a certain prudence in their interested fraternisation with such a Power. Our Foreign Office will look more minutely

than was its wont into the wording of the Russian documents on which it relies in its dealings with its new associate in Persia and the Balkans. For if this crime is consummated, it will be a warning to all who care to read, that the reactionary influence, which is usually anti-British, as well as anti-popular, is dominant in the Tsar's councils. Whatever our rulers may desire, there can be no *entente cordiale* with a Power which commits such a baseness. They may choose to condone or ignore the oppressions which the Tsar perpetrates at home. But some respect for his plighted word is essential in any ally.

THE GREAT DAYS OF 1832.

IN the closing days of 1830, the year of the Revolution that drove Charles the Tenth from France, Lord Grey became Prime Minister, to carry a Reform which, as Charles Grey, the lieutenant of Charles Fox, he had proposed in the House of Commons in the year that Louis XVI. lost his head and the great Revolution terrified and maddened the rulers of England. Grey was on the verge of seventy. In a public life of forty-four years he had held office for a few months only. For twenty-three years he had led a bitter and beaten Opposition. He had seen the destruction of many hopes and the loss of many friends. He had been the ally of Burke in the impeachment of Warren Hastings, in the days before the French Revolution had scattered a great party of small aims, and inspired a small party with great aims. Of his great comrades, none remained to him. Fox, Sheridan, Whitbread—the men with whom he had shared the darkest hours of freedom—had died before the dawn; one of them of despair. In the forty years that divided England from the French Revolution, whose smoke still enveloped the fancies of the aristocracy, the nation had passed through endless war, unparalleled suffering, and the blind violence of the panic of her rulers. Sidmouth and Eldon were there to recall the brutal repressions of the second reign of terror; Grenville still lived, the cold spectre of the first. Canning, Grey's brilliant and bitter enemy, the genius of the "Anti-Jacobin," had followed his foe and colleague Castlereagh to the grave, but by one of the delicate touches of the irony of history there survived the butt of the Anti-Jacobin's predecessor and rival, and among the speeches against the Reform Bill was one from Lord Rolle, who assured the Peers that the Bill was not popular. So many, so fierce, and so ancient were the memories that gathered round Grey.

The colleagues with whom Grey set out on his great task were not revolutionaries. They included followers of Canning in Palmerston and Melbourne; cautious Whigs like Lansdowne; the dogged farmer Althorp, whom nothing but a tenacious sense of public duty kept in politics; the dashing Lambton; Brougham, for whom no Government could find a cage large enough; Holland, loyal to friends and to causes; Sir John Graham; and last, but not least, little Lord John, who was now to enjoy one of the two great moments of his life. They represented different temperatures of reform, different degrees of prudence, and their leader had lost the dash and ardor and the visions of his youth. Such were the men who

faced and beat the Lords in the long struggle that ended in the summer of 1832.

The ground plan of the first Reform Bill was the work of a Committee of four. The Bill was prepared in a few weeks, and on March 1st, 1831, it was introduced by Lord John Russell, who, though not a member of the Cabinet, had well earned this honor. The scope of the Bill took everyone by surprise. It was received with incredulous and mocking laughter by the men who heard their sentence of death pronounced. Only Peel, the statesman who was to win his chief fame in a Reformed Parliament, sat anxious and unhappy. Out of doors it received the instant support of Cobbett, Place, and the political unions in which tradesmen and artisans had collected their strength, for the Bill had astonished the reformers as much as it had astonished the Borough-mongers. On March 21st London was illuminated to signalise the carrying of the second reading by a majority of one, and, as Place observes, "the windows in a very few houses of the inveterate Tories were partially broken." But there followed an inevitable defeat in Committee, and the only question was whether the Whigs could persuade the King to dissolve Parliament, or whether the Tories would compel resignation. For a time the issue trembled in the balance, but on April 22nd the King yielded, and Parliament was dissolved in a state of uproar, Brougham contriving, with Machiavellian address, to inflame the passion of the Lords in order to prevent their carrying Wharnccliffe's address praying the King not to dissolve, in the precious moments that were slipping away while the Royal coach was being hurried to the scene. The election that followed gave the Reformers a majority of over a hundred, and such was the popular feeling that the anti-Reform candidates fought with their lives in their hands. The return of such a Parliament on such a franchise could only have been caused by an avalanche.

The second Reform Bill passed its second reading in June by a majority of 136, and its third reading at the end of September by a majority of 109. It was now the turn of the Lords. Grey had shown in 1793 that 307 members of the House of Commons were returned by 154 patrons, so that the House of Lords took a very direct and immediate interest in any question of Reform. They thought indeed that Reform meant the immediate extinction of the domination and the plunder of the great families. "No evil," said the Duke of Wellington, "can arise from the rejection of the Bill at all equal to that which will arise from carrying it." Accordingly, they gave short shrift to the Bill, and on the 8th of October the second reading was rejected by 199 votes to 158. Hitherto the nation had shown great restraint, but this defiant challenge provoked an immediate reply. The country was in no mood for class arrogance. The demand for Reform came from a nation conscious of great wrongs and great misgovernment, too long endured. The Radicals, with their gospel of citizenship, had not preached or suffered for nothing. The middle-classes and the artisans knew that the rich who had the power had used it to throw taxation on the poor. Most important of all, Cobbett had swept, a splendid storm, across the England he loved and whose rulers he hated and despised. The people of England were united, and the alternative to

Reform was not Reaction, but Revolution. That was the message of Bristol and Nottingham, and of the threatening unions. The scenes of the autumn of 1831 were no part of a melodrama or a harlequinade; they were not advertisement or demonstration; if the nation had not been massed behind them they would have been idle.

The Government were in a difficult position. They knew that these popular symptoms might have just the wrong effect on the King. Besides, they were not themselves revolutionaries, and they had already instituted a series of prosecutions against rioters. They now suppressed some of the unions, and the officer who had failed to subdue the Bristol riot was ordered to be court-martialled, and committed suicide. But the Government did not drop Reform. In December the third Bill was introduced; its second reading was carried by a majority of 162, and at the end of March, 1832, it went to the Lords, where, thanks to "the waverers," it was read a second time by a majority of nine. In April there was a great demonstration of the unions at Birmingham, with 150,000 persons present, at which the National Union threatened to refuse all taxes if the Lords threw out the Bill. Next month the blow fell, and the Bill was defeated in Committee by 151 to 116. The Ministry advised the King to create peers to carry the Bill, but the King, who had taken alarm at the popular agitations, refused their advice and accepted their resignations. Wellington, to whom he appealed, tried to form a Government, but the scheme was impossible from the first, and Peel set his face resolutely against it. The country was determined to make House of Lords Government impossible: the great towns swore to refuse taxes, and Place placarded London with his famous message, "To stop the Duke go for gold." On the 15th of May Wellington abandoned his efforts, and Grey returned. The King still hoped to escape from the necessity of making Peers, and urged Grey to modify the Bill, but Grey was firm. He then tried to get Wellington to make the Lords surrender, but though Wellington did not refuse, it was clear from the language of the Peers that the Bill was in danger. Grey and Brougham, therefore, made a second journey to Windsor. Their first journey had been made on May the 8th, when Brougham had told the King that sixty, or perhaps eighty, new creations might be necessary. Then the King refused, and Brougham has described how he and Grey returned to town and their disconsolate dinner off mutton chops and broiled kidneys at Hounslow. Now the conditions were different. The King had no alternative Government, and he yielded. "The same evening," says Brougham, "the King wrote in reply to the minute left with him by Lord Grey and myself that he authorised a creation of Peers to such an extent as would enable Lord Grey to carry the Bill, avoiding as far as possible any permanent addition to the Peerage by comprehending as large a proportion of the eldest sons of Peers and heirs of childless Peers as can be made available." The threat sufficed, and next month the Bill had passed the Lords by 106 to 22; the old régime was gone.

The friends of that régime hoped almost to the last to preserve it. They trusted to the wide differences and the old animosities between the Whigs and the Radicals.

Canning's friend, Ward, had once said that Reform was impossible, because Radicals could never coalesce with the Whigs. The impossible happened. When they were faced with the despotism of the House of Lords, gentle Whigs like Lansdowne, fierce Whigs like Durham, Benthamite Radicals like Place, Radicals without a philosophy but with piercing common-sense like Cobbett, Whigs in Parliament, and Radicals in the cold, prudence and passion, they all joined forces in one grand army. The widest diversities of class, of religion, of aim, of manners, of appearance were blended in this miscellaneous host, whom the House of Lords had welded into one mind. Men and opinions that had torn each other yesterday and were to tear each other to-morrow swore a truce of freedom and kept it. For one moment all the echoes of old quarrels were forgotten, and that moment settled for its generation the claim of the Lords to govern England.

ANOTHER "PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT."

EVEN our Masters must have their moments of relaxation from the cares of ruling us, and possibly it was with some relief that the House of Lords, suffering under the unwonted mental strain of a three days' debate, turned from Lord Lansdowne to Lord Rosebery. That humorous artist has long been their chief entertainer, and when his "turn" came, long experience told them they could be comfortably sure of their promised sensation. But on the occasion of the debate on the overthrow of the British Constitution, Lord Rosebery seemed to offer his admirers something more exciting than his average accomplishment. Was he not the Prophet of Glasgow; had he not there foretold the End of All Things if the Budget were allowed to pass into law, and was he not, therefore, in no small measure the author, if not the only begetter, of the Lansdowne Resolution? And here was just the moment for a vivifying, tonic effect. For, noble as had been Lord Lansdowne's opening, and satisfactory as had been his comprehensive defiance of the Law and Custom of the Constitution, the following debate had not gone so well. Not only had the Lord Chancellor been most unpleasantly plain as to the consequences of the Lansdowne motion, but two of the ablest of the Unionist peers, Lord Cromer and Lord Lytton, had made it quite clear that, in their opinion, their Lordships had committed a sad blunder. So the rather indeterminate faces on the back benches were looking a little glum; and to Lord No Zoo, at least, the familiar features of Lord Rosebery, wearing the actor's solemnity of look through their cheerful ruddiness of hue, were indeed a pleasant apparition.

I suppose that politics makes one hard-hearted, for if I retained the softness of youth, I think I should draw a veil over the sad scene which followed. At brief intervals it seemed as if Lord Rosebery's speech might go well. It was Glasgow over again, only better. The crisis, in Lord Rosebery's view, was really terrible. All the money was leaving the country; Lord Rothschild might be expected to sail at any moment, and already flotillas were speeding across the Atlantic with Bonds for Ballast. This was according to contract; but what were all these cursings worth when their author proceeded to make it perfectly plain that he did not propose to give effect to them, and that, in short, Property, Family, Religion might all go to perdition if only the House of Lords were kept in being? Even this conclusion might seem to have its flattering consolations, for it showed the great importance that the Second Chamber possessed in the eyes of its most brilliant ornament. For example, was not the House of Lords the only remaining barrier against Home Rule—against the passage of the Bill which Lord Rosebery moved from the other side of the Table sixteen years ago, with pathetic insistence on the continued obduracy of the "predominant partner"?

Unhappily, Lord Rosebery took no pains, or very little pains, to conceal the uncomplimentary character of his real reasons for wishing the House of Lords to pass the Budget. As he developed them, with cynical, almost with indecent, humor, one wondered whether a less well-bred assembly would have stood it. For the Lords to be led to the very edge of Revolution, to be tightly screwed and passionately stimulated to the point of smashing up a Radical House of Commons, and then to be warned of their complete incompetence for any such business—could there be a more ignoble conclusion? However, Lord Rosebery's anxiety on this point was too keen to allow any false delicacy. "My Lords" (I only slightly paraphrase his words), "some of you are young; most of you are very ignorant of politics. All of you on this side (except poor Lord Lansdowne, who could not help it) are so simple that you have walked straight into the trap that your enemies set for you. You have chosen to reject the Budget and make it popular, when you should have passed it and made some use of its inevitable unpopularity as soon as it was understood. You will not be reformed and brought up to date, and yet you propose to present yourselves to the people, with all your imperfections on your heads, as the chief organ for the government of this Empire. If you will go on with your gamble, pray see to it that the division-list on Lord Lansdowne's motion contains a fair proportion of names that will count. Perhaps if the greater part of you would withdraw altogether, and, disappearing as legislators, reappear in the more fitting and humble rôle of electors, you might collect 150 names that the electors would recognise and respect. If they see the whole of you, you are lost. Pray then consider this disinterested advice, and then your crazy rejection of the Budget may possess a little weight." On that strain the pleasantly attuned voice ceased its play of stormy and dulcet notes, and the speaker slipped away almost in silence to the cross-benches. From beginning to end the speech did not contain a hint of Liberalism. All that is dead in Lord Rosebery's bosom. But his fears and critical instincts are very much alive.

To this inspiring blast, the House of Lords—not Lord Rosebery's selected host of Gideon—will on Tuesday march to the destruction of the ancient walls of the Constitution. I am not sure that Lord Lansdowne's ingenious fencing has really helped the case which he was forced to submit. For he, like Mr. Balfour, is not a real Tory leader. His intellectual substance is good enough, but it differs from Lord Salisbury's as much as his precise little figure, with its Punch-like gestures, differs from his great predecessor's careless amplitude of presence and speech. Both the new chieftains seem unable to hold out against a kind of shallow bullying which great authority resists. Lord Lansdowne's speech on Monday traversed with a kind of gentlemanly assurance an immense field of historic rights and privileges where a man of true imagination and prudent strength of character would never have set foot. But the House of Lords possesses in its Camperdowns and Milners and Curzons a weight of sheer arrogance which he cannot repress. Wednesday saw the first serious movement of concern, even of affright. After Lord Rosebery's speech rumor at once connected it with a change of front on the part of the majority. As that little masterpiece of ironic humor was discussed in the tea-room, more than one saddened peer shook his head and wondered whether the Lansdowne resolution was, after all, a wise one. For what issue presents itself to a shivering and a shaken host? I have not yet met a Tory who expects to win, and some of the freest prophets of disaster sit by Lord Lansdowne's side. The fondest calculation of the Opposition is that they may get so near to the Ministerial strength that the Government, depending on the Irish vote, may be compelled to reshape the liquor duties. Behind these reserved and timid hopes, more than half akin to fear, lies the growing conviction that a false issue has been rashly chosen. It was determined by a House that knows quite as little of politics as Lord Rosebery declared. Now the men

of experience have spoken, too late for retreat, not too late for regret and indecision. If now the Government were to lift a finger in the direction of compromise, it would be grasped with ill-concealed enthusiasm. But all such demi-issues are impossible. The Government and the party stand fixed to the point of the complete rehabilitation of the rights of the Commons, while the secret agreement with the liquor trade, the incessant and merciless drive of the Protectionists, remain the decisive elements in the interior counsels of the Tory Party. Lord Rosebery, that mirror of the State, has revealed them all. The acute and nervous critic has had another of his "psychological moments," and, through the ironical medium of his speech of Wednesday, one sees the fatal perturbations of the party that he has more than half-led to its doom.

H. W. M.

Life and Letters.

A REVOLUTION OF THE RICH.

OF all the British people the Lords are, for the moment, to be envied most. It is not merely that all eyes are bent on them, that they have emerged into daylight, and are spoken of as having quite an importance of their own. They have acquired a fresh and strange sensation; they feel themselves greater than they knew; they perceive in their natures the stir of mighty workings. They feel like the Egyptian calf when priests found under his tongue the symbol of the god; they feel like a dog-violet that has developed scent, or like a common oyster that has developed a pearl. They discover a new quality in their being, and enjoy the charm of unexpected revelations in themselves. They have been called Revolutionists.

Imagine the sensations of a Lord when his valet, softly entering with just a pleasing rattle of cups like silvery bells, wakes him in the morning with his tea and daily paper, and he discovers those filthy Radical prints are describing his action on the Budget as a Revolution! His sensations are then the queerest mixture of pleasure and pain. He, the representative of stability, the hereditary guardian of property, to be called a Revolutionist! It is almost unthinkable in its horror. But, at the same time, is there not something a little dashing, a little dare-devil, in the name—a little "wicked," as women say, and possibly attractive? It seems to imply a certain spirit, at all events a certain courage. He sees himself in a new and horrible, but rather exciting, aspect. So feels the ambitious *parvenu* when, at a City dinner, the first twinge of aristocracy's gout shoots through his toe. So feels the British matron when, waking in a fever hospital, she reads above her bed the label, "Scarlet: female: 403."

That scene in the House of Lords with which the Revolution opened—how well it concealed its revolutionary significance! It was afternoon, and the electric lamps struggled against the wintry river mist, but the decorated Chamber was nicely warmed to a regulated temperature, and the Lords reclined in comfort on stuffed leather seats. Every seat was full, and each was heavy with prosperity, for though you raked the kingdoms of the world you would hardly find that number of such wealthy men in a single one of them. Side by side with those whom the Bishop of Bristol justly called "the physical hereditary peers," sat the spiritual hereditary peers, whose lineage of holiness the Bishop traced back between twelve and thirteen centuries, and why he stopped short of nineteen centuries we cannot tell. There the spiritual descendants of Christ were seated in ecclesiastical splendor of lawn, representing (to quote the Bishop once more) "the terrible conditions of the very poor," and adding the considerable incomes of sanctity to the more secular riches around them. The gloomy, but august, place of assembly was further crowded with statesmen and counsellors, whose personal distinction, rather than physical hereditary right, gave

them the claim to be present. They, too, were men of substance, living in comfort, well-dressed as any peer or bishop of them all; and among them sat a real and actual King, whose sporting interest in the scene endeared him to all sportsmen's hearts. To complete the sense of grandeur and security, there ran the double line of peeresses, who (to quote a reporter with knowledge of such things), "in their furs and winter clothes, gave sombre hues rather than brightness to the picture."

Such was the scene under which Revolution lurked in ambush, and how complete that ambush was! When we speak of Revolution we think of the fervid hands upstretched for liberty in the Tennis Court; we think of the Feast of Pikes, of women in their wretchedness drumming to Versailles, of levies in mass, and a nation risen from the lowest depths against tyrants. "Your mob," says the historian, speaking of Revolution's natural manifestation up to this year of grace:—

"Your mob is a genuine outburst of Nature; issuing from, or communicating with, the deepest deep of Nature. When so much goes grinning and grimacing as a lifeless Formality, and under the stiff buckram no heart can be felt beating, here once more, if nowhere else, is a Sincerity and Reality. Shudder at it; or even shriek over it, if thou must; nevertheless consider it. . . . The thing they will do is known to no man; least of all to themselves. It is the inflammablest immeasurable Firework, generating, consuming itself."

Who would have thought that the House of Lords could ever have shared the title of Revolutionist with that mob? The House of Lords which, so often in our history, did nothing in particular and did it very well—was that to become the inflammablest, immeasurable Firework, generating, consuming itself? Those comfortable gentlemen on padded leather, who had never known hunger since their baby bottle, who had never been driven by the lash of want, and had that morning, probably without exception, enjoyed warm baths—were they to be the genuine outburst of Nature, communicating with her deepest deep? These Lords, who so long had gone grinning and grimacing as a lifeless Formality—were they suddenly to become the symbols of sincerity and of the things that are real? We may shudder at it; but, nevertheless, we must consider it. For, indeed, the thing they will do is known to no man; least of all to themselves.

Listen again to the historian who sounded the depths of man's spirit:—

"Hunger and nakedness," he says, "and nightmare oppression lying heavy on Twenty-five million hearts; this, not the wounded vanities or contradicted philosophies of philosophical Advocates, rich Shopkeepers, rural Noblesse, was the prime mover in the French Revolution; as the like will be in all such Revolutions, in all countries."

The great historian who sounded the depths of the human spirit was obviously wrong. He would have to pay out more line for his plummet now. Here, among our British Revolutionists, is no hunger or nakedness, but flesh of good-liking and winter clothing of the best. No nightmare oppression lies heavy on those five hundred hearts. What, then, is the prime mover in their Revolution? Is it the fear of reducing the broad margin of their pleasures, the fear of being compelled to deny themselves the extra man to dress them, the extra motor to carry them about, the extra coppiece for their poultry? No other nightmare that we can see lies heavy on them. Quadruple the provisions of the Budget, and hardly one of them would yet be forced to work an hour a week for his life. Multiply the Budget by ten, and hunger and nakedness would still not have come within their sight. Hunger and nakedness, said the historian, will be in all countries the prime movers of Revolution. Would he were here now to see the Lords, marshalled in their stiff buckram, grinning and grimacing as lifeless formalities, as they set out to overthrow the established order of their country!

They are out for Revolution: they have raised the flag of disorder; they are prepared for the plunge into chaos—into "temporary chaos." We know what they would say to the bewildered anarchist, or to wild claimants of political rights, who thus threw the land into confusion and wasted her resources by millions together. But the Lords also are aware of the

momentous issues to themselves. They will face the risk, says Lord Lansdowne. If need be, they will meet their doom, says the Duke of Norfolk. There is always something impressive about a man, no matter how humble his position, who goes out to meet his doom. Without calling ourselves Revolutionists like the Lords, we can all feel some touch of human pity, some glow of admiration for him who snatches up rifle, revolver, or even a long knife, and takes his stand upon the barricade, in protest against unendurable oppression. He is there for the simplest and highest right of man—the right of himself and his kind to live their own lives as long as they live at all. He has set everything at stake. Nothing but the shame of unbearable tyranny would have driven him to that last act of desperation. For him it is life or death; it is almost certain death, and nothing but an open shirt stands between him and doom. The guns are heard upon the street; the houses crash; the dust arises. Dark figures are seen stealing round the far-off corners; the air shrieks with bullets as their rifles flash in the gathering dusk. The man is at his place, waiting; he draws his old hat over his eyes; if freedom cannot be won, at least he may strike a blow at the agents of oppression. Such a man the present writer has often seen die, and when he sees the Duke of Norfolk going out to meet his doom like that, he will not withhold his admiration.

But the Lords risk nothing, and they know it. If the defeat of their Revolution is the worst their enemies can imagine, what will they suffer or lack? Lord Lansdowne drew a pathetic picture of a "breadwinner's heir" who might find himself so burdened with death duties owing to his great inheritance that he would be very unhappy. Lord Willoughby de Broke revealed the nature of his apprehensions by quoting a wretched parody, which "saw fox-hunting abolished by an order from the State." Such are the terrors which these Revolutionists are called upon to face. Truly, as Lord Ribblesdale well said, these are the sobs of the well-to-do, and nothing is more unimpressive than the crying of the comfortable. Strictly, we may say that the overthrow of an established constitution is always revolutionary. But there is something ludicrous, something that does not work out, in a Revolution for the defence of riches. If it were not for the thought of what must come, we might almost agree to drop the word, lest by its use for the action of Lords we besmirch the honor of those thousands who have died with heroic minds in the Revolutions of Liberty.

THE BEST OF THREE WORLDS.

A LITTLE biography which lies before us new from the Press illustrates, better than any other we have seen, a certain peculiarly British standard of success and the type of man fitted to attain it. Nonconformity as a school of personal character has, in addition to its great contribution to the spiritual life of the nation, played an important part in selecting and educating the modern business man. The son of a Wesleyan minister generally comes of sturdy stock. His upbringing impresses lessons of sobriety and thrift. His outlook upon life is serious, but the position of his father is one which represses excessive idealism. Starting with no nonsense about him, such a boy is likely to go to school with a desire to get on. If he is really clever, being more industrious than other clever boys, he will carry off the prizes; if he is not, he will yet secure the respect of his masters and a useful equipment for what he will have learned to call "the battle of life." After his school days are over, his parents will make a push to send him to college, where he will work hard and secure the prize for an essay on "The Influence of the Reformation on the Gentlemen of England, as shown by Spenser in his Faërie Queene." So our hero enters the arena. "A splendid education, a constitution like iron, and an unbounded belief in his own future, all these he possessed; but he still lacked the one thing which could turn them to account—a definite life-purpose." Before practising virtue, Aristotle recommends us to get a livelihood. The loftier life-

purpose must then lie low awhile, for "business is business," and exacts its toll of rigorous devotion to the art of "getting-on." To not a few ambitious young Wesleyans the law has been the stepping-stone to greatness. But our hero, ever following the gleam, and recognising that professional success comes through specialism, fastens himself to Railway Law, and within four years of finishing his articles is legal adviser to the Metropolitan Railway at a critical period of extension and amalgamation. Thus, still a young man, he moves among the great, and grows inured to large financial operations. The commercial instinct, which, as his biographer informs us, "is merely power to see opportunities" is thus "early developed and sagaciously applied." In other words, "the life-purpose" led him at this stage into estate speculation. "He also made judicious deals in house property, occasionally reselling his purchases at a profit without having so much as seen the deeds. But all through the years his penetration has saved him from becoming identified with unsound or questionable undertakings."

What wonder that so sagacious a young man should soon be hand in glove with such magnates as Lord Penrhyn, Sir Edward William Watkin, and Mr. Thomas Andrew Walker, "an equally talented railway contractor." But "judgment" and "sagacity" would of themselves not ensure the life-purpose. Industry, and a ready sacrifice of all lighter purposes, are necessary. True greatness is needed for this, as the following story of Sir Robert Perks (for it is of no less a man we write) will serve to indicate. Mr. Perks had just managed to find time to marry. "On the following Christmas Day he was sitting at dinner at Wykham Park, when a telegram was put into his hand. 'Sir Edward Watkin arrives in London to-night from Manchester, and wishes to see Mr. Perks at Cleveland-row on important business.' Sir Robert handed the message to his wife. It was their first Christmas together after their marriage, so who can blame her that she suggested postponement? Her father supported her. 'Wire, saying you will be there to-morrow,' said he."

Was our "man of destiny" for one weak moment false to his "life-purpose," under such a temptation? Let his biographer complete the story.

"But Sir Robert saw that his opportunity had arrived, and at six o'clock that same evening he was waiting in the railway magnate's library. 'I wondered if you would come,' was the latter's only comment, as he pulled off his heavy fur coat. From that day forward for fourteen years Sir Robert was by Sir Edward Watkin's side in all his battles. Business simply poured into his lap.' Who, after this, will deny that it is character that tells, or will assert that the sordid annals of modern commerce give no scope for heroism?"

What wonder, when a little later on Sir Edward, "pointing straight across the Romney Marshes to Lydd Church, whose square tower was visible in the distance, exclaimed, 'Perks, we ought to have a railway right across there.' At once the idea flashed into Sir Robert's mind, 'Why should he not build the road?' And, turning to Sir Edward, he said, 'If you will allow me, Sir, I will build it.'" And built it was, with a liberal curve, which gives the traveller ample views of Littlestone-on-Sea, as he makes his deliberate approach to that paradise of golfers.

Such concentration and audacity will carry a man far. "The world," said the late FitzJames Stephen, "is made for hard practical men, who know what they want and mean to get it." And yet the saying is but a half-truth. The hard practical man will succeed the better if he keep an ideal aspect for his striving, and can see himself sustained and illuminated by some spiritual enthusiasm. The economy of these two worlds is doubtless difficult for some men to maintain. The loftier motive must not be allowed to be too dominant, or it will interfere with business. It is the peculiar genius of a Sir Robert Perks, as of a Rockefeller, that he can drive religion and business amicably in joint harness. The fervor of puritan piety yields definable economic values, for it couples industry, abste-

miousness and forethought with a sense of providential guidance which gives free rein to bold business instinct, so leading its votary to profitable adventures. The doubts and difficulties, even the occasional qualms, of the "practical man" are greatly lightened by this sense of spiritual guidance in the business world.

In return for such assistance the successful business man will naturally feel disposed to do something big for religion, and, being "practical," he will realise his feeling in material shape. The Million-Guinea Fund, with its memorial palace on the site of the late Westminster Aquarium, was a happy and a characteristic achievement of the Methodist financier. From thinking in millions it is but a simple step to thinking in Empires. In 1886 Sir Robert's life purpose, which had never hitherto led him even to attend a political meeting, impelled him to add yet another world, that of politics, to business and religion, fusing the three activities under the congenial form of Methodist Imperialism. For what is Imperialism as expressed in the splendid policy of a Rhodes and a Rosebery but the sublimest union of a divine mission and a commercial asset? Unfortunately, the "guidance" which had served him so well in business played him false in the more slippery field of politics. In conjunction with his noble patron, he made many sacrifices of Liberal principles. With Lord Rosebery he renounced Home Rule, and helped to loose the dogs of war in South Africa. Unfortunately the great political contractor to whom he attached himself, as formerly to Sir William Watkin, has "let him down." Perksian "Methodism" *plus* finance is not just now an adequate equipment for a Liberal politician, whose tender conscience is newly shocked by a "predatory" Budget. Other leaguers, one or two brought up in the same stern school of puritan principles as he, have deserted their great chief. Almost alone faithful among the faithless, Sir Robert follows him into a dignified and, we trust and believe, a not unprofitable retirement.

For as, with the ample aid of photography, we register the gradation of Sir Robert Perks' ascent from a house at Highbury to a residence at Chislehurst, a mansion in Kensington Palace Gardens, and a "place" in Oxfordshire, we set no limit to the heights of his achievement when he has shaken off all taint of low associations and found the place among "the best people" to which his meritorious qualities entitle him. Such a life (Sir Robert Perks, Bart., M.P., by Denis Crane; Culley), with its vista of future glory, may be recommended as an excellent compendium of Smilesian philosophy. To the intelligent foreigner who desires to study the peculiar qualities of the English "art of getting on," the story will be of great service. Such readers will not refuse their assent to the final judgment of his biographer that "his career is not without suggestiveness, alike for its independence and its consistency, to those whose record is still in the making." It may help them to make the best of three worlds.

THE CHARM OF OLD MUSIC.

THERE is always something ghostly in a concert of old music. One listens to the fairy clatter of the harpsichord. One strains to catch under the harsher and robuster tones of the violins the modest sweetness of the viola di gamba—that "beautiful and ineffectual angel" among stringed instruments. The grave padouane sweeps along with its stately rhythms. But when the shock of surprise is over, when you have remembered of what angelic player in a Bellini altar-piece the bowing of the viol player reminds you, when you have trained your ear to blend the tinkle of the harpsichord with the sighing of the strings, there creeps over you the first touch of an uncanny presence. It is like the cold breath of wind, or the swish of an unseen skirt which accompanies the visitation of the ghost in the haunted castle. There is nothing of this ghostliness in an old picture. A cavalier of Franz Hals laughs and drinks on the canvas with the same robust coloring, the same material body,

which was his glory in life. He casts a shadow where he stands. His song rouses an echo in the rafters. He seems as real as that old lady your great-grandmother, who used to alarm you in your childhood by enquiring in her hours of dotage what news there was of Boney, and whether the King were still mad, poor man. It is otherwise with old music. One may see an old canvas with contemporary eyes. But a suite by Christian Bach is never a personal experience. One cannot hear it for the first time. Some magic of reminiscence haunts the ear. One gazes into the faces of the audience, as Shelley used to interrogate the babies on Magdalen Bridge, to see dawning in them the recollection of an innate idea. It is some distant and baffling memory which stirs in the brain. One seeks for the clue as one tries half-awake to recover the plot of a dream. It is like hearing after twenty years the words of some childish spell that used to send us to sleep amid the hobgoblins and shadows of the nursery. Once, it seems to us, we had the ears that vibrated to these rhythms; once we had the feet that moved to these solemn measures. But there mingles with these physical recollections a more conscious historical effort. We see in a pageant before us the gay ladies who haunted Browning when he heard Galuppi's Toccata. We know how Christian Bach and C. F. Abel gave just such concerts as this in eighteenth century London. Dr. Burney disputed with them, when he had heard this very sonata, and Fanny watched the fine ladies in their audience that she might satirise them in "Evelina." The ghosts throng round us—ghosts from books, ghosts from fancy, ghosts from pictures, but above all that hereditary ghost which haunts our own ears, the ghost of that great-grandmother who clattered herself upon her harpsichord, while our grandfather played about her knees.

Such an experience is still a too rare pleasure. Miss Hannah Bryant provided it on Wednesday last in a programme of music revived for the first time in London. It was drawn from two centuries, and included works by J. H. Schein, who was born in 1586—a name unknown to Grove's "Dictionary"—and Christian Bach, who died in 1782. Three items in it must have been written somewhere about the second decade of the seventeenth century. The programme, in short, bridged the time from Shakespeare to Dr. Johnson. One listened, curious to understand from these specimens the place that such music had in the lives of such amateurs as Milton. The three specimens from the early seventeenth century had, to the unaccustomed ear, a startling similarity. One hardly distinguished what was personal in the styles of the three composers. They had all a naive and primitive solemnity—and it is solemnity which such a writer as Milton seems most often to associate with music. The strings moved steadily through padouane and allemande almost as voices move through a chorale, steady, unflagging, and balanced. There were neither pauses nor tricks of rhythm. Each instrument was continually occupied, and the effect on a small scale came near resembling that ultra-modern polyphony in orchestration which employs the full resources of the whole band from the first to the last bar of a composition. The effect was impressive, but it would also have been a little monotonous if it had not been strange. The most individual and the most pleasing of all three compositions was to our thinking the Pasameza of Thomas Simpson—an Englishman who found fame in Germany at a time when our native musicians were an article of export. Here were the beginnings of a free handling of the instruments, a striving for variety, a sense for the dramatic possibilities of relief and change. A century later the last trammels of this antique stiffness, this primitive straightforwardness, had wholly vanished, and the concerto by John Humphries (not to be confused with the vain little Pelham Humfrey of Pepys's diary), with which this delightful concert closed, sparkled with gaiety, audacity, and grace.

We have all of us dropped into the habit of thinking of music as the most universal of all the arts. It has no dialects; it has no dead languages. We are stirred by the manly sweep of an old crusader's hymn. Tchaikowsky moves us more readily than Elgar. Apart from its anti-

quarian interest, and its alluring historical suggestions, this old music means something to us. Its solemnity hushes, its grace delights us; our blood dances to its rhythms, and obeys in it a certain physical excitement. Yet the amateur who chooses to be honest with himself will make a frank confession. This old music carries with it no emotional appeal. It is as cold as some bridal robe in taffeta which hangs near the great coaches and the painted sedan chairs in the Musée de Cluny. You may listen to it for a couple of hours, admirably played as it was played by Miss Hannah Bryant and her colleagues. But your pulse beats no faster. You go out as you came in, curious, pleased, reflective, but unmoved. You have none of that sense that "virtue has gone out" of you, that you have come through a great, perhaps an awful experience, which weighs upon you after you have listened to great modern music. You are conscious of a dilettante satisfaction, but you have not partaken in a direct emotion.

Was it merely so that these old composers intended to affect us? Music is not, after all, a universal language. Listen to an Albanian ballad singer, with his nasal falsetto and his baffling quarter-tones. You are first amused, then bewildered, and at last moved to mere melancholy. His native hearers meanwhile have been lashed to passion, it may be a warlike and energetic passion. And so it must have been with this old music, which is to us so slight and quaint, even when it is also gracious and pleasing. Men wrote of it then as though it conveyed to them emotions as overwhelming as Beethoven or Tchaikowsky convey to us. It stirred them to tears, when we are coldly curious. That faint suggestion of a graceful melancholy, that just perceptible haunting of a tender sadness, which is for us so oddly sweet, was for them an overpowering experience, as the funeral march in the Eroica is for us. "I am never merry," said Shylock's Jessica, "when I hear sweet music." But merry is precisely what we are when we listen to these old-world passions. We smile one to another, as we listen, just as we smile at the emotions of a gracious child. To the Elizabethan it had "a dying fall—like the sweet south, that breathes upon a bank of violets." Those suggestions of shadowy courtiers moving in unreal measures in demolished halls, those were not the impressions which these solemn dances made on the ears of those for whom they were composed. "Even that vulgar and tavern-musick, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion and a profound contemplation of the first composer." So said Sir Thomas Browne, and so might we say of the secular music of our own time. But the musick which struck in him a "deep fit of devotion" has lost that power over us. We have trained our emotions to obey only the more powerful stimuli of more developed music. We cannot hear these old airs with natural ears. The harpsichord can carry us clattering into faerie, but it cannot stir a direct human emotion. It is for us primarily not a piano, as the viola di gamba is primarily not a cello. We err only when we conclude that because we listen coldly, these old composers wrote coldly. We open the gates of our hearts only to the assault of rushing eloquence in sound. In the old days a sweet suggestion, a gracious hint, carried the soul with violence and by storm.

BROKEN SLUMBER.

It is the season when the greater part of the out-of-doors world is supposed to be asleep. We see, on the face of things, little evidence of the multitudinous life that distracted us with its immense variety in summer, but it needs but little prying beneath the surface to find it in considerable force, and in not very comatose condition. A spadeful of earth turned up in the garden is fairly certain to reveal one of the fat caterpillars that battered lately on fuschia or geranium. It is not tucked away for a very elaborate sleep—just coiled head to tail in a chance cavity of the soil, and it wriggles just a little in its slumber when we turn it out. A sharp frost or two

will do us some service among these faintly sleeping devastators and mothers of devastators. We are fortunate among all the inhabitants of the forty-third parallel in these mild winters that encourage only a half-hearted hibernation, which becomes the sleep of rotten death when a sudden abnormal chill breaks in.

A little further away, upon the moors, you will not find creatures taking their winter so frivolously. There, even the caterpillars that intend to take another bite in the spring before changing, take the trouble to wind themselves up for the winter in a waterproof and practically airproof case that will defy the keenest frost. They have the prospect of a good blanket of snow to keep out the most piercing arrows, whereas when snow visits our lowlands it is to the undoing of many creatures. We have seen it spotted far and near with the bodies of caterpillars, great and small, that have thought or felt that the sudden increase of temperature meant spring and all its bounties, and have therefore unburied themselves. Thus will a light sleeper kick the bed-clothes off before the coldest hour, while he who sleeps heavily is unconscious of, and unaffected by, all but the severest changes of temperature.

In the loose shelter of the ivy, and on the warm side of any board that leans against a wall you will find blue-bottles and other flies resting. They are not even so nearly asleep as the caterpillars, for they walk drowsily up and down when they are disturbed, only just lacking the alertness to fly. As for their cousin, the drone-fly, he is still abroad in sunny hours, pretending to take honey from the late ivy blooms and enjoying a warm perch on a sun-kissed stone. No insect is up earlier in spring than this, but there will be a month or two when the garden knows him not. To a far slighter creature belongs the honor of remaining on the wing the whole winter through, for on any sunny mid-day you will see a small company of gnats dance out from their shelter in the euonymus or other evergreen. There can be nothing for them to remain awake for but the bare dance, and we are inclined to say that the stoutest heart, and the bravest spirit in the garden belong to this despised and disliked mosquito.

The sleep of the queen wasp is by no means a half-hearted affair. In pulling down an old cottage we have found dozens of them. The walls were of double boards, the space between packed with moss, and we are told that they are uncommonly cosy walls. At any rate, it is probable that the queen wasps have slept in the moss for nearly two hundred years past. When we found them in October they were crawly things, and sometimes they whirled their wings and gave out a sleepy, whispered buzz, but those that we find now are so stiff in sleep that we cannot move their legs for fear of breaking them. It is like a miracle when the warmth of the fire pours life into these brittle things and makes them "bizz," and even get on the wing to fly away. The armored wasp and the softer tortoise-shell butterfly are true children of the sun. Its absence, even its semi-absence in the long twilight of the year, means complete sleep, and it is only when the hibernaculum has been chosen in a spot afterwards warmed by an artificial fire that they inspire newspaper paragraphs by coming abroad in the season of no flowers. Still more soundly sleep the humble bees, because they always choose wilder spots to lay up in. We never see them again till their appointed time. They sleep so soundly that they can never know if the shrewmouse finds them and eats them with keen gratitude—for the shrewmouse that seems to vanish with the harvest, and in the more decided Continental winter does vanish, is given to a sort of somnambulance in this country.

Only the dormouse of all that ilk really sleeps in our climate. Even he sleeps with a store handy, and almost certainly takes a meal in his sleep. The voles, on the other hand, scarcely make a pretence of sleeping, or even remaining at home, though they do lay up a generous store of nuts, acorns, hips and haws, or whatever grain is grown in their fields. In the coldest months they are foraging to and fro for the food they do not require, driving tunnels under the thin snow,

falling victims to the owl even in the grim winter nights, while their cousins, the marmot, the lemming, and their brothers, the Continental voles, sleep fast under the real snow of a more earnest winter. The one clause in the vole's rule-of-thumb that will not vanish is its habit of making a winter store. That comes of the instinct of acquisitiveness that belongs to every created being. What child that sees the earth strewn in autumn with nuts, acorns, haws, and rowan berries, to say nothing of apples and pears, does not wish to gather them into a hoard for no particular reason, but just because they are gatherable things? And so the children of the wild will gather them whether hard winter comes after or no, as the bees store honey even in a land of perpetual summer. It is not a painful necessity that impels them, in the first place, to lay up store, but one of the greatest pleasures in life, that turns out to have been sensible as well as pleasant. Even those æsthetic souls, the birds, are given to hoarding, though not, perhaps, to drawing upon the hoard they make. The bower birds and our own magpies collect glittering and beautiful things; jays, rooks, and other crows bury walnuts, carrion, and other food; the coal tits that come to the bird-table carry away far more than they eat, to lose it in imagined hiding-places in the shrubbery. The storing habit, if it can be called so in their case, has not been turned to account by the birds. Who, after Gilbert White, can imagine a swallow moping through the winter in a hibernaculum? It is only the four-footed animals, and the wonderfully exceptional bee among winged things, that carry the carnal delights of hoarding to the length of making it a source of winter revel.

The reptiles are good sleepers. Their cold blood could not be moved to action by the warmest winter sun. Nothing short of the piercing rays of late April appears grateful to the grass snake. His winter begins as soon as September is gone, and for him the thermometer thereafter only sinks further and further below zero. Secure in the fastness of some distant hedgerow or dry wall, the viper and the grass snake never make a sensation by coming forth in the middle of winter. The slow-worm, on the other hand, equally a creature of the sun, does for some reason sometimes make the mistake of coming out to die on the frozen road. In a church not far away, many newts, both crested and smooth, are resting in the masonry, awaiting the call of the warming ponds in spring. For a Sunday or two, their sleep was so light that, when the church was warmed and the service well under weigh, they came out one by one into the aisle, much to the amusement of the children and the embarrassment of more nervous people. So do the bats stir in the high rafters, for, against all reason, the bat is, with us, one of the lightest of sleepers, coming out again and again as the winter wears, consuming a vast deal of energy in the chase of apparently non-existent insects. Even to stir in your sleep is to use up the food in your tissues. What a fearful draught must be made by the opening of all the tubes to the keen air of December or January! When a merciful winter has stopped the heart with cold, you no longer feel the frost nor respond to it as a living organism, you use up the store of food at a microscopic rate, and in spring you perform the miracle of becoming a live thing once more. It is the half-winters that make the severest demand on living things, and no doubt produce the hardest stock for any eventuality the world can offer. That is why the Englishman, the English rabbit, the English chickweed, have colonised the whole world.

Short Studies.

IN A LITTLE TOWN.

(From the Russian of Anton Tchekov.)

TRANSLATED BY CONSTANCE GARNETT.

THE earth was like an oven. The afternoon sun blazed with such energy that even the thermometer hanging in the excise officer's room lost its head; it ran up to 112.5, and stopped there irresolute. The inhabitants streamed

with perspiration like overdriven horses, and were too lazy to mop their faces.

Two of the inhabitants were walking along the market-place in front of the closely-shuttered houses. One was Pocheshihin, the local treasury clerk, and the other was Optimov, the agent, for many years a correspondent of the "Son of the Fatherland" newspaper. They walked in silence, speechless from the heat. Optimov felt tempted to find fault with the local authorities for the dust and disorder of the marketplace, but, aware of the peace-loving disposition and moderate views of his companion, he said nothing.

In the middle of the market place Pocheshihin suddenly halted and began gazing into the sky.

"What are you looking at?"

"Those starlings that flew up. I wonder where they have settled. Clouds and clouds of them. . . . If one were to go and take a shot at them, and were to go and pick them up . . . and then were to go . . . They have settled in the Father Prebendary's garden!"

"Oh, no! They are not in the Father Prebendary's, they are in the Father Deacon's. If you did have a shot at them, you wouldn't kill anything. It's fine shot, and won't carry so far. And why should you kill them, anyway? They're birds destructive to the fruit, it's true, still they're fowls of the air, works of the Lord. The starling sings, you know. . . . And what does it sing, pray? A song of praise. . . . All ye fowls of the air, praise ye the Lord. No! I do believe they have settled in the Father Prebendary's garden."

Three old pilgrim women, wearing bark-shoes and carrying wallets, passed noiselessly by the speakers. Looking enquiringly at the gentlemen who were for some unknown reason staring at the Father Prebendary's house, they slackened their pace, and when they were a few yards off, stopped, glanced at them again, and fell to gazing at the same house themselves.

"Yes, you were right, they have settled in the Father Prebendary's," said Optimov. "His cherries are ripe now, so they have gone there to peck them."

From the garden gate emerged the Father Prebendary himself, accompanied by the sexton. Seeing the attention concentrated upon his abode, and wondering what people were staring at, he stopped, and he, too, as well as the sexton, began looking upwards to find out.

"The Father is going to a service somewhere, I suppose," said Pocheshihin. "The Lord be his succour!"

Some workmen who had been bathing in the river passed between the friends and the priest. Seeing the latter absorbed in contemplation of the heavens, and the pilgrim women, too, standing motionless with their eyes turned upwards, they stood still and stared in the same direction.

A small boy, leading a blind beggar, and a peasant, carrying a tub of stinking fish to throw into the market place, did the same.

"There must be something the matter, I should think," said Pocheshihin, "a fire or something. But there's no sign of smoke anywhere. Hey! Kouzma," he shouted to the peasant, "what's the matter?"

The peasant made some reply, but Pocheshihin and Optimov did not catch it. Sleepy-looking shopmen made their appearance at the doors of all the shops. Some plasterers at work on a warehouse near left their ladders and joined the workmen.

The fireman on duty in the watch-tower halted in his round, and after looking steadily at them for a few minutes, went down. The watch-tower was left deserted. This seemed suspicious.

"There must be a fire somewhere. Don't shove me, you damned swine!"

"Where do you see the fire? What fire? Pass on, gentlemen! I ask you civilly!"

"It must be burning within doors!"

"Asks us civilly, and keeps poking with his elbows. Keep your hands to yourself! Though you are a head constable, you have no sort of kind of right to make free with your fists!"

"He's trodden on my corn! Ah! I'll crush you!"

"Crushed? Who's crushed? Lads! a man's been crushed!"

"What's the meaning of this crowd? What do you want?"

"A man's been crushed, please your honour!"

"Where? Pass on! I ask you civilly! I ask you civilly, you blockhead!"

"You may shove a peasant, but you daren't touch a gentleman! Hands off!"

"Did you ever know such people? There's no doing anything with them by fair words, the devils! Sidorov, run for Akim Danilitch! Look sharp. It'll be the worse for you, gentlemen! Akim Danilitch is coming, and he'll give it to you! You here, Parfen? A blind man, and at his age too! Can't see, but he must be like other people, and won't do what he's told. Smirnov, write his name down!"

"Yes, sir! And shall I write down the men from Purov's? That man there with the swollen cheek, he's from Purov's works."

"Don't put down the men from Purov's. It's Purov's birthday to-morrow!"

The starlings rose in a black cloud from the Father Prebendary's garden, but Pocheshihin and Optimov did not notice them. They stood staring into the air, wondering what could have attracted such a crowd, and what it was looking at.

Akim Danilitch appeared. Still munching and wiping his lips, he cut his way into the crowd, bellowing:

"Firemen! be ready! Disperse! Mr. Optimov, disperse! You'll suffer for it! Instead of writing all kinds of things about decent people in the papers, you'd better by far try to behave yourself conformably! No good ever comes of reading the papers!"

"Kindly refrain from reflections upon literature!" cried Optimov, hotly. "I am a literary man, and I will allow no one to make reflections upon literature! Though, as is the duty of a citizen, I respect you as a father and superior!"

"Firemen, turn the hose on them!"

"There's no water, please your honour!"

"Don't answer me! Go and get some! Look sharp!"

"How can we, your honour? The major's taken the fire brigade horses to drive his aunt to the station."

"Disperse! Back there! Go to the devil! Is that to your taste! Put him down, the damned rascal!"

"I've lost my pencil, please your honour!"

The crowd grew larger and larger. There is no knowing what proportions it might have reached, if the new organ just arrived from Moscow had not fortunately begun playing in the tavern close by. Hearing their favorite air, the crowd gasped and rushed off to the tavern. So nobody ever knew why the crowd had assembled, and Pocheshihin and Optimov had by now forgotten the existence of the starlings who were the innocent authors of the disturbance.

An hour later the town was still and silent again. And only a solitary figure was to be seen, the fireman pacing round and round on the watch-tower.

The same evening Akim Danilitch sat in the grocer's shop drinking *limonade gazeuse* and brandy, and writing:

"In addition to the official report, I venture, your Excellency, to append a few supplementary observations of my own. Father and benefactor! In very truth, but for the prayers of your virtuous spouse in her elegant villa near the town, there's no knowing what might not have come to pass! What I have been through this day, I can find no words to express! The efficiency of Krushensky and of the major of the fire brigade are beyond all praise! I am proud of such devoted servants of our country. As for me, I did all that a weak man could do, whose only desire is the welfare of his neighbor; and sitting here in the bosom of my family, I thank God with tears in my eyes that He spared us bloodshed! In absence of evidence, the guilty parties remain in custody. But I am thinking of releasing them in a week or so. It was their ignorance that led them astray."

Communications.

THE CHARACTER OF THE INDIAN POLICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your contemporary, the "Spectator," published in its last issue the following grave statement by a correspondent about the Indian police:—

"The Indian Courts *know* (italics not mine) that torture is occasionally used to extort false confessions. They therefore suspect every confession to be false, and, in practice, decline to convict on a confession unless it is strongly corroborated."

In 1902 Lord Curzon, then Viceroy of India, found it necessary to appoint a commission of leading Indians and Anglo-Indians to investigate the growing scandals in connection with the administration of the police in India. It was presided over by Sir Andrew Fraser, late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. It visited every province in India and examined upwards of 600 witnesses. Its report was presented to Parliament in 1905, and contained the following sentences:—

"Everywhere we went we heard the most bitter complaints of the corruption of the police. . . ."

"The forms of this corruption are very numerous. . . ."

The police-officer may levy a fee or receive a present for every duty he performs. . . . Suspects and innocent persons are bullied and threatened into giving information they are supposed to possess. . . . If, in the police-officer's opinion, enough evidence is not thus obtained to secure a conviction, he will not hesitate to bolster up his case with false evidence. . . . *Deliberate association with criminals in their gains, deliberately false charges against innocent persons, on the ground of private spite or village faction, deliberate torture of suspected persons, and other most flagrant abuses occur occasionally. What wonder is it that the people are said to dread the police?*" (Italics mine.)

This terrible indictment—not surpassed by Mr. Gladstone's denunciation of the Neapolitan police in 1861—has been in the hands of the Government of India since 1903. What has been done to remove this blot upon our civilisation? Why, sir, hardly a mail comes from India without bringing fresh evidence of this intolerable oppression of our fellow-subjects; evidence, not from agitators, but from British judicial officers of the highest standing, nay, even from the police themselves.

In the very last Annual Report of the Commissioner of the Calcutta Police it is admitted that out of a force of about 3,500 men, no less than 17 men were dismissed for taking bribes, 23 for "illegal acts" (the nature of which may be easily surmised), and 8 for crimes of which they were convicted in Court. In addition to this "appalling record"—as the Anglo-Indian "Statesman" calls it—there is a further record of "departmental punishments" in which inspectors, sub-inspectors, sergeants, head constables, and constables, to the number actually of 500, are included.

I call attention to the Bengal police (of whom no less than 65 per cent. are illiterates), because they are supposed to be the best of the Indian police, and because it is upon the secret evidence of these men that gentlemen of culture and repute, like Mr. Ashwini Kumar Dutt and Mr. Krishnar Kumar Mitra, have been dragged from their homes without charge or trial and flung into interminable imprisonment in common jails.

Corruption is taken so much as a matter of course that last June Mr. Justice Alston, in the Allahabad High Court, when a sub-inspector was charged with extorting a bribe of 50 rupees for admitting a prisoner to bail, is reported to have said that "it was useless to affect ignorance of the fact that such things as the sub-inspector was accused of doing in this case were done, and, although this particular occurrence might or might not have happened, no one with any experience of the country could say that it was improbable."

So much for corruption, which is bad enough, but still nothing to the graver charges of deliberate torture brought by Sir Andrew Fraser's commission. With shame and pain it must be said there is abundant evidence from the records of the Courts of Justice week by week that no more effective steps have been taken to stop this scandal. Occasionally, indeed, there are convictions of the police for torture. More often, owing partly to the terror of the witnesses, and partly to the fatally close connection between the police executive and the inferior judiciary, the cases

fail, or are hushed up. No one with any intimate knowledge of the facts thinks that Sir A. Fraser and his colleague overstated the case. Let me allude to one or two recent trials in Bengal and in the Punjab by way of illustration.

In the Midnapur conspiracy appeal heard by the High Court of Calcutta, presided over by the Chief Justice of Bengal, the three prisoners had been convicted, two of them on their own confession, of a conspiracy to use bombs for criminal purposes, and of being found in possession of them. The convictions were set aside on the ground that the confessions were illegally extorted by the police, and that the theory of the defence that the police themselves manufactured and placed a bomb on the premises of the accused was not one to be wholly rejected.

The statement reported to have been made by counsel for the defence in open court was this:—

"These men were marched off to the lock-up with ropes tied round their waists, and some of them were handcuffed. They were kept in the police-station, and attempts were made to induce two of them to confess. All kinds of torture were inflicted on the third. He was beaten and stoned. The orthodox methods of torture were again adopted after fifty years."

The finding of the Court was to the effect that the confessions were extorted from the prisoners by ill-treatment, by illegal confinement when untried in solitary condemned cells, by being prevented from sleeping, and by moral pressure of the following cruel kind. The parents of the prisoner, Santosh, were threatened with pains and penalties if their son did not confess. They were brought time after time to their son's cell to urge him to confess to a great crime which he had never committed, in order to save them from the punishment threatened by the police. At last, after holding out many days, the unfortunate young man gave way, and when he had confessed, he was made use of to bring pressure upon the second prisoner to do the same. A confession was thus at length procured from him also; but, as the High Court said, "when the magistrate accepted this confession, he ignored the all-important fact that the prisoner had been from the 7th to the 15th August in police custody, and the methods employed to procure his statement."

As to the third prisoner, the Court summed up its view of the proceedings of the police by asking "who would be safe if he were liable to be convicted on a charge so wide, and supported by evidence so indefinite?" These three men so acquitted were all that remained of no less than 154 men of all classes and ages originally charged with this conspiracy by the police. The judgment of the High Court was delivered on the 1st June. An inquiry was ordered into the grave charges against the police, at the head of whom was a European officer; but we are still in ignorance of the result. All that is known is that the police officials chiefly implicated have been given "long leave of absence" by the Government of Bengal.

So much for Bengal. I turn to the Punjab. In March of this year three Indians were charged by the Punjab police with falsely accusing three of their fellow-countrymen of the murder of a woman who had disappeared from a village called Islamia. It was upon an anonymous letter, presumably alleged to have been concocted by the prisoners, that the police proceeded against the supposed murderers. For eighteen days they kept these unfortunate men in close custody until they had succeeded in extorting from them by what the Court called "ill-treatment" confessions that they had murdered the woman, and from another that he had actually seen her body buried. Further proceedings were dropped when it appeared that, in fact, no murder had ever taken place, and a few weeks afterwards the woman appeared alive and well, having been apparently got out of the way by someone alleged to have instigated the prosecution of the three supposed murderers. The Judges of the Chief Court of Lahore held that "it would be an insult to anyone's intelligence to pretend that these absolutely false confessions were procured otherwise than in consequence of pressure from some of the investigating (police) officers . . . and the fact that the men accused of making false charges, in order to avoid ill-treatment (for which theory the confession procured from the accused afforded very serious warrant) repeated a story that was put into their mouths" could be no evidence of their guilt.

In consequence of these startling facts found by the Chief Court, the Punjab Government held a secret inquiry on the police, and in due course the Governor published a "Resolution" stating that "in the opinion of the Lieutenant-Governor the facts reported indicate that the police proceedings and especially the refusal to proceed on uncorroborated confessions were correct."

On June 12th last, a judgment was delivered by Mr. C. L. Dundas, the Sessions Judge at Rawal Pindi, in the Punjab, in a case in which six men were charged with murder mainly upon the confessions of guilt extorted from them. The learned Judge said:—

"The police investigation has been not only unsatisfactory, but also open to more serious charges, which have been freely made. The main charge made by the defence is torture; but bribery has also been alleged. . . . As to the torture charge . . . there is no doubt that Ghulam Mohammed had and still has marks on his wrists and ankles. By order of the Deputy Commissioner an investigation was made. Colonel Clark thought that the marks did not tally with the account given by Ghulam Mohammed, and might have been self-inflicted. But I think it very inconclusive. Ghulam Mohammed himself says that when brought to Pandar he was told that if his statements to the Superintendent of Police and Magistrate were not satisfactory, he would be taken back to Kuttar, the scene of his former racking, and again ill-treated. The Sub-Inspector took Ghulam, together with a witness Bakk, to Mussee. . . . He got Bakk's statement recorded, which statement Bakk has since entirely repudiated as extorted."

"The confession has led to no corroborative result whatever, and its value must be of the smallest. . . . The other evidence is of the worst. . . . The police investigation in this case certainly seems to call for enquiry."

Here it will be observed that the marks of "racking" by the police in March were still visible on the prisoners in June, and that the learned judge demanded an enquiry into the conduct of the police.

Whether the Executive has held any enquiry, and, if so, with what result, neither Parliament nor India is allowed to know, though five and a half months have passed since the judgment was delivered. No information can be obtained from the representative of the India Office in Parliament. The grim fact stands out at present uncontradicted that the police used by the British Administration in the Punjab can so torture innocent people by racking them as to compel them to admit having murdered and buried a woman who all the time was alive and well.—Yours, &c.,

FREDERIC MACKARNESS.

[We feel that we cannot refuse publication to Mr. Mackarness's statement of what we cannot but regard as a *prima facie* case for inquiry into the character and methods of the Indian police. The subject has long been a thorn in the side of the Indian Government, and we feel confident that Lord Morley, one of the most competent of administrators as well as the most humane of men, will not be content to leave the matter at the point where Sir Andrew Fraser's Commission, after a statement of the most extreme gravity, left it.—ED. NATION.]

(To be concluded.)

Letters to the Editor.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE LORDS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the second article of your issue of the 20th November you refer to an interview with me, reported in the "Daily News" of the 18th November, remarking that a proposal (somewhat rashly made by me) to the effect that the King should be asked his consent to the creation of Peers was inadmissible.

Now, as it is desirable that all friends of our ancient Constitution and all supporters of the rights of the Commons and the people should, as far as possible, be seen to be in agreement, and, since I really am in agreement with the principles you lay down, I write to define the essentials of my requirements, and to explain the intrusion of a method in an interview that I should have confined to a declaration of those requirements.

In business it is usual to say, not only what is required, but also how the requirement is to be met. In the hurry of a newspaper interview, I forgot for the moment I was speaking on politics, and not on business, and I allowed myself to show a method as well as to declare an object.

For this I apologise. At the same time, I had not forgotten that the future position of a second Chamber was the most important of all the constitutional questions raised by the ill-advised action of the House of Lords. On the contrary, I took it for granted that if the creation of new peers became necessary, Mr. Asquith would first state the changes that would bring our second Chamber into touch with the progressive thought of the nation, and that would for ever prevent it from again becoming the constant and obedient slave of a small political caste, and that then he would only recommend for a title those who could accept, and, when a General Election had again returned the Liberals to power, could support these proposals, which by that time would have received the approval of the people.

What I had in my mind when the representative of the "Daily News" interviewed me was this—that the Government should not for one moment relinquish any of the ancient privileges of the House of Commons or admit any of the revolutionary claims of the Lords.

It was necessary, therefore, that the Lords should not be allowed either to hang up the Budget or themselves to call a General Election.

By the method that occurred to me these positions were secured. But I don't care about methods. So long as the experts do what has to be done, quickly, effectively, and for ever, it may be left for them to provide the machinery.

The needs of the crisis I put in the following order:—

1. That under no circumstances must the Government yield one jot or one tittle of the ancient rights of the Commons. If this were done, we should lose all interest in the coming election, and the cause would have been lost before the fight had begun.

2. That Mr. Asquith, when the proper time has arrived, should put the issue clearly before the people—in what way he conceives the Constitution has been strained, in what way he would render it secure for the future.

It is clear that we can neither speak nor work with conviction till we know for what it is we are called on to speak and work.

3. That, in addition to defending historical rights and customs, we must bring the second Chamber into line with modern thought and progress.

Those Peers who are called on to revise or improve the legislation of the Commons may be either in general agreement with the ideas that an election has put forward or in general opposition, but they must no longer be always in blind opposition to Liberal and in blind agreement with Tory legislation and finance.

If you want legislation to stop, let the second Chamber be Tory when the people are Liberal, and Liberal when the people are Tory. If, on the other hand, you think that the laws of our country are still capable of improvement, let the second Chamber be Liberal when the people are Liberal, and Tory when the people are Tory.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN.

Moor Green Hall, Birmingham,
November 24th, 1909.

[The adjective, "inadmissible," which Mr. Chamberlain quotes, only referred to this prospect of an immediate creation of peers for the purpose of passing the Budget. We thought, however, that within his proposal the lines of ultimate action by the Government might be found.—ED. NATION.]

MAKING THE FOREIGNER PAY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Perhaps, although an opponent, you may allow me to answer the arguments on this question. May I point out that, as Mr. Haywood allows "that if a foreigner chooses to reduce the price of the goods he sells to us by 10 per cent., there is no protection at all," he therefore directly admits that the foreigner may pay the 10 per cent. import tariff? Nothing, surely, could be clearer, and our Government would get the import duty paid by the foreigner.

Mr. Haywood says "that we live cheaply." Our rich people can buy their luxuries cheaply, with the exception of alcohol and tobacco, because they can buy the surplus and bounty-fed goods of the protected nations, or the goods made by cheap colored labor; but our import taxation under so-called Free Trade is greater per head than that of almost any other nation, and it is all on food, drink, and tobacco, and the working classes not only pay far the greater part of it, but also, on tea, coffee, tobacco, and alcohol, the working classes and the very poor pay far more in proportion to value than do the rich.

It is also admitted by Liberals that our own land is heavily taxed, and Mr. Asquith himself admitted that this was a tax on our agricultural produce. It is, therefore, also admitted that wheat, meat, fruit, and other agricultural productions grown in this country are also considerably taxed.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie is reported to have written in one of his latest publications "that the system of import taxation was very different in Great Britain to what it was in the United States, to the great advantage of the great mass of the American people, because, although in America the import taxation was heavy, it was chiefly put on the luxuries of the rich which the poor never bought, and that in this way America raised about 45 million pounds a year which did not affect the poor, whilst in Great Britain all the import taxation was on food, drink, and tobacco, the necessities or simple luxuries of the poor."

The present Lord Morley said, at Manchester in 1903, "that it was a matter of life and death to us to persuade other nations to rally to the Free Trade flag and come round to the open door." Can Mr. Haywood explain why this is a matter of life and death to us if our Free Trade policy is such an immense benefit to us?

Mr. Churchill told us lately at Birmingham "that millions of our people were more miserable than those of any other country in the world, and struggled under conditions worse than barbarism." He forgot to add that this was after sixty years of the enormous benefits which Free Traders say that our nicknamed Free Trade system confers on us, and especially on our working people. I am, therefore, justified in saying that, according to Liberal leaders themselves, there are great doubts as to the wisdom of our continuing our present system, especially when it is remembered that all the other great countries of the world and our own self-governing daughter nations believe in the theory, and practise the system, of protecting their own industries and working people from unfair foreign competition.

Your correspondent, "Manufacturer," says "the cry of taxing the foreigner is a frigid and calculated lie." I have already quoted your other Free Trade correspondent as having directly and distinctly admitted that the foreigner may pay the tax.

We admittedly tax our own people about 300 million pounds a year in Imperial and local taxation for the upkeep of our country and market. Why is it impossible to tax the competing goods of the foreigner for the benefit of using that same market?

Our own people have to pay on the average from about £10 to £15 on every hundred pounds' worth of agricultural and manufactured goods which they produce for our own home market. Why, with the exception of alcohol, tobacco, and cocoa, should foreigners be allowed to use our market for their competing goods without paying anything to enter it? I can see no sense in taxing our own people considerably and letting in the foreigner entirely untaxed.

If all the women living north of Shrewsbury had to pay 3s. on each couple of fowls for the benefit of selling in

Shrewsbury Market, whilst all the women to the south could use it without paying anything, would the women to the north go home with the same amount of money in their pockets as the women from the south? If not, they would have paid part, perhaps most, of the tax.

Your correspondent does not say whether his goods have to compete with an untaxed supply made in the country into which they are imported. When we can send goods to America which the Americans do not make, then I agree that, as a rule, perhaps almost always, the Americans would pay, because there would be no competition with an untaxed supply.

If, however, the Americans made the same goods as "Manufacturer," could he get the same price for his goods in America if the average American tariff, of about £72 on every hundred pounds' worth, had to be paid to the American Government before his goods were allowed to enter America? Each country would have to pay its own taxes for the upkeep of its own country and market, but on the goods sent by "Manufacturer" there would have to be paid 72 per cent. extra. Could he reduce his men's wages and his own profit sufficiently to beat the Americans who had an advantage of £72 on every hundred pounds' worth produced?

If he can do so, then Mr. Asquith was wrong when he said in 1894 "that the tariff walls which excluded us from foreign markets were every day getting higher and higher."

"Manufacturer" does not seem to be aware, as pointed out by Mr. Andrew Carnegie and American Presidents, "that home commerce is doubly profitable, because with home commerce both the traders are British, both gain by the transaction, and both employ British labor, and all the money is kept in the country." With foreign commerce only one is a Briton and only one employs British labor, and the money of one of the traders and the wages of his working people are spent among foreign tradesmen and shopkeepers.

With highly manufactured imported foreign articles like motor-cars or smart dresses, probably more than 75 per cent. is actually paid in wages to foreign working people.

Under this Free Trade Budget these luxuries do not pay a halfpenny of import duty, but the raw tobacco of the working man is taxed about 600 per cent., his whisky nearly, if not quite, 400 per cent., his beer about 31 per cent., and his tea from about 75 to 100 per cent. This seems, perhaps, the most curious part of this nicknamed Free Trade Budget, which is said by Liberals to be of such great benefit to the working classes.

If a sufficient import duty was put on the 140 millions of imported manufactures to cause us to make 70 million pounds' worth in this country, it must be admitted that at least, and probably more, than 35 million pounds would be paid in wages to our people, which are now paid to working people abroad. Our Government and local authorities between them would get the 10 to 15 per cent. of internal taxation on these home manufactures, and also the import duties on the 70 million pounds' worth of manufactures still imported. In this way we should gain millions in wages and in revenue. On the other hand, as it is now, we get the 140 million pounds' worth of imported goods, but no British labor is employed in making them, and our Government gets no revenue from the importation of any of the whole amount.

It is by no means certain that in many cases a scientific tariff would increase the cost of production, and in some cases in America the reverse has been proved to be the case; the reason, of course, being that if our manufacturers had fair play, and if so many of them had not always hanging over them the danger of having their market broken by the importation of surplus goods from abroad, they could manufacture in larger quantities and therefore more cheaply. There is also the fact that if we had preferential trading within the Empire, we should have a larger and more secure market within its huge boundaries.

In assuming that Tariff Reform will increase the cost of production, I conclude that among other things your correspondent thinks it will increase wages; this, and regular employment, are two of the chief objects of those who are advocating Tariff Reform and imperial preference. If this is so, your correspondent is of the same opinion as the

great John Bright when he wrote to the American manufacturer to try to persuade him to resist Protection in America. He wrote: "You will find that Protection will not only bring increased profit to manufacturers, but will be used to procure higher wages and shorter hours of labor for American working people." I have always thought that the reason Radicals resisted the Aliens Act so violently was because they wanted the cheap undesirable aliens to be imported so that wages might be kept down, and also for this same reason the present Government have done all they can to make the Aliens Act as useless as possible. British working people may depend upon it that cheap imported goods must mean unemployment and cheap underpaid men and women, because their wages must come down low enough to enable us to compete with the cheap imported goods, if we are to be able to compete at all. So-called Free Traders might as well recognise that this tariff question must be faced if only because Japan and China are becoming manufacturing nations, and it will be impossible for our people to compete against the cheap imported goods made by yellow labor working long hours for from about 8d. to 1s. 6d. a day. If Free Traders are right in saying that what they call Free Trade means cheapness, it is bound to ruin us because we are not a cheap race. I have put these same kind of arguments over and over again in the House of Commons, and so far as I can remember no answer has been given. Perhaps we may have an answer from "THE NATION." At all events, I think it is a fair challenge to all the admittedly very clever people who call themselves Free Traders.—Yours, &c.,

ROWLAND HUNT.

House of Commons,
November 22nd, 1909.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—An English firm intimately known to the writer had, for a period, a warehouse in New York for the sale of their product. In New York the product was placed to the debit of one account and the duty, paid by the warehouse, to another. When a sale was made the two amounts were credited proportionately, and the buyer debited first with the product, and, second, with the duty that had been paid upon it.

Who, in reality, paid the duty?—Yours, &c.,

INQUIRER.

Ramhill, Lancashire.

THE CRISIS AND WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Every democrat must feel a thrill of joy at the prospect of the conflict with the Lords, and now, at last, we are at grips with reality in politics, and, not only on the main issue itself, the right of the Commons to the control of the national purse, but on every subsidiary issue, on the incidence of our taxation and the manner of spending it, on what shall and what shall not be the method and spirit of twentieth-century legislation, the Government have a clear claim to fight for the people against the Peers.

On one point only is their case weak. So long as the Liberal Party has no definite answer to give to the suffragist movement, its claim to be fighting the battle of the people is deprived of half its force, while it will be impossible for the party to weld all the forces of democracy into a united whole. In the interests alike of the women's movements and of the national cause, I appeal to the Government to make clear what, in the event of their receiving a second lease of power, they mean to do for women's suffrage.

It is perfectly true that the issue at the coming elections must be the Lords' veto. Ministers have a perfect right to claim that further progress is impossible until this preposterous obstacle has been removed. Granted victory at the polls, however, this need only be the word of the first session of the new Parliament, which, with the Lords' veto out of the way, should be more fruitful of good than any of its predecessors. We cannot reasonably expect women to enter whole-heartedly into the conflict, to recognise that the people's battle is their battle, unless they are given clearly to understand that one of these fruits will be the enfranchisement of their sex.

I am aware that some members of the Cabinet do not approve of women's suffrage, and also that many Liberals and some doctrinaire Socialists are afraid of the electoral consequences of the enfranchisement of women on the terms at present granted to men. Women have, quite rightly, concentrated on the demand for a Bill reversing those legal decisions, *Chorlton v. Lings* and *Beresford Hope v. Lady Sandhurst*, which have so long prevented them from claiming any public rights or fulfilling any public functions not specifically granted to their sex. It being obvious, too, that the House of Lords stood in the way of any attempt to extend the franchise further to men, women have cared very little for any offers of the suffrage as part of a measure for democratising the franchise generally. Of what advantage would it have been to women to have been included in the recent Bill to abolish plural voting, and to have shared in its rejection by the Peers? Women may be excused for paying little heed to Mr. Asquith's offer to adopt an amendment to the next Reform Bill, if carried by a free vote of the Commons, so long as it was pretty certain such a Bill would share the fate of so many others distasteful to the Tory Party. They insist, and naturally, on a measure breaking down the sex disability, not weighted with provisions which would make the Lords reject the whole. But, with the limitation of the Lords' veto, Liberalism will have a free hand, and I submit that, in asking for this, the Government should renew Mr. Asquith's pledges in such a manner that women may know that their enfranchisement will certainly follow a victory over the Lords.

Mr. Asquith's pledge, which was virtually to leave the inclusion of women at the next extension of the franchise to the judgment of the House, however unsatisfactory to women at the time, certainly provided a bridge whereby Ministers not favorable to women's suffrage themselves could yet agree to it without loss of credit. Anti-suffragist Ministers, in a House with so large a suffrage majority as there is in the present, are in a position not unlike that of the House of Lords. We blame the Lords for resisting the will of the elected representatives of the nation; we do not demand that they shall personally approve of the legislation they are called upon to pass. It appears to me that anti-suffragist Ministers may well accept the mandate of the House, and assent to a change which has been approved by the last three Parliaments at least, and must, in any event, soon come about.—Yours, &c.,

BROUGHAM VILLIERS.

November 23rd, 1909.

HOUSE OF COMMONS CANDIDATES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Allow me, as a Socialist and a member of the Labor Party, to suggest:—

(1) That the Liberal leaders frankly lay their cards on the table, and tell us *definitely* what they propose to do with the House of Lords.

(2) That, if feasible, the coming election be fought out, not between Liberals and Labor Party men on the one side and Conservatives and Unionists on the other, but between *House of Commons* and *House of Lords* candidates.

If the first suggestion were adopted it would reassure those of us who rather fear we are in for another sham fight, and, at the same time, prevent our sentiments and enthusiasms being exploited all for nothing or next to nothing: while the second would ensure that every candidate on the progressive side would be representative of both parties, and thus there would be no need for the Labor Party to fear the loss of its independence as the result of playing second fiddle to its great rival.—Yours, &c.,

I. L. P.

November 23rd, 1909.

THE SECOND APPEAL TO ESAU.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Surely since Jacob induced Esau to sell his birth-right for a mess of pottage no such disgraceful appeal has been made to any nation as that made by the Brewers to the English people to barter their liberties for a pot of beer.

And how remarkable is the simultaneity of this beer-pot appeal, Lord Lansdowne's notice of motion, and Mr. Bal-

four's Manchester speech. Let us hope, however, that the response of our people will be an illustration of the truth of the saying, "in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird."—Yours, &c.,
G. M. MINCHIN.

November 24th, 1909.

STANLEY, EMIN, AND LIVINGSTONE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The interesting review of Sir Henry Stanley's "Autobiography" in your current issue contains one or two sentences which excite a little surprise as coming from a writer evidently so well acquainted with his subject. Your reviewer says:—"Emin Pasha was rescued, but owing to some national or personal peculiarity, he was almost indifferent to his rescue, and presently having gone over to the enemy, he met exactly the kind of death from which Stanley came to preserve him."

It is a little puzzling to know who "the enemy" were to whom Emin went over. He entered the German service, it is true, but in what sense could Germany be called "the enemy" in 1890 or, indeed, at any other time?

But, beyond this, is it not clear, from Emin's letters to Mackay, to Dr. Felkin, and to the Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, that he never expected or wished to be relieved in the sense in which Stanley proposed to "relieve" him? He wished to maintain his ground in the Equatorial Province, unless absolutely compelled to leave, and there is no reason to suppose that, had he been supplied with the ammunition and stores he asked for, and left to deal with the situation in his own way, he could not have done so. Instead of which, Stanley, having wasted (unavoidably, no doubt, given the previous circumstances) the greater part of the "relief" stores on the road, all but deported him by force. The monstrous mismanagement of that ill-fated expedition arose chiefly from three causes—the choice of the Congo route, for which, as is well known, we have to thank the King of the Belgians—the engagement of Tippu Tip as an official of the Congo State, and a third which, with all admiration for Stanley's great qualities, it is impossible to overlook. Without stirring up the miserable quarrels and recriminations of that time, it must be conceded that none of his subordinates left behind with the rear-guard was equal to the very difficult and dangerous task entrusted to him. Why did he select men with no special qualifications and no previous experience of African travel, when he might have had the services of Joseph Thomson, for instance? The answer lies in one fatal weakness—he was not great enough to endure another near the throne.

Your reviewer speaks of the disappointment felt when Livingstone did not return with Stanley in 1872. That such was the case I am aware, *inter alia*, from the recollections of those who attended the meeting of the British Association in that year; but surely it seems a little unreasonable. It must have been well known that Livingstone's heart was set upon finishing his exploration of the Nile Sources, and it would have been most unfair to hold Stanley responsible for this, or expect him to bring the Doctor away against his will, as he afterwards brought Emin. It is disappointing to find that the late Mr. Fox Bourne's lucid and striking account of the latter transaction, in "The Other Side of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition" (Chatto & Windus, 1891), is not better known.—Yours, &c.,

A. WERNER.

8, Mill Lane, N.W.

November 22nd, 1909.

PRAGMATISM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is quite true, as Mr. L. Crook points out in his letter on Pragmatism, that in the last resort the proof of truth lies in its usefulness. But it is impossible to determine what exactly will be "useful" to the future. We must act on faith, as Professor James and your correspondent urge, but we should first weigh the balance of probabilities apparent to us. When action is immediate and imperative, "suspension of judgment" is catastrophic. It is synonymous with Hamlet and failure.

Thought is a process by which we arrive at action, and the laws which govern thought and action are different. This is a sweeping generalisation, and, like all such, could

easily be shown to fail. I know there is no exact line of demarcation between the two, but, to facilitate expression, generalisations are convenient. On questions that are primarily intellectual, it is neither possible nor advisable to bind oneself to those definite decisions which are necessary in order to achieve action. Let me illustrate very simply. Generally, I consider the evidence in the recent Steinheil case as conflicting and unsatisfactory; therefore I suspend my judgment. I am not for this reason an "impartial superhuman being." I am merely thinking in a rational manner, and surely no one will say that such a suspension of judgment will perniciously affect my actions. But if I want to take a taxicab from Euston to Trafalgar Square, and I stand on the station balancing with philosophic impartiality the relative values of the various cabs and their drivers, I should probably remain there for hours, possibly for ever.

It is, I contend, action alone that forces the issue. The defect of the Pragmatist position is that it regards action as immediate rather than ultimate. A protracted "suspension of judgment" is to be encouraged until the moment of action arrives.—Yours, &c.,

A. E. Y.

Strand, W.C., November 22nd, 1909.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—No wonder that Mr. Crook's letter reveals a state of intellectual chaos.

The whole position of Pragmatism is based on a definition of Truth. "Truth," says the Pragmatist, "is that which works and is of practical use."

No miserable hair-splitting about this. We need not trouble to think any further. Anything which is attractive, influential, probable, we shall call true.

Unfortunately, there is an answer to the Pragmatist position. It is a brief one. The answer is: your definition of Truth is splendid; but it is not what we mean by Truth.

Smith, a modern, believes in immortality. Lucretius, of old, did not. Then immortality is true for Smith, says the Pragmatist, untrue for Lucretius!

A lunatic believes he is the Emperor of China; therefore he is the Emperor of China.

Is it not time that a serious protest was made by Sanity and Thought against a doctrine which is influencing to no small degree the United States of America?—Yours, &c.,

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

10, Jesus Lane, Cambridge,
November 23rd, 1909.

THE ULTIMATE BASIS OF AUTHORITY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Dr. Massie has addressed his last letter to reasonable beings. As one possessing a claim, albeit perhaps somewhat shadowy, to that appellation, will you permit me to point out a rather obvious fallacy in his reasoning? He would refuse the franchise to women because, so he asserts, the ultimate basis of authority is force. To which I reply: Do citizens possess votes in order that they may select to represent them those more skilled in military or naval strategy or those whom they consider best adapted to govern their country? If the former, I quite agree that women should not possess the vote. Such social systems may be found in full force amongst the Pathans of the Zakka Khel or the Masai of East Africa. But surely we have advanced just a little beyond this stage of barbarism. We select our members of Parliament, not on account of their military or naval qualifications, but because they possess certain opinions and convictions, often based on considerations of a highly complex nature, regarding the proper lines on which a Government should be conducted. Of the fitness or unfitness of candidates to sit in Parliament, women, then, providing they educate themselves sufficiently, should be as well qualified to decide as male voters.

My household property depends for safety against the bold, bad burglar on the police force. But I do not consult the worthy local inspector as to its acquisition, proper management, or expenditure. Lawyers, agents, &c., are the most suitable persons for that work. And, as a matter

of fact, military and naval officers, though drawn from the present governing classes, are quite a negligible portion of the House of Commons, which consists, for the most part, of the legal and other distinctly non-combatant classes.

Even on such narrow issues as peace or war, it cannot be said that the male vote has achieved any brilliant successes. To take modern instances, does Dr. Massie defend the declaration of war against France in 1793? Does he support the Crimean or the Boer wars? The male vote would seem to be no such talisman for right judgment in these matters that we need fear also to consult women.—Yours, &c.,

BERNARD HOUGHTON.

Broomy Lodge, nr. Ringwood,
November 23rd, 1909.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. John Massie, in your last issue, reiterates his view that "the ultimate basis of authority is force," and quotes Mr. James Bryce in support. May I quote two authorities who take a different view? Professor A. V. Dicey, in Chapter II. of "The Law of the Constitution," cites with approval the following passage from Hume:—

"Nothing appears more surprising to those who consider human affairs with a philosophical eye than the easiness with which the many are governed by the few. . . . When we inquire by what means this wonder is effected, we shall find that as Force is always on the side of the governed, the governors have nothing to support them but opinion. It is, therefore, on opinion only that government is founded."

Mr. Massie might also remember the words of Horace: "Vis consilii expers, Mole ruit sua." Behind the "vis" there must always be the "consilium." It is the unseen thing which is the ultimate thing. Mr. Massie has often taught this truth to others. Why does he forget it himself?—Yours, &c.,

M. A.

November 23rd, 1909.

MORE ECONOMICS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—At Poole on November 16th Lord Milner instructed us that Tariff Reform would "increase the total income of the nation by an increase of its total production."

The claim that Protection can increase *total* production is surely a contribution to economics showing considerable independence of thought. Perhaps Lord Milner will remove this impression by giving his authorities, or confirm it by developing his "argument."—Yours, &c.,

TRIPOS.

November 17th, 1909.

CHARLES KINGSLEY AND WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In reply to the remarks of Mr. Maurice in your issue of last week, I should like to refer him to Kingsley's Letters and Memoirs, edited by his wife in 1888. Kingsley received from Stuart Mill his "Subjection of Women" in 1869, and thanked him in a letter in which not a word appears that could suggest a leaning to female suffrage, whatever his previous impressions may have been.

Mrs. Kingsley gives us a second letter to Stuart Mill, written in 1870, in reply to his inquiry why Kingsley had withdrawn from the movement. In it Mrs. Kingsley says "he gives his latest views on this question." She then adds:—

"The proceedings of some of its advocates were so distasteful to him that he refused to attend their meetings; and the only branch of the subject which had his entire sympathy and support was the medical education of women. This he has held years before the question of Women's Suffrage was mooted, to be one of deep importance."

The following excerpts of the above letter show Kingsley's view on womanhood clearly enough:—

"I am pained in a very large acquaintance of all ranks to find the better rather than the worse women against us, whilst foolish women, of no sound or coherent opinion, are inclined to patronise us in the most noisy and demonstrative way."

"I fight not for the maiden so much as for the matron, because if the mother be benefited, the child will be benefited,

and therefore I deprecate the interference in this movement of unmarried women."

"I object also to the question of woman's right to vote."

"Therefore I deprecate most earnestly all the meddling, however pure-minded, humane, &c., which women have brought to bear on certain questions during the last six months—they are mixing themselves up with the fanatical of both sexes, with the vain and ambitious."

"Our strength lies not in the abnormal but in the normal type of womanhood."

Of woman suffrage there is, in this second letter, also no mention except in the above instance where Kingsley says straight out that he objects to it.

What would Kingsley say of the meeting at Bolton the other day, under the presidency of Lady Constance Lytton, when Miss Mary Gawthorpe said, amongst other vulgarities:—

"The attack upon Mr. Winston Churchill is one of the most courageous things I can think of. Our friend who thrashed Mr. Churchill with a dog whip took the responsibility of publicly thrashing a Cabinet Minister, just to show her supreme contempt for his principles."

Such words cannot but have a bad influence on impressionable, half-educated girls with whom these meetings are packed.—Yours, &c.,

G. A. SEEBOHM.

Townend, Knutsford,
November 23rd, 1909.

Poetry.

TO THEM THAT DARKEN COUNSEL.

"Forasmuch therefore as ye trample on the poor and take exactions from him of wheat, ye have built houses of hewn stone but shall not dwell in them."

"And the great houses shall have an end, saith the Lord."

FORASMUCH as your hearts are hardened, and your hands encumbered with gold,
Forasmuch as ye sell your judgment, as a stall-fed beast is sold;
Forasmuch as your eyes yearn backward to the feast of the full fat years,
Forasmuch as your brows bend earthward, when the sign in the heaven appears;
Therefore your feet shall falter, and the staff of your hands shall bend,
And the firm-set stones shall fall, for the house of the great hath an end.

Because your lips have watered for the price of the sufferer's pain,
Because ye have drugged men drowsy, and count their drunkenness gain;
Because ye have mocked their weakness, and flung them a grudging dole,
Because ye have counted their bodies, and found no trace of a soul;
For all this the hounds are gathered, and the huntsman's net is spread,
And ye hear their horn on the hills like a long-drawn wail of the dead.

As up in your high-built halls ye have careless lived, and content
If others have toiled and gathered, and ye have scattered and spent,
As ye fear to smirch your souls, or so much as a finger soil
With the scum of a nation's ferment, the grime of a people's toil,
Therefore your own fine hands have sullied your once fair fame,
And your speech that was bold and straight is now fall'n crooked and lame,
Till at last men say, Lo, these have woven their own rewards,
Who once were lords among people, where now the people are lords.

GUY KENDALL.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Last Years of the Protectorate." Vols. I. and II. By C. H. Firth. (Longmans. 24s. net.)
 "Indian Speeches (1907-1909)." By Viscount Morley. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "Liberalism and the Social Problem." By the Right Hon. W. S. Churchill. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "A History of Medieval Political Theory in the West." By R. W. Carlyle and A. J. Carlyle. Vol. II "The Political Theory of the Roman Lawyers and the Canonists, from the Tenth to the Thirteenth Century." (Blackwood. 15s. net.)
 "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale." By A. M. Bradley. With an Introductory Essay by Thomas Seccombe. (Lane. 16s. net.)
 "The Rise of Louis Napoleon." By F. A. Simpson. (Murray. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "The Clerk of Oxford in Fiction." By S. F. Hulton. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Bourbon Restoration." By Major J. R. Hall. (Alston Rivers. 21s. net.)
 "The Light of the West." By Sir William Butler. (Methuen. 5s. net.)
 "London in the Nineteenth Century." By Sir Walter Besant. (Black. 30s. net.)
 "In the Grip of the Nyika." By Lieut.-Col J. H. Patterson. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "It Never Can Happen Again." By William de Morgan. (Heinemann. 2 Vols. 10s.)
 "Souvenirs autour d'un Groupe Littéraire." Par Madame Alphonse Daudet. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3fr. 50.)
 "Deux Dramas: Le Cloître, Philippe II." Par Emile Verhaeren. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3fr. 50.)
 "Vieilles Maisons, Vieux Papiers." Quatrième Série. Par G. Lenôtre. (Paris: Perrin. 5fr.)
 "La Vie et l'Œuvre de Titien." Par Georges Lafenestre. (Paris: Hachette. 3fr. 50.)

* * *

LIKE most other industries, the book trade will be injuriously affected by "the temporary dislocation, the temporary chaos, as it is called," to which Lord Lansdowne looks forward with much equanimity. A war or a General Election is a catastrophe from which publishers and booksellers pray to be delivered, for books are the luxuries with which many people are most ready to dispense, and an event which absorbs attention in the way of a General Election, or which interferes with the normal course of finance, is soon felt in the book market. Authors, publishers, and booksellers have all been expecting great things from the season now drawing to a close, but, though far from a bad one, it has not realised their hopes. The autumn season of 1907 was to some extent harmed by the financial and commercial collapse in the United States; last autumn there was a general decline of trade; and this season we are confronted by the prospect of a constitutional crisis. The one fortunate thing about the affair is that the General Election is likely to take place in the middle of January, a time when there is not usually much activity in the publishing world, though the present writer knows of a popular novelist who has directed his publisher to keep back a book which it had been arranged to issue during that month.

* * *

THE reported decision of some of the circulating libraries to subscribe for only a few copies of Mr. de Morgan's novel, "It Never Can Happen Again," has given rise to a good deal of comment. The book contains about 300,000 words, and has been published by Mr. Heinemann in two volumes, at the price of ten shillings. The libraries are, of course, the chief buyers of fiction, and if they are determined not to give more than the regulation six shillings for a novel, however long it may be, it will require a strong and united effort on the part of the publishers to secure better terms. As we have remarked before in this column, the publishers have damaged their market by the over-production of worthless novels, and have not helped matters by their policy of disregarding the interests of the small booksellers. If Mr. Heinemann fails in his spirited attempt to cheapen novels, and thus to induce people to buy who now borrow, the failure will be due to the latter cause.

* * *

THE publication this week of Mr. Winston Churchill's "Liberalism and the Social Problem," and of Lord Morley's

"Indian Speeches, 1907-1909," reminds us that many—indeed, an unusual proportion—of the members of the present Cabinet are distinguished as men of letters. Lord Morley and Mr. Birrell enjoy reputations in the world of books quite as great as in the world of affairs. Mr. Winston Churchill is, like his American namesake, a novelist, though he is better known as an author by his contributions to military history travel, and biography. Mr. Haldane's name appears on the title-page of seven volumes, most of them designed to instruct his fellow-countrymen in the mysteries of Hegelian philosophy. Sir Edward Grey is the author of a treatise on "Fly-Fishing." Mr. Sydney Buxton, also an expert writer on fishing and shooting, has written and compiled several books on political subjects, one of which is in its eleventh and another in its fifth edition. Both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Burns have travelled some distance on the road of journalism, and have published articles and speeches. Mr. Burns is, besides, a frequenter of second-hand bookshops, and owns an excellent collection of political pamphlets. Lord Crewe has written verse, and is another collector of books. His library of 30,000 volumes is, in some respects, the finest private collection in the country. Lord Loreburn is not an author, but is almost as devoted a student of Virgil as Gladstone was of Horace. We believe he has a great admiration for Professor J. W. Mackail's prose translations of the "Eclogues and Georgics" and of the "Aeneid."

* * *

FOLLOWING on their admirable edition of Swift's prose works, Messrs. Bell have almost ready for issue the first volume of a new edition of "The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift," and they are also preparing an edition of the "Poems," which will be added to the Bohn series. The work of editing the correspondence was originally entrusted to Mr. C. Litton Falkiner, a writer on Irish history, who met his death through an Alpine accident just over a year ago. His place has been filled by Mr. F. Elrington Ball, and the first volume will contain an introduction by Dr. Bernard, Swift's present successor in the Deanery of St. Patrick's. Mr. Ball has had access to the material accumulated by Forster in preparation for an edition of the correspondence which he was engaged upon at the time of his death, and he has also discovered a large number of hitherto unpublished letters, many of which are said to be of great interest. Another contribution to our knowledge of Swift will be a book on the Dean and his circle, by Miss Shilleto Smith, which Messrs. Methuen will issue early in the spring.

* * *

SWIFT's patron, Sir William Temple, is now little read, though possibly Professor Spingarn's edition of the essays "On Ancient and Modern Learning" and "On Poetry," just issued by the Clarendon Press, may do something to bring him before the general reader. Professor Spingarn protests against Macaulay's "violent and ill-considered" verdict on Temple, and claims that the two essays "represent a turning point in the development of English style, and that in them something of the tone and temper of the eighteenth century essay are already apparent." In praising Temple's style, Professor Spingarn is in excellent company, for these essays were Pope's favorite prose, and Dr. Johnson said to Boswell that "Sir William Temple was the first writer who gave cadence to English prose"—an estimate that seems extravagant when we think of Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne. Among other writers who had a high opinion of Temple were Swift, who said he had "advanced our English tongue to as great perfection as it can well bear," Goldsmith, Lamb, who contrasted him with Shaftesbury in the essay on "The Genteel Style in Writing," and Hallam. As a critic, Temple made the mistake of defending the authenticity of the "Letters of Phalaris," and calling forth Bentley's wonderful "Dissertation." But he had the insight to see the romantic interest that lay in Eastern and in Scandinavian literature at a time when both were despised. The concluding sentence of his "Essay on Poetry" is justly famous: "When all is done, Human Life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward Child, that must be Play'd with and Humor'd a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the Care is over."

Reviews.

PROFESSOR FIRTH'S CONTINUATION OF GARDINER.*

THERE have been greater historians than Gardiner, but there have been few who did a more important work in sinking wide and deep the foundations of the knowledge of a great period. Nor is this all. Gardiner was neither a deep thinker nor a powerful writer, but he gave, within certain limits, a sound comment on events. He has done much to form what may fairly be called the "verdict of history" on the Roundhead and Cavalier controversy. That phrase is, indeed, often misused, and the philosopher will point out that the political sympathies of an historian, as such, are just as likely to be wrong as right. But if there is ever any meaning in the words "verdict of history," Gardiner's is such a verdict. He has spread very widely, even among people who have never read his book, a juster understanding of the issues as they appeared to the various actors themselves in the seventeenth century, and a sane modern criticism of those actors, of their mistakes, and of their lasting service to us, as judged in the light of three hundred years of further experience. Gardiner's achievement is brought out by comparison: for example, the period of the English Reformation, though its documents have been ransacked by partisans, has not yet been blessed with a Gardiner. (Will Mr. Pollard play the part? He might, perhaps, if he had time.) Similarly, the period from Fox and Pitt down to the Reform Bill of 1832 has not even had its documents ransacked, though the "verdict of history," which used to be a Whig asset, now sometimes goes by default to a particularly purblind Toryism.

Gardiner's massive learning was the accumulation of the lifetime of one who scorned lucre and other delights in order to live laborious days in self-imposed service of the truth. Nothing short of this learning would have sufficed to raise this classical period of English history on to a pedestal high above the semi-knowledge of partisans. But Gardiner died a few years too soon to complete his task either at the death of Cromwell or at the Restoration (I do not know which he regarded as his goal). Fortunately, there was a man fit, and, indeed, ready equipped, to finish what he left undone. At Dr. Gardiner's own request, Professor Firth took on the work. To say that he could be compared to Gardiner for his knowledge of the Cromwellian period is by no means to overstate the case. His life of Cromwell in the "Heroes of the Nations" series, his "Cromwell's Army," and many learned publications had shown that. And no man without such a knowledge could have "continued Gardiner."

Professor Firth, in his Preface, expresses a regret we all feel, that Gardiner did not live to put the crown on his work, and to "give the world his final estimate of the aims and achievements of the Protector." But, after all, Gardiner had given the world such an estimate in a separate volume, his "Cromwell's Place in History." Perhaps, therefore, apart from the natural sentiment that affects us all, if we calculate coldly, the most serious thing about Gardiner's premature death was that it has for awhile called away Professor Firth from the reign of Charles II. For our knowledge of Cromwell's period is now very much greater than our knowledge of the Restoration period. The reign of Charles II. is a tangled forest of Court and Party intrigue, through which a few historical pioneers have cut stray paths at their own sweet will, but which craves the true settler to clear it, before the ordinary reading tourist can travel there with any safety. May Professor Firth live, not only to bring "Gardiner" down to the Restoration, but to give us the sure footing that we so sadly lack in the history of the reign of the Merry Monarch!

The two volumes before us, which go down to the death of Cromwell, are eminently satisfying, within certain limits. These limitations are set by Mr. Firth's natural reticence—his dislike of broad generalisation, on the one hand, and of vivid narrative style on the other. These natural qualities or defects of his are here increased

by his consciousness that on this occasion he is finishing another man's book, and that he must keep himself and his opinions out of it. I do not mean that he differs in opinion from Gardiner—I am not aware that he does. But he seems to write with the object of avoiding as far as possible any expression of opinion—more so than Gardiner himself ever did. This is, may be, very proper under the circumstances, but now and again I should like a lead from Professor Firth, just because I value so highly his opinion on the subject which he has made his own by years of study, and of which he has so sane and clear an understanding. What, for instance, does he think of the military "purge" of the Parliament of 1656, effected by the soldiers at the door of the House of Commons? He does, indeed say, on page 14, that it was grossly illegal, and thoroughly bad in form and method. But he might well have given us two pages discussing it in its broader aspects of policy, in relation to the possibility or impossibility of establishing real constitutional government under the Protectorate. Such a discussion is worth little from the pen of a mere essayist or hack writer dealing with the Stuart period, but from Professor Firth it would have great value. It is useless to say that the reader can judge for himself from the facts given: he cannot possibly judge as well as Professor Firth, who knows so many other facts besides those which he actually gives. But I suppose the feeling that it is Gardiner's book has held him back in this and other like cases from expressing his own opinion.

Once, indeed, he gives us this opinion in good round hand. In the middle of the admirable chapter on "Henry Cromwell in Ireland" he tells us what he thinks of the Cromwellian Settlement in its general aspect.

"In the end," he writes, "it was the action of the Cromwellian Government itself which caused the failure of the Cromwellian policy. The fact that the land settlement was based on confiscation might not have prevented its success; the fact that confiscation was accompanied by religious persecution did. The mass of the people might have accepted the substitution of one set of landlords for another; but the prohibition of their religion kept alive the spirit of discontent and revolt."—(Vol II., p. 145.)

That religious persecution increased the spirit of revolt cannot be disputed. But it may be questioned whether that spirit would not in any case have been kept alive by the confiscation. I doubt much (on purely *a priori* grounds, for I know next to nothing about the subject), I doubt much whether "the mass of the people" would have "accepted the substitution" of English Protestant for native Catholic landlords, even if Catholicism had not been persecuted. Whether the priests had been persecuted or not, they must inevitably have become the sole leaders of the Irish peasantry, after we had destroyed the lay Catholic upper class. That destruction, effected by the confiscation, was, to my thinking, a mistake more fatal than even the religious persecution. For the religious persecution could be stopped, and eventually was stopped. But the native landlord class, once destroyed, could never be recalled to life. Therefore, Ireland was certain to be governed by the priests the moment it ceased to be governed by the sword—as occurred in the course of the nineteenth century.

If Professor Firth casts an eye on this review, he will here exclaim: "What a creature is this reviewer! First he says I don't give him enough of my so valuable opinions, and when I do give him one he says he doesn't agree with it, although he admits he knows nothing about the subject!" To this there is no reply possible.

However, I have now done with inconsistent criticisms. These volumes are an important event in the historical world, and to all true lovers of history they will be a delight. You feel on *terra firma* when you are reading them. You feel you are reading "nothing but the truth," and at least as much of "the whole truth" as human labor can attain. "Some episodes," says Professor Firth in the Preface, "are, perhaps, treated in too much detail, but it seemed to me as important to show the temper of the time as to narrate the events." This is the essence of Professor Firth's work and method—to show "the temper of the time" on every occasion, by a mosaic of apt, brief quotations picked out from innumerable letters and papers of persons of the most opposite parties and the most different attributes, but all written at the very moment of the event

* "The Last Years of the Protectorate, 1656-58." By C. H. Firth, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. Longmans. 2 vols. 24s. net.

itself. This necessarily affects the author's own style, which is sometimes hardly more than a setting for the mosaic. It is an historical method very successful within its limits, when managed, as here, by a real master of the subject. And it enables the reader to understand "how it struck contemporaries" as no other method can do. For that purpose, at least, it is superior to the Thucydidean "speech," and even to the Macaulayese "summary of the arguments on both sides." But it has its own limitations.

Two opportunities for stirring narrative occur in these volumes. First, Blake's sinking of the Spanish fleet under the forts at Santa Cruz and his subsequent death in sight of the English coast; and, secondly, the battle of the Dunes. Both, as here described, leave an indelible impression on the mind of the affairs exactly as they happened. It is true that the adoption of the method described above in a first-rate battle-piece takes away much of the swing and *élan* of the narrative, and deprives us of some of the possible emotions. But I have got a very clear as well as a very accurate knowledge of what happened in Santa Cruz harbor and on the Flemish sand dunes, such as one gets from very few modern accounts of battles. Among good modern accounts of battles, these of Professor Firth have this peculiarity—that the color of the picture is entirely a seventeenth-century color. One looks on at Carlyle's battles through a chink in the clouds of heaven, with Teufelsdröckh as the humorous, pathetic, dramatic showman at one's side. But one looks on at Professor Firth's battles from on board one of Blake's ships, in the person, as it were, of one of his solid, quiet captains.

And so it is with everything in these volumes, whether in tales of peace or of war. I feel, for instance, as if at last I had really heard what the different people thought and said about the question of reviving the Monarchy in Cromwell's person. That being so, it is perhaps lowering the standard to expect that Professor Firth should discuss what "might have been" if only Cromwell had consented to pour the new wine into the old bottle. Perhaps the very sum of his knowledge and thought on the subject makes him hate such idle speculation.

G. M. TREVELYAN.

THE COMPLETE STORY-TELLER.*

Of the three great writers who created Italian literature six centuries ago, and have not been surpassed or equalled by any of their successors, Boccaccio now stands second in honor. He himself regarded his friend and philosopher, Petrarch, with humble and excessive admiration as beyond comparison the greater man; and probably, till within the last generation, nearly all critics would have accepted his judgment, though rather from habit than conviction. The present neglect of Petrarch is significant of a new temper of mind which can forgive anything to passion, and anything to genuine and sympathetic vision, but resolutely refuses to be put off with sentimentality or sugared artifice, though of the very finest manufacture. All may join Mr. Hutton in admiring Petrarch for unusual culture, for courageous scholarship, and an almost scientific conception of history. In all those advantages, as in piety and perhaps in behavior, he was far beyond any standard of Boccaccio's. But in art the first thing we demand is sincerity, and from start to finish of Petrarch's best-known work we hardly discover sincerity in a single line.

"Laura!" cries a recent critic. "Though her portrait is in Florence, and Arthur Young saw her tomb, I am inclined to think there never was such a person. Or, if there was, I bless, for her sake, every yard of that safe and innocent twenty miles which separates Avignon from Vauluse, and I have not the least doubt that her lover blessed it for his own sake too."

But in Boccaccio we are delivered from the pedantic chill of the merely literary man, whose first thought in love or joy or sorrow is the use to which his art can put it afterwards. In him we find the passion, the sincerity, and the sympathetic vision, together created and illuminated by the reality of life. All the vast difference between the two poets is seen in his love for Fiammetta—the golden, generous, and inconstant woman, who was the source of his

inspiration, of his joy, and perhaps of the bitterness of his later life—the part of his life which does not count. After a maudering sonnet or two on Laura, with what refreshment of spirit we come upon the traces of a passion thus described by Boccaccio's new biographer, though in the description itself the writer yields for a moment to his most dangerous temptation of style:—

"Who shall divide love into periods of the soul? These are things too wonderful for me, which I know not. Are not 'idealism' and 'sensuality' moods of the same passion, often simultaneous, and always interchangeable? Or do critics speak of affection? But I speak not of affection. I speak of love—a flame of fire. And whatever Boccaccio's love may have been, good or bad, as you will, I care not what you decide to think, this at least it was, a passion, a passion which mastered him and destroyed in him much that was good, much that was bad, but that made of him a poet and the greatest storyteller in the world. . . . Who may divide what God has joined together? And if one might—what disaster!"

It is only from Boccaccio's own poems and other writings that we know the story of Fiammetta, and, indeed, of the poet himself, during the earlier and finer part of his life. Even what we know is uncertain, though Mr. Hutton follows out the conjectures with convincing skill and knowledge. But the poet was very fond of writing personal confessions; indeed, nearly all his verse is occupied with his own biography or experience more or less disguised, and it is all the more remarkable that the one work which seems likely to live for generations yet is as nearly impersonal as any great work of art can be. We do not mean, of course, that it would be impossible to tell from the Decameron what kind of man Boccaccio was. It is easy enough to recognise in the writer the alert and humorous man, endowed with "charm," rather overbalanced on the sensual side, and incapable of genuine speculation, religious thought, or, apparently, of any profound and tragic emotion. But in the Decameron there is no distinct mention of his own life, and if the name of Fiammetta, among the seven ladies who tell the tales, suggests passing memories of his one absorbing passion, the references are slight and fleeting. The real Fiammetta had, in fact, almost certainly died of the plague the year before the Decameron was begun.

But if there is small directly personal biography in the Tales, they give the most brilliant picture of the world that surrounded the writer. Never has Europe itself been so brilliant, or, at least, so diversified in color and interest, as just in the half-century that Boccaccio knew. The time was of even greater interest than the two centuries following, for it possessed the charm of great changes that were approaching, but as yet only dimly discerned. Day was already bright with the Renaissance, but the sun had not risen with its heat. The human spirit was assaulting the Church, but rather with laughter than violence. The doom of medievalism was preparing; it had not yet become tragic.

The interval was filled with clashing contrasts, with adventures of life and death, with worship and mockery side by side, and with laughter so close a neighbor to tears. It was a time of extreme violence; while Boccaccio was actually writing the Decameron in Florence, the citizens of the most cultivated city of the world tore two hostages in pieces with their own hands and ate them in the public square, as Mr. Hutton narrates. Only a year or two before, the plague had killed about a third of the city's population, for 100,000 died—nearly as many as died of it in the Punjab during a single fortnight of 1907. The Mediterranean swarmed with pirates; the power of the Paynim was continually edging westward; the leading races of Christendom were engaged in wars that seemed unending; the foremost cities of Italy were tearing at each other's throats; the Head of the Church was in exile from his holy seat, and the two representatives of God's spiritual and temporal powers here on earth had divided the faithful into armies of partisans, each regarding the other as emissaries of the devil.

In the midst of all that conflict and chaos, life was not likely to be monotonous. The strange thing is that the lives of peasants, citizens, and even nobles went on so often in much the usual way, and afforded so many opportunities for leisure, delight, and amorous adventure. As is well known, Boccaccio himself insisted on the contrast by

* "Giovanni Boccaccio: A Biographical Study." By Edward Hutton. Lane. 16s. net.

choosing the horror of the plague as the background for that charming party of seven women and three men, who consorted together to drive away its gloom with their merry, tender, and surprising tales. So it is against a background of a violent and changeful time, where custom and belief were just beginning to break up, that the action of the Tales themselves is depicted, nor is any set of them more typical or more welcome than those of the Second Day, which tell the fortunes of men who, after divers adventures, have at last attained a goal of unexpected felicity. Dimly, perhaps, in some of the stories, but consciously in nearly all, we are aware of that dark background of violence and wrong and death and of man's perpetual struggle to escape from its horror and find the joy and solace that seem so near him and so natural. Amid cheating friars, and Jews, and Paynims, and Sultans of Babylon, and pirates, and torturers, and murderers who serve up hearts to eat, that is the search of all those gentle lovers and faithful pilgrims and generous knights and laughing knaves and women whom nature had made neither of iron nor of adamant.

The obvious difficulty in writing Boccaccio's life is the great uncertainty of the facts. But a far greater difficulty still is the vast amount of obscure and undistinguished detail by which the Italian history of the period is overwhelmed. Mr. Edward Hutton appears to us to have worked upon this chaotic material with equal knowledge and restraint. He has produced an illuminating book, presenting us with a clear and succinct account of the first master of story-telling, and of his other works besides the Decameron, some of them too much neglected. He has, further, added very valuable appendices and an excellent index to the Decameron as well as to his own volume.

IDEALISM AND LIFE.*

For a generation or more the oracles of German idealism have been nearly dumb. Since Lotze no great original thinker has appeared among the countrymen of Kant and Hegel. German metaphysics have flourished more vigorously in Oxford and Glasgow than in Leipsic and Berlin. But if no new system has arisen in the motherland of idealism, there have not been wanting interpreters and exponents of older ideas, and of these perhaps Professor Rudolf Eucken, of Jena, is the most distinguished and influential. His best-known work, "Die Lebensanschauungen der grossen Denker," has, we are told, been through eight editions in its own language, and is now translated into English by Professor W. S. Hough and Mr. Boyce-Gibson, under the title of "The Problem of Human Life as viewed by the Great Thinkers, from Plato to the Present Time." The English is thoroughly readable and scholarly, and we may unreservedly congratulate the translators on their work. Whether, indeed, German idealistic metaphysics bear translation at all is a question which may be raised. Hegel, whose vernacular is always racy and living, becomes almost unreadable in English. Kant, who at best is a pedant, has less to lose. Lotze in a translation becomes so dreamy and vague that the reader wanders on through pages without clear consciousness of the drift, and we fear at times that the same must be said of Professor Eucken in his English dress. There are the regular phrases of idealism, familiar to the initiated, full of solemn mystery to the beginner. In German they seem to stand for something. Translated, their force seems to evaporate. Take at random this passage which is to help us to appreciate modern thought:—

"So subject and object point to each other for completions. Opposite poles of thought, they are ever prone to hostility. But life will attain its highest perfection when both work together, bound to each other in fruitful mutual relation. And this is what happens in art, primarily from the point of view of the artist, but to some extent from that of the spectator also. For, as in the domain of art all inner impulse seeks embodiment, so, too, the outward form cannot be appropriated until it has been associated with a soul."

We might go on indefinitely. The unaccustomed reader

"The Problem of Human Life as viewed by the Great Thinkers, from Plato to the Present Time." By Rudolf Eucken. Translated by W. S. Hough and W. R. Boyce-Gibson. Unwin. 17s. 6d. net.

would be no nearer to anything concrete. The habitual drinker at the Hegelian stream would be lulled to gentle slumber at the repeated sound of the familiar antitheses and dear old reconciliations. In German certainly it seems at first blush more real, but philosophy is not like poetry. It ought to bear translation without evaporating into nothingness.

Vague and disappointing in its general import, Professor Eucken's book nevertheless has two great merits. To begin with, it has a distinct originality of plan. It is a history of thought, but it differs from the professed, and, so to say, official histories of philosophy in that it seeks an appreciation of the essential point of view of each school rather than a scholastic exposition of detail. Moreover, it seeks to show the bearing of theory upon life, it deals with the spirit of each world-system, and so it finds a place for Christianity alongside of the schools of the metaphysicians. It seeks, in short, to present a series of pictures of the ideas that have moved the western world, and the doctrines that have been propounded for the guidance of men. Secondly, in so doing, the writer does not allow his one strong leaning to an idealistic interpretation of Christianity to cramp his historic impartiality. If his account of Aristotle is less glowing than the periods in which he describes the Platonic philosophy, if he is palpably less enthusiastic for Comte and Mill than for Kant and Hegel, he does not allow his feelings to distort his judgment, but awards praise and blame, sets out positive merits, and, at the same time, puts his finger on contradictions with undeviating impartiality. Such a mixed character, and such a motley philosophy as that of Augustine, for example, are treated with really admirable justice, every point of excellence and every grave deficiency being marked with equal emphasis. Professor Eucken has philosophic evenness of temper and width of view. If he possessed a corresponding incisiveness of thought and expression he would have given us a history of real value. As it is, his final judgment is often difficult to grasp, and the impression left by the account of each thinker lacks definiteness. Much has been propounded to which the instructed reader cannot object, but when he asks himself at the end what is the upshot, what, in Professor Eucken's view, is the essential of the message of Plato, of Hellenism generally, of Christianity, of modern idealism, he finds no clear advance on the points of view that were already familiar to him.

Sometimes, indeed, he comes across judgments that are peculiar and may be questioned. The Platonic doctrine of ideas "discloses a great truth," viz., that there is a realm of truth beyond the likes and dislikes of men; this is the "foundation of the independence of science and of the secure upbuilding of civilisation; only a self-dependent truth can provide laws and morals, which elevate human existence because they unite it. But this is the central thought of all idealism; hence the latter ever remains linked with the name of Plato." But why, we are bound to ask, limit that doctrine to the idealist? We are, indeed, glad to hear an individual idealist associating himself with the doctrine of the objective independence of the true order, but why call this "the central thought of idealism" in particular? What quarrel has the Realist with such a principle? Is it not rather the central contention of Realism, with which, if the Idealist agrees, so much the better? Whether, indeed, the Idealist can maintain this position unimpaired becomes doubtful when, later on in the volume, we read Professor Eucken's acceptance of the Kantian doctrine of relativity.

"It was Kant who first showed clearly and forcefully that to wish to know a thing as it is independently of us is arrant absurdity. For things in the process of becoming known to us must inevitably change their character."

This is really a very crude statement of the doctrine of relativity, and Professor Eucken ought to have known that it cannot at this time be put forward without paying due attention to well-known exposures of its obvious fallacies. But, apart from this, the Realist may well ask how Professor Eucken is to hold together the two doctrines: (1) that truth is self-dependent; (2) that what we know somehow depends on our knowledge. Till he can show that these two positions are reconcilable, he should at least refrain from claiming the one, which he truly regards as the foundation of science, as the peculiar product of Idealism and of

Plato. The Realist does not seek to reconcile the two positions; he denies the second one, and therewith prepares himself to wage war against the Relativist and the Idealist schemes of knowledge alike. This denial constitutes, in fact, a better working definition of the Realist than that suggested by Professor Eucken himself. He identifies the idealistic view of things with the conception that the soul "absorbs and assimilates the world," the realistic with the view that "the world absorbs and assimilates the soul." This is to confound realism with materialism, and to misinterpret the impulse and direction of modern scientific method. Professor Eucken's favorite antithesis of the "inner" and the "outer" fails him here. The "realist" has no preference for the "outer." He studies the world of the soul as frankly and "objectively" as the behavior of a molecule or a bacillus. He takes experience of every kind and from every quarter and pieces it together into interpretations of reality which he knows to be broken and partial, but which are at least free from misleading pretence to finality. He stands not for the "outer" against the "inner" (whatever these may be), nor for the material against the spiritual, nor for sense against thought, but simply for the slow, cautious, humble interpretation of experience in its widest sense as against abstractions and dogmas with more sound than meaning, doubtful in their origin and vague in their application.

L. T. HOBHOUSE.

SHELLEY FOR THE MIDDLE-AGED.*

"I HAVE written of Shelley," says Mr. Clutton-Brock, "as a middle-aged man for other middle-aged men," and the confession is at once an avowal and a self-criticism. In that period of life at which one boasts oneself to be middle-aged, one has lost the illusions of youth without acquiring the serenities of age. It is the period of common-sense militant and compromise defiant. To the young illusions are beautiful; to the old they are necessary. It is in middle age that it seems to be the worthy occupation of a man to examine their mechanism and investigate their physiology. It is a curiously cold and level book which Mr. Clutton-Brock has produced from his wilfully uninspired standpoint. There is in it no uncurbed enthusiasm, yet there is no unkindly detraction. It is full of judicious comments on Shelley the man, and of sober estimates of Shelley the poet. There is nothing to offend any sane idolator. There is much to placate and confound the unfriendly critic. It presents in every chapter a middle view. It is never unsympathetic in the sense of failing or refusing to grasp or expound Shelley's standpoint. It is rarely sympathetic in the sense of adopting or defending Shelley's manner of thinking. It is written from outside, yet from an angle which admits of a clear and uninterrupted view. The total result is rather competent than interesting. One closes the book, puzzled to remember anything strong, original, or new that has been supremely well said. One recalls its contents, equally puzzled to indicate anything essential which has been left unsaid. Here, in short, is all that the middle-aged reader may wish to know about Shelley's life. Here, too, is the balanced judgment which he would wish to form of Shelley's poetry. The estimate of the man is, on the whole, fairer and better than the estimate of the poet. Mr. Clutton-Brock is clearly happier in the exercise of the negative functions of criticism than in fulfilling the exponent's duty of setting forth the values of the work which he admires. He rates the greater poems at their true worth. But it is more congenial to him to explain why "The Revolt of Islam" fails from the slightness and confusion of its narrative interest than to appraise the supreme beauty of the choruses of "Hellas." A few sentences, which lack nothing in verbal homage, convey the proper estimate. But the critic rarely allows himself to develop his praise or to carry his analysis into the necessary detail.

The debate over Shelley's conduct has become a classical impertinence, and a public which finds nothing immoral in the cold egoism of Milton's relations with women still insists upon making the tragedy of Shelley's

fickle pity for Harriet Westbrook—the pity which he mistook for love—the theme of an unending ethical debate. Mr. Clutton-Brock handles this theme, as, indeed, he handles all the familiar biographical material, with fairness and tolerance, but also with a just contempt for that affectation which would set genius above morality. One is sometimes tempted to wish for an essay on Shelley which would studiously avoid all mention of University College and the Westbrooks, of Godwin and the Court of Chancery. The best of Shelley's work is absolute music, and has no more relation to his life than a fugue of Bach's to the composer's numerous family. For all we need to know or care, the man who wrote the *Brandenburg Concertos* might have been a bachelor, and the man who wrote "*Adonais*" need never have known the unrest and tragedy of love. But there is no understanding the bulk of Shelley's work in this way. No poet—and this is the burden of this book—was ever so completely individualistic. He often seems, like all the romantics, to have neither city nor country, and to stand outside his time. He is the companion of clouds and mountains, and the maker of a mythical world. His very millennium was the ruined paradise of an Aegean island, tenanted by one sympathetic soul. Yet his very loneliness was a flight. One must understand from what it was he fled. These moods alternated with a passionate social ideal. The revolutionary history of "The Revolt of Islam" and the prophetic vision of the final chorus of "Hellas" are even more the real Shelley than the individualistic dream of "Epipsychidion." The reformer who tried to rouse Dublin to the pursuit of liberty with virtue was somehow the same paradoxical spirit who conceived his Eden in an uninhabited isle. The subtle attraction and repulsion of a contemporary world which was for him too bad for any sympathy, yet not too bad to be reformed by a sudden convulsive appeal, makes a study in psychology which is perennially interesting. Mr. Clutton-Brock, by his very aloofness and freedom from prejudice, has handled it with insight and subtlety. His primary interest in Shelley is, we think, rather that of the psychologist than of the pure student of poetry. He has brought to his task a knowledge of all the intricate biographical facts painfully acquired, and, what is much rarer, a ripe knowledge of men. He wields a style which possesses a certain restrained dignity. He has attained in his intercourse with Shelley an intimacy too close alike for mere misunderstanding or for uncritical eulogy. If his book displays that pedestrian good sense which makes extravagant praise inappropriate, it has also the sound scholarship and the sure judgment which bestow upon it a permanent utility. It registers no fashion. It expresses no individual whim. It is a sane and deliberate treatment by a sober and energetic mind of a theme handled too often by prejudiced and extravagant critics.

CAMBRIDGE BIBLICAL ESSAYS.*

THE volume of Biblical Essays which a group of Cambridge scholars has just published is, in its way, a sign of the times. Most of the Divinity Professors of the University have a hand in it, and with them we may group some of the younger graduates in Divinity. But there are also several laymen, a Presbyterian, a Methodist professor, and a distinguished Jewish scholar. And about their work—at least, in the attitude of most of them—there is remarkable congruity of spirit. The uniting term is scholarship, and here it is recognised that sect and creed have nothing to say. Opinions differ among the writers; for instance, one holds the speech attributed to Paul at Athens to be "intensely Pauline," while another thinks "an unprejudiced reader will feel that the spirit is different from the spirit of Paul," that Athens, in fact, had cast over Luke something of her spell. But the fundamental principle is one and the same.

"One can no more apply one set of considerations to a Biblical and another to a profane author, in a historic question, than one can use different measures for a church and a dwelling-house, or suppose that a sacred structure is less dominated by gravitation than a theatre."

* "Shelley, the Man and the Poet." By A. Clutton-Brock. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

** "Essays on Some Bible Questions of the Day by Members of the University of Cambridge." Edited by H. B. Swete, D.D. Macmillan. 12s. net.

So Professor Percy Gardner, a Cambridge man if an Oxford professor (like many more Oxford professors borrowed from the sister University), lays down the guiding law which rules the book.

Three essays may claim our attention to begin, in which the present position is summed up as regards Old Testament Research (Mr. Stanley A. Cook), the Synoptic Gospels (Mr. H. L. Jackson), and New Testament Textual Criticism (Mr. A. V. Valentine-Richards). Business-like and scholarly, they form a sort of foundation on which very different structures may be raised, and certainly there are differences among those who attempt construction in the volume before us. There is Professor Kennett, Regius Professor of Hebrew, who rebuilds the history of the Jewish Church between Nebuchadnezzar and Alexander the Great with a freedom that might rival the former of these monarchs, unless Herodotus is right in attributing the great structures of Babylon to Queen Nitocris, whoever she was. The effect is rather dazzling, and the judgment of specialists will have to be taken upon it now for some time to come. It is intensely interesting to watch so fearless a scholar handling his material with this freedom, when his material, long too sacred to be examined, proves to be so very various, so very complicated, and so very fragmentary as are the component documents of the Pentateuch, the broken pieces of the teaching of prophets, hard to date and long since carelessly cemented together, the curious relations of Jerusalem and Samaria and some other places and their priesthoods—and all to be fitted in between two rather narrow limits of time.

In antithesis to this, we may set the essay of Professor Emery Barnes. If we may borrow a metaphor from one of the chapters, and compare Mr. Kennett to the skater cutting marvellous figures on thin ice, Dr. Barnes may fairly be said to stand on the bank. His refusal to accept the very possibility of dating the Psalms, his insistence that they are "timeless," have a pedantic look. Such nescience is partly pose. What the essay is doing among the brave and energetic studies of the scholars who have made the volume, it is hard to see.

Curiously enough, there is just a touch of the same foible in Professor Burkitt's very interesting paper on the Eschatological Element in the Gospels. Why he should make such a mystery of "the real causes" of the Roman Empire's decay, which "no one knows even now," when a reasonable study of what has been written by sound historians could supply a whole bunch of contributory causes, he best can say. But, having said so much, we are bound to add that his paper is really one of the more memorable in the book. It will at least haunt the mind with some suggestion, when the interest of many of the others will be dim, and will need fresh kindling.

While the volume is in general liberal, Mr. Brooke contributes a paper on the Historical Value of the Fourth Gospel which seems designed to be conservative. It is not likely to please conservative readers, for his concessions bulk far larger than anything he establishes, and when one remembers the vigor and clearness with which the historicity of the Gospel has been assailed, the hesitant method and faint conclusions here set forth will hardly help. "These considerations do not, of course, go very far towards proving the truth of St. John's narrative as it stands. But they deserve the consideration of those who attempt to reconstruct the history."

An excellent article is contributed by Dr. Johns, the new Master of St. Catharine's, on the influence of Babylonian Mythology upon the Old Testament. Here and there his style is rather obscure, but his article stands out as one of the more stimulating. Professor Moulton, of Manchester, has an essay on New Testament Greek in the Light of Modern Discovery, which will be a delightful surprise to any who do not know his "Prolegomena." He has a gift of making philology fascinating which is very rare. Some will appreciate the human satisfaction he betrays in pointing out, with the utmost delicacy, a grammatical "howler" or two in the work of such men as Harnack and Wellhausen—a survival of his Cambridge days, perhaps.

St. Paul is the subject of two interesting papers. Professor Anderson Scott deals with the essential unity in thought which links Jesus and Paul, and Professor Gardner

with the speeches attributed to Paul in the Acts. While the latter recognises the service Sir William Ramsay's geographical researches have done to New Testament study, his own attitude on the criticism of St. Luke is far sounder in every way. In all, his study of St. Luke is a real piece of portraiture, as human a thing as any in the book.

In fine, the volume may be taken as a fair index of Cambridge study to-day—devout and candid, cautious, quiet but progressive.

SUCCESS AND HALF-SUCCESS.*

ONE of the best tributes to the methods of training that produced the art of the old masters is the fact that puzzled experts not infrequently confound the work of pupils and masters, and in self-defence attribute a given picture to "the school of Giorgione," and so forth. Mr. Galsworthy's "Villa Rubein" is of "the school of Turgenev," and one cannot bestow on it higher praise than to say that in freshness and beauty, though not in artistic force, it is almost worthy to be signed by the greatest artist of them all. That a pupil's creation should stand close scrutiny so triumphantly as "Villa Rubein" is a proof that the work lives less by virtue of the perfection of its acquired style, than by virtue of the pupil's spiritual quality. And a careful examination of this novel—first published ten years ago, and unnoticed from that day to this—leads us to the conclusion that the born singer is not so much he who can train his voice as he who has a voice to train. It would be astonishing indeed if the manner of singing could so have affected us, if the singer's rare quality of feeling were not, indeed, innate.

Accepting as proven that in "Villa Rubein" the master's style is one with the pupil's inspiration, we are arrested by the ease, harmony, and restraint of the whole picture. Now it is precisely these qualities that indicate the artist's mastery of his subject. The scene is a health resort in the Tyrol in spring. Paul von Morawitz, an Austrian *flâneur*, having buried his English wife, Mrs. Devorell, and having run through his fortune, is living with his child, Greta, and his step-daughter, Christian Devorell, in the Villa Rubein, which is inhabited also by Christian's aunt, Mrs. Decie, and her uncle, Nicolas Treffry. Into the midst of this family comes the young artist, Harz, a poor and proud and talented young man, the son of a peasant. He paints a portrait of Christian Devorell, and the two fall passionately in love. Harz's suit is opposed by Mrs. Decie, and Herr Paul, having learned of a romantic incident in the young painter's past, when, as an Anarchist, he fled from "the authorities," informs the police, and Harz, aided by old Nicholas Treffry, has hurriedly to cross the frontier. Eventually, through the agency of old Treffry's dangerous illness, the family is reconciled to Harz, who becomes Christian's betrothed, and the story closes with a chapter of retrospect, three years after their marriage. Now, the exact story of "Villa Rubein" has only the value, so to speak, of a path which winds in and out of the trees and lawns and flowers of a garden. It might, conceivably, have been planned differently: its true purpose is to lead us on from point to point, so that we may enjoy simply and easily what the garden provides—in the case before us, the study of the characters, their relations one to another, and the surrounding atmosphere. Each little scene of "Villa Rubein" as it passes before our eyes has the spiritual freshness, the spontaneity, the tenderness and grace that only a great master, or the rare pupil capable of learning his lesson, can bestow. In the hands of a master of *genre*, subject is only of importance relative to the quality of beauty it discloses. The way an old woman sits by the fire, or pares turnips, may touch deeper springs of human interest than a "Descent from the Cross." The history of a lifetime may be disclosed by the knotted hand of a laborer, and the glory of light may be better revealed by a single ray in the darkness of a cellar than by the sunset glow of the heavens. It is by its suggestions of an infinite background of natural and spiritual forces that a piece of art counts,

* "Villa Rubein." By John Galsworthy. Duckworth. 6s.

"The Florentine Frame." By Elizabeth Robins. Murray. 6s.

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rather than by any inherent worthiness of subject. Mr. Galsworthy is extraordinarily successful in "Villa Ruben" in suggesting the latent, spiritual essence of his characters, extraordinarily happy in making a trait, a gesture, a tone indicate all that immense fusion and play of forces constantly at work in the current of every man's life. Take, for example, his picture of the child, Greta. While she is an incarnation of the spontaneous charm of childhood, she is extraordinarily individual, and yet she is made living by virtue of a few fine strokes. We know that such craft as this is part of the legacy bequeathed by the example of a great master, but how few are the disciples who ever learn how to handle the tool. Original feeling, insight, and the most delicate spiritual perception must guide the hand, and "Villa Ruben," in its luminous delicacy and harmonious grace, is an achievement that lives, that may be living, in fact, when the avalanche of contemporary fiction has vanished down the abyss.

Among our women novelists Miss Elizabeth Robins, though by no means one of the foremost artists, is perhaps the most richly endowed. She is almost too clever in facility of expression, too quick in accepting and summarising situations and scenes which a more fastidious taste would bid her hold awhile at arm's length before working them into her æsthetic scheme. In the hands of an artist with a severer standard "The Florentine Frame" might have become a little classic, but, as it stands, the admirable quality of the emotional passages between the middle-aged woman, Mrs. Roscoe, and her daughter, Genie, who are both in love with the same man, Keith, the youthful ex-professor and literary genius, are almost lost in the "woolliness" of the whole picture. It is a question of art. The figure of Mrs. Roscoe, who has never known love, is exquisitely drawn, and the silent contest in this reticent woman, who sees the man she loves being detached from her by the girlish infatuation of her own daughter, is indicated with the most subtle precision. It is a vital flaw that the man should be a cheap lay figure, despite his attractive exterior, for this is the source of the psychological haziness at the crisis of the drama, when Keith languidly accepts the situation of wooing the girl he has no desire to marry. Even more destructive to the story is the introduction of the unreal figure of Professor Fanshawe and the terrible vulgarian, Cousin Minna. Cousin Minna takes the stage halfway through the book, and a most obtrusive piece of comedy is forced on our attention—a comedy which harmonises with the spiritual tragedy about as well as a Kidderminster carpet goes with Sheraton furniture. Miss Robins has only the most elementary instinct for so balancing, harmonising, grasping her accessory details that the beauty of the whole composition may be felt. She jars us with pieces of obtrusive reporting, and on one page she will bestow on us a delicate silver-point, and on another a flashlight photograph. Her last chapters, which analyse Genie's alienation from her husband when at her mother's death she discovers the truth that Keith's passion was never for herself, are finely sensitive, but their fine gold shows queerly against the pinchbeck of their artistic setting.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

IN "The Life and Times of Bishop Challoner, 1691-1781" (Longmans, 2 vols., 25s. net), Dr. Edwin Burton narrates in two bulky volumes, and with a wealth of original documents, the history of English Roman Catholicism during its most undistinguished epoch. From the Revolution of 1688 to the Relief Acts of 1778 and 1791 liberty of public worship was denied by law to Roman Catholics, and endurance rather than enterprise was the quality needed in those who moulded the policy of the Church. Bishop Challoner, whose long life covered the greater part of the eighteenth century, was a prelate who, in depressing surroundings, did notable service to the Roman Catholic cause. Dr. Burton admits that he was not a man of genius or even of striking originality. On the contrary, he was typical of the "old-fashioned Catholics" of the penal times whom the new school—most of them converts—called into existence by Wiseman's statesmanship regarded with impatience or

scarcely concealed hostility. But Challoner's name is still held in reverence by his co-religionists, and with good reason. He wrote or adapted such books as the "Garden of the Soul," the "Meditations," the "Memoirs of Missionary Priests," and several other popular manuals of devotion, while his sanctity and devotion to the interests of his church won him the veneration of all with whom he came into contact. Biographies of Bishop Challoner have already been written by Milner, Butler, Barnard, and Dr. Burton himself, but the present volumes contain a mass of information that has never before been made public. Dr. Burton has been unsparing in his researches, and he has been rewarded by the discovery of materials that throw many interesting lights on Roman Catholic history in this country. On the Gordon riots, for example, he has, in addition to rare contemporary pamphlets, made use of manuscript authorities. Altogether, Dr. Burton is to be congratulated on this valuable contribution to English ecclesiastical history.

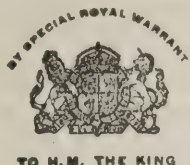
* * *

As a general rule the lives of theatrical celebrities make very dull reading, but in a former book dealing with Garrick and his circle Mrs. Alfred Parsons showed talent in writing this form of biography. Her latest volume, "The Incomparable Siddons" (Methuen, 12s. 6d. net), is fresh and entertaining, though not every reader will agree with the estimate in the concluding chapter that Mrs. Siddons was "the foremost woman England produced in the region of the arts." Whether she was even the greatest of English actresses may be questioned, for the tragedy of the art of the theatre is its want of permanence, and a comparison between actors of different generations is impossible. Mrs. Parsons intends her book to be "a study of a personality and, at the same time, a contribution towards that definitive History of the English Stage which is yet unwritten." As regards her personality, Mrs. Siddons presents an interesting psychological study. On the stage, we are told, she was a "Pythonesse, nightly hypnotised into passionate emotions by the sight of the drop-curtain and the boards." In her home, she was, "at all events to the casual observer, more than a thought too much a mere mother and British matron, loving to be seemly and of good report, shut in the tower of an unimaginative nature," while she described herself as "a matter-of-fact woman," made of "inability and simplicity." This contrast is all the more interesting since she came of a family, the Kembles, whose name is familiar in English theatrical annals. Mrs. Parsons is right in laying stress upon the firm moral equipoise that distinguished Mrs. Siddons, and this characteristic was cheaply purchased at the price of a certain want of vivacity and sense of humor. As a contribution to the history of the stage, the present volume accomplishes what the author intended. We are told the parts which Mrs. Siddons played, and are given full contemporary accounts of the effect produced by her acting. In a chapter entitled "Friends," Mrs. Parsons gives us some glimpses of Mrs. Piozzi, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Opie, Hannah More, Miss Seward, Sydney Smith, Chancellor Erskine, Campbell, and a crowd of others who attended Mrs. Siddons's parties. The book is thorough, as well as readable, and is likely to take its place as the standard biography of Mrs. Siddons.

* * *

IN "A Beau Sabreur—Maurice de Saxe, Marshal of France: His Loves, His Laurels, and His Times, 1696-1750" (Unwin, 15s. net) Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge relates the career of an adventurer and soldier of fortune, who for a brief space sat upon the throne of Courland and played a number of other stirring parts in the history of the first half of the eighteenth century. The book takes a form which is, we think, new to this species of "romantic" biography. "I have," says Mr. Trowbridge, "cast the material I have carefully collected from an extensive bibliography into an autobiographical form. In other words, instead of telling the story in the third person I have made Saxe, so to speak, tell his own story." Though the method is open to question, Mr. Trowbridge has produced a readable and balanced account of the famous *bâtard du roi*. Both Saxe's father, Augustus the Strong, and his mother, Aurora von Königs-marck, were remarkable for their contempt for all conventional obligations, and this feeling, together with the military qualities of the Brandenburgs, Saxe possessed in a high degree. His bid for the throne of Courland, his military

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adventures, and his relations with Adrienne Lecouvreur, with Anna Ivanovna, with the Duchesse de Bouillon, and other episodes in his spirited but fickle career, are related by Mr. Trowbridge, who also manages by an occasional deft touch to convey something of Saxe's simple and wayward temperament. Readers who demand of history plenty of color and romance will enjoy this book.

* * *

IN a little volume of seventy-nine pages, Mr. Herbert Leeds has written the life of the late William Lefroy, Dean of Norwich (Jarrold, 2s. net). The memoir belongs to the order of "appreciations," rather than biographies, but, as the author explains, the slightness of the biographical detail is intentional, the late Dean having expressed a wish that no extended biography should ever be published. Dean Lefroy was an engaging and not unpicturesque personality in the church life of his day. An Evangelical to the core, he fought the Ritualist movement with all the vigor of a strenuous nature, always with the sincerest conviction that he was serving the best interests of the Church thereby. Yet this combativeness in doctrine was not the predominant feature of his ministry. His record at Norwich—a record that shows him as an earnest, almost impetuous, reformer in a circle which was disposed at first to accept reform with but indifferent grace—is the story of a consistent determination to regard his Christianity as a practical working creed, and his calling as directly connected with, and inseparable from, ordinary life. The Tory-democracy that he preached and practised was essentially democratic. "Few men," says Mr. Leeds, "in the hierarchy of the Church, knew better than he the life, the outlook, the thoughts, and the feelings of the common people"; and his innate conservatism was tempered and directed into wholesome channels by this knowledge. Mr. Leeds gives an interesting sketch of his early days in Dublin, where he started life as a journalist; of his incumbency of St. Andrew's, Liverpool; and of his reception into the then sleepy, comfortable life of the Norwich Close. It is unfortunate, by the way, that a quotation, descriptive of the sensation caused by the Dean's coming to Norwich, has been so mangled by the printers that one sentence is utter nonsense. The Dean's work in regard to the regulation of the Cathedral is traced by Mr. Leeds, and there are thoughtful essays on his sermons, lectures, recreations, and personal characteristics. The volume is illustrated by a frontispiece portrait, and a few photographs of churches with which the Dean was connected.

The Week in the City.

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THE City has cheered up in the last day or two in spite of the lugubrious speeches about British credit by Lords Revelstoke and Avebury. The Stock Exchange has been busy with investment orders, and prices have been a little firmer. There has been some speculation in copper shares, as it is believed that Mr. Pierpont Morgan is heading a gigantic combine to control and curtail output. The Bank return is a very good one, and much surprise was expressed that the Court of Directors did not reduce the rate from 5 to 4 per cent. The universal explanation is that the Directors of the Bank are anxious about the consequences if the Lords reject the Budget, and prefer to keep to their 5 per cent. rate until, at any rate, the event has occurred

and the probabilities of financial chaos can be better measured. In the meantime we cannot look for any outburst of speculative activity, and the mere fact that a General Election is impending will tend to check the trade revival.

EXPORTS OF CAPITAL.

Last week I referred to Mr. Wyndham's extraordinary statements about exports of British capital. Since then Lord Lansdowne has referred to the subject and has been supported by Lord Revelstoke, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Milner. They are all in the same boat. They all try to make our flesh creep with irrelevant statistics which sound very scientific and are well calculated to mislead an unsophisticated audience. As their whole argument seems to be based on figures of "capital issues" collected by the "Economist," it may be well to give the following figures from the issue of that paper of October 16th:—

AMOUNT PUBLICLY RAISED FOR BRITISH INDUSTRIALS.

1903.	1904.	1905.	Average.
£24,370,300	£20,833,900	£22,340,800	£22,515,000
1906.	1907.	1908.	
£23,538,800	£24,642,900	£26,889,500	£25,040,400

The first three years were years of Tory Government, and the average was £22,515,000. The second three were years of Liberal Government, and the average was £25,040,400. Difference in favor of the Liberals, £2,525,400 per annum. But, as I have said before, British industries are not financed by public subscriptions in London. For every pound so raised in London I dare affirm that twenty are subscribed locally, or "put into the business" privately. Possibly some reader of this column could illustrate the subject from his own experience.

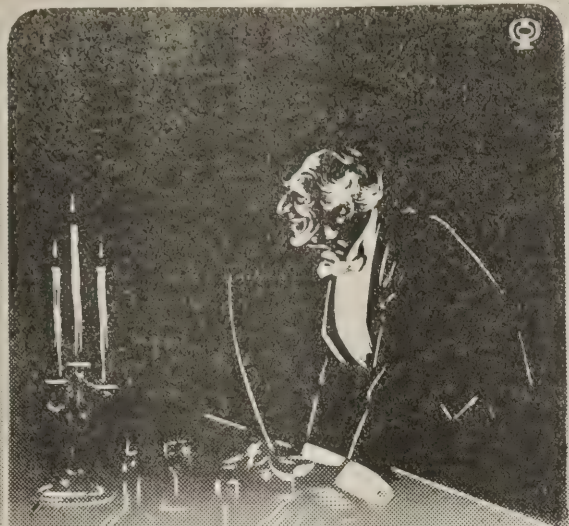
LORD ROSEBERY AND THE EXPORTS OF CAPITAL.

Lord Rosebery's speech has been a great source of innocent merriment this week in the City. His views on the elementary transactions of finance are childlike and original, and bear out his own statement that he has never made a study of these matters. This is what he said:—

"This country was not long ago the strong box and the safe of Europe, to which every man outside this country sent his savings that they might be secure. That was an enormous mass of capital which was sent to England for security. I venture to ask if those millions have not already disappeared from this country. I believe all the great ships that go westwards across the Atlantic are at this moment carrying bonds and stocks in ballast." (Loud laughter.)

This is indeed serious. So anxious are our capitalists to get their money out of the country that the primal relations of borrower and lender are reversed, and to-day Englishmen not only lend freely to Americans, but actually offer their own bonds as security for their own money! Perhaps Lord Rosebery's ridiculous blunder will warn other enthusiasts to make sure of their home-made financial theories before airing them in public. And what does this theory of American borrowings, even when correctly stated, amount to? Simply this—that New York is supposed this autumn to have bought an unusually large number of bills for discount in London. The story is strenuously denied, but even if it is true, the bills only run for a short period—three or six months, and many of them are already maturing. During the harvest months America, whose supply of credit is never equal to a heavy demand, shifts part of the burden on to the shoulders of London, draws money at a high rate of interest and sends it back again as soon as the seasonal stress is past. That is all. It is done every year, and it has absolutely no connection with this or any other Budget. Lord Rosebery, no doubt, supposes that this investment in Americans is permanent; but, as everybody ought to know, English investors have not been taking up American stocks or bonds any faster than usual. On the contrary, most of them believe that Wall Street has run prices up far too high, and that investment at present is a very dangerous business. Speculation there may be, but not investment; and my readers may rest assured that neither on the westward nor the eastward journey are bonds and stocks being used to ballast Atlantic liners.

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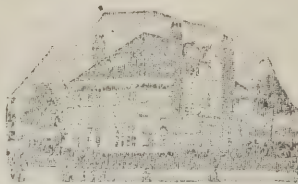
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The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

ON Tuesday night, the House of Lords, for the first time in British history, refused supplies to the Crown, and attacked its prerogative of ordering a dissolution. In other words, they rejected the Finance Bill. 350 peers voted for Lord Lansdowne's amendment, and 75 against, the majority of 275 peers contrasting sharply with the majority of 230 Commoners who carried the Budget on its third reading. We cannot profess to summarise a week's debate. In the main it possessed three features. The first was the revolt of the ablest and most truly conservative minds in the House of Lords, coupled with the statement of the Archbishop of York that the debate had convinced him that the policy of abstention commended by the Primate was impossible, and that Lord Lansdowne had failed to make out his case. The second was the absence of all attempt on the part of the majority to argue the Constitutional question. The third was the assumption by Lord Curzon, Lord Cawdor, and Lord Milner—"damn-the-consequences"-Milner—of a position involving the following usurpations of the power of the King and the House of Commons:—

(1) That the House of Lords, in spite of its defeat in 1861, asserts an absolute right over taxes and bills of supply.

(2) That it claims the right of forcing a dissolution on measures which are either new or which it judges to be unpopular.

(3) That it has the right to reject one scheme of taxes and to propose another.

(4) That it has the right to reject each verdict of the electors until it has obtained one enabling it to strengthen its position by an enlarged basis.

* * *

ON Wednesday and Thursday came the retort of the Commons, delivered in two tremendous hammer-strokes by the Resolution and the speech of the Prime Minister. The Resolution proved to be a model of large and, at the same time, concise affirmation. It was to this effect:—

"That the action of the House of Lords in refusing to pass into law the financial provision made by this House for the service of the year is a breach of the Constitution and a usurpation of the rights of the Commons."

* * *

THESE words were supported on Thursday by Mr. Asquith in a magnificent oration, calculated to rouse his party to the highest pitch of zeal and enthusiasm, to guard the menaced privileges of the Commons, and to loose a united Grand Army of democracy for an attack and a certain and overwhelming victory on the Veto. The speech was acclaimed with a passion that only Gladstone's greatest utterances evoked. Declaring that the Government would "never brook" "the gravest indignity and the most arrogant usurpation" from which the House had suffered for two hundred years, the Prime Minister announced the King's assent to an early dissolution, and, while rejecting the proposal to go on enforcing the new taxes in pure reliance on the resolutions of the House of Commons, declared that they would all be re-enacted, as from this week, if the Liberal Party were returned to power, with retrospective force. He refused with scorn all recourse to the Lords, foreshadowed a process of borrowing under the Appropriation Act to meet the immediate necessities of the State, and threw upon the House of Lords all responsibility for the inevitable loss to the taxpayers, which he hoped would ultimately not be "very great." Meanwhile, there will be a period of voluntary taxes during which people may deposit their taxes with the proper officers. [The dissolution, we understand, will take place on January 8th, and the first elections on January 13th.]

* * *

THE Prime Minister declared the action of the Lords to be a breach of the Constitution, which rested upon "usage, custom, and convention." As Pym, Selden, and Somers saved the House of Commons from the domination of the Crown, so would the Liberal Party put an end to the usurpation of the House of Lords. (A storm of cheering, again and again renewed.) He proceeded to foreshadow the character of the Liberal counter-stroke, by declaring that the Resolution was only a step in the controversy with the Lords. They now lived under a system of "false balances and loaded dice," in which the House of Commons was omnipotent when the Tories were in power, and the House of Lords

when the Liberals took office. That system must come to an end. The Lords had opened up a wider controversy than that of finance, and the Government would ask the people to declare that their "organ and voice" should be found in the "elected representatives of the nation." We gather that some Liberal members thought that the policy of the destruction of the Veto should have been definitely opened up. But it is clear that this is reserved for the Albert Hall speech.

* * *

MR. BALFOUR's reply, on a bad and already lost cause, was a complete failure. His speech, faltering in tone and almost negligible in argument, could hardly have been made by a man who expected, or even wanted, to win the coming election. He evaded the financial issue, not attempting to explain his retreat from the position which he took up in the debate on the Campbell-Bannerman resolution—that the House of Lords could not "touch" Money Bills. He accepted the Government's plan for minimising financial chaos, though he would have preferred a legalising of the taxes—that is to say, the passage of an interim House of Lords Budget. He said that the Resolution helped nobody, hurt nobody, and frightened nobody, though it grossly misrepresented the Constitution. Taunted with his recent phrase that he was a House of Commons man, he minimised his treachery to the representative principle by pleading that such action of the Lords was "rare," and must in the future be "very rare," hinted that the House of Commons was stretching its privileges, even attacked earlier Speakers for helping the process, and asked how the people could be said to be insulted merely because they were to be asked their opinion on the Budget. The House of Lords' action was consistent with the theory of a Second Chamber, and even with the Campbell-Bannerman Resolution, which denied a Government a mandate for a controversial measure in its fourth year. Mr. Henderson, on behalf of the Labor members, strongly supported the Resolution, which was carried by a majority of 215, 349 voting for it and 134 against. The result is only a prelude to the "sweep" in the country.

* * *

By an unfortunate blunder on the part of the Chief Liberal Whip, the time of the division was fixed, in his circular to Liberal members, for seven o'clock. It took place a little after five. The result was that many Liberal members came to the House too late, and the Liberal majority, which should have been nearer 250 than 215, was needlessly depleted. Such an error, in one of the most important divisions ever taken in the British Parliament, is the more inexcusable, as every Parliamentary journalist knew beforehand that only three speeches of consequence would be delivered on the Asquith motion.

* * *

THE Lords were busied on Wednesday with two of the side-issues of the national conflict. At the instigation of Lord Camperdown, whose "Hang the consequences" will not be forgotten, they finally adhered to their destructive amendments to the Scottish House Letting and Rating Bill, a step which involved the loss of this measure. The motive was frankly defined as a fear lest the Bill should admit to the register some poor thousands of tenants who may at present be excluded. The "consequences" are likely to be the strengthening of the Liberal position in Glasgow, where the demand for

the Bill is keen. Not less significant were Lord Lansdowne's protests against the insistence of the Commons on their privileges over the Development Bill. The Lords' amendments, as the Speaker had ruled, were clearly a breach of privilege. Lord Lansdowne retorted by what is in effect a bold claim to the effective right to amend a Money Bill. If, he threatened, the Commons insist on their privileges, the Lords will no longer be able "to take measures of this kind into their consideration." The protest, however, was academic, and the Lords in the end agreed to the Commons' amendments to their amendments, but not without registering their formal dissent from the Commons' reasons for their amendments and entering a claim to deal with all such "questions of policy." The actual conflict is thus narrowed to the Budget, for the Irish Land Bill and the Housing Bill have been allowed to go through in a maimed condition. "We can await the result of the General Election with indifference," an Irish peer was heard to remark. "We have got our money."

* * *

It is not surprising that the rejection of the Budget has gravely disturbed American and Colonial opinion. Every type of American newspaper, from the Conservative-Liberal "Evening Post," to the democratic "New York World," condemns the peers, and regards the victory of democracy as inevitable. Australian opinion is stated, even by Reuter, to be generally adverse to the Lords' claim to constitutional powers not belonging to them. The "Melbourne Age," one of the ablest and most powerful British newspapers ever published, describes the Lords as an oligarchy, setting up as the controller of the public purse. The "Toronto Globe," the weightiest paper in Canada, is entirely hostile, and so is the Press which represents the governing forces in Cape Colony, the Transvaal, and the Orange Colony. Apparently, the Conservative Press in South Africa is "generally favorable to the Unionists." The Lords have also found a friend in Natal.

* * *

It appears that the interim collection of indirect taxes on a voluntary basis will proceed by agreements with the heads of the particular industries concerned. Bonded goods will be released on payment of duty, and merchants will be refunded if the Government fails to return to power, or if the taxes are altered. The action of the Lords is, indeed, being treated in practice as well as in theory, as a usurpation. "The customs officers," said the head of a large tea company, "are arranging to collect the duty as though nothing had happened. We shall pay it as usual, and that is the whole position." But the losses and leakages may be serious, and the next Budget and the men who wrecked it will have to make them good.

* * *

THE Reichstag met on Tuesday, and the attitude of the various parties emphasises the complete destruction of the Liberal-Conservative coalition. The Liberals and Radicals even abstained from voting for the officers of the Chamber. The Kaiser's speech from the throne announced no new departure which would give a clue to the new Chancellor's personal policy. The Bills for extending the State system of sick insurance, and for adding to it a life-insurance for surviving relatives, are legacies from last session. Apart from an optimistic reference to the progress of railway construction in South-West Africa, the speech was notable only for its

very cordial reference to France and her work in Morocco. This has been underlined with much satisfaction by the French Press. The usual mention of the Triple Alliance was phrased in such a way as to convey the reminder that Austria and Germany were the original, and are, presumably, still, the leading partners in it. A hot polemic against Italy is going on in more than one of the semi-official German newspapers, and Italian writers are complaining of the one-sidedness of the commercial treaty. The speech contained no reference to Great Britain, and through various semi-official channels the forward school is being assured that Herr Bethmann-Hollweg will continue Prince Bülow's foreign policy. One is inclined to ask "Which policy?" for it was always sinuous and opportunist. This assurance, being interpreted, is said to mean that there will be no naval arrangement. The German Budget, however, has yet to be voted.

* * *

THE probability to which we referred last week that Germany would collaborate with this country in calling an international conference to deal with the conditions of trade on the Congo has now become a certainty, and has been confirmed by announcements of obviously official origin both here and in Germany. The arrangement was concluded early in the year as a detail in the Central African boundary negotiations. The "Times" meanwhile, possibly because it dislikes any common action with Germany, now warns Mr. Morel and his friends not to go too far. MM. Beernaart, Cattier, and Vandervelde—all of them men whose sincerity and wisdom are beyond doubt—are cited as holding the opinion that the irreconcilable attitude of the Congo Reform Association is now embarrassing their action in Belgium.

* * *

THIS warning is not lightly to be set aside. What it means is clear, however, from an article by M. Vandervelde in the "Contemporary Review." Writing after his second visit to the Congo, he explains his reason for accepting the new programme of reforms as serious. In one sentence, forced labor on the Congo no longer pays. He eulogises the work of M. Morel, while criticising "the want of precision, the softness, the evasions of English diplomacy." But he does enter a very grave protest against the inclusion in Sir A. Conan Doyle's otherwise admirable pamphlet, of a suggestion that the Congo should be divided between France, whose record is far from clean, and Germany. Such proposals may well throw doubt on the disinterestedness of the reforming Powers. Germany would gain a colony, and we should doubtless secure from her in some other way a *quid pro quo*. Any proposals for partition are clearly mischievous, but we do not gather that M. Vandervelde has anything to urge against an attitude of reserve on our side towards the new reforms. The time has not yet come for a recognition of the Belgian annexation.

* * *

THE Spanish campaign in the Hinterland of Melilla is apparently over; the troops will shortly be recalled, and the tribes are making their peace. But the probability of a forward move on the part of France increases. M. Pichon is pressing for an early answer from the Sultan to his statement of claims—claims so onerous that they would involve an extensive financial control. A section of the French Press flatters itself that no further difficulties are to be feared. The Sultan will now understand, it is said, that he has nothing to hope from German backing, and he will therefore yield without the

need for further military measures. The "Débats," on the other hand, fears that M. Pichon's policy can only be completed by military measures on a large scale. That is, we confess, our reading of the probabilities. The very anxiety of German diplomacy to give France a free hand in Morocco is not altogether auspicious. A free hand in Africa may mean tied and embarrassed hands in Europe.

* * *

"KING" PATAUD still reigns. He chose the occasion of a gala visit of the King of Portugal to the Opera to bring out his electricians on strike. For a quarter of an hour the rise of the curtain was delayed, and the management, in despair, signed an agreement with him—which will doubtless prove to be void—for an increase of wages. He then strolled round to a hall where M. Jaurès happened to be lecturing on the folly of these very tactics. "King" Pataud recounted his exploit, but the audience apparently was far from being impressed. M. Jaurès is engaged in a serious educative campaign to convince the leaders of the weak but violent Trade Unionist movement that steady work and a powerful organisation are the only guarantees of success.

* * *

THE text of the Russian proposals for suppressing the autonomy of Finland has now been published in Helsingfors. They go even further than we had anticipated in our article of last week. It is proposed to transfer to the competence of the Duma the following categories of Finnish affairs:—Finance, the military system, the use of the Russian language, Justice, Education, Customs, Posts, Railways, Shipping, the Right of Association, the Freedom of the Press, the Right to import foreign literature, the treatment of Russian residents, the Police system. It is difficult to guess what will remain for the Finnish Diet to do, when all these fields of activity have been closed to it. The Russian proposal is, in short, to make Finland virtually an ordinary province of the Empire, returning five members to the Duma. The preliminary era of repression is apparently about to begin. The Liberal Governor, Böckmann, has now been forced to resign, and in his place has been installed General Seyn, who was the most ruthless and the most active of Bokrikoff's lieutenants during the previous reign of terror.

* * *

THE Dramatic Authors' Committee, over the signatures of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Jones, Mr. Pinero, Mr. Barrie, and others, issued on Monday a letter embodying their view of the Censorship Report. They welcome unreservedly the establishment of one licence for all places of amusement, and the provision which makes the Lord Chamberlain responsible to the House of Commons. They protest against the looseness and width of the set of offences scheduled for punishment, including the impossible condition that no play must hurt anybody's feelings. The list of offences must be cut down, if the religious and political liberty of the stage are to be preserved. Their most serious protest is against the provision which empowers the landlord of a theatre to insist that his lessee shall produce only such plays as are licensed by the Censor. In effect, that provision destroys the option which the report seemed to offer. If the landlord is liable to be punished for the offences of his tenant, he will always insist on the production of censored plays. Only an "intellectual" theatre which actually owned its own building would gain anything in freedom. Since there is no appeal from the Censor's verdict, neither author nor lessee should be obliged to resort to him.

Politics and Affairs.

THE FRUITS OF VICTORY.

THE Lords have declared war on the Constitution; and the House of Commons, without one unnecessary word, has promptly branded their act as the greatest blow at representative government since the levy of ship-money. So far so good. If they win the ensuing election, they govern, or try to govern, Great Britain. If we win, we pluck them down from the seat they have usurped, and put them for ever in the lower place they will fill so long as England is free. The gamblers who lead the peers have indeed stated in advance that, in any event, they will collar the stakes. The popular appeal which they pretend to court is to be of no effect unless, and until, it yields the answer they want. Here, however, the Government and the Commons will catch and hold them. There will be an election on the Budget. So far as it is possible to disentangle the complicated issues of a large scheme of taxes, we shall ask the electorate, "Will you tax your food or their land?" "Do you believe in making a man of £5,000 a year pay on the very top scale of his income, or in sweating down the bread and clothes and school-money of the struggling citizen?" "Will you ask wealth for its fair toll, so that the State out of which it grows can be made fit for the multitude to live in?" There will also be an election, not only on Land-taxing, but on Land-holding. But, above all, there will be an election on the Veto, and on the question whether the people shall retain the full power of the vote, or sign fifty per cent. of it away to the Lords. The Prime Minister's splendid vindication of constitutional right already brushes them out of the quarrel on the taxes, and the action of the Government sets forth, this time by a series of voluntary agreements, the people and their representatives as the sole parties to the collection of revenue. The House of Commons for the moment must act without law; its agents will simply ask tea merchants and liquor merchants to pay their dues as if the Budget were law; and when the people vote this Budget back again, will validate the transaction. Chaos, therefore, will be avoided, really because 300 or 400 ignorant and lawless men cannot reduce a great community to chaos, and because in their hearts most men know that the usurpation of the Lords must be a matter of days and weeks alone. Were it otherwise, we should see our duty, with equal clearness. Should the people of Great Britain decide to lay their liberties at the feet of the peers, the minority would instinctively act as their fathers acted two hundred and fifty years ago. Liberals would not directly pay taxes to any power outside the House of Commons. Liberals would refuse to pay taxes so long as the sole taxing power of the representative House remained in doubt. Do the Lords refuse supplies to the Crown? Hundreds of thousands of Englishmen, Welshmen, Scotsmen, and Irishmen will, if necessary, refuse supplies to them.

The Liberal and Labor Parties, therefore, having had the immense advantage of a cool preliminary argument, in which the nation has been able to see that

the prevailing weight of sense and experience in the Tory Party revolts from the action of the peers, stand to win on the issue to which we move, and cannot lose. But they have not the slightest notion of merely marking time on this election, or of bringing back, as their one sheaf of the harvest, the right to re-enact the Budget. Not that this in itself is an unimportant issue. The Lords have refused to pay the old age pensions fund, and to-day Mr. Ure's prophetic warnings are converted into commonplace truths. They have refused to find the money for the great scheme for bringing into the workman's home the immeasurable blessing of security against the triple evils of his life—sickness, invalidity, and unemployment. Therefore the Budget must be put back again. But every soldier in our campaign is thinking of its lasting reward—the destruction of the Veto. That will emerge naturally from the fact that our leader's declaration at the Albert Hall and elsewhere will have put the question plainly before the electorate. Of course, we shall restore Single-Chamber Government in finance. Necessarily, also, the party will secure by written compacts the King's right to order a Dissolution in constitutional fashion, the Commons' sole right to send Governments about their business, the people's right to vote for a Mother of Parliaments, not for a starved and disinherited Maid-of-all-work to the House of Lords. But above all, it will claim, and expect its leaders to provide in advance, and for the new Parliament, the machinery for a final and complete subordination of the peers to the principle of representative government. Lord Curzon sees, in Oriental perspective, a long vista of elections, at the end of which will arise the magnificent structure of a "reformed" House of Lords, not merely equipotent with the Commons, but proudly dominating them. We cherish a different dream. We see government by the people for the people, carried to its legitimate issues. There our policy begins and ends. When we have achieved it, we have no more immediate concern with the peers. They may reform themselves, if they can. All we propose is that we shall not be ruled by them.

This being the end, we have only to devise and fashion the means of organising the crushing victory that awaits us. It is to grand and dominating issues, not to petty calculations of immediate advantage, that the forces of English, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh democracy must look. They must survey the whole wide fabric of popular government, now subject to the crafty menace of the oligarchy that we scotched but did not kill in 1832. This is no time for considering nicely varying shades of progressive opinion. Moderates and advanced men deserve equally the consideration that comradeship in arms brings with it. The task of re-writing the Constitution torn up by the House of Lords is visibly before us, and in that work it is of deep importance that a party directly representing labor should be fully engaged. All Liberals, or nearly all Liberals, are Democrats, Social Reformers, and Home Rulers. The House of Lords is the standing obstacle to Democracy, Social Reform, and Home Rule. When it ceases to be a controlling force, these three ends become attainable. We desire them all. They are all historic principles of Liberal Government; all can be pursued in harmony

with Imperial unity, with security to property, with substantial singleness of aim. If they were thwarted, not merely would British politics be turned to a course of pure reaction, but the grand example of the House of Commons, the head-light of constitutional and democratic progress all the world over, would be lost to civilisation. Equally fatal would such an issue prove to the development of the autonomous States and Dominions now grouped round the Motherland. Each one of them has borrowed its Constitution from our own. Each one of them has, with or without a struggle, reduced its House of Lords to comparative nullity, and Australia, at least, has built on the practical supremacy of the representative power just that structure of democratic finance some of whose corner-stones Mr. Lloyd George has taken for his Budget. The shock of the defeat of the House of Commons would strike a blow at Colonial liberties as well as at our own. It would be felt as a death wound to every struggling cause of liberty in Europe, and, in its reactions, and the rule of violence and forcible resistance they would entail, might give the twentieth century a darker dawn even than the nineteenth.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BLOCK VETO.

It is not a bad thing for the world that some of our ruling spirits enjoy a profound contempt for those whom they aspire to rule. It makes for candor. Men like Lord Milner and Lord Curzon blurt out what men like Lord Lansdowne wrap up in studied periphrases. Lord Milner frankly "damns the consequences," therein retaliating for what the consequences of his own public acts have done for him. Lord Curzon, "calm and strong as one who does, not suffers wrong," boldly emphasises the nature of the revolution which the Lords are attempting. Not only does he directly claim the right of enforcing a dissolution for the Lords, thereby saving us all trouble in the matter of proving their encroachments, but he fearlessly forecasts a constitutional change as the result of the controversy, and the change is to be one out of which the House of Lords is to emerge re-powered and strengthened. He promises to take an active part in the platform campaign, and we could wish for nothing better. No one is better fitted to make clear to the people the simple issue that is now before them, whether they are to govern themselves or to be governed by a few hundred Peers. On the Ministerial side, as the debate has gone, the alternative has been more and more clearly grasped, and we now have the mind of the Government expressed by Lord Crewe even more distinctly than by the Lord Chancellor and Lord Pentland. The Liberal Party may win or lose—and, in our opinion, it is going to win a smashing victory—but, win or lose, it is now definitely committed to one object, which must dominate all political controversies until it is gained. It is pledged to secure "guarantees" against the destruction of the powers of the House of Commons, legislative as well as financial, by the House of Lords.

The precise nature of these guarantees remains to be formulated, and we hope that they will be made as plain

as possible by Mr. Asquith before the dissolution. There are two points to be covered. The first is the formal assertion of the traditional supremacy of the House of Commons in finance. This involves no constitutional change. It requires merely the formal and explicit assertion, in terms which can never be mistaken or ignored, of traditional practice, the declaration in the Asquith resolution, of the inalienable "rights of the Commons." Such an assertion has become necessary because we are dealing with Conservatives to whom the past is nothing, with constitutionalists to whom the spirit of the Constitution is an idle breath, with men of affairs whom long-established understandings do not bind so long as within the letter of the law they can see a chink by which to escape. In dealing with such men an instrument like the British Constitution becomes unworkable, and the bondage of written law is rendered necessary. It will not suffice, therefore, for the new Parliament to pass the Budget into law. Nor, indeed, is it probable that the old Budget will meet the new necessities. There will be the losses involved in the period of chaos to be made good—and they will not be made good at the expense of the poor, who have not caused them. But before the Budget is passed means will have to be found for securing that it and all future Budgets shall become law without question in the shape in which they have left the House of Commons. To consolidate this pillar of the Constitution is the first duty of the party.

Distinct, but closely associated with it, is the second duty of vindicating the legislative predominance of the House of Commons. We say that the object is distinct for two reasons. In the first place, under this head we do not claim undisputed authority. We claim predominance. We do not seek to ignore or annul the Second Chamber. We seek to bring it into due relation with the representative house. In the second place, in this relation it must be admitted that a certain constitutional change is contemplated. It is, indeed, a change of a conservative order, as most British constitutional changes have been. For it seeks to establish by statute law a relation which, in an informal way, has generally, since 1832, been supposed to exist, and has, in fact, been in large measure maintained by the exercise of good sense on both sides down to recent times. That relation consisted in this—that the House of Lords gave fair consideration to the will of the Commons, taking into account the right of majorities, the circumstances of elections, and so forth, and, on the whole, accepting measures which they disliked if these had, as judged by those tests, received an adequate backing. On this basis Liberal Governments in the past were enabled to secure a fair proportion of their first-class measures. The situation was often difficult, but never, at least until 1894, impossible. In the last two Liberal Parliaments it has been fundamentally changed. For a due recognition of the predominance of the House of Commons the Lords have substituted the theory of the mandate. On any measure which they dislike they claim the right to exercise their power of rejection, and thereby of compelling the Government either to surrender the Bill or dissolve on that particular issue. This is a principle which alone would have forced, was

gradually forcing, Liberals to recognise the necessity of a constitutional change before ever the question of the Budget arose. The immediate task before them is accordingly that of establishing by law the old predominance—not the sole authority of the Commons in legislation, but its ultimate predominance over the irresponsible House.

Thus faced with the unavoidable necessity of constitutional change, we have to ask in what direction will lie the line of least resistance to the enforcement of the popular will? We must admit that the beginning of constitutional strife is like the letting out of waters. But the strife was not of our seeking. We shall contend for those changes which are necessary for our purpose, and for no more. That in a Constitution like ours, so intricate, so delicately balanced, one change will almost certainly be found to involve others, we must acknowledge. The whole constitution of the House of Lords will almost inevitably be brought under review before the controversy is done, and if anyone tells us that the hereditary principle is doomed by its inherent absurdity we shall not say him nay. But it has been our established method in this country to take one thing at a time, and to deal with obstacles as they arise. Now the one thing that lies straight in our path is the veto. Beyond the veto lie further questions, questions of the constitution of the Second Chamber, questions of the powers of the Commons. These questions, we may well believe, will soon be forced on legislators when the block of the veto is overcome. But upon them we find little or no agreement among people of democratic ways of thinking. There are those who would abolish the House of Lords. There are those who would reform it. There are those who fear that reform would only consolidate its powers of obstructing. There are those who favor a Referendum as the final Court of Appeal. There are those who consider that a Referendum would destroy the representative character of our institutions. On these questions of reconstruction there is as yet no general agreement. No complete theory of constitutional reconstruction can therefore be put before the electors with any prospect of commanding the united support of Liberal and Labor electors. But, on the preliminary point all parties opposed to the Lords are agreed. The block veto must go. It is, accordingly, on the removal of the block veto that the Government will concentrate its forces.

But the destruction of the block veto does not involve a sheer single-Chamber system. It does not involve the reduction of the House of Lords to that complete impotence in legislation which has been, and is to be, its portion in matters of finance. There are many degrees between an absolute veto and no veto at all. One such stage was illustrated by the scheme put forward by the late Prime Minister, and adopted in 1907 by the House of Commons. We do not know whether the Government will revive this scheme. We should prefer to see it simplified in some respects. But its essence, stripped of all complexities, was to shorten the life of Parliaments, and give the House of Lords a certain power of delay, which would, of course, have an increasing effect as the life of the House of Commons ran its course, and would enable the Lords in the later part of the period to refer any legislative matter to a new Parliament. While

fresh from the electorate, the House of Commons would be able to secure its Bills; when aging, it would only be able to do so by consent or by a renewal of its authority from the constituencies. We do not, for our part, suppose that such a scheme has all the elements of finality. There are several problems which it leaves untouched, to some of which we may on occasion refer. We claim for it only that it solves the immediate difficulty while leaving open the solution of further difficulties. For the block veto once destroyed, the path of constitutional reform is open, and the advocate of a reformed House of Lords, the advocate of no House of Lords, the advocate of a referendum, can all obtain their hearing, and, if they can convince a majority of the constituencies, can hope to see the perfect constitution of their dreams established by law. While the block remains, it is useless to talk of delicate work of reconstruction wherein the necessary balancing of many views takes the steam out of the measure as a whole. A block must be forced by a single concentrated effort. It is only when it is removed that the freedom and leisure necessary for the delicate and debatable task of reconstruction are obtained.

CAN PROTECTION CURE UNEMPLOYMENT?

Of the three popular catchwords of our Protectionists, "Taxing the Foreigner," "Keeping Capital at Home," and "Finding Work for the Unemployed," probably the last can be made the most specious to the novice in economic reasoning. "Talk Unemployment" is therefore the instruction which the engineers of Tariff Reform are giving to their platform workers. Free Traders commonly meet the "argument" in one of two ways. The simpler is to counter the attack by asking whether the tariff of Germany or of the United States has prevented or cured unemployment in these countries. This method is broadly true and unanswerable; but the statistics so commonly abused by Tariff Reformers are too defective to be used with absolutely convincing effect by Free Traders in reply. The other answer is to point out that, if a tariff could cure unemployment by stopping foreign goods from entering this country, a corresponding quantity of exports would be stopped from going out to pay for them. But this argument is less convincing than it sometimes is taken to be. For the Protectionist who "knows his job" will answer that, though our export trade may be reduced to correspond with the reduction of imports, this does not signify that the goods which formerly went out to pay for the foreign goods will not be made, or that unemployment will be caused in the trades which produced them. These goods will continue to be made, but instead of exchanging against foreign goods, they will exchange against the home-made goods that have been substituted for the former by the tariffs. The Protectionist may, no doubt, be forced to admit that the same goods will not be demanded in exchange for home-made goods as formerly for foreign goods, and that thus some dislocation and waste will follow tariff interference. But he will stoutly contend that, since an equivalent quantity of English goods must be produced to "buy" the protected goods, the net

quantity of production and employment in this country is increased.

The formal refutation of this argument, though perhaps not easily adapted to the platform focus, runs as follows: Take the case most favored by Protectionists, a period of depressed trade, when a number of British trades, suffering from the competition of foreign goods, have a large quantity of unemployed labor and plant, amounting, say, to ten per cent. Suppose that, by putting on a ten per cent. duty, an amount of foreign goods could be kept out equal in quantity to what would suffice to put into employment all the unemployed capital and labor in this country. What would be the effect of such a tariff? Since the foreign goods are only just kept out by a ten per cent. duty, it follows that the British goods substituted for them are produced ten per cent. dearer, and that they can only be sold at a price ten per cent. higher than the foreign goods were sold at under free importation. But since there can only be one price for the same sort of goods in the same market, the British makers of the other ninety per cent. of goods, which required no protection, will raise their prices ten per cent. The whole of the goods thus produced in the protected trades will rise in price ten per cent.

Now, if all the goods in protected trades were necessities, it might follow that the rise of price would not be followed by a reduction of demand for them. In such an improbable event the whole of the unemployed in these trades would have work and wages found for them. But there would be some unemployment directly caused in other industries. For employees and workers in non-protected industries would find that, since they had to spend a larger portion of their incomes in buying the now protected goods, they had less than before to spend on unprotected goods. This would probably apply to the workers in the protected trades who made the ninety per cent. which formerly were produced, for we cannot assume that the higher prices in these trades would bring them higher wages. The higher profits taken by employers in the protected trades would enable them to increase their demand, but this would only be a partial off-set against the diminution of demand caused by the rise of prices of protected goods among all other classes of consumers. And even if the workers in protected trades did get a rise of wages, this would only mean that profits did not rise as much as otherwise they would have done.

The same result in effect would follow if the goods in the protected trades, not being necessities, suffered a reduction of demand in consequence of the rise of price following the imposition of the duty. The only difference would be that, in this event, the tariff would fail to fill up the unemployment in these trades, and that, since less of the protected goods were bought at the higher price, less unemployment would be caused directly through diminution of demand for other non-protected goods. Some unemployment would be left uncured in the protected trades, some new unemployment would be caused in non-protected trades.

But our Protectionist might still urge that the aggregate of employment might be as great or greater

than before; there would be more employment in the protected trades, and the new unemployment caused in the non-protected trades might, he would contend, be very small. But there are other important secondary effects to be considered. Some of the protected goods will be tools or raw materials or other ingredients entering into the costs of production of other trades, protected or non-protected, and the higher prices at which they are sold will raise expenses of production and selling prices in these other trades. Other protected goods will form part of the standard of consumption of workers, and in as far as wages had to be raised in order to enable them to maintain this standard of consumption, there would be another increase in expenses of production, making for higher prices. Higher prices thus produced in non-protected trades would have two important effects. Such of these trades as were exporting trades would suffer a reduction of exports and unemployment would ensue. Such of these as were exposed to foreign competition would now find their home markets invaded by cheaper foreign goods, and the protection which they now would claim would only exasperate the situation for the remaining trades which from their character could not profit by a "pull" upon the tariff.

Finally, the necessary effect of subsidising a number of protected trades with a high rate of profit would be to feed those trades with an abundant flow of new capital and labor at the expense of other "naturally" more productive trades. The general result would be to reduce the average productivity of capital and labor in the country, and so to stimulate fresh capital to seek investment abroad rather than stay in this country. This failure to feed our own industries with the requisite amount of capital would entail further unemployment of labor, unless it stimulated emigration. In neither event would an increased quantity of production and of employment have been occasioned in this country by a tariff. On the contrary, an attempt to bolster up defective trades, or to cure unemployment by preventing consumers from buying cheaper or better products from abroad, must issue in diminished production and employment for this country.

THE LOGIC OF LORD REVELSTOKE.

PERHAPS the most lamentable feature in the Lords' debate on the Budget was the utterances of the two financial Barons, who stood forth as champions of City opinion. Heads of the houses of Baring and Rothschild, their words were received by a listening Senate with the respect that the practical English mind gives to practical achievement. Lord Revelstoke was clear enough. Whether he was candid we hope presently to show. Lord Rothschild's oration was marked chiefly by a digression on his grandfather's evidence before the Lords, which went far to upset his own case.

Some critics of the debate have blamed this pair of financial spokesmen for having talked straight out of their pockets. This objection is hardly relevant. As City peers, they were there to voice the City, and even idealists cannot ignore the effect of the Budget on markets in general and British credit in particular. But

it is just because these gentlemen were talking as experts to laymen on a highly technical business, that the public had a right to claim from them a large-minded and, above all, an open-minded review of the subject.

By those who know the City, Lord Revelstoke is acknowledged to be quite one of the cleverest of its denizens. Under his rule, the house of Baring Brothers has been restored to the position of eminence which it had so long held before the event which is still remembered as the Baring crisis, the enormous importance of which, and the manner in which the whole City stood together to meet and mitigate its effects, are the highest possible tribute to the greatness of the firm. Fortune has showered upon him gifts which would have fitted him to shine in any line of life that he had chosen. His speech in the House of Lords on Monday week was a maiden effort. But every sentence in it was balanced and complete. Every point in it was made. And its effect was so successful that it has been the subject matter of a large and important part of the rest of the debate. Nearly every word in it was true and to the point. And yet it left out so many truths which were equally to the point, and would have altered the whole tenor of the speech if they had been uttered, that it remains an example of the manner in which a financial subject ought not to be dealt with by anyone who claims to give a reasoned opinion on finance.

For the first and most obvious platitude that can be laid down about the movements of the stock markets is that the causes which produce them are generally manifold, often innumerable, and sometimes quite untraceable. What actually makes a stock rise or fall is the fact that there are, for the moment, more buyers than sellers, or more sellers than buyers. The reasons why there should be more buyers than sellers, or contrariwise, are often a matter of merest chance, and must, as anyone familiar with the huge daily turnover of stock will recognise, be so varied and diverse that anyone who takes any event or development and says, "This is what brought Consols down," commits a logical blunder which would be clear to the stupidest stockbroker—and not many of them are stupid—if he could be caught and questioned in a moment of candor. If we remember right, Consols rose 1-16th on the day when the death of the late Queen was announced to her sorrowing subjects. To argue, therefore, that this lamented event had had a beneficial effect on British credit would be an obviously fatuous absurdity; but it would not be much more fatuous than the common contention that the recent relative weakness of British securities is wholly due to the Budget, or to the present Government.

Lord Revelstoke did not go this length. His fairness impelled him to content himself with the statement that "much—not all—of the unparalleled depreciation in British credit and British stocks was due to the unsettlement occasioned by a growing lack of confidence as to property of all kinds held in this country." But having made this concession to fairness by that "much—not all," he proceeded to develop his case with the ability of a lawyer rather than the equable judgment of a financial expert, and to win partisan cheers by showing that prices had fallen since the Government

came into power, and ignoring the causes, other than that of mistrust of the Government, which had brought the fall about.

Let us admit that mistrust of the Government and dislike of the Budget have had something to do with the weakness of British securities, reserving to ourselves the right to answer that this mistrust and dislike arose less from anything that the Government did or the Budget enacted, than from the studied misrepresentations of the Tory Press and from the political prejudices of eminent gentlemen in the City, who may reasonably be supposed to have done much to create and educate an opinion which they now quote as evidence for their case. But let us look into the "unparalleled depreciation" with which this high authority terrifies holders of Consols. In the first place, is it true? $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Consols at $82\frac{1}{2}$ are, roughly, equivalent to the old Three per cents. at 99. There is no need to lay stress on the fact that, in 1798, the old Threes touched $47\frac{1}{4}$. That was a period of war and reckless finance which Lord Revelstoke might be excused for leaving out of count. But if he had looked up the record in "Fenn on the Funds," he would have seen that, in the century before 1893, there were only five years in which Three Per Cent. Consols. could not have been bought below 99. This being the fact, it is surely rather reckless for one from whom the world thought that it was hearing a plain and accurate statement on a business matter, to talk of unparalleled depreciation. From 1893 to 1897 was a period of stagnant trade and abnormally cheap money, which forced up the prices of securities, especially of English securities, owing to the more advanced development of the credit system in England, and in 1896 and 1897 Consols touched $113\frac{7}{8}$. Since then their decline has been steady and continuous, so that it is thus seen to have begun nine years before the present nefarious band of freebooters took office, and twelve years before this predatory Budget was born or thought of.

This very relevant fact Lord Revelstoke left out, and he also omitted all reference to the many causes which produced it, causes which were still at work when the Government took office and are still at work now. We have only space to enumerate a few of them. The conversion of Consols from 3 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. unsettled thousands of investors who had looked on them as the only stock in the world, and misunderstood and disliked the operation. It was a fine piece of finance in some respects, but it was a deadly blow at the popularity of Consols. The South African War added many millions to the amount of Consols and necessarily lowered the price. At the same time high taxation made investors look for a higher yield on their savings, and so quickened the process of throwing out Consols and reinvesting in cheaper foreign securities. Mr. Chamberlain's measure, by which Colonial Government stocks were made available for trustees, enabled trustees to follow the example of private investors and neglect British securities for their cheaper Colonial rivals. The Irish Land Purchase scheme produced a constant flow of stock from the Government tap, cheaper than Consols, and equally well secured. All these reasons would be reeled off at once by any intelligent stockbroker's clerk

who was asked why Consols had fallen within the last dozen years. Lord Revelstoke, the wise and experienced financial expert, must have had them at the tip of his fingers. Lord Revelstoke, the Budget-slaying politician, did not let them get to the tip of his tongue.

And there are others. Tariff Reformers have been proving that British trade is dying, and investors have been believing them. The navy building race with Germany has not only scared investors, but has prevented the economies in expenditure which ought to have increased the pace of debt redemption and lightened the taxpayer's burden. Jingoism, rampant in one party and too strong in the other, has wasted our resources on armaments, and the Sinking Fund has been raided both by Tories and by Radicals. And at the same time the fashion among investors of distributing risks and putting money into many countries has been fostered by stockbrokers who want their clients to change their holdings and pay them commissions, by loan-mongers who have foreign securities to dispose of, and by high taxation and personal extravagance which have impelled even thrifty folk to consider yield rather than security in choosing stocks. British securities being dear, and foreign stocks cheap, an exchange from the former into the latter was the obvious result, and for Consols still to stand at the equivalent of 99 for the old Threes, with all these influences against them, is in fact a testimony to their prestige of which any Englishman may be proud.

We have little space left for Lord Rothschild. And in truth he said little, and little can be said of his speech. He told the peers that the City did not like the super-tax and did not like the land tax. Doubtless this is true of the eminent circles in which this distinguished financier moves. But among the rank and file of City men there are plenty who agree that men of great wealth should pay more in proportion, in view of their greater relative dependence on the security that the State gives them for the enjoyment of their possessions; and the taxation of the unearned increment from urban site values has certainly many supporters. Lord Rothschild also repeated some very sensible remarks made by his grandfather on the good effects on British trade of the export of British capital, and scored a dialectical point by showing that since their war Russian and Japanese securities have risen, while since our war Consols have fallen. But he forgot to say why this was so. At the end of the Russo-Japanese war, Russian and Japanese securities offered a highly attractive yield; at the end of ours, Consols did not yield 3 per cent. to the buyer. Since their war, Russia and Japan, especially the latter, have made some attempt to economise, and put their finances straight, and Russia has been helped by a fine wheat harvest and a fine price for it. Since our war, a chronic war scare has checked retrenchment, and the City Tories have shouted as loudly for "Dreadnoughts" as the larrikins of the music-halls. Finally, Lord Rothschild's statement that it is "difficult, if not impossible" to get money for "even the best English enterprise" can only be deplored as an exaggeration most unworthy of a man in his position. Such are the counsels which have guided the Lords on this question of practical finance.

IN THE KINGDOM OF THE BLIND.

IN the early hours of Tuesday night's debate, Lord Curzon, royally patronising Lord Lansdowne, and nobly shielding him from Radical slander, had relieved him of the aspersion that this rather meagre figure in the revolutionary march of the peers was there against his own free will. The statement was not wanting in assurance; but the certificate of character it conveyed proved to be strictly limited. Lord Lansdowne was really not under duress, but, of course, he had only gone forward after anxious communication "with those with whom he was in the habit of acting." Having restored Lord Lansdowne his tinsel crown of leadership, Lord Curzon proceeded to put him in his proper place as a compulsory banner bearer, and to outline the policy of "My" party in the crisis fomented by him, by Lord Milner, by Lord Cawdor, and by the liquor lords with whom Lord Lansdowne is "in the habit of acting"—with or without the presence of reporters. Lord Curzon, however, had a preliminary duty which seemed to weigh a little on his mind. This was to disembarass the "backwoodsmen" of the weight of prudent counsel which their ablest leaders had tried to hang round their noble necks. It was not quite so easy a task as it looked. The debate had gone badly—even fatally—against the wreckers. Not only had Lord Rosebery—that much-deceiving Daniel—come to a most unwelcome judgment, but his warning had been driven home by their familiar sages and fighting men—by Lord Cromer, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord James of Hereford, and now, at last, by a new adviser, but one of great power, sagacity, and clearness of vision—the Archbishop of York. Might there, after all, be such a thing as the British Constitution, and was the party of tradition quite in its proper place in moving *en masse* to its assault? Such inquiries and discomforts shaped themselves on the expressive features of Lord No Zoo. Now, therefore, was the time to re-arm the Forts of Folly; and who so fitted for the task as Lord Curzon?

It need hardly be said that his success was immediate and most inspiring. Arrogance, led by super-arrogance, rallied again; after their impulse to waver, it seemed to the little people in the Kingdom of the Blind that, at least while Lord Curzon was speaking, they saw clear. He, and presently Lord Cawdor, made no disguise of the path which they meant them to tread. All Lord Lansdowne's furtive theories were swept aside, and the claim of the House of Lords to master King and Commons was stated in terms as uncompromising and defiant as naked pride could make them. No interpretation by the Liberals of the meaning of Lord Lansdowne's amendment could have been wider than that which, in their survey of the directing forces in British politics, these two men assigned it. Trifling distinctions between financial bills and non-financial bills were swept away, and the lost battle of 1860 was dismissed as an impertinent incident. "You have to-day," said Lord Cawdor, "an absolute right over each tax as you had then over each Bill and each tax." Not only could the Lords stop taxes, but they could impose them. "A great number of your lordships," said Lord Curzon, "will vote against the Bill because you think that there is a better means of raising the money." "If you object to these taxes, what is the alternative by which you propose to raise the money?" he asked. For all this power of revolutionary change and pressure, Lord Curzon supplied the necessary engine and driving bands. This was the fashion: *Item*: Right of My Lords to force an appeal to the country whenever a measure is unpopular or when it has never been submitted to an electorate; Right to stop a Radical Government, not two years or two months hence, but *now*, when you think your blow can be deadliest; Right to hold election after election, rejecting every judgment that does not suit your private ends, till you emerge from the battle, with fresh forces drawn from all the seats of social privilege and intellectual pride, and can then build up such barriers against democracy that no force on earth can break them down.

Such was the palimpsest that the peers proceeded on Tuesday night to scrawl, like a ribald catch over a

missal, across the British Constitution. In the last hour of the debate it was not given to Lord Crewe, with his charm of speech and presence, and his gift of ironic insight into the ways of the Lords, to drive home the answer to their usurpation. The reason was clear. The path of a Liberal leader in the Lords is one of perpetual humiliation. His Bills, as Lord Crewe said, are taken from him and written over by the Opposition. When he succeeds, it is often by abasing himself and his party. When he fails, he has to pocket his masters' insults as he may. No man can live such a life and keep his self-respect, and the bravest Liberal leader in the peers—even Lord Ripon himself, the stoutest of them all—gets in time to wear his shame as if he liked it. Scorn is the lash for the backs of the selfish and the mean; and no other weapon counts a jot.

But if Lord Crewe hardly used the right arm of punishment, the last act of the delinquents showed no special joy in their offence. For many minutes they passed, a silent, and in appearance, at least, an undistinguished crowd, through the narrow doors to the left of the Throne. Simple Englishmen in the bulk; not one in twenty known by sight to the mass of their countrymen. Some, ghosts of great Liberal names—Argylls, Devonshires, Corks, Hampdens—had come to commit a last act of treachery to the Whig tradition. Others had merely rallied to party, or to the heedless frenzy of the Rosebery speech, or were driven on by the coarse fears of wealth. Others, again, spirited by the two men who came near to losing South Africa and India to the Empire, had the conscious aim of forcing Protection on their own leaders and on the people of this country. There were two notable absences from the majority. The first was the only Tory ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer that the House of Lords contains—absent, in high disdain, from every hour of this Carnival of Fools. The second were the group of peers—Lord Esher, Lord Suffield, Lord Knollys, and Lord Farquhar—who may be specially said to enjoy the personal friendship of the King.

H. W. M.

Life and Letters.

THE SCEPTIC IN ART.

To question the validity of standards is the proper taste of the sceptic. Philosophy, religions, politics present fair fields for his exercise, but, perhaps, the best is afforded by the Fine Arts. It was therefore to be expected that our arch-sceptic, in selecting for his Romanes Lecture at Oxford the subject of "Questionings in Criticism and Beauty," should make an even larger contribution to our intellectual unsettlement than by any of his excursions into metaphysics or economics.

Literary and artistic criticism in the past itself claimed the position of an authoritative art. Its experts imposed "certain rules, which every well-conducted man of letters, painter, or musician ought to follow, but to which certain licensed exceptions were to be allowed in the case of a man of exceptional genius." Often, too, in former times the suzerainty of religion, ethics, or even politics, imposed standards for good art, requiring artists to subserve the interests of the Church or morality or public order. Now all such rules of criticism are thrown aside, and every one recognises that the end and justification of a work of art is to be a thing of beauty. Since the feeling of beauty is to be the sole criterion, the only way of getting any standard, or any basis for an art of criticism, is to examine this feeling of beauty. But the history of taste, Mr. Balfour contends, yields no positive results. All great critics have been engaged in "sweeping away the rubbish of their critical predecessors"; one age's meat has been another's poison. There is, no doubt, in every art an intelligible evolution

from crude simplicity of form to complexity, and trained sensibility appears to get pleasures more refined and elevated from the more elaborated forms.

But, in this commonly accepted doctrine of artistic progress, Mr. Balfour naturally fastens the sharpest fangs of his scepticism. What reason have we for identifying complexity with progress, or a finer feeling for beauty with a liking for complexity of form? And with the same audacity of arbitrary choice as Tariff Reformers showed in choosing 1872 for the beginning of their curve of British trade, Mr. Balfour takes for his single test the art of music among the ancient Greeks. Here was a people of the finest and most varied sensibility to every form of beauty, carrying, as we admit, to the highest pitch of perfection the arts of poetry, the drama, architecture, and sculpture. Are we justified in holding that the simple and, to our minds, unattractive and ineffectual music which they used was due to defective sensibility to the pleasures of sound? We have every reason to believe that this music of the Greeks produced in them, at least, as powerful æsthetic emotions as our more complex music produces in us. Is it then certain that our modern art of music represents a progress in the art, or yields a larger and a better enjoyment? "Are we to say that the Greeks in admiring their music showed bad taste, or are we to say that our sensibility for musical excellence has been so dulled by experience or by our natural ineptitude that we have got to apply to the means of producing that emotion incomparably more labor . . . and that what we call the progress of music is really the decrease in our musical sensibility?"

Although this instance is at most suggestive, and it is unreasonable to suppose that a modern people, with a naturally defective sensibility to sounds, would get more pleasure from more elaborated than from simple compositions, the question raised is really a searching one. If the production of the pure feeling for beauty is the end of art, is it not possible that the refined training of artist and of critic may lead away from such feeling to other subsidiary and more "artificial" feelings, arising from "sympathy with the artist's knowledge of his surroundings, admiration of his technical skill, appreciation of the difficulties with which he had to contend; in fact, all the historic setting which is absolutely necessary for one point of view, but which in itself can hardly be described as the practical æsthetic enjoyment of the work of art itself?" So far as this points to a clear distinction between the naïve enjoyment of a first impression, and the more intellectualised appreciation which accompanies closer inspection and consideration, it is indisputably true. Indeed, one may go further and admit that the two modes of feeling, the naïvely æsthetic and the critically appreciative, contain something inconsistent or antagonistic. The case for the trained sensibility, from the standpoint of æsthetic enjoyment, will rather stand upon a third mode of feeling, which supervenes upon the critical, in which the admiration of artistic skill is fused with the simple love of beauty in a new emotional synthesis, which finds its subject-matter in the sympathetic satisfaction in a creative act.

But reasonable doubts may still remain regarding the elaboration of the arts and of art criticism in a society where culture is the adornment and the diversion of a class. Such doubts, Tolstoy, it will be remembered, raises in his uncompromising manner in "What is Art?" A spontaneous desire "to transmit to others the highest and best feelings to which men have risen" is the only true art impulse which he recognises. All art is thus of the nature of improvisation or inspiration, and all education of taste which takes the form of definite rules or recipes degrades art into mere counterfeit. Only under such conditions of free expression can good technique emerge. To Tolstoy indeed the three arch enemies of Art are professionalism, art criticism, and technical teaching. In no department of life is the war of spirit against letter waged more remorselessly. The cry, "Back to Nature!" to her simplicity and spontaneity, is continually raised, though sometimes spontaneity proves anything but

simple. Many in our time are indeed disposed to turn from the art criticism of the salons to that of the peasant or the factory hand, and from the severe intricacies of modern chamber music to the traditional folk songs. Ought not all art, like poetry, they ask, to be "simple, sensuous, impassioned," and does not the trained sensibility, living rather upon delicate associations conveyed through literature and traditional class culture than upon the wholesome food of direct emotional experience, lead art and artistic people into forms of refined and finicking sentimentalism, or, worse still, into a dry intellectualism? Such obstinate questionings arise, and are not wholly stifled, by the charge of Philistinism which lies so ready to the lips of culture. Tolstoy in his sturdy way would go further than Mr. Balfour's criticism leads us, regarding professional artists of every order as mere "mountebanks" plying their deceitful crafts in order to avoid "bread-labor." Mr. Balfour indeed professes his eagerness to enjoy both sorts of aesthetic pleasure, that of pure beauty and that of subtler appreciation got by learning. But if he is correct in holding that "as discrimination grows there is no evidence that sensibility grows with it," and that "there are cases where the increase of powers of discrimination is accompanied by a waning of aesthetic sensibility," we feel that his logical mind may yet bring him to the artistic doctrine of the Russian sage.

To many, however, the most striking feature in the address will be Mr. Balfour's complete repudiation of any logical or philosophical treatment of aesthetics, and, indeed, of the emotions in general. Though he makes a passing allusion to theories which explain aesthetic enjoyment by relating it to some form of utility or progress of the race, he waives aside as undeserving of his serious attention the ample light which psycho-biology has shed upon the origin and nature of the fine arts and the sense of beauty. While the precise action of Nature in these subtle workings must remain matter for speculation, it can hardly be doubted that, in the biological struggle for survival and the gropings after higher organic life, certain instincts arose impelling man to make fit and serviceable adjustments of his environment and to exercise his organs with regularity and rhythm; that pleasures were attached by Nature to these useful acts; and that in them we have the rude beginnings of those arts which the evolving brain of man has applied to more refined operations.

It is by following the humble utilities in which the arts, as indeed the sciences, take their origin, that we can best constitute and find stability for those standards which Mr. Balfour appears to deny. Pleasures in form and color, rhythm and composition, have solid roots in the early needs of man's animal nature as he struggled to make for himself an abiding place upon this earth, where, by infinite pains and acts of audacity and faith, he might eventually raise himself a little way towards heaven. Such origins are only mean and unsatisfying to those who fail to realise the singleness of meaning and of method in the greater drama of which the life of humanity forms an episode. It is to the art of Nature we must look in the last resort in order to discover and to comprehend the nature of Art.

A DECIVILISED CLASS.

It is still the practice of some savage tribes to smear the hands and face of a lad who goes hunting for the first time with the blood of the quarry he has killed. The process even in this literal sense is not unknown to English sportsmen. But this "bleeding" of the young is typical of the whole spirit which presides over the education of our upper class. The boy arrives at school, still full of the ideas of the essentially modern civilisation common to those among whom he has spent his few conscious years—his nursemaids, his sisters, his teachers. He is at once subjected to a conscious process of hardening which aims at throwing him

back into the obsolete phase of human development which still rules the thinking of his class. He learns to be ashamed of all but his more elementary emotions and to repress all but his more pedestrian thoughts. He is taught to exclude from his interests all that does not relate to the simple and joyous life of a healthy and well-fed body. He is taught to shed from his vocabulary every rare and significant word, and to express himself in sentences of a primitive simplicity and brevity. Above all, his natural instincts of pity and sympathy are rooted out by the cult of sports which teach him to regard the animals as creatures destined only to afford him a relief from boredom by feeding his pleasures with their sufferings. At Harrow he is "blooded" by assisting in the "breaking-up" of hares. At the University he learns the still more luxurious delight of hunting the carted deer. The process by which his moral fibre is deliberately coarsened by these sports is not without its defenders. The boy is being fitted for "the battle of life," and fitted to play his part "without mawkish sentimentality" in the duties of an Imperial race. His class schools itself still to think of life and society in terms which would be understood by a predatory tribe of mountaineers. One might suppose that it passed its existence in tribal feuds, vendettas, and raids, under conditions amid which a normally humane and merciful individual would really find himself handicapped in the universal war. It is conscious that its ideals are peculiar to itself. It is dimly aware that the mass of men who labor and study think otherwise. It maintains its own class ethics, as the Dorians retained their cruder ways of thought against the more civilised races of the coasts and the isles. The rest of us were "Pro-Boers" yesterday; we are "Socialists" to-day. "Educate your masters," said Robert Lowe, when he imagined that England was in danger of becoming a democracy. "Our masters" to-day are concentrated in "another place." We have got to educate them.

A prosecution which was heard on Monday at Cambridge revealed in all its callousness the habits of thought of this minute but powerful class. Some thirty undergraduates had been indulging in the aristocratic sport of hunting a tame deer. The wretched animal, so used to domesticity that it looked to man for protection and thought of walled enclosures as its natural sanctuaries, had twice taken refuge in a yard. The sportsmen followed it, prodded it with a pole, beat it with a broom, and lashed it over the head for something like a quarter of an hour with their hunting whips. Once it flung itself against barbed wire, and received a gaping wound in the chest. When at last its hunters succeeded, after the second attempt, in forcing it back to the road, it cheated their sporting instincts by falling dead. The hind, said the Master of the Hunt, in a phraseology familiar to carters when they are flogging an over-laden horse, was "a sulky animal"; while to the protests of some working-men who chanced to pass, he replied that they must be "Socialists." The hearing of the case, from the merely legal standpoint, was without result. The Bench, with a Colonel at its head, decided that there had been no cruelty, and, indeed, such is the state of the law, it is quite probable that his ruling will be confirmed on appeal. The law was made by the class which finds these pleasures to its taste, and only this Session the efforts of the Bishop of Hereford to alter the law were defeated by Lord Newton in the Upper House amid the manly laughter of his brother peers. Outside the Court, however, the publicity given to the case has had the happiest results. The University has suppressed the Hunt, and daily newspapers have expressed themselves with an entirely wholesome vigor. Yet there was nothing at all exceptional in the cruelty which these young gentlemen displayed. It was indeed the cornerstone of their defence that, as their counsel put it, "there is no case of stag-hunting in which this sort of thing does not occur." The quarry is always a domesticated animal, and the hunt is always a violation of that tacit social contract which instinct concludes between man and the animals that have learned to trust him. This degraded sport is as disreputable a cruelty

as the attempts of a small boy to stalk his neighbor's cat with an air-gun in the back garden.

The survival of such a sport as this is one of the minor scandals in English social life which we owe directly to the House of Lords. There are phases of social evolution during which the upper classes of a nation commonly lead it in their sensitiveness and their humanity. The very word "gentle" has its origin in the recognition of that moral superiority. With the growth of an educated class outside the ranks of what is consciously society, a contrary process commonly sets in. The aristocracy seeks distinction in maintaining an obsolete habit of thought. It prides itself in isolating itself as absolutely as possible from the "intellectuals," and it entrenches itself yet more firmly when the intellectuals become the acknowledged leaders of the masses. The process, which is marked among ourselves, is even more obvious in Russia, where the political struggle seems at times to be a war between an educated proletariat which has enlightenment and sensibility without birth or wealth, and a ruling caste which is consciously, almost articulately, retrograde and Asiatic. Its moral influence, so far as it succeeds in exerting any at all, is invariably for the perpetuation of some obsolete barbarism. On the Continent it maintains the duel. Among ourselves it defends the crueller sort of blood sports. It even makes of these institutions a shibboleth in the class-war. To oppose the duel is in Austria or Russia to write oneself down "no gentleman," and to oppose even this peculiarly abominable sport, the hunting of tame deer, is among ourselves to proclaim oneself, if not a Socialist, then almost a Christian. For two generations now the mass of educated men has felt about such barbarities as this the disgust which Wordsworth once for all expressed. If our social habits, and even our legislation, lag behind the almost universal sentiment of all among us who work and think, the explanation is simply that our development is retarded by the prestige of fashion and the legislative veto which this decivilised class can wield. It resists the thinkers and the poets who would come between it and its crueller pleasures, precisely as white settlers will resist the coming of missionaries who intervene between them and the more helpless natives. Removed itself from the necessity of work and study, it opposes an obstinate, if inarticulate, resistance to the moral ideals of those whose minds have been formed by the real struggle to exist by sympathy and co-operation. It fights in the larger issues of politics for the liberty to levy tribute and exploit. It masses instinctively for the defence of a sport which wins pleasure by the infliction of pain. To limit its sympathies, to exclude from them all who are not of its caste or kind, from the carted stag to the black man, is the first of its instincts. In the animal world it admits a sympathy which is near to veneration for its horses and its dogs—the creatures which assist it in its sports—only to deny all regard for the creatures whose sufferings are essential to its amusement. The habit of mind which is bred of this disregard has its influence far beyond the sphere of sport. It is reached only by a conscious suppression of the instincts of pity and compassion. It can be justified only by an unlimited acceptance of the right to pleasure at any price. The character which is formed by it has been coarsened in a multitude of relationships. To suppress the more wanton of blood sports will be, first of all to rescue some of the gentlest and least offensive of animals from cruelty. It will also be to give to thousands of young lads, naturally merciful and kindly, the chance of growing up in a civilised community, freed from an influence whose purpose is to breed in them the mentality of a Spartan or a Pathan.

THE ARMY OF INNOCENCE.

"THANNE longen folk to gon on pilgrimages." How right the poet was to dwell on the desire felt by all mankind for pilgrimage, and not merely on the obligation of religious duty! Among all the sensations of holiday there is none more exquisite than that of a pilgrim setting out

for a holy place. The daily round is broken; the common task is left behind him at the gate; the eyelids of the dawn are opening; the white road leads onward into the rising sun; the calling of the birds, the waking mountains, and the smell of dew upon the grass are unconscious symbols of hope and the spirit's renewal; his heart is fixed, being raised to its natural, though unaccustomed, elevation, and attuned by the sanctity of purpose, without which the holiday would be but a relaxation, a slackening of the strings of the soul. No wonder the peoples of all nations have longed to go on pilgrimage, and have laid down their lives for access to the shrines of the world—to Lhasa, Puri, Mecca, Rome, Kieff, and Jerusalem.

For Christians this universal longing was naturally much increased when the end of the thousand years since Christ's birth approached, and He was expected to return in glory to His native land, and there to celebrate the Last Judgment upon quick and dead. With a confidence that must excite the envy of latter-day sinners, the devout of Europe desired above all things to behold His re-appearing and to present themselves among the first before His tribunal. Nor was it only for their own sakes that their eyes were turned with anxiety towards Jerusalem, which for nearly five centuries had lain in the hands of sun-worshippers and followers of the False Prophet. If in a few years Christ should now return and find His holy city—the scene of His death, His sepulchre, and His resurrection—occupied by mere Seljukian Turks, who for a generation had inflicted unendurable hardships on pilgrims seeking comfort at His shrines, how great would be the scandal to His Church and His Vicar here on earth. In some fertile mind suddenly sprang the conception of an Army of the Cross for rescuing the sacred places from the Infidel. Peter, the Amiens hermit, began his wild preaching—so holy a man that the hairs of his donkey's tail were treasured as relics. Urban II. appealed to Christendom from Clermont in Auvergne, and the believing hosts around him answered with the cry, "Deus le volt, Deus le volt!" Incited by hopes of spiritual pardon hereafter, or by the certainty of release from earthly prisons and the bonds of debt or vows; encouraged by the promise of crossed legs upon sepulchral effigies, and of shirts that, having been worn in the Holy Land, ensured immediate entrance into Paradise; ardent in faith, longing for pilgrimage, and careless of a world so soon to end in Judgment, nearly a quarter of a million human beings set out for the divine campaign, under the mystic standards of Goat and Goose.

Then followed the familiar, incredible story of the Crusaders, when, for the first and last time in history, the Christian Powers were at intervals combined for a purpose that could almost be called religious. The deeds of Tancred and Baldwin, the siege of Antioch and opportune discovery of the Sacred Spear, the rabble host kneeling in tears at sight of Jerusalem and rushing forward to the slaughter of Saracens and Jews; St. Bernard's miserable attempt at a second Crusade, the glory of old Barbarossa and Richard Lion-heart; the chivalry of Saladin, conquests of Constantinople, fightings in Egypt, the appearance of Frederick Stupor-of-the-World, himself, it was said, no better than an Infidel—so for two centuries the varied course of holy wars went on, till it died away with St. Louis of France sinking on the road at Damietta. With him the flame of sacred endeavor flickered and was extinguished, though for some, as for our Henrys IV. and V., there remained the dream of levying a power of men:—

"Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' wombs
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed,
For our advantage on the bitter cross."

Nine of these Crusades from first to last are counted by historians, and as to their result, "the holy wars," says Gibbon, "appear to me to have checked rather than forwarded the maturity of Europe." That is too large a question for us. We will only say again that to us it now appears incredible that Europe should ever have shown herself so disinterested as to fight for any sacred cause at all. But for the moment we have not to do with

maturity. Mr. Henry Baerlein's rather unsympathetic and disjointed book, called "On the Forgotten Road" (Murray), has reminded us of that "Children's Crusade," so small and immature that it is not even counted among the nine. In point of date we must tuck it in between the fifth and sixth, and there let it stand as a piteous episode, a baby's death, a young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks. It was the time when Philip, called the August, was reigning in France, and in England the Lords were pestering the King with their demands for representation and the redress of grievances before they would give him a penny to carry on with. For Magna Charta lay only three years ahead, England was still suffering from the Papal Interdict, and the elder Simon de Montfort was himself crusading, not against Pagans or Paynims, but against unhappy Christians who even in Southern France could believe the present earth was hell, and death the truest blessing.

It is strange to think that the inspired children must have passed on their journey right through the midst of the Waldenses, those Quakers of Lyons, and not far eastward of the province where Simon himself was dealing out to the Albigenses the blessing they so much desired. For Mr. Baerlein has chosen the story of the French children, who followed the boy Stephen of Cloyes near Orleans, and has left for another hand the German children's Crusade, which started the same year, and tried to make its way across the Alps. We believe it was not the first time that children had in a certain sense taken the Cross. In a contemporary account of the first Crusade, at all events, a chronicler with a peculiar conception of humor writes:—

"Strange sights one saw, enough to make you die of laughing; the poor, for instance, would shoe an ox or two like horses and tie them to a cart, into which they piled their bits of things and babies; and whenever they came in sight of a castle or city, you would hear the little creatures keep asking whether this was Jerusalem, the place they were going to."

But the idea of an actual children's army seems to have been St. Bernard's own suggestion, though it was not carried out till seventy years after the failure of his Crusade. It seemed likely that nothing but the wickedness of the Crusaders themselves could have caused a failure so complete as that; innocence, therefore, might bring success, and where was innocence to be found, save in the heart of a child? So argued the great ecclesiastic, ignorant alike of logic, war, and children.

The idea spread, and whether it was reinforced by cruel agents from the Old Man of the Mountain, ever seeking recruits for his Assassins and the Fedavees in the Gardens of Bliss, we cannot tell. Mr. Baerlein thinks so, and the belief should have added the final touch of horror and tragedy to a tale which he somehow fails to make tragic. But in that age no external reinforcement was needed for the idea. Once possessed by his holy purpose, the boy Stephen found no trouble in recruiting his army of the innocent. Little boys and girls from all sides came flocking to his standard, sometimes escaping the parents' anger, but usually, as it seems, accompanied by their applause. Quicker than the Boy Scouts his drilled battalions grew. When they had seen the King at St. Denis and begun their march southward from Paris to the sea, they are said to have numbered 30,000. How they were fed, how covered and succored on the road, we can only conjecture, but we may imagine the devout and pitiful women coming from villages and towns to meet them with cakes and sweets, with little garments and combs, and herbal medicines in a bottle. So the tender warriors marched upon their way, flowing like Rhone's waters ever southward:—

"The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs, Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands."

"It is to God, to God, we are going!" they cried continually. Marseilles received them, and again we can imagine them asking each other if this was not the holy Jerusalem they sought. Seven ships received them; beyond the protecting mountains of that ancient port they stood out to sea, and France saw them no more. One priest returned; then, after twenty-three years, Stephen's father returned, and into his mouth Mr. Baerlein has

put his story. Quick death or long Egyptian slavery swallowed up the rest in darkness.

It is a strange scene to recall, full of a pathos that it would be easy to wallow in. Like a dream, it is adorned with all the fantastic mists and colors of medieval unreality. But at the heart of it we recognise the abiding spirit of the child in man. For who is there that does not long to go on pilgrimage, or with the fairy army of Crusaders to pass beyond the bounds of commonplace, and set forth in fearless elation upon the white road that leads to the City of God?

The Drama.

POTTED BEETHOVEN.

LET me state at once, and emphatically, that I enjoyed "Beethoven" at His Majesty's; and I fancy that there must be thousands of people, at something like my own stage of musical culture and spiritual sentimentality, who would do likewise. The idea of the French author, M. René Fauchois, is a very ingenious and beautiful one. There are faults of execution that one knows not to whom to attribute, without having seen the French book and the French performance. The playbill bears the legend: "Freely adapted by Louis N. Parker," but I feel sure that Mr. Parker is too good a musician, too reverent of his own art—or of one of them—to take much pleasure in the cheap farce which mars what ought to be throughout a thing of beauty. Very likely everyone concerned is somewhat to blame. Perhaps M. Fauchois, founding on the recorded character of Beethoven's brother, Nikolaus, made him somewhat of a grotesque; then Mr. Parker accentuated the absurdity; and finally Mr. Edward Sass, a good comedian of the emphatic school, accentuated Mr. Parker's accentuation. But, after all, it is to Sir Herbert Tree that one's respectful remonstrance must be addressed. It was in his power to tone Mr. Sass down; and he certainly does not seem to have made any effort in that direction. For one thing, however, I am sincerely and profoundly grateful. When Mr. Ainley, as Schindler, carefully placed Beethoven's breakfast-tray upon a chair in Mr. Sass's immediate neighborhood, I did not doubt that Nikolaus, having sat upon everything else that could raise a laugh, was going to give us humor's crown of humor by subsiding on the coffee-pot. Had this occurred, I should certainly have shrieked—not with amusement. But that ultimate agony was spared me. Perhaps the tray was placed there in order to beget in us the highly dramatic emotion of suspense; in which case it brilliantly succeeded. I breathed a deep sigh of relief when the coffee-pot was removed, and no one had sat on it. But all the intrusions of farce (by which I do not mean the illustrations of Beethoven's eccentricity and absence of mind) seemed to me unspeakably jarring. Why should not the whole thing have been kept on the level of beauty? It reminded me of a recent experience on board one of the splendid steamers of the Hamburg-America line. One expected to find the music on a German boat far better than on the English liners; and, indeed, the band was large and technically competent. But the style of music they played was distinctly more vulgar and trivial than that which prevails on the Cunard or White Star boats. One especial outrage they perpetrated was a sort of medley, in which noble and lovely things not only alternated with vulgarities, but were inextricably interwoven with them. The minuet in "Don Giovanni," for instance, would break off three or four bars before its close, and merge into a jiggish quick-step. Had I been the captain, I should have put in irons the conductor who was responsible for this infamy; and somebody—though not, certainly, the conductor—ought to be put in irons at His Majesty's.

Like many ingenious ideas, M. Fauchois's appears obvious—when once you have thought of it. He has simply chosen a theme in which "incidental music," instead of being an abomination, becomes a psychological

necessity, and must be, moreover, the noblest music in the world. A similar process has sometimes been applied to poetry, with disastrous results. Nothing is more ludicrous than to see Shakespeare or Molière strolling around and talking tags from his own works. But here the case is very different. Here the orchestra simply externalises the strains which must, at one time or another, have been pulsing in the great tone-poet's brain. Whether they actually arose there in this manner and under these circumstances is an indifferent detail. I know next to nothing of Beethoven's biography, yet enough to feel sure that the incidents depicted (with one or two exceptions) must be regarded as typical rather than actual. Some of them, indeed, belong entirely to the realm of symbolism. But what does it matter? If we bring the smallest goodwill to it, we can easily yield to the illusion of assisting at that ultimate miracle of the human spirit—the creation of great music. I, at any rate, passed completely under the spell. It is a good thing the theatre was darkened, for more than once my critical impassivity was sadly compromised.

Surely it is the miracle of miracles, this creation of music. One can easily imagine oneself Shakespeare—many people have cultivated the habit with great success. But to imagine oneself Beethoven, or Gluck, or Handel, or even Mendelssohn or Chopin!—that is a pitch of megalomania to me inconceivable. No doubt this is partly because I am not a musician; but I think true musicians, too, feel an awe in the presence of their masters which no mere weaver of words can inspire. The poet, after all, is dealing with tangible matter of the intellect and the emotions. He manipulates that matter in ways denied to you and me; but his processes are subject to analysis, and well within comprehension. Now and then, indeed, in his greatest moments, he achieves what we feel to be a miracle, a something divine that holds analysis at bay; and that is just when he places himself most nearly on a level with the great musician. But the musician seems to go straight to the archetypal fount of beauty, and draw from it at will. This is doubtless an illusion. A psychology of music is just as possible as a psychology of poetry, though probably far more difficult and distant. But the illusion is so inevitable, the beauty appears so absolute and unconditioned, that the musician, more than any other mortal, seems to come trailing clouds of glory from some region beyond the stars. How incredibly impoverished would life be without music! How denuded, not only of sheer beauty, but of mystery! Surely the least metaphysically-minded man, if he have any musical sense, must feel himself transported by a great tone-poem into a fourth dimension wherein the problem of life puts on a new and unspeakably wonderful aspect. Well, in this play is brought home to us the fact that these great tone-poems do actually take shape in the mind of a man like ourselves, that they come to him somehow and from somewhere, and that their miraculous conception is interwoven with common incidents and emotions of life. That, it seems to me, is an interesting, a moving experience. The play suggests to the imagination, however faintly and imperfectly, what it must be to think in glorious harmonies, and pass one's life in imperiously marshalling the giant hosts of sound. We carry away a vision of Beethoven as a greater Napoleon, manœuvring his winged legions in luminous deeps of space.

At least that is how it affects me, a non-musical, if not precisely an unmusical, man. M. Fauchois has, in fact, made Beethoven his collaborator in a piece of spiritual portraiture, which is, at the same time, an act of homage. The disadvantage of the method is that, when once his appetite is whetted, the spectator is apt to weary of the interludes of talk, and wish that Beethoven would get on with his composing. "Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses" was the principle of the late Mr. Astley. Unreasonably, but not unnaturally, one is conscious of hankering after less biography and more music.

Beethoven is distinctly one of Sir Herbert Tree's good parts. He presents the figure admirably to the eye; and, but that his voice lacks modulation, his acting would leave little to desire. The other parts are, at

best, of slight importance. Mr. Ainley's discreet Anton Schindler was of value and Miss Evelyn D'Alroy was a graceful Bettina Brentano, though she surely need not have pitched her speeches in quite such a declamatory, unnatural key. The scene in which she brings to Beethoven the homage of Goethe is moving to anyone whose imagination is touched by the sound of great names. Why the Archduke Rudolf and his two satellites should be made such figures of fun I cannot conceive. No doubt their uniforms were laudably correct; but if no compromise with the regulations was permissible, they might, in one act at least, have been allowed to wear mufti.

"Beethoven" is preceded by "A Russian Tragedy," in one act, of which one is glad to record that it is "adapted from the German of Adolph Glass." An English playwright who should turn out such a trumpery piece of mechanical, conventional melodrama would deserve to be severely dealt with. It is like the maiden effort of a schoolboy who has been injudiciously taken to see "Fédora." Why it should have been placed on His Majesty's stage, and with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the leading part, is a mystery which passes all understanding.

It is, of course, impossible to arrive at any adequate appreciation of a performance in a language of which one understands no single word; but I think it evident that Mme. Lydia Yavorskaia, of St. Petersburg, who appeared at the Afternoon Theatre on Tuesday, in "La Dame aux Camélias," is an actress of very unusual gifts. Like her compatriot, Alla Nazimova, she struck me at first as rather mannered and self-conscious; but as she warmed to her work this effect in great measure passed off, and one could admire without reserve her graceful carriage (except in rapid motion), her beautiful voice, and her great emotional power. Her death-scene was extremely realistic, and might have been no less touching if one could have followed the words. I look forward with lively interest to her Hedda Gabler, announced for next Tuesday.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Communications.

THE CHARACTER OF THE INDIAN POLICE.

(Concluded.)

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It now appears, from a statement made a day or two ago by the Master of Elibank in Parliament, that in the Gulam Mohammed torture case, in which the Sessions Judge of Rawal Pindi found that the prisoner bore on his legs and arms palpable marks of racking, and that his confession of murder had been extorted from him by the police, the Government of the Punjab have held a secret police inquiry of the usual sort, and "come to the conclusion that the charge of torture is false, and that no blame attaches to the police." No explanation is offered as to how the man came by his injuries, and why he should have confessed to a murder which he had not committed. The police are whitewashed by a secret police inquiry, and the judicial tribunal is discredited.

But I must mention one other case in the Punjab, in which the alleged torture was of a more atrocious kind, and the conduct of the Executive of the most unsatisfactory character.

A woman named Gulab Bano was convicted last year, upon her own confession, of poisoning her husband, and sentenced by Mr. Kennedy, a Sessions Judge, with the concurrence of three Indian assessors, to be hanged. She appealed to the Chief Court at Lahore, consisting of Mr. Justice Robertson and Mr. Justice Rattigan, who, in January of this year, set aside the conviction on the ground that the confession was most probably extorted by outrage of the most horrible kind inflicted on the woman by the police. The Judges exhorted the Executive in earnest language to "institute a most searching enquiry" into the conduct of the police. Nevertheless for nine months the

world heard nothing, and the police continued in the service of the Government. At the end of that time appeared a "Resolution" by the Government of the Punjab completely discrediting the views both of the Judges and of the prison doctor who examined the woman, and completely exonerating the police. The "Resolution" purports to be the result of a secret enquiry. But no one knows by whom it was held, except that it was by the police. No one knows who was examined, except that none of the police implicated were cross-examined. Parliament has been refused information on the subject. Such is the respect shown by the Executive in India for the highest Courts of the land. The Judges have taken the unusual course of intimating that they will reply; but so far their reply is not made public.

Here is the horrible story of what the police did to the woman, in the very words of the Official "Resolution":—

"On the evening of the 7th June she complained to the matron of the jail that the police had maltreated her. The hospital attendant was summoned, and to him Gulab Bano (the woman) made a statement to the following effect: 'I was hung to the roof by the police (Superintendent and two head constables) in my village during the investigation, with a rope in my legs, and a baton smeared with green chillies was thrust up my anal opening.'"

The matter was reported the next day to the Civil Surgeon, who examined the woman and found that she was suffering from fever and was in a weak state. He ordered her to be prepared for examination, and next morning examined her, and found her, to use his own words, "*terribly inflamed and ulcerated, a condition which, in my opinion, could only have been caused by an assault similar to that described by the prisoner.*" (Italics mine.)

He subsequently added that the assault might have been committed on or about May 12th (the date given by the woman), but more probably about June 2nd. To the District Judge the woman gave a "very clear and detailed account" of how the police first beat and kicked her with the object of making her confess, then tied a rope round her feet and suspended her from a rafter of the roof. Then (so the official account runs) "a police baton, smeared with red peppers, was thrust into her rectum. She described minutely how the red pepper was ground, mixed with water and applied to the baton, and what part each of the police concerned took in the proceedings."

Under this agony she confessed to having poisoned her husband. She retracted the confession on June 7th, first to the Matron of the Jail and then to the Hospital Assistant and the Civil Surgeon, and on the 10th formally before the District Magistrate. Nevertheless, she was committed by him for trial, and convicted and sentenced to be hanged by the Sessions Judge. How could this possibly come about?

The answer of the High Court is clear (the Judges saying, by way of preface, that "they would not differ from the finding save for reasons which, in their opinion, rendered it impossible to uphold the conviction"):—

"We find, on looking through the record, that evidence distinctly favorable to the unfortunate woman has been, if not suppressed, at all events not brought forward into Court on her behalf. . . . This evidence was known only to the police authorities. . . . We are constrained with regret to observe that the learned Sessions Judge has made frequent references to some case tried in the Peshawar district in which the accused was apparently concerned. . . . Clearly the record of that case was wholly inadmissible, and was produced by the prosecution, in our opinion, most unfairly, for the sole purpose of prejudicing the Court against the accused. It is therefore a matter of regret that the learned Judge should have allowed it to be referred to. . . . It is surely too much to suppose that this did not affect the mind of the Sessions Judge in the case before him. Apart, therefore, from all other considerations, it is obvious that the accused was gravely prejudiced in the trial by the reception of evidence which was inadmissible *per se*, and could only have been adduced for the purpose of alienating the sympathy of the Court from her."

The police actually allowed the Sessions Judge to believe that the unfortunate woman had tried to make away with the vomit of her husband—which, on examination, turned out to contain poison—when the real fact was that she had carefully retained it, and pointed it out at once to the police when they appeared. The Head Constable, who could have proved this vital point, was never called, and the Sessions Judge was induced to believe that the woman's story was a "clumsy concoction."

The Government of the Punjab have now come to the conclusion that the Sessions Judge was right, the Appeal Judges were wrong, and *that the unfortunate woman probably inflicted this horrible torture upon herself.* They support this theory on the ground that there is a discrepancy between the date on which the Civil Surgeon thinks it probable she was tortured and the date when the woman alleges she was actually tortured; and also that on two occasions subsequent to the alleged torture she walked considerable distances and appeared to be in good health. On these grounds the unanimous judgment of the Chief Court of Appeal of the Punjab is treated as wrong, the doctor's evidence set aside, and the police implicated are acquitted and retained as the honored instruments of the Executive in the administration of justice. The tragedy has been completed by the death of the unfortunate woman, which is reported to have just occurred. I must add that it was upon the secret information of the Punjab police that a man so much honored by his fellow-countrymen as Mr. Lajpat Rai was deported to Mandalay without warning, charge, or trial.

So far I have dealt with Bengal and the Punjab. But by the very last mail comes the report of a judgment of the Sessions Judge of Madura in Madras, Mr. Hamnett, in which he acquitted six villagers in that district, charged by the police with murder. The principal evidence against them was that of one of themselves, who turned informer. He subsequently said that he had given his evidence as the result of torture and "tutoring" on the part of the police. In support of this view the learned Judge is reported to have said:—

"The hospital assistant of Thandikudi admits that the informer was under his treatment from the 29th April, 1909, to 9th May for dysentery and also for two wounds; one on the fore arm and one on the right leg. The witness does not seem to me to be telling the whole truth. The informer has a number of scars of wounds on both his legs, and a scar of a severe wound on his left arm, which has caused permanent stiffness of one joint of his ring finger. The hospital assistant says he did not see those wounds at Thandikudi, but I cannot believe him. *The informer's story, that the wounds were caused by the police beating and branding him, and that he was kept at Thandikudi until the hospital assistant got his wounds healed is more probable. . . . There are strong grounds for thinking that the informer's story, that he was tortured by the police, is substantially true, and that enquiry into the conduct of the police is necessary.*" (Italics mine.)

I quote from the "South Indian Mail," November 8th, published at Madura.

I will conclude with a crowning case of police villainy from the United Provinces. Mr. T. K. Johnston, the Sessions Judge at Bahraich, has just passed heavy sentences upon one Inspector, two sub-Inspectors, and six constables for deliberately concocting against fifteen innocent men a false charge of being dacoits (highway robbers). These unfortunate men were alleged to have been caught and surrounded by the police at night in a lonely house, armed with guns and pistols. It was sworn that they were attacked in force by the police—who fired heavily in self-defence—captured, and taken off to jail. They were brought before a Magistrate, who swallowed the whole story, and committed them all for trial, one of them having been induced under prolonged police "pressure" (the nature of which is not disclosed) to confess that this concocted charge was true. Before, however, the case came on for trial, one of the Inspectors had qualms of conscience, and went to Mr. Williamson, an Assistant Superintendent, and confessed to him that the whole affair was "put up" by the police. The persons captured in the house were not the accused at all, but village police dressed up and armed to represent dacoits. On the return of the party from the house, the accused, who had been previously arrested on some ground or other, were substituted for the village police and falsely charged as the captured dacoits. The Inspector, who made this confession, shot himself immediately afterwards, and the other policemen implicated have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from one year to seven years in length. It appears from the judgment of the Sessions Judge that the men falsely accused were persons against whose characters nothing could be said.

It will be observed that in no single case, except the last one (in which one of the miscreants confessed), has any punishment been inflicted upon the police. In all the

Punjab cases the considered judgments of the Courts have been set aside and the police whitewashed; the whitewashing process being in part conducted, as the Judges at Lahore have said with regard to the Gulab Bano case, by "Mr. Chisholm, the Superintendent of Police, against whose subordinates our remarks were directed."

Sir, it was upwards of seventy years ago that Lord Macaulay wrote that tremendous indictment of Bacon for racking Dr. Peacham in order to extort a confession of guilt:—

"Bacon was here distinctly behind his age . . . he persisted in a practice the most barbarous and the most absurd that has ever disgraced jurisprudence, in a practice of which in the preceding generation Elizabeth and her Ministers had been ashamed, and a practice which, a few years later, no sycophant in all the Inns of Court had the heart or the forehead to defend."

But Bacon's offence was committed early in the seventeenth century. What will be said by posterity about the toleration extended in the twentieth century to the practice of torturing British subjects throughout a large part of the British Empire?—Yours, &c.,

FREDERIC MACKARNES.

House of Commons,
November 30th, 1909.

Letters to the Editor.

THE GOVERNMENT AND WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The question of the House of Lords must at present take the first place in public attention, and no one of democratic sympathies would wish to stand in the way of its speedy settlement. But some thought must also be given to the future. The next great political reform for progressive parties will be the reform of the franchise, and its extension to women. Its solution will continue the work of making our Government truly representative, which it cannot be while all women and a large number of men, mainly of the steady working class, are without votes.

The *NATION* has given support to the principle of adult suffrage, and in a recent article placed Electoral Reform, accompanied by women's enfranchisement, first among the future tasks of Liberalism. Liberalism must be ready for its task when the time comes; and we feel we can confidently ask you now, at this critical moment, to support our claim that the Government should recognise the importance of this subject by including in its approaching declaration of policy on December 10th, an undertaking to deal with it at the earliest possible moment.—Yours, &c.,

MARGARET LLEWELYN DAVIES,
MARY R. MACARTHUR,

Hon. Secs., People's Suffrage Federation.

"League House,"
34, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.
December 1st, 1909.

[We are strongly in favor of such a declaration, and will give our utmost support to any practical measure for giving effect to it.—ED. *NATION*.]

MAKING THE FOREIGNER PAY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Without offence, may I suggest that it is not surprising that Mr. Rowland Hunt's arguments have never been answered in the House of Commons? The game of ninepins is evidently not popular in that august Assembly.

In so far as Mr. Hunt deals with my statements, I crave the privilege of answering him, with, I hope, due regard for your valuable space.

No one disputes "that if a foreigner reduces the price of his goods by 10 per cent. he would be paying the 10 per

cent. import tariff," nor yet that in exceptional cases he *may* pay the whole or part of the tax. What we are asked to believe is that he can be made to pay all or most of a general import tariff. That is false to fact, and against all experience. What ground is there for believing that the experience of Great Britain will be different from that of all other countries? To what protected countries, and what goods, does Great Britain ship upon which she pays all or any part of the import tariff?

If I insist on selling my goods in a market for which they are not suited, or where they cannot compete with domestic productions, I would probably not only pay all the import duty, but something more, and the same would apply to the foreigner in this country; but international commerce does not work along these lines.

We sell to the foreigner the goods he wants and cannot obtain as favorably elsewhere, and we buy from the foreigner the goods he can make better or cheaper than we ourselves can.

The "import taxation on food" in this country is possibly greater than in many other countries. America might even figure out at nothing per head, but who would claim that this represented her total taxation? What about her tariff on general merchandise and the taxes levied upon the people by the protected manufacturers under the "licence to rob" which their protective system gives them?

Mr. Carnegie is quoted by Mr. Hunt as saying that "America raised £45,000,000 a year which did not affect the poor," but he forgot to add that the American tariff discriminates against the poor, and the duties are too high to permit of any but the middle and richer class buying foreign goods. The poor are left to the tender mercies of the domestic manufacturer.

May I also quote Mr. Carnegie? I heard that gentleman say, as nearly as my memory serves me: "You have in your midst a party calling themselves Fair Traders. Of them beware! They propose to put on what they call discriminating duties—here a little and there a little. Let me tell you, as an American manufacturer, that we would give untold sums of money if we could persuade your British manufacturers to handicap themselves one feather-weight, by putting on what they call discriminating duties." Mr. Carnegie was not in doubt as to who paid the duties.

Why, asks Mr. Hunt, is it impossible to tax the competing goods of the foreigner for the benefit of using this market? Simply because the tax would be just so much added to the £300,000,000 which he says he must pay in Imperial and local taxation.

Mr. Hunt sees no sense in "allowing the foreigner to use our market without paying anything to enter it." Where, except in our own Colonies, are we taxed for using a market?

I am challenged to say whether I sell my goods in America in competition with an "untaxed supply made in that country." My answer is yes, and I charge a profit on the duty also. I don't require to "reduce my men's wages and my profit," and I sell no cheaper than my next-door neighbor, and why? Simply because Protection has increased the American's cost of production and hindered the development of his industry.

Why is America, of the four great nations, the smallest exporter of manufactured goods? Simply because she is handicapped in the race, and, unlike some Free Traders and all retaliators, I don't want to see one single strap removed from her legs.

Mr. Asquith was not wrong if he said in 1894 that the "tariff walls were every day getting higher and higher," but he did not say that we should follow the lead and handicap ourselves. He simply saw in the fact he stated the need for Free and Freer Trade. He is taking the first chance that has come within his reach of changing the shoulders which bear the burdens that handicap trade. In 1909 he might, with equal truth, say that the same countries which were increasing their burdens are now struggling to throw off the intolerable load.

What effect a duty on the £140,000,000 of imported manufactures would have upon these imports must be more or less of the nature of a speculation, but it is more than probable that the £70,000,000 which Mr. Hunt is going to manufacture in this country will neither come in from abroad nor be manufactured in this country. The bulk of

it forms the raw material of important industries which could not pay for the goods *plus* the duty, nor the price at which they could be made in this country.

Mr. Hunt can figure out for himself, even if his own view were correct, what the loss to our shipping trade would be.

Mr. Hunt claims that Tariff Reform will increase wages, but "a scientific tariff would not increase the cost of production." How is it to be done? If Tariff Reform did not increase wages, the plight of the workman would be poor indeed.

Trade Unionists are almost to a man against Tariff Reform. They see in the unemployment which the agitation for a fiscal change has brought about an earnest of worse things if Tariff Reform became the policy of the country. They understand the law of supply and demand, and can see the control of labor handed over absolutely to the capitalist or employer of labor, and they have no stomach for the change.

Mr. Chamberlain was right when he said that to tax food was to lower wages, and the same applies to anything else that the wage-earner uses.

Imperial preference is to secure regular employment! Imperial preference is a glorified hypocrisy, as anyone engaged in the Colonial trade understands. The principle underlying the whole thing, as the Colonists in unmistakable language declare, is that, first and foremost, there must be absolute protection for Colonial industries. Nothing coming from Great Britain or any other place must interfere with that protection. After that, on the goods which they cannot manufacture themselves, they are willing to, and do, give a preference to Great Britain, and that preference represents just so much saved to the Colonial pocket. In almost every article that we ship we have the foreigner beaten, so that the whole thing amounts to "thank you for nothing."

During the preferential period our trade with Canada has increased materially; not, it is true, to the same extent as America's trade with that Colony, but to credit the increase to the preference given us is to ignore altogether the enormously increased purchasing power of that Colony.

I hope I have knocked over a few of Mr. Rowland Hunt's ninepins. I will leave the rest, which had no particular bearing on the subject, to fall from their own want of balance.

Except to bring about a change in the position of political parties in this country, what is the whole agitation about? In 1907, as against 1905, we had increased our export trade 26 per cent., against Germany's 21 per cent. and America's 20 per cent., and yet, from the platform, we are going to the dogs!—Yours, &c.,

MANUFACTURER.

Glasgow, November 29th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Rowland Hunt is not permitted, I think, to use the "argumentum ad populum" in a discussion on a hard business subject which admits of actual tangible proof. Because I wish to show when a duty meant to be protective ceases to be protective, because the foreigner might choose to reduce his price by the amount of the duty, Mr. Rowland Hunt is not permitted, by the rules of logic, to assume that the proposition indicates a general fact of trade—I think it is a method of reasoning based on the same principle as: "What we eat grew in the fields; loaves of bread are what we eat; therefore loaves of bread grow in the fields."

It would be of interest to learn how Mr. Rowland Hunt could show us whether the foreigner reduced his prices by the amount of the duties placed upon the articles taxed, or not. What would be the standard? Where would be the protection?

May I commend to Mr. Rowland Hunt a very excellent work which he cannot have had brought to his notice, or he would have found no necessity to take up so much of your valuable space. It is the "Financial Reform Almanac." It costs a shilling on any bookstall, and on page 160 (1909 edition) he will find that the expenditure on food, fuel, and rent of a workman in Germany would be to that of the same workman in England, on the same items, but

not including local taxation, as 119 to 100. Therefore, an English workman in Germany, living as far as possible as he had been accustomed to live in England, would find his expenditure on rent, food, and fuel, exclusive of local taxation, increased by some 19 per cent., or, roughly, by one-fifth. This is either true, or it is not true. If true, what Mr. Hunt says is not true; if it is not true, then Mr. Hunt is at liberty to correct it.

Behind the white sheet ghost of "Tariff Reform," which moves mysteriously through the country, is the British landlord. It is his voice which is chiefly heard clamoring for tariffs, for it is his rents which make our industry less fruitful than it should be. Corn competes on the markets and a common price results, but land is not allowed to compete, and monopoly prices are upheld in Britain. Mr. John Morley clamored for the open door and for the unshackling of trade abroad as at home, knowing, as all the best economists have known, that the freedom of foreign countries will mean their expansion, and their expansion cannot take place without benefiting us. Because my neighbor shuts his garden behind a high wall, even though he casts some shade on mine, what shall it benefit me to shut in my own and exclude the sun? The total yield of the two gardens would be less than it would be did there exist no walls at all. The more we both have, or the more we both produce, the easier are exchanges made, and the wealthier we become. Countries do not buy what they do not require, nor sell what they cannot afford to part with. Tariff Reform would positively prevent our buying what we want, thus preventing us from selling, because we could not produce, and the profits of two transactions would be lost. What would be the benefit?—Yours, &c.,

A. GRIMSHAW HAYWOOD.

November 29th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Much has been written recently as to whether the importer pays for the duty, &c., on articles which he buys from abroad. To business men dealing with foreign countries it seems absurd that any doubt can be expressed on this point. I am a manufacturer, and our firm for the past thirty years has made carpets and furnishing fabrics largely for export. In no single instance have we ever paid for duty, and prices received by us have always been exactly those got from home customers. This is plain and indisputable; but I should like to point out that the user of the imported article pays much more than simply the price of the duty added, and a very simple illustration which came before me in New York will explain what is the universal experience. Here are figures which show the price which the retail purchaser or user of one of our chief makes of carpets pays in London and New York respectively:—

IN LONDON.		IN NEW YORK	
Manufacturers' charge or shopkeepers' cost	4s. 3d. sq. yd	Manufacturers' charge at Liverpool ...	4s. 3d. sq. yd
price ...		Duty, 22c. per sq. yd....	11d.
Shopkeepers' expenses and profit		Duty 40 per cent. ad val. ...	1s. 8½d
33½ per cent. on cost ...	1s. 5d	Freight and clearance 5 per cent.	2½d.
Shopkeepers' selling price per sq. yard ...	5s. 8d.		7s. 1d.
Thus carpet 4 × 3 yards sells @ £3 8s. 0d.		Shopkeepers' expenses and profit, 50 per cent., say ...	3s. 7d.
		Shopkeepers' selling price ...	10s. 8d.
		Thus carpet 4 × 3 yards sells @ £6 8s. 0d.	

Above shows that not only does the American user pay 2s. 10d. for duty, &c., but, what is generally forgotten, he has to pay the shopkeepers' profit on that 2s. 10d. And this is not all, for, while the conditions of living enable the shopkeeper here to make a satisfactory net profit if he adds 33 per cent. (or less) on cost, the amount paid for help and head charges in America is such that the shopkeeper, to make the same net profit, must charge 50 per cent. on cost, so that while the user of this carpet at home

pays only 1s. 5d. per square yard above manufacturers' price, the American user pays 6s. 5d. above manufacturers' price, and I saw regularly the same carpets selling in America at £6 8s. and over, which are on sale in London at £3 8s. and under.

This is no unusual case. I could cite instances much more striking, but the above is quite the average, and goes to show that not only does the foreigner pay the duty, but he pays over and above a specially high profit on the duty and article combined.—Yours, &c.,

Home-acres, Carlisle,

JAMES MORTON.

December 1st, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—You do well to publish the letter of Mr. Rowland Hunt in your issue of the 27th inst., as I have seldom seen a better illustration of the hopeless fog which envelops the whole Tariff Reform case.

I was, for more than twenty years, senior partner in a firm of Birmingham manufacturers doing a large export trade with the Continent and other foreign countries, so I can speak with first-hand knowledge as to the terms on which export business is done, and I can assure Mr. Hunt that the cases where the profit on exported goods amounts to so much as 10 per cent. are so rare as to be absolutely negligible in considering this question.

The bulk of our business was done at what are known as "rock bottom" prices, delivered free on board at any English port. These prices, on an average, did not yield a net profit of more than about five per cent., and the importer had to pay freight from the English port and customs duty. But to meet the wishes of some of our customers we quoted alternative terms which included freight and duty delivered free within works, and in these cases we not only charged the full cost of freight and duty to the customer, but obtained some additional profit for ourselves as compensation for the trouble involved, thus proving beyond the possibility of doubt that the importer pays the duty.

Granting, for the sake of argument, that one-half of the 140 millions of what are called manufactured articles imported into this country would be made here if a 10 per cent. duty was imposed, though the assumption is very questionable, what would be the result? The duty would be equivalent to a tax of 7 millions on our people, *plus* cost of collection and other charges, say, 10 millions in all. To this must be added an indefinite number of other millions we should have to pay, owing to the general rise in prices of articles already made in this country of similar character to those previously imported.

The result on the wages bill would not be materially affected, additional wages to the extent of a possible thirty-five millions might be paid in some branches of trade, but this would be counterbalanced by loss of employment in other branches engaged in making goods which had previously been exchanged for the articles imported; for every economist knows that imports are not paid for in cash, but by exchange of commodities; you cannot exclude imports and still do an export trade.

The total result therefore of a 10 per cent. duty on manufactures would be to add a certain 10 millions of additional taxation to this country *plus* an indefinite further sum, owing to a general rise in prices; there would be no increase, on balance, in employment, and great dislocation would result from an artificial stimulus being given to some trades, which would be counterbalanced by great depression in others.

Mr. Hunt claims that the other half of "manufactured" articles imported would yield a revenue of seven millions, but if he will take the trouble to look at the list of these imports he will see that the bulk of them come under the head of "raw materials," which, I believe, no Tariff Reformer proposes to tax. But even if this revenue were obtained it would all come out of the pockets of people in this country, and the heavy cost of collection would have to be deducted.

With regard to the present duties on beer, spirits, tobacco, and tea, Mr. Hunt professes concern that they press so heavily on the working-classes, which is perfectly true, but I would point out that not one of these is a necessity; a very large number of persons make no use of them, and

they may, to some extent, be considered luxuries. Yet he objects to the present Budget, which bases taxation on the ability to pay, and the party to which he belongs proposes as an alternative to tax imported foodstuffs which are absolute necessities of life to the very poorest. A more illogical position it would be difficult to imagine.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN GRUBB.

The Down, Winscombe, Somerset,

November 29th, 1909.

THE ULTIMATE BASIS OF AUTHORITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If "M. A." will do me the justice of keeping to my point—"the last resort, the ultimate basis of authority"—instead of writing about something else, he will, I think, find that his "two authorities," Hume and Professor Dicey, are of no use to him. Hume's "government founded upon opinion," must still have force as its "last resort," its "ultimate basis of authority." And Professor Dicey does not agree with "M. A." in his misapprehension of Hume, as may be clearly seen from his own express affirmation in his recently published "Letters to a Friend on Votes for Women" (page 84): "The pregnant principle or fact that government itself depends at bottom upon force, tells all but fatally against the establishment of woman suffrage in a country, at any rate, such as England, where it would ultimately give predominant power to women. Nothing, I may add, is more noteworthy or characteristic than the incapacity of suffragists to recognise the unwelcome truth."

Mr. Houghton's presentment of his case is ingenious and plausible, but unconvincing. Our representatives, as such, it is true, are not soldiers, but they belong to the sex which alone can be soldiers; and the sex which, for physiological reasons, cannot be responsible for enforcing the law, cannot claim the responsibility of making it. Voting is our less barbarous substitute, as far as it goes, for fighting; but, even in these comparatively civilised days, when voting fails, fighting begins. And I would not give much for the respect shown towards a law made mainly by women but enforceable only by men, if the great majority of men entirely disapproved of it. And that is where the "last resort" comes in.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN MASSIE.

Oxford, November 27th, 1909.

LORD ROSEBERY'S SPEECH.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Whether it is a cause or an effect of the traditional exclusion of the House of Lords from the realms of finance I know not, but the ignorance displayed by their Lordships of financial matters well within the knowledge of ordinary business men appears to me to more than justify the attitude of the House of Commons in this connection. One after another has got up in the present debate and spoken of the fall in Consols as the direct result of the Budget proposals. Do they suggest that the corresponding falls in the national securities of France and Germany have the same origin? Surely not, and yet French Rentes have been as high as 98 this year and as low as 95½, and German Imperials as high as 86¾ and as low as 81¾. German Imperials are three per cents., whereas Consols are two-and-a-half per cents. The equivalent, therefore, of the present price of Consols, fully 82, is 99 for three per cents., so that on the Stock Exchanges of Europe our credit is 17 points, or fully 20 per cent. better than that of Germany.

In this connection, I pointed out immediately after Lord Rosebery's Budget speech here last September that his statement that Consols were never so low as at that time was strangely inaccurate, seeing that they were two points lower in 1907, and that, converting them to their equivalents previous to 1889, up to which they were three per cents., the statement was inaccurate in respect of thirty-eight years out of the preceding sixty-seven. Last night Lord Rosebery is reported to have said: "The days which have passed over me since then have not weakened in my mind one single syllable, or made me think of reversing or recalling one single syllable of what I uttered upon that occasion." This is hardly the strict regard for truth which one expects from a former Prime Minister.

Lord Rosebery also said last night: "This country was not long ago the strong box and the safe of Europe, to which every man outside this country sent his savings, that they might be secure." Judging by the above figures, it still occupies a high place, though we have never held such enormous hoards of gold as France and even Russia, and Jacques Bonhomme and, I suppose, the small investors of other countries have always preferred to put their savings into home securities. But what are we to make of Lord Rosebery's unsailorlike belief "that all the great ships that go westward are at this moment carrying bonds and stocks in ballast in order that they may be got rid of"? Bonds and stocks would make very poor ballast; but if he means that the ships are going in ballast, then his ship-owner friends will support me when I say that they are getting as much cargo to carry as ever. If he means that our savings are being invested in America, then the bonds and stocks will be coming in the eastward-bound ships.

Lord St. Davids' reply to the noble Earl will have, I doubt not, the approval of the bulk of moderate men actively interested in our trade and commerce. The credit of the country has not yet been shaken, but if anything will shake it, it is the persistent jeremiads of those who, while claiming to be the only patriots, are taking the best possible steps, unintentionally, I believe, to damage our financial prestige in the eyes both of our own fellow-citizens and of our foreign friends.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. STEVENSON.

Glasgow, November 25th, 1909.

DRAMATIC AUTHORS AND THE CENSORSHIP.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am desired by the Dramatic Committee of the Society of Authors to forward you the enclosed letter, which they would deem it a favor if you would print in the next issue of your paper.

The letter embodies the joint opinion of our Dramatic Committee on the Censorship Report, and it is, therefore, important that this should be made public as soon as possible.—Yours, &c.,

G. HERBERT THRING.

SIR,—On the Report of the Select Committee on Stage Plays (Censorship) we desire to make the following comments in our capacity as the Dramatic Committee of the Society of Authors, which is the sole public body representing the dramatic authors of the United Kingdom.

We recognise that the report is a notable advance on anything of the kind that has appeared before; and we appreciate its virtually complete admission of our case against the existing censorship, and its adoption of our suggestions for preventing the abuse as an instrument of censorship of the power of licensing theatres.

The Dramatic Committee note with the greatest satisfaction that one license for all places of amusement has been recommended. There is an immediate necessity for this reform, which should at once be passed into law.

Concerning the recommendations regarding the Censorship, the Dramatic Committee feel that these recommendations require careful and exhaustive criticism, but they hope that public attention will be especially centred upon the recommendation that empowers a landlord to compel his lessee to produce only such plays as have been passed by the Censor. So long as this recommendation stands, the Censorship is not optional. As in all probability most theatrical landlords would insist upon the clause, it makes all the limitations of the Censorship useless. If an optional Censorship is to be instituted, landlords should be restrained by definite Statute from compelling their tenants to take up an option which they do not desire. The Dramatic Committee feels strongly that under no circumstances should a landlord be penalised for the fault of his tenant. It is the man, not the building, that has done the harm. If a punishable play is produced, the author and the lessee (or sub-lessee) immediately responsible for the production of the play should be punished. By penalising a building because somebody produces a punishable play in it, you drive the landlord into driving his lessee to the Censor. If there were an appeal from the judgment of that Censor it would be a different matter, but as there is no appeal, neither the author nor the lessee of the theatre should be obliged to go to the Censor if they do not wish to do so.

The recommendation concerning the responsibility of the Lord Chamberlain to the House of Commons is regarded by us as most satisfactory.

The second proposal to which we take exception is objectionable on the ground of general political principle. A list of offences is first drawn up in such loose general terms that there is hardly a play in existence or possible to be written which could not be found guilty under it. We ask why we, alone among British subjects, are to be allowed to exercise our profession only on the impossible condition that we hurt nobody's feeling. We again demand as complete freedom of conscience and speech as our fellow-subjects enjoy.

If the proposals of the Committee as to a new Judicial Committee of the Privy Council are proceeded with, we suggest that the

list of offences be cut down by the omission of all the items which are clearly abrogations of the religious and political liberty of the stage, and that the author shall have the option of trial by jury in every case if he prefers it to trial by the proposed committee.

We desire further that it should be made clear that the powers of the Director of Public Prosecutions and the Attorney-General set forth in the proposals are not to supplement but to supersede the powers now possessed by the common informer; so that we may be freed from persecution by irresponsible individuals and societies which aim at the extirpation of dramatic art.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR PINERO (Chairman).

HENRY ARTHUR JONES (Vice-Chairman).

H. GRANVILLE BARKER.

J. M. BARRIE.

R. C. CARTON.

CICELY HAMILTON.

JEROME K. JEROME.

W. J. LOCKE.

ROBERT MARSHALL.

CECIL RALEIGH.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

ALFRED SUTRO.

The Incorporated Society of Authors,
39, Old Queen Street, Storey's Gate,
November 27th, 1909.

THE PURPOSE OF MR. BALFOUR'S ROMANES LECTURE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As one who heard Mr. Balfour's Romanes lecture at Oxford, may I be allowed to try and correct the generally wrong impression given by the short notice of it, in your issue of November 27th? Your comments are, in any case, inadequate, as they confine themselves to the issues raised by Mr. Balfour in the first ten minutes of his lecture. More than this, however, you attribute to him views diametrically opposed to those he propounded.

Here is what occurs in your Diary of the week:—

"Curiously enough, he (Mr. Balfour) followed Tolstoy in criticising and almost rejecting the æsthetic judgment of art, and showed some hankering after the older custom of asking whether it served morality and religion, or helped the State, or served some practical end."

Here, on the other hand, is what Mr. Balfour said:—

"There was a time when it was not merely common, but almost universal, to ask: Does such a work subserve the interests of morality and religion? Does it help the State? Does it lead to any useful practical end? . . . Now, again, I venture to say that these questions are no longer put. You will not find in any competent modern critic the serious consideration of such a question with regard to a picture, a poem, a statue, or a symphony; you will not find him asking: What end, outside the production of a beautiful work of art, does this subserve? You will find him asking: Is it a beautiful work of art? And that is the only question with which primarily he is concerned."

Mr. Balfour went on to say that the other questions are not, of course, absurd. It is quite rational to ask with regard to any particular work of art, or with regard to art in general: Is society better for it? Though this has nothing to do with artistic value; and with regard to the general question he personally had no doubt as to the answer. He regarded, he said, the feeling of the beautiful aroused by a work of art, as the true end of a work of art.

Anyone familiar with Tolstoy's "What is Art?" will see at once that the above is a statement of the view of art which Tolstoy tried to combat. The only question Tolstoy asked about a work of art was whether it subserved the interests of morality or religion; and in his opinion that was the only question worth asking.

Mr. Balfour would agree with Tolstoy in considering the metaphysical theories of art as unsatisfactory; but while regarding them as simply inadequate, he considers Tolstoy's own view as fundamentally and absolutely wrong.

I must apologise for prolixity, but your notice was not only unworthy of the lecture and of your paper (to both of which I should like to pay a valueless tribute), but, and no severer indictment occurs to me, it would have been unworthy of any paper. Moreover, it seems to me of paramount importance that the views of a great man on a great subject should not, either through accident or carelessness, be misrepresented.—Yours, &c.,

DONALD B. SOMERVELL.

Magdalen College, Oxford,
November 30th, 1909.

[We quite accept our correspondent's correction. But we are bound to say in self-defence that we were misled by

the brevity of the report on which we based our brief criticism. We certainly were astonished at its apparent conclusion, but it was unmistakeable on the face of the record to which we refer.—ED., NATION.]

"RATTLING INTO BARBARISM."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Two utterances of the past week may serve as an index of the rate we are travelling in the above direction. Professor Spenser Wilkinson, in his inaugural lecture at Oxford as Chichele Professor of Military History, declared war to be "one of the modes of human intercourse," and the tone of his lecture showed that he regarded war as far from being the most maleficent of these modes. The other utterance is from a leading article in the Harmsworthised "Times," and needs no comment: "Even expert knowledge of horse-races and ballets may come in useful when such questions as gambling and the licensing of theatres are brought up." Add the report of the Cambridge Deer Hunt, and we have a week that deserves to be marked with a white stone.—Yours, &c.,

PENGUIN.

November 30th, 1909.

IN PRAISE OF DUMPING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—We are all accustomed to considerable change of front on the part of Tariff Reformers, but the latest acrobatic feat performed by no less a person than Viscount Ridley, the President of the Tariff Reform League, surpasses all in the completeness of the somersault.

In the Budget debate in the House of Lords, the "Morning Post" reports him as saying:—

"In the case of the United States it was found that the taxation of imports had been not only beneficial to the nation by providing a large revenue, but had had the effect of largely increasing the import of dutiable goods."

Can it be that this lauded increased "import of dutiable goods" under Protection in America is the same thing as "the inundations," "the floods," and "the dumpings" of foreign goods which, according to the self-same Tariff Reformers, cause widespread unemployment in our own degenerate and impoverished country?—Yours, &c.,

W. H. M.

Street, Somerset,

November 27th, 1909.

CHARLES KINGSLEY AND WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I submit that Mr. Seebohm's letter leaves my statement just where it was. I repeat that I heard Charles Kingsley speak in favor of female suffrage, and in favor of Mill's book, and I may add that, on speaking to him in the waiting-room, before we went in to the meeting, he remarked, "I am very glad to see you here," with an emphasis on the last word. That he disliked some later developments of the movement I have already admitted, and no doubt he withdrew, in consequence, from the active support which he had first given to that movement. As to what he would think of some recent performances, I have no doubt he would have regretted them as keenly as other champions of female suffrage have regretted them.

I suppose it is a price we pay for Party Government that people think that each cause must be defended without reserve, or opposed altogether; but there are still some people left who can defend a cause and yet condemn the methods by which it is supported. To which I would add that this remark is a criticism, not a wholesale condemnation, of Party Government.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens,

Hampstead, November 27th, 1909.

[This correspondence should now cease.—ED., NATION.]

UNDERGRADUATE OPINION IN OXFORD.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Noticing that, in your issue of November 20th, you adduce as an instance of the bent of "educated

opinion" at the present time the fact that the Oxford Union Society Debating Club only rejected by eight votes a motion that the House of Lords is a "standing menace" to the State, I should like to draw your attention to another example, even more emphatic, of the tendency of opinion in this seat of education.

The motion on Thursday, November 25th, was that "this House would welcome the return to power of an Unionist Government early in 1910."

The motion was carried by 56 votes, 118 voting for and 62 against.

I can only suggest that the result of the previous debate was, in some degree, due to the presence of Mr. G. K. Chesterton on the side of the mover, a fact which needs consideration.—Yours, &c.,

H. F. D.

November 27th, 1909.

THE POETRY RECITAL SOCIETY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your readers will include many persons who would be interested in this society did they but know of its existence and scope. During its short life the desirability, practicability, and tremendous potentialities of the society have been proved, and they are splendidly realised and appreciated by those who believe in the refining formative influence of poetry, and are aware—as Mr. A. P. Graves has pointed out—that a taste for poetry and an appreciation of all that it stands for can be formed, and that a latent taste awaits the stimulating influence and guidance of this society.

We need the recognition and active help of all sympathisers, and hope this brief appeal will bring us into touch with many readers who wish to know more about this significant movement.—Yours, &c.,

THE DIRECTOR.

The Poetry Recital Society,

Clun House, Surrey Street, Strand, W.C.

PRAGMATISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I thank you for publishing my letter, but am not at all sure that it was worthy of the title "Pragmatism" which you gave it. I should also like to thank your correspondent "A. E. Y." for his very tolerant and fairly sympathetic reply, besides making one or two rejoinders to him and Mr. Flecker.

"A. E. Y." says that he suspends his judgment on the Steinheil case because the evidence is conflicting and unsatisfactory. But suppose Madame Steinheil was a very great friend of his, would he suspend his judgment then? Would he not rather believe in her innocence and stake all that he possesses on an attempt to prove it? Surely, then, the same course would be the right one with regard to those beliefs which our natures prompt us to like. What would "A. E. Y." think of a man, who, on being asked if life was worth living or not, replied that the evidence was "conflicting and unsatisfactory," and that therefore he would stop living until further evidence had accumulated? Or of a man who refused to believe in God because the evidence was insufficient? What "A. E. Y." forgets is that life is action from beginning to end, and that these beliefs and generalisations are the only tools we have for use in that action. I think, therefore, and this is my point, that I am justified in saying that we ought to believe exactly what we want to believe (so long as facts do not absolutely contradict it) until it is proved to be untrue, and disbelieve what we want to disbelieve until it is proved true, when it becomes a fact and not a belief.

Mr. Flecker's letter is one of an altogether different kind. It may not reveal intellectual chaos, but it certainly reveals the fact that he has not read Professor James's book, or if he has that he does not understand it. He would do well to remember that he cannot refute a doctrine unless he understands it, and that it cannot be understood unless it is treated a little sympathetically.

He appears to imagine that Pragmatism is a doctrine of intellectual licence. If he were to understand it and try

it he would speedily find that the Pragmatist is confined within just as rigorous limits as anyone else. Here is an extract from Professor James's book:—

"The only guarantee we have against licentious thinking is the circumpressure of experience itself, which gets us sick of concrete errors whether there be a trans-empirical reality or not.

"All the sanctions of a law of truth lie in the very texture of experience. Absolute or no absolute, the concrete truth for us will always be that way of thinking in which our various experiences most profitably combine."

Thus Mr. Flecker's lunatic would soon find that it did not work to believe himself to be the Emperor of China, experience insisting that that position was not vacant for him to occupy.

Certainly, immortality is true for Smith, if such a belief works for him and fits in with the rest of his experience, and untrue for Lucretius if it does not work for him, and is contrary to his experience. How else would Mr. Flecker have it? Would he suspend his judgment on the question of immortality? If he does this, and extends the same method to other subjects, he turns his back upon religion and declares himself an agnostic. For my own part I do not feel justified in thus ignoring the religious experience of the past. Pragmatism, as Professor James has so ably shown, is the mediator between the two extremes—Agnosticism on the one hand, and credulity in faith on the other; for this reason I hope that it may commend itself to some of your readers.—Yours, &c.,

L. CROOK.

4, Elm Grove, Wimbledon.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The letter of Mr. Flecker in your last issue is an example of the way many a brave man rushes into battle with scant knowledge of his opponents' strength.

In the first place, he painfully misrepresents the theory which passes by the name of Pragmatism. No Pragmatist ever held that all Truth must have practical consequences in the ordinary sense of the word "practical." What they always insist is that a statement must have some consequences, otherwise it is not worth considering.

Secondly, Mr. Flecker's brief answer to the Pragmatist position is amusing in its completeness. With a single sentence he crushes a whole philosophy; "it is not what we mean by Truth."

As he is careful not to say what he does mean, in the interest of "Sanity and Thought," to quote Mr. Flecker, I suggest the following points for his consideration:—

1. The Truth of Geometry and Natural Science is determined, not alone by logical consistency, but also by the convenient practical working of the knowledge in question.

2. In matters of everyday knowledge—*e.g.*, discrimination of colors—the agreement of the majority is the determining factor. Those who do not distinguish colors as the majority do, are called color-blind.

3. Truth in all cases is the result of a process of selection and elimination. This process may be long or short, but in no case do we human beings attain Truth, eternal and complete, with a single glance. The purpose of knowledge is never immediately reached, so that the knowledge which fails of its purpose is, sooner or later, rejected, and called Error, while that alone which is finally satisfactory, in relation to its purpose, is Truth.

The remainder of the letter hardly seems serious, but it is so much in accordance with the common criticisms levelled against this theory that I beg Mr. Flecker to consider how the Pragmatic method applies in one of these cases he mentions.

One man believes in immortality, another does not. How shall we decide? Pragmatists say that if the belief in question makes no difference whether accepted or rejected, then it is an idle matter. Does the belief in immortality work or not? What are the consequences of accepting or rejecting it both for the individual and for society? When these questions can be answered, the truth of the notion may be affirmed or denied, and I challenge anyone to produce a different method of solving the problem of immortality.

Finally, may I urge a more serious study of the philosophical speculation called Pragmatism, since it gives

a more complete account of the nature of human knowledge than any other, and, furthermore, since it is the only theory which can be successfully tested by its own standards?—Yours, &c.,

E. C. CHILDS.

Balliol House, Toynbee Hall, E.

November 28th, 1909.

BACON ON PROTECTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Our Protectionist friends made great play with a somewhat unlucky *obiter dictum* of John Stuart Mill, as to the value of Protection in fostering the industries of a new country. Have they ever considered the view held on this subject by a greater than Mill? Bacon, in the "Essay of Plantations," uses the following words, most remarkable in an age when every kind of Protection was among the recognised economical methods: "Let there be Freedom from Custom till the Plantation be of Strength: and not only Freedom from Custom, but Freedom to carry their Commodities, where they may make their best of them, except there be some special Cause of Caution." But, indeed, to judge from what I see around me, I should fear that the number of Tariff Reformers who have read their Bacon, or any other literature prior to 1903, is comparatively small.—Yours, &c.,

A. J. BUTLER.

Wood End, Weybridge,

November 30th, 1909.

Poetry.

REFLETS DANS L'EAU.

(AFTER DEBUSSY.)

*Glory of golden leaves in the water reflected,
Red-brown leaves dank at the water's margin.*

A LITTLE lake—or, scarce so much, a pool—
I see, and around it are beech-trees, all ablaze
With Autumn's prodigal wonder of yellow and gold.
So much I know, although the water, cool
And tranquil, fascinates my dreamy gaze,
For its depths the golden glory mirrored hold;
And in the centre, lo! a little patch
Of delicate and most ethereal blue,
November's calm, remote, and tender hue.

The stillness seems to deepen while I watch;
Only at times a leaf will languidly
Float down—so slowly that its touch scarce wakes
A quiver in the water, or makes dim
The meeting of the imaged trees and sky. . . .
Sudden, a frog jumps, with a splash that breaks
The tranced stillness of the mellow day.
The ripples widen and spread to the outermost rim
Of the pool, where the fallen leaves, all sodden and dead,
Lie, heavy with the richness of decay.
The reflected colors—blue, gold, brown, and red—
In circles mix, are blended and effaced,
And all's confusion. . . . Now the picture clears
By slow degrees. The shaken tapestry
Of gold and blue, in circles inwoven, appears
Once more. The stems in wavering lines are traced,
Grow steady, as the ripples die away,
And all is still again, and plain to see
In the water reflected, the glory of golden leaves.

EDITH MOGGRIDGE.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Cambridge Modern History." Vol. VI. "The Eighteenth Century." (Cambridge University Press. 16s. net.)
 "Trans-Himalaya: Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet." By Sven Hedin. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 30s. net.)
 "Charles Darwin and the Origin of Species." By E. B. Poulton. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "The Camel and the Needle's Eye." By Arthur Ponsonby. M.P. (Fifield. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "The Evolution of Italian Sculpture." By Lord Balcarres. (Murray. 21s. net.)
 "Socialism and Government." By J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P. (Independent Labor Party. 2 vols. 3s. net.)
 "Modernity and the Churches." By Percy Gardner. (Williams & Norgate. 5s. net.)
 "History, Authority and Theology." By A. C. Headlam, M.A., D.D. (Murray. 6s. net.)
 "India Under Ripon." By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. (Unwin. 10s. net.)
 "Mary." By Björnstjerne Björnson. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "J. J. Rousseau et la Révolution Française." Par E. Champion. (Paris: Colin. 3fr. 50.)
 "Propos Littéraires." Cinquième Série. Par Emile Faguet. (Paris: Société d'Imprimerie. 3fr. 50.)
 "Les Théories de l'Evolution." Par Yves Delage et M. Goldsmith. (Paris: Flammarion. 3fr. 50.)

* * *

A NEW book by Mr. James Bryce is to be published by the Yale University Press, and an English edition will be issued next week by Mr. Henry Frowde. Under the title of "Hindrances to Good Citizenship" Mr. Bryce investigates civic responsibility, and points out the reasons for its avoidance by the average citizen.

* * *

MR. H. G. WELLS is busy putting the finishing touches to his scenario for "When the Sleeper Wakes," a play with a strong love interest, which bids fair for a long run at His Majesty's Theatre next year. He is also writing a preface to a remarkable transcript from the "Life of a Bath-Chairman," the true record of the life of a very poor, much battered man, which Messrs. Constable will issue early in 1910.

* * *

ALTHOUGH less than a year has passed since Professor Wilbur Cross published his full and informing, though rather dull, work on "The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne," another book upon the same subject is now announced. This is a biography of Sterne by Mr. Lewis Melville, which is described as "a straightforward narrative, letting Sterne, as far as possible, speak for himself." It will contain several letters until recently supposed to be spurious, the hitherto unpublished "Journal to Eliza"—which Professor Cross describes as "the emotional history lying behind and thus explaining in a measure the style, tone, and mood of the 'Sentimental Journey'"—and extracts from the unpublished letters of Mrs. Eliza Draper. Sterne has engaged the attention of several biographers, but it cannot be said that the definitive "Life" has yet made its appearance.

* * *

THE long-expected anthology of Oxford and Oxford life, "In Praise of Oxford," upon which Mr. Thomas Seccombe and Mr. H. Spencer Scott have been engaged for some years, is, we understand, to be published by Messrs. Constable early next spring. It promises to be far the most comprehensive selection of passages relating to Oxford, both in prose and verse, that has ever been issued.

* * *

THE same publishers are about to issue an English edition of Mr. Arnold Haultain's charming book of aphorisms and epigrams, which, under the title of "Hints for Lovers," is enjoying great favor in America. It is said to be as original in form as in substance and texture, though some of Mr. Haultain's headings, "On Girls," "On Women," "On Making Love," "On Beauty," "On Courtship," "On Kisses and Kissings," will seem hackneyed to the cynic. As tastes of Mr. Haultain's quality, we may quote the following: "Love, like sunlight, wears its most tender tints at dawn." "Children act as collateral security."

AN English edition of the annotated Shakespeare, upon the editing of which Mr. Sidney Lee has been engaged since 1902, will be issued shortly by the Caxton Publishing Company. The main feature of the work will be the "Special Introductions" by contemporary critics. The list of those who have contributed to the volumes includes the names of Swinburne, Mr. Henry James, Professor Dowden, M. Jusserand, Mr. William Archer, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Gosse, and Mr. Watts-Dunton, so that the edition is likely to contain all that is best in contemporary appreciation of Shakespeare.

* * *

MR. STEPHEN GWYNN, M.P., who has just brought out, through Messrs. Maunsell of Dublin, a volume of selections from the writings of Charlotte Grace O'Brien, is, on his mother's side, a grandson of the Smith O'Brien who was sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for his share in the abortive Irish revolt of 1848. The O'Brien clan trace descent from Brian Boru, and though of the landlord class and Protestants by birth, the O'Briens have been forward in nearly every Irish patriotic movement. Sir Lucius O'Brien took a leading part in the establishment of Grattan's Parliament; his son, Sir Edward, voted against the Act of Union; while Smith O'Brien stood by O'Connell in the demand for Repeal. Smith O'Brien's daughter, Charlotte Grace O'Brien, won the gratitude of the Irish peasants by her efforts to improve the terrible conditions of the Atlantic crossing at a time when the English Government offered a grant of five pounds to each Irish family willing to emigrate to the United States. She twice travelled as a steerage passenger between Queenstown and Liverpool, and though her campaign against the steamship companies was not always wisely conducted, it directed public attention to a grave scandal. Mr. Gwynn's memoir of his aunt fills more than half the volume, and gives an excellent picture of her slightly eccentric but gifted and winning personality. Her poetry, though well worth preserving, shows want of finish and want of concentration. Her novel, "Light and Shade," which was praised by Aubrey de Vere, is about to be republished as a serial in "The Irish Nation."

* * *

SINCE his return from South America M. Anatole France has been engaged upon a book somewhat in the vein of his "L'Île des Pingouins," the subject being the fall of the angels. It is hoped that this work, together with his lectures on Rabelais, will appear early next year.

* * *

MR. J. A. HOBSON's coming volume of political essays, which we have already announced on this page, is to be called "The Crisis of Liberalism: New Issues of Democracy," and will be issued almost immediately by Messrs. King.

* * *

MR. JOHN BIGELOW's "Retrospections of an Active Life" has just been published in America in three bulky volumes. It covers the period of the author's life from 1817 to 1867, and gives his recollections of the many distinguished people with whom he came into contact. But its chief value consists in the materials it contains for forming a judgment upon the part played by France in the American Civil War. It deals fully with the "Trent" affair, and a number of original documents are printed which show how near the United States was to a war with this country and with France. It is to be hoped that the book will be issued by an English publisher.

* * *

WE commend to the attention of readers a "Bibliography of Unemployment and the Unemployed," by Miss F. A. Taylor, which has been published for the London School of Economics and Political Science by Messrs. King. A bibliography is one of the most useful contributions that can be made to the study of a subject, and though Miss Taylor's work is only intended as a summary guide to the principal publications of the United Kingdom and to some of those of France, Germany, Italy, and the United States, during the last quarter of the century, it is of the utmost value to every student of the subject. Mr. Sidney Webb contributes a preface treating of the measures for dealing with unemployment recommended in the Minority Report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws.

Reviews.

SHERIDAN.*

THESE two volumes are the result of vast industry employed on a vast store of material. Mr. Sichel has had access to sources of information that were not at the disposal of the earlier biographers of Sheridan, notably to the Devonshire House MSS., among which he discovered a diary kept by the famous Georgiana during the critical months of the Regency debates in 1788-9. This very interesting document is given as an appendix in these volumes. Mr. Sichel has in his own possession a number of Sheridan's letters to the Duchess and her sister, and also a copy of the "Rolliad" containing all Sheridan's attributions as recorded by Ridgway. He has been able to explore the Holland House MSS., which contain a good many Sheridan letters, and he has found in various collections which have been open to him evidence about Sheridan's ancestors. All these seams he has worked with an indefatigable zeal, and a reviewer must preface his criticisms of the finished work by acknowledging the great obligation under which Mr. Sichel has placed students of the period. His most interesting discovery is the discovery that the famous letter of the Prince of Wales to Mr. Pitt was the work of Sheridan, and not of Burke.

Our admiration for the infinite trouble Mr. Sichel has taken over his task intensifies the regret with which we are compelled to pronounce the result of all this labor a disappointment. Mr. Sichel has not been able to keep his passion for detail in control. His book is not so much packed as choked with his learning. If he were only discussing Sheridan's writings from his share in the "Love Epistles of Aristaenetus" to the "School for Scandal" and "Pizarro," his labyrinthine and centrifugal diffuseness, though distracting, would not be fatal. Mr. Sichel is steeped in the literature of the age; he revels, we might say riots, in its classical taste, and his enjoyment and understanding of its delightful and frolicking scholarship will make his readers wish that he would annotate and edit the "Rolliad," a classic that has fallen into a most undeserved neglect. But this complicated and artificial style does not lend itself to portrait painting, and these volumes, though they are magnificent, are not Sheridan. If anybody wants to know all that is to be learnt about Captain Mathew's grandfather, his curiosity will find complete satisfaction in these pages; if he wants to understand Sheridan himself, he will close this book feeling that Sheridan lies buried somewhere beneath this huge baroque palace which Mr. Sichel designed and decorated as the home of his memory.

The first two chapters illustrate the obstacles that Mr. Sichel's style interposes between his readers and his subject. He has collected almost all the good things that were said in a very witty society in a very witty age, and poured them out over a hundred dazzling pages. So lavish is he with other people's fun that frequently the sallies that flash in the page provoke an answering sparkle in a footnote. A profusion of splendor, so rich, so studied, so elaborate, bewilders more than it delights the eye, and Sheridan, who flits in and out of this blaze of color, becomes a fugitive and unreal figure. Sir George Trevelyan has shown that a brilliant society can be drawn in such a way as to make the characters living and vivid; in Mr. Sichel's picture the personality is obscured and shrouded. The subject was a dangerous one for a writer of Mr. Sichel's besetting weaknesses. Sheridan's career is so romantic, so adventurous, so picturesque, that it needs simplicity and restraint above all else in its interpreter, and Mr. Sichel, from the lack of these qualities, has contrived to make it almost tedious. Certainly some of the chapters in the first volume, where the ramifications of the most distant relationships in life and in literature are pursued to their dull end, are exhausting as well as exhaustive, and the reader longs for the relief of Creevy's description of Sheridan's extravagances and pranks.

Unfortunately, too, some perverse irony has prompted

Mr. Sichel, whose scrupulous attention nothing escapes in questions that are not vital, to regard accuracy as unimportant when he is discussing questions that really matter. Thus on page 281 of his second volume he contrasts Fox, who persisted in demanding peace "after Napoleon had transformed the whole scene of action," with Sheridan, "who never favored half measures with the genius who terrorised the world." Yet he must surely be aware that Sheridan was teller for Fox's motion about Napoleon in January, 1800, and that he made a peace motion of his own in December, 1800, six months after the battle of Marengo. Mr. Sichel seems, indeed, to be incapable of accuracy when he is discussing Sheridan's relations with Fox and Grey. With Mr. Sichel's general contention that Sheridan was badly treated few of his readers will quarrel. He was a difficult colleague, apart from his intemperance, but that was not sufficient justification for his exclusion from the Cabinet or for the rather ungenerous tone in which the other Foxites spoke of him. (It is true, as we know from Creevy, that in this respect there were faults on both sides.) Now it is clear that if a historian or biographer is to do justice to the rights and wrongs of the quarrels of political colleagues, he must be extremely careful and exact in his presentation of the evidence. This is an example of Mr. Sichel's care. He says on page 40 that Fox "suspected" Sheridan in 1792, and he refers in a footnote to a letter of Fox's classing Sheridan with Grey and Lauderdale as "manageable men." Mr. Sichel adds: "Grey would surely never have forgiven these doubts had he known of them later during his long and close confederacy with Fox." Now any reader who cares to refer to the letter which Mr. Sichel cites will see that he has entirely misunderstood it, and that "manageable," so far from having a sinister meaning, is used in a complimentary sense. Fox is writing to Adair, who hoped that the quarrel between the two sections of the Whigs might be composed, and explaining that he is not himself very sanguine, for he sees no indication of a conciliatory temper. "If any such disposition existed, I cannot help thinking that on the other side I should have weight enough to produce a correspondent disposition if it did not exist without my interposition. I am sure that Lauderdale, Grey, and Sheridan are all manageable men; and the rascals of the democratic party (for there are such on all sides) have not set their wits to prevent them in the way that those on the aristocratic side have to prevent the Duke of Portland, Fitzwilliam, Windham, &c." We should have thought the meaning of this passage was clear enough to make misunderstanding impossible even on the most superficial reading. Elsewhere Mr. Sichel suggests that Fox was disingenuous in repudiating all knowledge of "proposal or accommodation" in reply to a statement made by Major Scott in 1786 that Fox had been ready to drop the prosecution of Hastings if Hastings's friends would have agreed to support his India Bill in 1783. The most important evidence that Mr. Sichel cites is Dr. Parr's own conversation, for Dr. Parr was the intermediary between Sheridan and Scott. This evidence goes to show that Fox knew nothing whatever of that meeting, but Mr. Sichel thinks that the quotation from Fox's speech, which he puts into italics, is an admission that he did know about it. "It had been privately suggested in conversation that Hastings, being a very powerful man, might make the India Bill go easier if the idea of prosecuting him were given up." Cobbett's Parliamentary Report and the edition of Fox's speeches both give the first sentence rather differently: "In private conversations with his friends." This difference is not very serious, but it is serious that Mr. Sichel should stop short in the middle of a quotation which continues thus: "but he had always resisted such advice, and, indeed, so determined was he to have the Governor-General brought to trial that in his opening speech on his India Bill he had dwelt so much upon the mal-administration of Mr. Hastings that many of the enemies of that Bill had objected to him that there seemed to be no other remedy necessary for the evils in India than the recall of Mr. Hastings."

We have given these two instances of Mr. Sichel's want of care because so much of his book resolves itself into attacks on Sheridan's colleagues that it is necessary to show how flimsy is the basis on which these charges repose. In the case of the scandal about the Prince of Wales's marriage to Mrs. Fitzherbert, Mr. Sichel goes so far as to prefer the

* "Sheridan: From New and Original Material, including a Manuscript Diary by Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire." By Walter Sichel. With illustrations. Constable. 2 vols. 31s. 6d. net.

word of George the Fourth to that of Grey. In the discussion of this disagreeable subject he argues that Fox did something very cynical in urging the Prince not to marry Mrs. Fitzherbert, and that Sheridan did something very chivalrous in telling the House of Commons that she was a virtuous woman. We should have thought that as one object of marriage is to shield a woman from precisely the brutalities that Mrs. Fitzherbert suffered after her marriage, Fox's advice was conceived in her interests no less than in the interests of the public peace. Nobody treated the fact that she was his wife and alive, as an obstacle to the Prince's second marriage. If Mrs. Fitzherbert found some consolation in Sheridan's compliments to her virtue made after he had pressed home Fox's denial of her marriage, she must have been very easily pleased. We cannot see that Mr. Sichel's version puts a better complexion on the part played by any of the actors in these pitiful proceedings. The spectacle of such men as Fox and Sheridan and Burke wasting their friendship on a worthless and treacherous Prince is one of the most degrading in history. Poor Sheridan continued under this infatuation much longer than the others, and it was towards the close of his career that he referred in Parliament to the Prince's "protecting friendship." Perhaps Mr. Sichel, who allows himself in one passage to speak of "arranging the politics of a prince" with a sort of awe, as if it were a splendid object of ambition, thinks this situation less humiliating than we do, who hold that to procure Ministers for such a Prince was almost as degrading as the office of procuring him mistresses.

But, after all, this disedifying side of Sheridan's career must not be allowed to obscure his magnificent qualities, and it is the fault of Mr. Sichel's biography that Sheridan's real greatness is half hidden in his picture by these shadows. Sheridan was a much greater man than Mr. Sichel paints him. His reputation rests not merely on his presence of mind and leadership in the Nore Mutiny, and his speeches against Napoleon, but on his intrepid and brilliant fight for great and generous causes against overwhelming odds. That this was Sheridan's own view is clear from his devotion to the memory of Fox, by whose side he had resisted the oligarchy in its conspiracies against freedom abroad and its vindictive oppressions at home. Mr. Sichel takes little interest in those struggles. So little does he understand Sheridan that he applies to him the grotesque adjective of "imperialist." He tells us, indeed, that Sheridan looked at politics from the point of view of the people, but he leaves this part of his career almost untouched. Thus his heroic interventions on behalf of the prisoners in the Coldbath Fields and his brilliant speeches on that subject receive less attention than does Miss Marie Löhr who played Lady Teazle in a performance this year; for Miss Löhr appears twice in the text and once in a footnote, whereas the Coldbath Fields appear once in a footnote and never get into the text at all. There is no mention of Sheridan's speeches on the Combination Laws, or of his support of Whitbread's proposals for the agricultural laborers; and the whole battle with domestic tyranny is dismissed with a few perfunctory compliments. Sheridan was a humanitarian, and a humanitarian at a time when the governing class of England was brutal and savage with fear, from Dundas, who was savage to everyone who would not accept his crude politics down to Wilberforce, who was savage to everyone who would not accept his crude religion. The most brilliant wit and almost the most brilliant orator of his time, he often forgot himself, and he sometimes forgot his dignity, but he remained an Irishman and a Liberal in a world which would have rewarded him for forgetting his country or his principles with its most lavish gifts of honor, wealth, and power.

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"YOUR professors are out of the civic, the current, world as they are not at the Sorbonne; your clerics are out of the stream of Christian thought and theory, and devote themselves to parochial morality and organisation." Thus a

* "The Principles of Religious Development: A Psychological and Philosophical Study" By George Galloway. Macmillan. 10s.

recent French writer, putting his finger on the curious provincialism of English thinking. With all our great possessions—and their greatness is beyond dispute—the "one thing thou lackest" applies to us; flexibility, the free play of the understanding, the sense of proportion—in a word, intelligence—is not ours. Learning is more common with us than enlightenment; prejudice, the fixed idea, obscures our vision and arrests our thought. This reflection is suggested by a comparison between Mr. Galloway's "Principles of Religious Development" and a very able book recently reviewed in this journal, Dr. Inge's "Faith and its Psychology." The two deal with kindred subject matter; and their aim, the vindication of the primacy of reason in the philosophy of religion, is the same. The English theologian is distinctly the more brilliant, probably the more suggestive, certainly the more readable. But you never for a moment forget that Dr. Inge is an English divine with the Thirty-Nine Articles behind him. Mr. Galloway represents a larger tradition and standpoint: the reader is in contact, not with the opinions, however respectable, of an individual, however eminent, but with a movement of thought. This note of universality distinguishes Scottish from English theology. This is not the place to ask why this is so: it is enough to note the fact.

Mr. Galloway's work is "a study of the principles which underlie and are disclosed in the development of religion." Hence it is psychological and philosophical rather than historical: it keeps in touch with the actual; but facts are used to illustrate principles, not for the purpose of narrative. The book is an outcome of the reaction against what may be called Irrationalism—the tendency to lay stress in religion, and generally in life, on feeling, will, and results (Pragmatism), rather than on reason—which is asserting itself in recent thought. If reason leads us astray, the remedy is more and better reasoned reason: the attempt to change the centre of experience to another factor in the process breaks down on this essential fact of human nature, that reason is the distinctive note of man. "Which things have, indeed, a show of wisdom in will-worship and humility, but are not of any value:" the *naturam expellas furca* holds.

"We feel called on to protest when we are asked to believe that will is the metaphysical first principle, that thought is a secondary product of will, and that in religion, as in other matters, our final criterion of truth must be that an idea 'works,' that it satisfies the will. The tendency which exists at present to identify religion with a supra-rational body of beliefs, which have their source and authority in the depths of the feeling-life, would, if generally accepted and acted on, prove fatal to the best interests of religion itself. The work of thought on the content of religion is the great stimulus to progress, as it is the guarantee that a religion will neither drift into obscurantism nor lose its vitality under a dead weight of tradition. In other words, the thinking aspect of the religious consciousness secures that religion will take a deeper meaning with progress in self-consciousness. For when a living religion finds itself at discord with reason, it sets to work to overcome the antagonism by means of a fresh and significant development."

Reason, in short, is the compass by which we steer: discard it, and, as experience has shown, and shows, there is no superstition, however riotous or exploded, that is not at hand. From sacerdotalism to spirit-rapping, such beliefs are never far from us; they wait for the open door. Here, as is so often the case, the common-sense of the many is a surer guide than the theorising of the few. When a religion finds itself out of touch with thought, its apologists take the line of least resistance, allegorising its tenets, or basing them on some non-rational foundation: "the heart has its reasons which the reason does not understand." But apologetic of this sort is for the schools, not for the people; for them it is a condition of truth that it shall be expressed in the vulgar tongue. This interest is sounder than the somewhat crude formulas in which it has at times found expression. While it is true that landscape, whether in nature or thought, is never without haze on the horizon, mist is not mystery; the thinker is ill at ease in a fog. It is here that the symbolism under which so many apologists shelter themselves breaks down:—

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sacrifices definition to suggestiveness cannot safeguard religion in this matter; for the content becomes shadowy and elusive, and the main stress falls on a subjective and indeterminate feeling-state. And though you made 'working-value' the only test of validity, I do not think that symbolism would satisfactorily stand even this test. For faith will not *work*, either in the individual or in the social whole, save on the assumption that its object is real and can be trusted. We cannot trust the object, if we believe that every idea or form of it must be more or less erroneous. No doubt man, whose life is cast *am farbigen Abglanz*, can never know as he is known. But the Supreme Being, to whom the soul relates itself in faith, must be the object of a spiritual knowledge which gives the worshipper the assurance that He is the source and realisation of the highest values and ideals. If this conviction is undermined and ruined, the religious life ebbs and dies. And, to my mind, it seems unlikely that Symbolism could maintain such a conviction in the average man."

It is the rationalism—in the good sense of the word—of Mr. Galloway's standpoint which, for obvious reasons, we have accentuated. It is here that it comes into contact with the main current of European thinking: both in this country and in Germany, reason, like a sovereign recalled from exile, is coming back to its own. But the psychological side of the book is of equal significance. A speculative theory, it assures us, cannot be applied straight away to the interpretation of the materials which the History and Science of Religion set before us. "The mediation of psychology is indispensable to a right understanding of facts which are primarily psychical, and of the movements of the human mind which give the facts the form of development." "*Omne receptum secundum modum recipientis recipitur*" is a sound maxim; the content of knowledge is colored by the medium through which it passes; we cannot get outside ourselves. With regard to the ultimate basis of experience, the conclusion arrived at is that this is a self-conscious Will. In metaphysics no theory escapes objections; but this "may fairly be termed the position of least difficulty. Any other derivation of the self-conscious spirit makes the problems of existence a more bewildering puzzle." No philosopher has solved the perhaps insoluble problem of philosophy, but the writer of this book stands in the honorable succession of those who have indicated the direction in which the solution lies.

LA MAURERIA.*

ONCE riding on the beach in Tangier, I met two Spaniards. One was my friend Er Zurco, an anarchist and refugee from Malaga; the other, comrade Quintanilla. Both of them had been unlucky in their native land, although they both avowed their characters were quite without a stain. Being curious to know what had forced Nicolas Moreno, known as Er Zurco, to leave his country, I ventured to inquire. He replied, expectorating, just at the angle of his eye-tooth, "Nothing, nothing at all, a pure misfortune, such as might well occur to any man." It turned out that the misfortune had happened thus.

A trifling dispute having arisen, Er Zurco, as a matter of precaution, had drawn his knife. "No, sir," he said, "not with a wish to harm, but in defence." His adversary, maliciously as it appeared, had run upon the point, and died, as it seemed to my informant, for he was tired of life.

This seemed quite satisfactory, and then I said, "Friends, you never seem to work. How do you live, and what is it that brought you to live amongst the Moors?" Comrade Quintanilla, who had been silent up to now, after expectorating and some almost necessary oaths, for he could not have said a word without them, took up his parable.

"We came," he said, "here to this cursed land of rags and lice . . . we came . . . to introduce progress and culture amongst the Infidel."

This seems the spirit of the Spain that Don Miguel de Unamuno has made known to us, at least so I am led to understand, by what he writes, by "Way of Introduction." If this is but the introduction, only the God who watches over his own Basques can possibly conjecture what is to follow in our next.

* "The Spirit of Spain." By Miguel de Unamuno. The Englishwoman.

The article begins by stating that there is "no single modern conception of European life," but that there is "a central current of contemporary European thought." So far so good. This much we trifling Europeans will cheerfully allow. But, as there is no single modern European conception of life, so, in the same way, is there no single English conception of English life, and, I maintain, this must hold good of France, of Germany, and even of the curious Basque Spain of which Professor Unamuno writes.

He begins by saying Spaniards are not Europeans, and thanks God for it. He then goes on to say he is a Basque, and the countryman of San Ignatius of Loyola, and therefore—you see the "therefore" in a flash—can enter into the depths of the Castilian soul. This is as much as if Mr. Lloyd George set forth, "I am a Welshman, and therefore able to speak with confidence on how a man from Lincolnshire looks out upon the world." For all I know, Andalusians and Valencians may be allied as much by blood to the Arabs or the Berbers as to the bulk of Central Europeans; but the Basques have not a drop of Oriental blood—that is, as far as we know from our imperfect European studies of their race. I write the word European almost in dread, so mighty is the scorn that the Professor has poured down upon our heads—or, rather, on our mediocre souls. Facts, though, are stubborn chieftains, and the fact remains that the Arab tide of conquest stopped at the mountains of Cantabria, just as the Saxon tide of conquest stopped at those of Wales.

Within the Provinces—that is to say, in Alava, Vizcaya, and Guipuzcoa—no Arab penetrated, and therefore Professor Unamuno has as little right to speak for men of a race so different from his own, as I should have to speak on the behalf of Irishmen. No one is further off a Spaniard (at least to foreign eyes) than is a Basque. What seas unfathomable, and mountain ranges, higher than the Cordillera of the Andes, divide the mental outlook of Mr. Walter Long and Mr. Lloyd George! In the first place, one has lispish Welsh as a child, the other English. When Don Miguel de Unamuno says, "My native tongue is Basque," by the very pride of his confession he deprives himself of any right to speak about the spirit of men whose native tongue is different from his own. Who would give a farthing, except as a mere curiosity of literature, for an essay on the true inwardness of the dwellers on the Yorkshire wolds by Swift McNeill?

In the Professor's case, the difference between him and the Spaniards is even greater than that between the English and the Welsh. Wales has not had a separate code of laws for centuries as have the Basques, Wales has not been shut off from England by want of roads and of communications, as have the Provinces. All that he says, is to be taken as from a Basque Basconising (I coin the word); then it is interesting to a high degree. No doubt the Basques (for the Professor is a patriot) are quite incapable of art, of irony, of science, and of style in literature. He says so, and being one of them should know.

Still, speaking as a foreigner, I should have thought Velasquez, Goya, and El Greco were artists, at least to some extent. Jorge Manrique, the author of the *Celestina* (for this consult Fitzmaurice Kelly), and Cervantes, seem to have written pretty well. The little picture by Bernal Diaz del Castillo of the effect upon the nerves of all the host by sudden stopping of the noise of shouting and the infernal beating of the "great, sad drum," when the great Teocalli at Tenochtitlan was won, is a pure gem of style. Far be it from a foreigner to stand between the Spaniards and the Basques; it would be a task as thankless as the proverbial peacemakers' who interfere between a husband and a wife.

Therefore, we may assume that Spaniards (or is it Basques?) are quite incapable of art, of science, of irony, of sustained effort, and of participation in aesthetics, at least so Don Miguel de Unamuno tells us. There is a comedy of the Quintero Brothers, called "*Las Flores*." In it a rich but brutal Andalusian farmer, after he has done anything more especially brutal or idiotic than his wont, says with complacency, "*Que bruto soy*," and all his laborers reply with unction, "Yes, sir, you are."

All we can do, as foreigners, is to re-echo what they say, and hope that in his country Spaniards will thank the writer of the articles for the strange view of them that he has given to the world.

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One or two points seem to be worth the dwelling on, especially the affirmation that in Spain no one can live by writing, and the ejaculation, "Thank God for that."

Cervantes, Lope, Calderon, Tirso, Moreto, Ramon de la Cruz, with Moratin and Espronceda, as far as I know, had no other means of livelihood. To come to modern times, Perez Galdos, Blasco Ibanez, Gomez Carillo, Bonufoux, Maeztu, Martinez Sierra, Pedro Gonzalez, Blanco, Dicentu, Valle Inclan, Reuben Dario, Benunente, and Linares Rivas, with a host more that I could name, all live by driving of the quill, or by the clatter of the type machine.

It may be that in the country of Loyola men cannot live by writing, but in Spain, even I, a foreigner, without a reference to a dictionary, have easily been able to write down ten or a dozen names. All that Miguel de Unamuno has set down about his countrymen is in the main a matter for themselves and him. If they approve what he has written, that is their affair. On one point, though, he has placed himself in foreign hands. His reference to Ferrer, when the man's life hung in the balance, was a cruel act. The Professor must have known that by so doing he was strengthening the hands of Maura, of the Priests, and of reaction generally. Nothing worse has ever yet been penned under such circumstances by any man of letters than were his references to a man whose case was then "sub judice," his epithets of "Matoide" and "bungler," and his attempt to shift the ignominy from the backs of those whom now the world has scorned.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

A FRENCH VIEW OF SHAKESPEARE.*

THE career of M. Jusserand has been a remarkable career. He has been associated with the French Embassy in London, was Minister at Copenhagen, and is now Ambassador at Washington; but his name will go down to posterity, not as an able and successful diplomatist, but as the gifted French author and scholar who, writing in a language not his own, has won for himself a foremost place in English literature, and undertaken single-handed to bestow upon us something like a complete literary history of the English people—written in lucid and captivating style such as very few Englishmen attain, and furnished with such stores of erudition as can rarely be piled up by vigilant and much occupied Civil servants, their leisure small and their time not their own.

This volume is actually the third volume of a work which, presumably, will be complete in itself, and will constitute a literary history of the English people from the Renaissance to the Civil War. But the Shakespeare volume, as it is sure to be called, is likely to be regarded as a work apart, and will appeal to a very much larger public than all or any of its predecessors in the series. It is furnished with a very curious frontispiece, giving us a view of the Southern Entrance to London in Shakespeare's time, and printed in 1616—i.e., the very year that he died. The letterpress occupies upwards of 500 closely-printed pages, and deals with (1) Shakespeare's predecessors; (2) his dramatic work; (3) his contemporaries; and (4) what M. Jusserand calls the aftermath, or the work of those prominent and gifted persons who may be said to have been under the direct influence of Shakespeare's genius. What we may expect to get when M. Jusserand issues his next volume it is idle to conjecture, but this third volume is complete in itself, and it may certainly be pronounced to be the most important monograph on our great poet and dramatist which has ever passed through the press, and the more one reads it the more difficult is it to conceive that such a volume should ever be superseded. And yet this can never be a book for boys and girls to *cram up*. So far from that, it is likely to be a book which will help to raise the standard of popular lectures and competitive examinations by the fascination which it will exercise upon its readers.

It is curious how little we know of Shakespeare's childhood, boyhood, or early life at Stratford. In those days his father was prosperous, and there are rumors that the son was just a little troublesome. He went to the grammar school of the little town, but nobody has discovered the name of this pedagogue, who appears to have taught the lad something to go upon. Not a single name of any of his schoolfellows has survived. In 1585—i.e., when he was in his twenty-second year—he found himself the father of three children, and, with a wife and growing family, the outlook was not cheering. He seems to have disappeared without telling anyone where he was going. Seven years later he was in London, somehow hanging about the theatres, and probably engaged fitfully as a hanger-on of the stage. His literary activity, says M. Jusserand, "lasted about twenty-five years, commencing towards 1588, the year of the Armada, and ending towards 1613." During that period he composed, besides his poems, thirty-seven plays. As for his poems, two of them were what we should call *dedicated* to Lord Southampton, and the story goes that his Lordship gave him a thousand pounds. So says an old woman's gossip, which I, for one, do not believe. The sum named, translated into what it represented in those days, would be equal to ten thousand pounds. The question of the person to whom the 154 sonnets were addressed must for ever be left unanswered, though Mr. Sidney Lee, in his valuable "Life of Shakespeare," devotes about one-third of his volume to the discussion of the question who was the inspirer of those sonnets. His conclusion must be pronounced lame and impotent; M. Jusserand has blown it into the air. On the other hand, the *character* of the man Shakespeare is studied with results which are not altogether attractive. It seems that his boyhood was other than exemplary. His marriage was not quite creditable. His first child was born six months after the wedding. There is not a trace of his having any strong love for the wife, who was his senior by six years. He left her with her three children behind him at Stratford when he went off to make his way in London. There, M. Jusserand tells us, his life was not an exemplary one, and the only bequest which he made to his wife in his will reads like a cruel insult. It looks, too, as if he was a very keen man of business, never hesitating to sue a neighbor for a trifling debt which had been owed too long. While, as a rule, almost every man of letters collected some beginnings of a library, Shakespeare appears to have made it his practice to borrow books from others. He is not known to have been the owner of a single volume. He appears to have cared nothing for mere fame. "*Actors' profits were large—far more so than authors'—*"; and this is why Shakespeare, who never attained to more than an honorable place in the histrionic profession, continued, nevertheless, *to act* until about the time he retired from active life. Besides his interests in the Blackfriars Theatre, he seems to have owned two whole shares at the Globe, which brought in some £400, worth about eight times as much, or £3,200, of our money. Nor is that all. When Queen Elizabeth died the whole chorus of authors unanimously bewailed her death. Again he kept apart and said nothing. There was nothing to gain, and he was silent.

The strangest feature in this man's character, as M. Jusserand has pointed out to us, was the almost contemptuous indifference which he felt for anything in the shape of posthumous fame. "Out of thirty-seven plays which he had written, twenty-one remained in manuscript at his death, mixed with the theatre *properties*, in the actors' chests, and in great danger of disappearing! Never did indifference go farther. The genius who could create Othello and Macbeth never troubled himself to preserve them for a posterity about which he felt no concern. When this winged genius touched the earth, he trod it with soles of lead."

There is one thing wanting in this book. It is very weak on the chronological side. It greatly needs something like an adequate chronological apparatus. It is absolutely deficient in such help as the reader wants almost at every page. We are continually asking ourselves the date of this or that, and having to hunt for it—often in vain. Let me hope that in future editions this want may be adequately supplied.

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Mme. Charles de Bunsen (*née* Waddington) lived long amid the politics that diplomacy controls, saw great events and celebrated persons, and more than once presided over the folding of the tents. Her husband, Carl von Bunsen, was secretary and afterwards councillor to the Prussian Legations of Turin, Florence, and The Hague; and at each of these stations she had the experience of a war, and was present at a royal marriage. In Turin—the war between the combined armies of France and Italy against the ancient tyranny of Austria in 1859, and the marriage of the Princess Marie Pia of Savoy with King Louis of Portugal. In Florence—the war of 1866 which delivered Venice from the Austrian oppression, and the marriage of the Prince of Piedmont (who ascended the throne as King Umberto of Italy) with his beautiful cousin, the Princess Margherita of Savoy. And, lastly, at The Hague, there were the emotions of the Franco-German war of 1870, and the nuptials of the Prince of Wied and Princess Marie of the Netherlands.

Mme. de Bunsen's letters to her family, written on the spot, were in the manner of a journal, and have the ease and vividness that give to this kind of writing its special interest and vitality. She entered diplomatic life almost as a bride; it was all new to her; and she narrates the great and the little goings-on from day to day with equal zest and equal attention to detail. Already in Turin in 1858, blasts of war were beginning to blow across the frontier; but apartments had to be chosen, and a cook (occasionally disguised as a "char") engaged, and costumes thought out for parties, and all the etiquette to be learned of simple visits and solemn ceremonies. Dress, in the pleasantest gossiping way, occupies a good deal of Mme. de Bunsen's space, and we would not have missed the note on Mme. d'Alte (of the Portuguese Legation) "receiving her company in a white bonnet and a linsey-woolsey gown with a velvet cloak." She must have looked like a condensed Palais-Royal farce by Labiche. Literally, of course, dress did fill a good deal of space in those days, for the crinoline was at its amplest and most appalling. The bachelor chief of the Prussian Legation, Count Brassier de St. Simon, "gif a barty" on one occasion, the cards of invitation to which were a pictorial satire in little on the crinoline. "Brassier," says Mme. de Bunsen:—

"has designed a card which has met with a good deal of disapproval, as it is said to be a criticism or caricature of crinolines, and there is some ground for the opinion. It is all surrounded by small figures in enormous crinolines; one lady is quite slim in her stays and petticoats waiting for hers, others are overflowing carriages, &c., and in another two harlequins are actually sawing off some of the superabundant *ampleurs*. The Chief vows he meant no disrespect to crinolines or to the ladies who patronise them—what he did intend is not easy to understand."

There are many delightful little sketches of the people who belong to the Legations or who turn up at them in one capacity or another. The German professor whose

"way of speaking French is remarkable; he always puts the verbs in the infinitive and despises articles altogether. As Count Sclopis remarked, when once you knew the system it was easier to follow him, but at first it was disconcerting";

and a certain Princess G., who, discovering that her servants were cheating her, determined to buy all her provisions herself, and "intends buying old lace out of her economies." Of more serious interest is the little picture of Poerio, recently set free from a Neapolitan dungeon. Among some strange Italians in her drawing-room one evening, Mme. de Bunsen observed

"a mild, placid-looking man . . . talking with a quite

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startling familiarity of prisons and galleys, and at last I heard him state distinctly that he himself had lived for some time chained to a galley-slave. . . . Then there was an explanation, and I heard that the quiet-looking man was the Baron Poerio, one of the political victims of the King of Naples, who had been in the galleys with Settembrini and others for years."

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and Mr. Ramsay Tomes, the political economist, and Mr. Wraxall, the Apostle of Universal Security. The three last-mentioned gentlemen are bores of a pronounced order, and the author does not scruple to inflict on us pages and pages of tiresome chatter, tedious disquisition, wire-drawn analysis, and roundabout commentary on the demeanor, motives, and trivial actions of everybody concerned in the story. The page we quote is a fair sample of the prolixity of Mr. De Morgan's literary method:—

"What's the something, Sibyl?"

"You'll be angry if I tell you."

"I may." Judith keeps her candle in her hand. Is it worth putting it down, if disension in the wind is pointing to a short interview? "But how can I tell you till I know? Why do you want me?"

"Well—I'll tell you. But you mustn't fly into a rage. That man, Mr. Scoop—or Harris, or whatever his name is—married his Deceased Wife's Sister!"

"Is that any concern of mine?"

"You wouldn't speak in that way if it weren't."

"In what way?"

"The way you spoke." What may seem inexplicable here is due to the inability of mere words to do justice to the intensity of Judith's unconcern. There was no need for an indifference such as a humming-top asleep shows to the history of its own time.

"I don't mind waiting till you are reasonable, Sib dear."

This little bit of Prussian tactics improved Judith's position. She put her candlestick on a piece of real Chippendale, to express anchorage, but remained standing. She had been looking very handsome in the white chiffon all the evening, and thought so. Her subconscious judgment confirmed this, as a mirror on a wardrobe-door swung her reflection before her for a moment. Sibyl had opened it, subconsciously, to look up again, when the counter swing brought the image back. All which occurred, and then Sibyl sat against the bed-end, having disposed of the wardrobe, and said:—

"You know you have been in Mr. Harris's company all day, Judith. And I suppose it's going to be the usual thing. But there's no sense in your calling me unreasonable simply because I wish you to know what his position is."

"What is the position?"

"Just what I've told you. Mr. Harris . . . well—Challis, then . . . is not really a married man. He married—at least, made believe to marry—his Deceased Wife's Sister."

"Then now you've told me what the position is, I know. And I may go to bed."

"Don't be irritating, Judith." It is provoking, you know, when your enemy makes a successful rally after a seeming repulse. Judith's last tactical success was masterly. Her success soothed her to moderation.

"I don't want to be irritating, Sib. And I don't think you have any right to talk of being irritating, after what you said just now. 'The usual thing!' What usual thing?"

"You know what I mean, and it doesn't matter."

"I don't think it matters in the least. But what do you know about Mr. Challis? I mean, what do you know that I don't?"

"Only what I told you."

"But how do you know? Really, Sibyl, I shall go if there are to be any more mysteries."

"Well, don't be impatient, and I'll tell you," &c.

We have selected the foregoing passage because, while readable and bearing on the plot, it indicates how it is that eight hundred pages have been inflicted on us. Eighty close-packed pages elucidate the growing *tendresse* between Miss Judith Arkroyd and Mr. Challis, who is married to Marianne, his deceased wife's half-sister. Mrs. Challis, number two, is an inconspicuous lady, a pattern of the domestic virtues, and about a hundred pages of Volume I. are devoted to an account of her domestic infelicities at Wimbledon, while her intimate friend, Mrs. Eldridge, is fanning the spark of Marianne's jealousy of her lord and master's interest in the beautiful Miss Arkroyd, into a tormenting flame. If we get very tired of the sisterly duets between Judith and Sibyl Arkroyd, we are bored to a degree by the confidential exchanges between the mid-Victorian ladies at Wimbledon. It is not that the psychological analysis of the emotional tension between Challis and Miss Arkroyd, and Challis and his wife is not true to life, but that it is insufferably long-winded, and that Mr. De Morgan will insist on decanting and re-decanting his light wine till it becomes positively flat.

"But," the reader who has preserved happy memories of "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-For-Short," may here ask, "are there no compensations in 'It Never Can Happen Again'?" There are. If one half of the novel were to be pared away, the remaining half would make a remarkable book. It is the old story of the half being more than the whole. We are not, indeed, prepared to say that, if the book before

us were not the author's fourth, but his first, essay in fiction, we should not rank it higher. It would have the appeal of a new air instead of, as now, the effect of a variation of an old theme. For it can scarcely be denied that the originality of Mr. De Morgan's method of psychologising and philosophising about his characters wears thinner and thinner with each fresh group he introduces. Of his four women, Judith and Sibyl, Marianne and Charlotte, Judith alone possesses individuality, and the author's dissection of her impulses is not of surpassing interest. The same thing applies to the treatment of the little girl, Lizarann, and her aunt, Mrs. Steptoe. If we have not met these characters before, they are types of people he has made familiar to us in his former works. And, naturally, the danger of an author's repeating himself, of becoming prolix and prosy, is immeasurably increased by each fresh essay in the exhaustive method.

There are, however, some admirable passages in the novel. Mr. De Morgan is never better than when, as a mental pathologist, he has taken an interesting "case" in hand, and in Chapters XII.-XV. the narrative of the Reverend Athelstan's midnight encounter, in Tallack Street, with Uncle Bob, who is suffering from delirium tremens, and the chase after the madman down Snape's Lane to the canal-basin, are recorded with a horrible magic. The hospital scenes between the clergyman, Lady Murgatroyd, and poor, blind Jim Coupland, who has been run over by a heavy wagon, are also masterly, and whenever indeed the author leads us to the psychological borderland where death or disease shocks our normal consciousness into an uncanny apprehension of the spiritual forces "behind the veil," we readily yield to his spell. Both the Reverend Athelstan and poor Jim are creations in unselfish fortitude and manly tenderness, and it is all the more pity that the reader should so soon lose track of them in this regular jungle of a novel. The pathologist again comes into play in the closing scenes where Mr. Challis, while eloping with Judith Arkroyd, meets with a motor accident, with the sequelæ of brain concussion. Here, as in many other passages, the feeling of a family atmosphere is extremely actual, and rich in emotional tension. Mr. De Morgan appends to his book a Note, addressed to "readers only," in which he protests against "the practice of ascribing views—political, religious, or otherwise—expressed by characters in a book to its author." We sympathise with him, but we may remark that this is only a testimony to his power. As regards his appeal for "a free hand," we feel somewhat uneasy. Is it possible that the present edition is an abridgment of a still longer work?

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* * *

EVERY reader of Saint-Simon will remember his astonished description of the deference paid by Louis XIV. to Madame de Maintenon at the camp of Compiègne, as also the many bitter references to her scattered through the "Mémoires." But, though Saint-Simon was unjust to Madame de Maintenon, few of her later biographers have described her with any enthusiasm. Mr. C. C. Dyson's workmanlike volume, "Madame de Maintenon: Her Life and Times" (Lane, 12s. 6d. net), makes no attempt to turn her into a heroine, but gives the portrait of her drawn by modern French historians. That she was "one of the most remarkable women who ever played a part in the history of France" is undeniable, and probably no more imperturbable disposition ever experienced such extremes of fortune. Her early training was severe. She was compelled to wear sabots like a peasant, and only allowed shoes when visitors came to see Madame de Neillant, to whose care her aunt transferred her. Later, she was placed in a convent, where she was induced to accept the Catholic creed. Her marriage with Scarron, her position of *gouvernante* to Louis XIV.'s children, and her ascendancy over the King, whom she subsequently married, are related by Mr. Dyson, who regards "sanctified common-sense" as her most prominent characteristic. Several chapters are given to the fortunes of Saint-Cyr, the school for girls which she founded. Her influence upon education was wholesome, and perhaps the chief debt which her country owes Madame de Maintenon is that, in an age of artificiality and ostentation, she held to an ideal of restraint and good sense in the bringing up of children. The fault of her system is that it repressed individuality and was too ascetic. For these reasons Saint-Cyr failed to do what Madame de Maintenon hoped.

* * *

THE scenery of the county of Middlesex, compared with that of many of our counties, is not beautiful, or at least not romantic. Apart from the fact that a good part of its ancient area has been usurped by the county of London, it is, on the whole, a flat land, for even the "Northern Heights" north of London are really of quite a modest altitude, and flatness has ever made for tameness. Yet the man who has diligently walked Middlesex knows that it has its beauty spots, its leafy lanes and footpaths, its vistas and views of classic Englishness, such as that to be seen any day from the summit of Richmond Hill; and in the inner consciousness of most people there is the recognition that the county stands unrivalled in the richness of its associations. It is with the latter rather than the scenic attractions that Mr. Walter Jerrold deals in his "Highways and Byways in Middlesex" (Macmillan, 6s. net), one of a series of handbooks that have done much to arouse enlightened interest in the history and topography of the English counties. By this scholarly cicerone we are shown, in turn, the glamor of Hampton Court, the social significance of Brentford, the literary importance of Twickenham as it centred round Pope's Villa, now gone, the romance of Hounslow, the intrinsic, perhaps only dimly remembered, interest of many another Middlesex fane. The author's net is drawn close towards the end of the volume, where Surbiton is treated, and we are given vivid glimpses of Hogarth at Chiswick, Lamb at Edmonton, Gladstone at Dollis Hill. He has had an able coadjutor in the making of this attractive guide in Mr. Hugh Thomson, whose dainty pen-and-ink sketches have already helped to make the series useful and unique.

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* * *

So much has been written about London that it is small wonder to find Mr. W. W. Hutchings stating in the preface to "London Town: Past and Present" (Cassell, 2 vols., 10s. net each), that "at every step in the journey it has been necessary, from exigencies of space, to reject matter which clamored for acceptance," and complaining of the difficulty of deciding between subjects "which had exasperatingly equal claims to inclusion." The two volumes run to over eleven hundred pages, and though it would be impossible even in that space to deal with London in all its aspects, there is very little of general interest not touched upon. Beginning with an historical and descriptive account of the City, the book afterwards takes the reader to Westminster and West London, thence through Central, North, and East London, to a section on the districts south of the Thames, and ends with a suggestive chapter by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer on "The Future of London." Mr. Hutchings has in former works given proof of his thorough acquaintance with London history, topography, and legend. We are glad to see that the present work has met with success in its serial form. It is written in a style likely to engage the reader's interest, and the full index at the end of the second volume adds greatly to its value as a work of reference.

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and most of these are chronicled in Miss Murphy's pages. We are given the usual stock of anecdotes, and the portraits, facsimiles, autographs, and so forth, that are seldom absent from any biography of a theatrical celebrity. Madame Melba herself contributes two valuable chapters—one on the selection of music as a profession, in which she warns young people of the difficulties they must look for, and another treating of the science of singing.

* * *

A WRITER on mountaineering has divided the followers of that fascinating sport into rock climbers and others; the "others" including the tamer spirits who like a mountain chiefly for what they can see from its top. It is to the former class that Mr. George D. Abraham's "British Mountain Climbs" (Mills & Boon, 7s. 6d. net) will appeal. A fairly exhaustive guide to the peaks of the Lake District, the Welsh region of Snowdonia, and the hills of the Scottish highlands and Skye, it bestows but little attention on the man who wants merely to walk and imagine he is mountaineering. Even a popular favorite like Helvellyn is dismissed in a brief paragraph. Nevertheless the volume is a very excellent one for its purpose. The sporting routes up the various hills in the neighborhood of Wastdale Head, the chief climbing centre of Cumberland, are detailed with accompanying diagrams; every climbing possibility of Snowdon and Ben Nevis and their associate crags is examined exhaustively; and there is an admirable chapter on the Coolin in Skye. Though technical, the writing is far from likely to bore the average reader, and the photographic illustrations have always picturesqueness and sometimes thrill. The book should be very popular with the growing class of British hill-climbers.

* * *

MR. C. W. WHEELER, the author of "Wedges" (Gay & Hancock, 2s. 6d. net), might have chosen a more euphonious title for the collection of essays on social questions that the book contains. Otherwise, there is little fault to be found with his work; it is bright, entertaining, and full of the square common sense that looks facts in the face. In an amusing preface Mr. Wheeler confesses that he wrote the essays, not with the object of expressing thoughts already formulated in his mind, but with that of finding out what he actually did think about certain points, and he gravely commends the experiment to anyone who "wishes to tidy up his mind and find his mental and moral bearings." The result in his case is to proclaim him as the holder of a set of advanced views on such subjects as "The Bonds of Matrimony," "The Ten Commandments," &c., and the possessor of a lightly philosophical method of airing these views. The essay on Scepticism is one of the best he has written. He also puts forward an alternative to our system of party government, which starts an interesting train of thought, even if its practicability need not be considered very seriously. Many telling little aphorisms find their way into these pages, whose author has a simple and forcible way of driving home his points; and though he deals with some delicate topics, the book is wholly without offence.

* * *

"**TYROL AND ITS PEOPLE**," by Mr. Clive Holland (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net), is a pleasantly written account of one of the most delightful of holiday resorts. It deals with the history, folk-lore, and scenery of the district, though the book is not confined to Tyrol, for Mr. Holland gives more than a chapter to Salzburg, and also touches upon several other places in the neighborhood. A chapter on the Dolomite region contains notes on some tours and ascents that are likely to prove of use to holiday-makers. Altogether Mr. Holland's book is one to be read by all who think of paying a visit to a district where there are to be found quaint customs and costumes as yet unspoiled by the self-consciousness that comes with the tourist, as well as splendid scenery and artistic treasures.

* * *

"**THE POETRY OF NATURE**," selected by Henry Van Dyke (Heinemann, 6s. net), and "The Poetry of Earth: A Nature Anthology" (Harraap, 2s. 6d. net), are two anthologies on almost the same lines, though the latter volume includes a few prose extracts, and contains a much larger number of poems than the former. Both are neatly produced, and are evidently intended as "gift-books." We can recommend them for that purpose.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, Nov. 26.	Price Friday morning, Dec. 3.
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NOTHING, of course, is talked of now except the Budget and the approaching elections. Very few people in the City know quite what the consequences of the Budget's rejection will be to the money market. But there can be no doubt that a big output of Treasury Bills will be necessary, which must stand in the way of easier money; otherwise, no doubt, the directors of the Bank would have reduced their rate from 5 to 4 per cent., for Thursday's return was again very strong indeed, and in normal times would have justified a three per cent. rate. The long-expected relapse of rubber and rubber shares has come at last, and may continue. The Kaffir market has also been weak, but gilt-edged securities hold up remarkably well considering the situation in which the Exchequer is placed by the rejection of the Budget. As the Revelstoke and Rothschild arguments are dealt with elsewhere, it is not necessary for me to touch upon them here.

PERU CORPORATION AND GOVERNMENT.

There is a good deal of interest just now in Peru. The Peruvian Corporation and the Government of Peru are always either making a quarrel or patching it up, and the market view of Peruvian Corporation Ordinary and Preference is apt to depend as much upon politics as upon profits. The Peruvian Corporation took over the old debt of Peru under an arrangement about which there has been much dispute; but in 1906 the Peruvian Government disposed of over half a million 6 per cent. gold bonds in Berlin. The price was 98 and the loan was secured on the salt monopoly. A new loan is supposed to be on the point of being issued in Paris. Travellers say that the Peruvians are the most agreeable, cultured, and indolent of all the Spanish-Americans.

THE LONDON GENERAL OMNIBUS.

The long-expected report, covering fifteen months from July, 1908, to October, 1909, has been issued. The previous year was disastrous, showing a loss of £140,000, and these fifteen months are again very unsatisfactory, though the directors profess to feel encouraged. The amalgamation seems to have been badly conducted, and even now the arrangement with the Vanguards is not settled. The auditors say that "no depreciation has been written off motor and other omnibuses or horses!" Yet the fifteen months' working shows a net loss of over £33,000. The directors attribute it partly to the weather. Lords Rothschild and Revelstoke will, of course, put it down to the Budget.

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The Nation

WHAT TO TEACH CHILDREN.

YASANYA POLYANA,
MAY 25th, 1909.

I RECEIVED your letter, and was glad to find in it views that quite agree with my own, namely, that going to church as well as reading the Bible during childhood has not a desirable educational effect, and yet that besides the example of parents and those among whom the children live, which is the strongest influence, they also need direct religious teaching.

My religious understanding of life, of which my opinion of what constitutes religious education is the outcome, is this.

God, the spiritual first cause of life, we only know because we know him in ourselves and in other men. So that real worship of God is possible only if we worship Him in ourselves and in other men. Worshipping God in ourselves consists of picturing, and holding before us, the idea of the highest perfection of righteousness, and striving to attain as nearly as possible to that perfection. The worship of God in other men consists in acknowledging in every man the same God whom we are conscious of in ourselves, and therefore striving to unite with every man; and this union can only be brought about by love.

Considering such worship of God to be the essence of all religion, I think it can be and ought to be instilled into children. I believe, and know by experience, that children easily understand and readily accept such teaching, especially if it comprises all they are taught about the worship of God.

Such worship of God can be instilled into children in the following manner:—

"We all know," I would say to them, "that we must not offend, not abuse, not condemn anyone, but must be kind to all, wish everybody well, and love everybody; and that if we do so, it will be well for others and for ourselves. But still we often condemn, scold, and offend others, and wish well only to ourselves, and love only those that love us, and when we do that, it is not well either for others, or for ourselves."

"Why is it so?"

"It is so, because each of us lives with soul and body. The soul wants nothing for itself alone, but desires the good of all and of everything in the world, and loves everybody, while our body desires only its own good, and loves itself alone. So that the more you live for your soul, and the less for your body, the better it will be for others to live, and for you too."

"What are we to do to live more for our soul and less for our body?"

"To live so, we must understand, first of all, that our soul is the spirit of God in man and is the same in all people, and then we must get into the habit of doing what the soul, and not the body, wishes.

"To understand clearly that our soul is the spirit of God in man, it is well to listen to, to repeat, or to read the teaching of wise and holy men about what God is, and how He lives in man. To get into the habit of doing what our soul desires, and not what our body desires, it is well to recall at the end of every day what we have done that not our soul required, but our body desired, and at the beginning of the next day, to prepare ourselves not to fall into the same errors."

That is what I would tell children about the worship of God within ourselves. About the worship of God in others, I would tell children as follows:—

"Always remember that in every man dwells the same God that lives in you, and therefore when you meet a man, whoever he may be, do not forget that nothing in

the world is higher or more important than that which lives in that man, and therefore, however evil the actions of that man may be (the man himself), and whoever he may be, he must be worshipped as God, and loved as you love yourself, and you should do to him what you would yourself like done to you if you were in his place."

Here, in a few words, is my answer to your question as to what the religious education of children could be. I shall be glad if these thoughts are of use to you.

LEO TOLSTOY.

Translated by Louise Maude.

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THE MADMAN'S STORY.

THE last of a livid and sickly sunset trailed itself low across the corner of a lean common, a common with starved thistles, suggestive of starved donkeys. The traveller on his way to his suburban home had paused a moment to light a pipe under a dingy brick wall crowned with spikes. Suddenly above the spikes appeared in black silhouette the head and shoulders of a man, a man in a shabby top hat, with long thin wisps of hair, like the coarse grass of the common. The traveller looked up with some surprise on being addressed. He knew no one in the neighborhood, and had no notion what kind of house or garden was enclosed by the spiked wall. After listening to a few quiet and cheerful words from the long-haired man, he came to the conclusion that it was a private asylum.

"A world aflame with beauty," said the long-haired man in an educated voice. "A world full of a divine delirium like wine. A world welded out of pure and passionate colors like a glorious stained-glass window."

The traveller, who was a clerk in a bank, looked down at his boots and umbrella, and said indistinctly that it was a matter of taste.

At this the man in the top hat waved his arms with excitement, and nearly fell over the wall. "No, no, no," he cried, "not a matter of taste, a matter of principle—a matter of principle! That is the whole point. If it weren't for that we should none of us be here. We should all have been killed in the Great Pessimist War. But you're very young, of course. You don't remember the day when the world was nearly destroyed."

The clerk observed again huskily that he couldn't say that he did. A cat that was picking its way along the spiked wall stopped within a foot of the man, stiffened, arched its back, and sprang away among the bushes. The man turned his head at the sound; and the wan evening light lit up a round turnip face with spectacles, and a large mouth that shifted uneasily from ear to ear.

"The world was nearly destroyed," he repeated. "I nearly destroyed it."

The embarrassed clerk seemed unable to get away, and, with his silence for encouragement, the man on the wall coughed and told modestly his simple story.

"I was a poet, young and beautiful, like Shelley; and I was in love with death. Her languid lips, if I may so express myself, were sweeter than love's. Do not imagine that I was weary of the sorrows of life. So long as a man is weary of the sorrows of life he is still young and happy. But I was weary of its joys. Talk not to me of cruel misfortunes; the lucky man who is not happy is the mightiest of the enemies of God. At a tender age I hanged myself on the clothes line, and was released by my grandmother. You know those terrible verses of mine, "Lines to my grandmother," beginning:

"Twice hast thou wronged me; once in giving life,
And once in saving."

At the age of nineteen I jumped off the Embankment, and was pulled out by a waterman with a hook. With what superb poetical persecution did I pursue that man! I reproached him, "Infandum renovare dolorem." My ten volumes, cursing the Waterman in various metres (after the manner of Victor Hugo's "Châtiments") became famous and even popular. We founded the Suicide School in English literature. The Smart Set took it up; non-existence was the one form of excitement they had never tried. The "Morning Post" had advertisements of commodious sepulchres and well-built coffins, instead of houses and bungalows. There was quite a rush of the best people to be buried at cross-roads. The thing soon changed from a social clique to a political party. Leagues and bands were organised by ardent young men vowed to kill first everybody else and then themselves. They would willingly have done it in the other order (they eagerly explained), had it been possible. Whenever a little boy received a medal for saving life, our mobs assailed him with a storm of groans and reproaches. Whenever a doctor cured anybody of anything, which happened from time to time, our Pessimist Press resounded with righteous denunciation. Well, you know how it all ended; my great speech in Trafalgar-square, the unfurling of the Black Flag, the march on St. Paul's Cathedral. One half of the world had declared war on the world."

A large watery moon began to show behind the blackened branches of the stunted garden trees; and the eyes of the cat began to glow in the dark. But still the traveller with the pipe in his mouth stood immobile and helpless, tied by that slender and silver thread of soliloquy.

"At the same time I confess that there was some opposition. Old prejudices die hard, you know; and people cling to the religious notions they have been brought up in. I assure you that when my friend Professor Cramper, in the kindest and most beautiful words I ever heard in my life, persuaded forty children in a Board School to take arsenic and die together, we had quite a lot of trouble with their parents, who looked at things, naturally, I suppose, from the standpoint of the old generation. Under these circumstances we soon found ourselves in the great civil war. Our march on St. Paul's Cathedral was resisted by an irregular army of Optimists and the Battle of Ludgate Hill was the result.

"It appeared surprising to some that in this great war the Pessimists were mostly of the more prosperous orders, while those who retained the superstition of clinging to life had in many cases a very poor life to cling to. But when we consider the immense inferiority in Education"—here the man on the wall rapidly took off his hat and put it on again—"I think their failure to appreciate our point of view is fully explained. The leader of the Optimistic Army was an elderly clerk who was called Gamp, because he always went into battle with an umbrella. He was probably the greatest mystery of all; for nobody could imagine what he had to bind him to human life. He was old, poor, unmarried, ugly, and ill; he had not even any obvious hobby. But there must have burnt in him the pure and naked flame of the pride of life; for the dingy little clerk became as much the crusader of the cosmos as I, the high-born and luxurious artist, was the crusader of annihilation. He developed great tactical talents, in a cold and calculating style; whereas our genius was rather for the reckless and blind attack, like the rush of the fatalistic Arabs. He had invented a colossal kind of gun or mortar which could drop shells across London with a ruinous precision never known before; this he had established on a scaffolding on the dome of St. Paul's, and it was round this that was enacted the strange drama that ended our war."

The clerk took his pipe out of his mouth, and made a violent effort to go. But when the voice above again clove the silence, he felt caught again, as if the asylum gate had clanged behind him.

"I myself," continued the maniac placidly, "headed the great charge up Fleet-street, with a company of our crack regiment, called the Blue Devils, from their

ferocity, their blue uniforms, and their well-founded view of life. Behind us was an army of earnest Thinkers, eager for the grave, and already crowing aloud in delighted anticipation. In numbers we were heavy enough to sweep them away; but old Gamp had his gun and his cunning. It was at night; and every gloomy or fiery detail of that scene is photographed on my brain. I can see their lamp-lit faces, growing larger and larger as we rushed upon them; the embittered, grinning faces, the unbearable projecting eyes of those obstinate, misguided men. I will not call them more than misguided, my dear sir; though their desire to go on living was thoughtless and fanatical, I believe it was quite sincere. I can see behind them the bulk of St. Paul's, the lower part of the columns lit from below; the dome above, dim, monstrous, and as remote as the North Pole; and gaping in front, far above us, the black mouth of that fatal cannon which had so often wiped us out by regiments. And every now and then, with a steady, sickening, indescribable roar, fire, smoke, and steel would come, torn out of the very entrails of that iron, and rush over our heads like a shrieking and sliding roof dragged across an open building. Every time the shell fell behind us we heard great ruin and dying cries, and then great gaps of silence; and at last I turned to look, and found that I and the few foremost were alone in a long street, a tessellated pavement of our dead. Already the men in front of us had begun smiling instead of savage grinning; and were leaning more easily on their arms. The battle was over. 'We must get back,' said one of my captains.

"Then all the windows opened in the house of my soul, and all the trumpets of the tower were blown. 'Back?' I cried to the captain. 'No, but forward! Why are we alive, but that the shells go over us, and the zone of fire is behind? We are within the enemies' citadel, man! Forward, and we will win this battle yet!' Drawing my sword, I flung myself on the enemies' ranks, my men behind me. The foe, already relaxed with victory, did not expect us; we struck them unready, and were half-way through before they had reeled again into a rank. Then my men began to be beaten back, but I, I know not how, broke through, and caught one of the ropes that swung from the platform of the great gun. My head singing with a million birds of battle, I clutched and climbed the rope. As I swung there in the stunning void I felt that I was climbing from star to star; that I was gaining crown after crown in the topsy-turvy kingdoms of the infinite. Blinding shots rang by me; and I could fancy they were whistling comets: higher and higher I crept, the sword in my teeth; till at last a resounding roar of victory from my Blue Devils below told a pale-faced world that the great Pessimist had captured the great gun."

"Well!" said the clerk, with sudden and violent cheerfulness, "I must really be going. So pleased . . ."

"My men below," went on the other, his eye on the moon, "gazed long and long to see me deal the last stroke of our triumph, to turn the gun on our foes, and to destroy humanity. At last they grew impatient, calling out directions, attempting to scale the rope. But I, who held the handle of omnipotence, I did nothing. I stood still."

"Why?" began the clerk, gazing slightly.

The madman took hold of two spikes and shook the wall with them. "Why?" he thundered; "why, because cabbages are green and purple at once. Because little clouds in the morning look pink like sweet-stuff. Because wind-mills go round, and horses have four legs. Because this world is aflame with beauty, as I told you; because we all live and die in fairyland. Because I never knew all this till that instant when I broke from five men and went whirling in the air on a crazy rope, ready to be dashed to death. Because the moment the Destroyer has won his battle he does not wish to win it."

The clerk put down his head desperately, and literally ran away. In an instant more, he felt, he would have jumped over the wall into the madhouse. After a little, his trot slowed into a walk; and, as he came near his suburb, he began to smile.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

Reviews.

THE OLD, OLD STORIES.*

It was the supreme soldier who called "Impossible" a silly word, and the great story-tellers have all known that he was right. At all events, they know that it is exactly the "impossible" stories that last for ever. One may think it strange, for there seems likely to be more solid value in the narration of facts, or at least of stories that do not "exceed the limits of probability." Yet the immortal stories of the world are neither founded on fact nor concerned with probability at all. Once upon a time an Englishman, finding an intoxicated beggar lying in a Dublin street at midnight, inquired where he lived. "In the Poddle," was the reply. "But," objected the Englishman, "the Poddle is a stream bricked over from end to end. It's no better than a drain. You can't live in the Poddle." "Faith!" answered the intoxicated beggar, with noble contempt, "and is it histry we're talkin'?" His was the mood of the real story-teller, and of the audience, too. It is not history, but the splendid lie that rejoices mankind.

In most affairs, perhaps in history itself, a mixture of the lie doth ever add pleasure; but for an immortal story there must be a certain quality in the lying, and that is where the difficulty comes in. One has heard stories that gods, men, and children would reject with loathing as "untrue," while others, far more fantastic, have been handed down almost unaltered from prehistoric generations because mankind liked them so much. And while we are on tradition, we may notice another peculiarity about old, old stories. Students of folk-lore make a good deal of fuss over the discovery that the same stories are found under different forms all round the world. We believe, for instance, that "Puss in Boots" appears as "The Antelope in Sandals" among the tribes of Uganda, and the present writer has found "Wolf! Wolf!" as "Leopard! Leopard!" near the sources of the Zambesi. But the really strange thing is, not that the stories are the same, but that they are different. Anyone can prove it by inventing a brand-new story for a child and seeing its anger and sense of wrong if he alters a single word in telling it again next day.

Once start your splendid lie, therefore, and it is likely to survive almost unaltered. But what is it gives the splendor needed for a lie's long life? Can we discover from examples? In Europe, probably the most widely diffused stories have been the Homeric poems and the mythology embedded in them. But those have reached us as definite works of art, and, in Northern Europe at all events, there are stories lying more intimately close to the people's heart from which they sprang, and preserved by no more conscious art than the repetitions of innumerable tongues—chiefly the tongues of mothers. It is not much over a century since the world of refinement and learning deigned to notice such old wives' tales, and it was then that the Brothers Grimm set about collecting their stories. No tales are more acceptable or more necessary for childhood, unless it be Hans Andersen's, which are so like them—with a personal beauty added, but with something of primitive power and wildness gone. Of all the many editions, we suppose none is finer than that

* "The Fairy Tales of the Brothers Grimm." Translated by Mrs. Edgar Lucas. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Constable. 15s. net.

"Grimm's Fairy Tales." Selected and Retold by Githa Sowerby. With Illustrations by Millicent Sowerby. Grant Richards. 6s. net.

"The Arabian Nights, Selected and Retold for Children." By Gladys Davidson. Illustrated by Helen Stratton. Blackie. 5s.

"The Arabian Nights." Retold by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Smith. Illustrated by Maxfield Parrish. Werner Laurie. 10s. 6d.

"Gulliver's Travels into Several Remote Nations of the World." By Jonathan Swift. Dent. 7s. 6d. net.

"Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare." Dent. 7s. 6d. net.

"The Faery Queen and her Knights." Retold from Spenser. By Professor A. J. Church. Seeley. 5s.

"Selected Tales of Mystery." By Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrated by Byam Shaw. Sidgwick & Jackson. 12s. 6d. net.

"The Water Babies." By Charles Kingsley. Blackie. 1s. 6d.

"The Deserted Village." By Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated by W. Lee Hankey. Constable. 15s. net.

"The Red Book of Heroes." By Mrs. Andrew Lang. Longmans. 5s. net.

translated by Mrs. Edgar Lucas, and illustrated by Mr. Arthur Rackham, of which Messrs. Constable issue a new and enlarged copy. Mr. Rackham has added fresh illustrations, and the whole series forms an admirable example of his power. The only thing that could be said against the translation is that our old friends, "Little Red Riding Hood," "The Sleeping Beauty," and a few others, appear under titles nearer the old German than our own; but it is an excellent volume. Another "Grimm" deserving mention is that issued by Mr. Grant Richards, with pleasing illustrations by Miss Millicent Sowerby.

To those who make much of nationality, it must be startling to find the tales which are probably best known after Grimm's, coming from an entirely different race and country. It is quite possible that "The Arabian Nights" are equally welcome with the stories of our own kindred. Outside Northern Europe, at all events, they are probably more universal favorites, and our publishers are always safe in the enterprise of bringing out a new edition. This year there are two before us, and we will not compare them. "The Arabian Nights, selected and retold for children by Gladys Davidson," with many illustrations by Helen Stratton, gives thirteen of the famous stories, including "Sindbad," "Ali Baba," and "Aladdin." The version of ten of the Nights, retold by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Smith, is illustrated with great beauty and imaginative power by Maxfield Parrish, and, of course, it contains the same three immortal stories. Again, as in the "Grimm" noticed above, our one objection is to a departure from tradition. "Sindbad the Voyager" might do for Americans, but in this country, please, we must have "Sindbad the Sailor" or nothing.

For English people, we suppose, "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver," running neck and neck, take third place to Grimm and the Nights, and we have a fine "Gulliver" before us, illustrated, like the Grimm, by Mr. Arthur Rackham. There are two "Gullivers"—the middle-aged man's and the child's—and both are equally successful. It is easy to understand why grown men, who have known the public world with its Governments and wars, philosophers and cranks, should love one of the keenest satires; but to discover the secret of immortal story-telling we must keep our eye fixed on the impossible and entrancing adventures of the only Gulliver known to the child—a Gulliver in whom there is no guile. To some extent the same is true of the Alice, who is taking much the same place as Gulliver in our childhood, and whose adventures are as often interpreted or transposed to please the wise and prudent. If a story is capable of hidden meanings, so much the better, but it is never the hidden meaning that makes the story, and the strange thing about "Gulliver" is that it was written as a satire for the wise and prudent and succeeds in delighting babes.

The "Tales from Shakespeare," by Charles and Mary Lamb, are another part of our national inheritance in stories, and Messrs. Dent issue a new edition, also illustrated by Mr. Rackham, on the lines of some earlier drawings. We are all bound to know Shakespeare, whether we like it or not, and we should know his stories even if the Lambs had not thought of writing their version in prose. But it is strange how very little we know of Spenser's stories, though they should form part of our birthright on the Celtic or mother's side. In "The Faery Queen and her Knights" Mr. Alfred Church has tried to do for the Spenserian poem what he has done already for the Homeric. It is not the first time, we think, that the experiment has been made, but Mr. Church is a good story-teller, and he may bring the allegories of chivalry out of their neglect.

Leaving the classics, we are brought suddenly to modern times with "Selected Tales of Mystery," by Edgar Allan Poe, illustrated by Byam Shaw, and in that strange genius, from whom both Stevenson and Conan Doyle seem to have sprung, we see the story-teller of to-day discovering his themes in a world that is so often called commonplace. Yet the themes are no less mysterious and no less exciting than the adventures of Sindbad or Gulliver. And then, in contrast to Poe, side by side with him, someone has placed "The Water Babies"—a pretty little edition, illustrated by Alice Woodward—and Tom also seems on his way to immortality, as a kind of baby Sindbad, with his adventures

under the sea instead of on it. How "The Deserted Village"—a large edition, illustrated by W. Lee Hankey—comes to stand next "The Water Babies" we are not sure, unless it is that the theme of Goldsmith's poem is also immortal, or will survive as long as there are landowners and Lords.

Then at last, in Mrs. Andrew Lang's "Red Book of Heroes," we come to the tales which, we suppose, must be counted as part of history—the immortal tales of Hannibal, Montrose, Sir Thomas More, Gordon, Father Damien, and others beside—but even in these stories of reality we see that their essential quality is their impossibility. Everyone would have called it impossible for human beings to do what these men did, or what Joan of Arc did, or Florence Nightingale and other heroic women. That is why human beings are never tired of hearing their stories, for, in the end, man's chief delight is to break through the limits that the world of "hard facts" or comfortable routine is always laying upon him.

He longs for the wind and clang of Troy; for deep woods and misty headlands, where birds and beasts will consort with him on terms of friendship, and strange figures live, endowed with magic powers; for sacred rivers, and marvellous queens, and spirits that can carry golden palaces through the air. And, again, he delights in grotesque adventures among large or little people, and horses that can speak, and things absurd. He likes to see before his eyes the vision of the world's incredible glory and terror—kings and queens in their crimes, lovers in their sorrows and joy, merchants with their corded bales, children on the green, uncouth creatures under the waves, the wicked hatching their knavish plots, the brave and honorable rising above the capacities of man. Such are the themes of the stories which last from one age to another, and perhaps one cannot find any common quality that distinguishes them all. But if we were obliged to fix on such a quality, we should still find it in that silly word "impossibility"—a splendid impossibility. All the best stories may be called impossible, and man loves them so long as they encourage his eternal revolt against the trammels with which fate and law and prudence perpetually try to exclude his spirit from realms where it would so much like to live happily ever after.

THE FAIRY QUEEN'S MARK.*

If children were to be allowed, just once, to choose the books that are packed into Santa Claus's sledge every Christmas Eve, I believe there would be a book war, or rather a book revolution, in the nursery. All sorts of finely-bound, finely-printed volumes would be hurled to the tumbrils, and the shops would be searched for real story-books—books that have the Fairy Queen's own mark upon them. These might or might not be illustrated; the cover design would not matter. In the nursery, it is the story, and not the pictures, by which a book stands or falls; and if you want to know the kind of story-book that has been sealed by the Fairy Queen, you have only to go to the nursery bookshelf, and to pass over the splendid, gilt-

edged aristocrats of it, until you come to one that has probably lost its cover and some of its pictures as well—a shabby-looking tramp of a book that boasts every sign of having been loved, from thumbmarks on its favorite pages to tattered edges and loose sheets. That is the kind of book that came originally out of Fairyland. But, unluckily for the nursery, it is not always the book that finds its way into Santa Claus's sledge on Christmas Eve.

Children, however, not having yet succeeded in abolishing the censorship of the nursery, are still at the mercy of the grown-up person with the purse. This would not matter so much if grown-up people went about their job in a more imaginative way—if they would take the trouble, in the first place, to recall the kind of books they used to like in the nursery of fifty years ago. But when grown-up people go into a shop to buy a Christmas book, they generally begin by looking for a name they know; and this method, working admirably when the name they know happens, for instance, to be Hans Andersen's, does not give a chance to the latest genius arrived from Fairyland, and it breaks down altogether when the name happens merely to be that of the illustrator. I know it is not possible to speak of children in the mass when it comes to subtler matters of taste, and I quite sympathise with the grown-up person who grasps at a name he thinks he has heard before, when he is going to give a book to somebody else's child. But he ought to know, if he has any memory at all, that the nursery of all the ages has certain broad views about story-books that never change. To mention only two of them, it invariably puts the story before the pictures, and it resents the cajolery of the apologetic preface.

I am glad to find that Miss Ethel Reader agrees with me about the preface, for this is how she begins hers: "A preface is a very difficult thing to write, because you see, Frances, when you have put all you have to say in the book, there is nothing left for the preface but what you haven't to say." But if she thinks this, why does she spoil it by adding: "Still, a book is not a proper book without a preface, and you know I would not for worlds write an improper book"? We do not know this, though willing to believe it, nor are we called Frances; and we do not want to be told where the author found the material for her stories, because, if she is the right sort of author, there is only one place where it could have come from. The Fairy Queen is the proper person to write a preface to a fairy book, and she writes it invisibly every time she waves her wand over the person who writes the fairy book. I think it is a pity the writer of "The Little Mermaid" forgot this, for her story is a thoroughly good one, and needs no preface. Its main idea is that of Andersen's tragic romance, but with a difference—a modern difference, as we suspect, on reading that "a mermaid can get a soul by marrying a mortal, but a merman can't; the mortal loses hers, which is rather unfair. If I were a mermaid, I shouldn't want to turn into a woman." Neither of the two stories that make up this volume can be labelled particularly modern, however; they belong to the real fairy age, and show both fancy and humor. Just because of these good qualities, one rather regrets little errors of taste, such as a tendency to be too familiar with the reader, to shiver a fairy atmosphere with an allusion to Brooke's soap, and to play upon words—the Mer-people, we are told, are sad because the water is blue, "so that they practically live in the blues." Still, "The Little Mermaid" ought to go into several stockings this Christmas.

I am not so sure about "The Fortunate Princes," although it has no preface, and the pictures, by Harry Rountree, are interesting. In the nursery of all the ages there exists a dislike, not to a moral, because every healthy child likes a story to have a moral, but to the story that says it has one. Most of the stories in this volume err in this way, except the last one, which the writer winds up by saying: "And the moral of this story is just what one chooses to think it may be." That is as it should be in every story; so why does the author trouble to mention it? On the whole, I think the Fairy Queen forgot to wave her wand when "The Fortunate Princes" was being written.

She seems to have remembered to do so when the pictures in "The Story of Forget-me-not and Lily-of-the-

* "The Little Mermaid." By Ethel Reader. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
"The Fortunate Princes; and Other Stories." By A. D. Bright. Duckworth. 1s. 6d. net.

"Forget-me-Not and Lily-of-the-Valley." By Maurice Baring. Nisbet. 2s. net.

"The Rainbow Book." By Mrs. M. H. Spielmann. Chatto & Windus. 5s. net.

"Old Man's Beard." By G. M. Faulding. Dent. 4s. 6d. net.

"The Castle of Four Towers." By Netta Syrett. Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.

"The Forest Foundling." By S. H. Hamer. Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.

"The Irish Fairy Book." Edited by Alfred Percival Graves. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

"Fairy Tales from Tuscany." By Isabella M. Anderton. Chatto & Windus. 1s. net.

"Popular Fairy Tales." By Hans Christian Andersen. Blackie. 2s.

"Lob-lie-by-the-Fire; and Other Stories." By Juliana Horatia Ewing. Bell. 2s. 6d. net.

"The Rose and the Ring." By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh (W. M. Thackeray). Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d. net.

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valley" were being painted, for they are just the kind of simple and accurately-drawn illustrations that the nursery likes and understands. Probably they are not good from the strictly artistic point of view. I am not sure about that, but I do know that the humor and the color of them will appeal to all little children, who will also like the story of the spring flowers and the summer flowers who were jealous of one another, and of the sentimental Lizard who went to a school kept by a Dormouse because he wanted to learn to be lazy, and of the Butterfly who had the same brilliant idea as the Lizard, because "only idle people have time to think right." One can forgive Mr. Maurice Baring his little preface because it has rather an exciting piece of information in it that may please his small readers.

More pretentious is "The Rainbow Book," though not so pretentious as its preface, which would be better placed as an introduction to a collection of folk tales. When people turn fairy stories into folk-lore, one has to put up with a preface—I mean, with a foreword, that talks about the origin of fairy rings, and the inner meaning of the fairy story, and so on. But Mrs. Spielman, as you can tell from her preface, which is directed against these scientific mistakes, ought not to do this sort of thing, for it does not give her book a sporting chance with the nursery, which, or, at all events, that portion of it that likes fairy life and real life to touch in a fairy tale, would otherwise enjoy reading about children like themselves who have adventures in Wizardland, or in Fairyland itself. However, as there are a great many pictures by important people, with names like Rackham, and Partridge, and Thomson, and Baumer, and Wilhelm, that the grown-up person is sure to recognise directly he hears them, this book will certainly get into the nursery without any help from the Fairy Queen or me or anybody else.

Real life and fairy life are again blended, and very charmingly, in the collection of stories called "Old Man's Beard." Here the writer, G. M. Faulding, has kept the two elements distinct, the scene of all the stories being placed in Fairyland, and only knit into a whole by a delightful mortal mother called Teller-of-Tales. They are really imaginative and well written, and I fancy the nursery will find the fairy mark upon them. The tale of "The Dustman" is a particularly good one, telling about a land where there is no bedtime because the Dustman never goes there, until the boy Mark finds a bag of his magic dust, and sprinkles it over the people; and the description of the bored people who have to sit up all night telling the same stories over and over again, because they can never go to bed and dream new ones, conceals a moral which will not be far to seek in a suspicious nursery that never wants to go to bed of its own accord.

Netta Syrett has gone to a country that is itself a colony of Fairyland for a real setting to her tale of "The Castle of Four Towers." It is the story of a little English girl, belonging to the "nowadays people," who comes to stay in an old castle outside Padua, and makes friends with a little boy who lived in the "long-ago time," and only appears to her when she is playing alone. Dino calls up for her the animals after whom the various quarters of the city are named, including a beautiful dragon; so I hope the grown-up person with the purse will not fail to come across this book in the Christmas shop, for it bears a name that he will certainly know, and the nursery always loves a fairy story that has plenty of animals in it.

For this reason "The Forest Foundling," by S. H. Hamer, with its admirable illustrations by Harry Rountree, ought to be plentifully packed inside the fairy sledge on Christmas Eve. It is just the sort of story children will like, telling of a little boy, called Gilbert—this pleased the squirrel because it reminded him of filbert—who is educated by one forest animal after another, learning to climb from the squirrel, to swim from the frog, and so on, having fine adventures by the way, from a battle of rabbits to a tussle with a pike. It goes straight ahead, is never instructive, though only a natural history sort of person could have written it, and never stops being interesting for a single page.

The fairies are of the right sort in two story-books that belong by nature to the nursery of all the ages—"The Irish Fairy Book" and "Fairy Tales from Tuscany."

They certainly bear the Fairy Queen's mark, not so much because the modern writers who present them to us in these two volumes have come within the circling of her wand, but rather because the two countries that gave birth to the stories have been part of her dominions ever since the world began. So there is no need to praise these stories of the soil, and Santa Claus will carry them in his bag when he comes down the chimney, whether the grown-up person has bought them or not.

And then, there are writers of all the ages that need no word from me or from anyone who stands knocking hungrily at the gates of Fairyland, through which these greater ones have passed so easily—Hans Andersen, Horatia Ewing, "Mr. M. A. Titmarsh." "Popular Fairy Tales" by the first, "Lob-lie-by-the Fire" by the second, "The Rose and the ring" by the third;—all the new illustrations in the world, and they are the best of new illustrations, by the way, will not turn these into anything but the immortal nursery books of yesteryear. To them we might also add the "Autobiography of a Donkey," by Mme. de Ségur, now promoted to a Christmas book by a translation from the old French reading book, also of yesteryear. The grown-up people with purses will inevitably remember names like these four, and their books will as inevitably find their way into Santa Claus's sledge on Christmas Eve. That is what comes of being stamped for all time with the Fairy Queen's own mark.

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A WEEK after Christmas the New Year begins. The planet swings and begins to toast itself in the sun, to call up the flowers, the bees, the birds, till the full revel of midsummer is accomplished. And just as in thinking of a room we think not merely of the door but of the heart of the fireside, so the thought most seasonable to Christmas is the thought of picnicking by some babbling stream in the forest. How is it that we did not take old John and the pony cart with our pots and kettles, our teepees, and one or two town cousins, and go for a week's real adventure in the Hampshire woodland last summer? Chiefly it was because we had not then read Mrs. Margaret Clayton's charming account of a similar expedition. Now, as we read of the cooking adventures, the interviews with wild animals, and those of the farm, we are smitten with a longing to go and do likewise, a longing that will not be appeased till we have made our tents and tried them. The colored pictures alone are enough to make the resolve firm. But at the same time comes to our Christmas fireside the "Children's Book of the Garden," with its colored plates of ourselves standing, watering-pot or spade in hand, among the wonderful flowers we have raised. As we turn the pages we come upon lists of the flowers we may grow, and discussion waxes hot about the relative merits of colored primrose, larkspur, or sweet lavender. And the gardening book has this advantage, that we need not wait till summer to put its precepts into practice, for there are insidious directions for mulching, double-digging, and other winter preparation that can be put into practice on the first fine day. This is undoubtedly a first-rate book of the garden. We would commend it to the adult as much as to the child, but, whereas the adult has many such books, it is almost or quite the only one written with a true appreciation of what is wanted for the children.

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Mr. Hyatt is undoubtedly a master of animal biography, and his life of Biffel, the trek ox, takes high rank in that class of fiction. There is no straining of bovine intelligence here, only the selection of incident whereby we are compelled to admit Biffel to a friendship that makes him seem human. The white man who owns him and whose adventurous waggons Biffel draws with ambitious devotion stands, as most white men do, aloof from the soul of the big black bull. It is his Kaffir driver who understands him, who speaks to him and is understood by him, so that his voice and his hand on his flank make him brave in the flooded river, and can quell the madness of the scent of blood. The reader feels inclined to condemn Mayne for not understanding Biffel as Amous does, but, in reality, Mayne and the reader are equally remote, and it needs the intervention of a more primitive man to put us properly in sympathy with the ox. As for the author, surely he understands a little. Here, for example, are Biffel's supposed sensations on going for the first time into harness:—

"Biffel began to tremble violently. He wanted to fight, to rush away and hurt someone, to vindicate his independence, and yet it seemed impossible; something kept him still. . . . Biffel felt a sudden interest in his work—this was something fresh, a new test of strength, almost as good as a fight. Then he remembered the indignity of it, the way he was being compelled to do what those men wanted, and once again he tried to break free. An instant later, however, that horrible stinging lash curled round him, giving him a hateful sense of impotence and fear."

Biffel is really beaten by the fact that all the other oxen in the traces are submissive. He follows the ruck,

just as any man does. But after the first day's work he takes it out of the beast that worked behind him and whose horns had pricked him when he jibbed, feeling much better after the fight. This is also the story of Peter, "a goat with a white man's soul," as the author says in his dedication. He is just a goat with spirit in the story, according to Carton Moore-Park, who illustrates it, a goat that can stand comfortably on the vertical face of a wall. He and Biffel are immense friends, and the defence of Peter from hyenas and other dangers account for some of the bull's most notable feats.

The only thing to be said against Mr. Bensusan's book is that it is not strictly a children's book. Some of the chapters were, perhaps, written for children. They are biographical and more fanciful than the others which are rather *genre* impressions. These others, we believe, have appeared in the "Spectator," whose pages for the most part are shunned by children. The book is not in that connected form that children like. Otherwise Mr. Bensusan deals pleasantly and clearly with the marvellous insect to which so many literary people have fallen captives. "Three-pointed" is not a correct epithet to apply to the bee's sting, and the idea that bees make tracks in the air that others can see and follow is pure fancy and at variance with known facts. So, in a sense, is the assertion that each bee has its allotted task. But that is a deep subject into which we must not enter here. The book is very readable, and we hope that a future edition will include articles all of one calibre.

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on the "Sense-Life and Sensibility" of plants, in which the author discusses the question as to whether plants have a "consciousness," a purposeful action, "taste," and "feeling," such as those possessed by animals. On such a question as this human beliefs and prejudices give way slowly; but it seems difficult to draw a hard-and-fast line between animals and plants in view of the seemingly purposeful behavior of Venus's Fly Trap, the *Nepenthes* which is an imitator of the Angler Fish, and the *Araujia Sericifera* of the Argentine, which is guilty of senseless and useless cruelty in its manner of entrapping and killing butterflies. A very interesting account is given of those wonderful leaf-cutting and farming ants which frequent the region of the Amazon and other parts of South America, as also of the nature and function of bacteria, and of the work which has been done in recent years on the action of electricity and X-rays on the growth of plants. Altogether, the work is full, not only of instruction, but of keen interest for all readers.

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There is one vital problem relating to aeroplanes—the problem of automatic stability—which is still unsolved; and we can say with certainty that, until it is solved, the use of dirigibles and aeroplanes will be extremely limited. Mr. Wilbur Wright seems to think that at present stability depends on the nerve and resource of the operator; but this will not suffice to reassure the public. One naturally thinks that it can be attained by the use of gyroscopes, though Mr. Turner gives reasons for doubting the success of these.

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"Christabel in France," by Mrs. Albert G. Latham (Blackie, 3s. 6d.), and "Dick's Angel," by Mrs. Edwin Hohler (Constable, 2s. net), have points in common. In each of them a pair of children are lost from their homes, and remain, most improbably, for a considerable time in the hands of strangers. But, while the adventures of Christabel and her little brother are likely to be in great measure incomprehensible to the ordinary child-reader, those of Angela and Dick are precisely of the kind that children would understand and realise. The naughty, self-indulgent Angela, brought by her own act under the yoke of the stern Mrs. Gubbins, compelled to finish her unappetising rations, to wash in cold water, to dust out a shop cupboard full of heterogeneous stores, and to hem dusters, is a spectacle of which the rather obvious moral goes home without any need of exposition. In "Dick's Angel," although the events are rather "steep," the children themselves are not unnatural; whereas in "Christabel in France," while the events are even more improbable, the children also lack reality. The baby girl, in particular, is, fortunately, quite impossible. Persons whose speech is still barely articulate do not come out on every occasion with a phrase about the happiest (or the nastiest) day "of all me's yife." Neither are such words as "family" found in their vocabulary. The habit of calling herself "dear wee me" might, indeed, be acquired by a young child whose seniors were silly enough to inculcate it, and seniors who habitually called a child "Marybud" were evidently capable of encouraging a good deal of "pose." Affectation and lack of clearness are serious defects in books for children, and they are lamentably prominent in "Christabel in France."

It is a little difficult to decide for what public "Little Sister Snow," by the author of "The Lady of the Decoration" (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.), is intended. The illustrations—apparently by a Japanese artist—are quite exquisite in their delicacy of composition and of color, and the text has much of the same charm. Of story there is almost none, and the quiet, deep feeling of the close makes it appeal surely rather to the mature than to the young. Yet the earlier pages that deal with trifling incidents of Yuki San's childhood seem to be meant for the reading of her contemporaries. How far the Japan here represented is the Japan of to-day, and not rather the Japan of yesterday, an English reader cannot venture to judge, but it is at least certain that in this gentle-mannered world, refined, remote, full of half-tones, the crude young American is as discordant as a blatant gramophone. We feel quite relieved that Yuki San's romantic fancy for him came to nothing.

"A Book of Brave Girls at Home and Abroad," by Alfred H. Miles (Stanley Paul, 5s.), is a compilation,

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The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.

Diary of the Week.

THE last Session of the Parliament of 1906 came to a violent end on Friday week, and was formally prorogued until January 15. The King, before reciting what he truly calls the "arduous and protracted labors of the Session," made a significant reference to the invasion of his prerogative by the peers whom he had summoned to maintain the Constitution they have deliberately broken:—

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

I thank you for the liberality and care with which you provided for the heavy additions to the National Expenditure due to the requirements of Imperial defence and social reform.

I regret that that provision has proved unavailing.

* * *

No more than the proper emphasis has, in our view, been laid upon this language. The action of the Lords has linked the Crown with the Commons and the People in a common grievance and in a disability coolly and insultingly inflicted. The Monarch, no more than any power in his realm, likes to see his functions curtailed as the House of Lords has now curtailed the rights of the Crown. We should very much like to know whether he was even given candid and accurate information as to a plot which was devised and decided on long before it was actually put into operation.

* * *

THE fight for the maintenance of British liberties has been opened by the Liberal Party with the utmost

brilliancy and power. The cause has already found powerful adherents in the Labor Party—which is behaving with a broad and statesmanlike sense of the character of the crisis, that in a closely similar situation distinguished the advanced men of 1832—the Trade Union Congress and the Free Church Council. All these bodies declare for the re-establishment of representative democracy. All will conduct the following campaign with a single eye to an end which, in our view, abolishes party distinctions and makes Liberals, Radicals, and Labor men interchangeable champions of one cause. For the moment, Irish democracy has not moved fully into line, Mr. Redmond contenting himself with stating the issue and noting Lord Lansdowne's declaration that the veto of the Lords is the only remaining safeguard against Home Rule. For our part, we cannot conceive a leader of the Irish people failing to bring his army into the field against the House which ruined his country, and to-day threatens to halve the voting power of every Irishman in Great Britain and Ireland.

* * *

At present, the only articulate voice in the country is that of Liberalism. The party which can in a week produce such speeches as those of Lord Morley, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, and the wonderful Lancashire series of Mr. Churchill, has fairly earned its right to interpret the intelligence and good feeling of the British people. On Friday week, at the National Liberal Club, the Chancellor of the Exchequer—who, if the Liberal organisers know the A.B.C. of their business, will at once be set the all-important task of winning London and the Home Counties—made one of the most powerful orations in the history of political combat. Every stroke told, and some of the phrases, such as the saying that "every grain of freedom is more precious than radium," belonged to a high order of thought and expression. The leading points of Mr. George's speech, which every speaker and writer on the people's side should study, were the impressive contrast between the representative and national quality of the House of Commons and the House of Lords, the damning proof that the revolutionary act of the Lords was the work, first, of its least trustworthy members, and, secondly, of feather-headed journalism, the biting dissection of the character and record of the chief wreckers. These made up a strategic attack such as John Bright himself might not have disowned. In Lancashire, Mr. Churchill's campaign, made up partly of massive and convincing argument, partly of brilliant and cogent railery, is carrying all before it.

* * *

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, speaking from his mountain-side home on Thursday, gave a lucid, convincing exposition of the Budget, woven with the strong homespun stuff that the people love. He again appealed to "vulgar, common facts," the facts that the friends of the peersthink it "so rude to mention." The Lords do not mind absorbing unearned increment; but they think it almost wicked to mention the fact. Mr. George gave a particularly cruel instance taken from the neighborhood—a little Welsh chapel, built at the cost of £150 on a mountain-side. When the lease fell in the landlord claimed

another £150 as the price of its renewal. As to the need for a system of valuation to stop the robbery of one set of citizens by another, he quoted the assessments of Bute Castle and a tailor's shop at its gates. The Castle, standing in a hundred acres of sheer gold-mine, was rated at £924; the tailor's shop, 40 yards square, at £947. The Chancellor added that he had been a "backwoodsman" himself, and when, as a boy, he gathered sticks, he found that while he got nothing in calm weather, he gathered "an armful" after a storm.

* * *

On the side of the Peers, up to the present, there has been a lonely challenge from Lord Kesteven and Lord Lansdowne. The former told his audience that the Germans would soon be here "driving their bayonets into our stomachs," that "if the Budget did not make them sick, nothing would," that it was a "rotten Budget" when it was alive, and they might guess its state when Mr. Lloyd George "dug it up," and that he pitied the "beastly ignorance" of one of his audience who appeared to have forgotten Lord Kesteven's hitherto unrecorded services in the South African war. Lord Kesteven's political career, we hope, is only beginning. Now that the Peers are to rule us, we ought to know the stuff they are made of.

* * *

LORD LANSDOWNE'S speech at Plymouth was hardly up to Lord Kesteven's form. He gave the key to the Unionists' Campaign by declaring the issue to be single Chamber against dual Chamber rule, insisting that if two-House government were to be maintained the country must have a real, not a sham, Second Chamber, threw over the House of Lords as it stood, but hinted at "a little more efficient" Assembly, pleaded that the Lords had not destroyed all the Government's Bills, but only some of them, and those the least popular, and contended that they served the country by crushing what Lord Morley called "wild-cat proposals." The House of Lords had appealed to the people, for, though it did not owe its seats to its fellow-countrymen, it had "a duty" towards them.—Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who speaks honestly, has defended his father's new schedule of stomach taxes, which, on the other hand, has created something like a panic in the Protectionist camp; while Mr. Lyttelton and other Unionist members minimise the revolutionary act of the Lords on the old ground that they have done nothing in particular, but done it very well.

* * *

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has again given Mr. Balfour his marching orders. He has revised his scheme of Protection in an authoritative article in the "Birmingham Post." If his first thoughts were for scourging the people with whips, his second, and those of the Lords, are for scourging them with scorpions. The new tariff strikes not one but a multitude of blows at the materials that our laboring folk live by and work with. All the earlier exemptions are swept away, including the promised remissions of tea and sugar duties. Maize and bacon are to be taxed, as well as corn and flour—a new rod for the back of the poorest Irish folk. The corn tax is to be charged at the rate of 2s. a quarter on foreign corn. There is to be a still higher duty on flour, and the Colonies are to have a preferential tax, not the duty-free market they enjoy to-day. There are to be three rates of duty on imports, 5 per cent. on goods to which little labor has been devoted, 10 per cent. on goods more nearly approaching completion, and 15 per cent. on completely manufactured articles. Lower duties are again to be charged on

Colonial produce. It would be hard to devise a more apt machinery for creating hunger, inefficiency, unemployment, and bad trade. But the "Birmingham Post" admits that there is little hope of negotiating the full Tariff Reform Budget before 1911, so that the immediate fruit of a Protectionist victory next January can only be a revival of the Corn Laws. This, therefore, is to be the first House of Lords' Budget. It is also the brief to which the (curiously silent) Mr. Balfour will have to speak.

* * *

WE hope Liberal organisers are not deceived by the silence of a party which does not aim at the persuasion of the people, but chiefly looks to intimidating and cajoling them. Already a clear campaign of corruption has been set on foot. Publicans are lowering the price of beer; employers are threatening unemployment or promising employment—both falsely—if the Budget is re-passed or destroyed; Lord Sherborne threatens to dismiss his servants, and a man, who is reported to be an Admiral, specifies his coachman and gardener as the men whom he will sacrifice to his spite against the Budget. All we can say is that we hope that diligent note will be kept of all such cases, and criminal prosecutions promptly set up against any man, be he Duke or bar-tender, who is rightly amenable to them.

* * *

IN our correspondence columns we print a letter on the subject of the depreciation in British securities from Mr. Peters Bone, who discusses it with thirty years' experience of the stock markets behind him. Mr. Peters Bone writes in answer to the article in last week's NATION on Lord Revelstoke's speech in the House of Lords, and largely endorses its main contention, that many other causes besides mistrust of the Government produced the fall in Consols out of which so much political capital has been made. He also largely agrees with our view as to what those causes were. But with regard to British securities in general he comes to a different conclusion, and ascribes a "miasma" which he alleges to be affecting them to a want of sympathy on the Government's part with City interests and opinions. It is impossible to deal adequately with this interesting assertion within the limits of a Note. We can only say that the miasma has not had the effect of enabling the investor to buy English securities with the prospect of a handsome yield. Home Railway stocks are certainly under a cloud, but the buyer of London and North Western at to-day's price gets less than $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on his money, on the basis of the last two dividends; and this is a remarkably low yield on an ordinary stock subject to all the risks of trade fluctuation, especially when it is compared with the return to be got from investments abroad. Like Consols, Home Railway stocks were too dear, and had to come down. In their case, the fall was accelerated by the accumulated results of bad finance and bad management.

* * *

WITH regard to brewery stocks, again, which Mr. Peters Bone singles out as having been definitely attacked by the Government, how much of their depreciation was due to reckless over-capitalisation and the mad scramble for licences at inflated prices—inflated by the competition of the brewers? The stock of Guinness & Co.—one of the few breweries which was not over-capitalised, and did not join in the scramble for licences—is higher now (allowing for the fact that the stock has been "watered" by 100 per cent.) than when the Government took office. And we cannot agree with Mr. Peters Bone that Lord Rothschild was correct in

asserting that it is "difficult, if not impossible, to get money for even the best English enterprise."

* * *

As Mr. Winston Churchill pointed out in his speech on Monday, since the Government has been in office "we have added more spindles to our cotton plant than the whole cotton trade of Germany possesses." We admit, as we admitted last Saturday, that the City mistrusts the Government, but we maintain, as then, that this mistrust is due less to what the Government has done, or tried to do, than to the misrepresentations of the Tory Press, and the care with which leading Tories in the City have created and fostered it. We agree with Mr. Peters Bone's hint that this mistrust may, at a point, cause panic and disaster. But those responsible for the panic, if it comes, will be not the Government, but those who have, for party purposes, persistently decried British credit and British investments.

* * *

MR. TAFT is clearly not a hunter of big game. His first Presidential message is a humdrum document, relatively brief, businesslike, and free from rhetoric. Of its forty pages, sixteen are devoted to foreign affairs. Americans, on reading it, seem to have envied the lions of East Africa, and to have felt that with Mr. Roosevelt's departure, life has rather lost its savor. The message foreshadows no legislation of any importance, and the trusts are not even mentioned, though something may be heard of them later in supplementary messages. The more conservative Republicans are said to be pleased because Mr. Taft, in Mr. A. J. Balfour's phrase, will not burden them with overmuch legislation. The more Radical and Rooseveltian section is said to be furious, and a schism, against all the traditions of this highly-disciplined party, is said to be probable. On the other hand, the Imperialist note in the message is loud and persistent, though it lacks the peculiar stridency of a "big stick" utterance. "More than ever before," we are told, "American capital is going abroad," and the Government realises its "vastly increased responsibilities," particularly in Latin America. This frank realism, which clearly recognises the connection between Imperialism and the export of capital, is rather honest than reassuring. The Monroe Doctrine, the message proceeds, must not be allowed to "operate for the perpetuation of an irresponsible Government." Those words translated into Spanish will set half-a-dozen minor Republics inquiring whose turn is likely to come first.

* * *

THE immediate reference of these menacing periods is, of course, to Nicaragua. President Zelaya, having to deal with a revolution aided, and probably financed, by Americans, dared to refuse belligerent rights to interlopers, and shot two American subjects—certainly a barbarous act—who had fought against him as rebel officers. There followed an indignant note from Mr. Secretary Knox dismissing the Nicaraguan representatives from Washington, and now President Taft declares that his Government will remember "its moral obligations to Central America and civilisation." It might, perhaps, have remembered its prior duty to enforce neutrality on its citizens in the civil wars of their neighbors. The general expectation is that the States will "pacify" Nicaragua, which, however, can hardly be done without destroying President Zelaya. He is firmly entrenched in the hilly interior, and a punitive expedition would have to pass the swamps of the fever-belt on the coast, and then give battle to skilled guerillas in country which favors their movements. A naval

expedition is already off the coast, but has been delayed by accidents. Little can be said in defence either of the humanity or of the political competence of the Nicaraguans. But the States, in their turn, are palpably an interested party, and the ground for intervention has been ill chosen.

* * *

THE libel action brought by Messrs. Cadbury against the "Standard," for charging them with insincerity in their action with regard to San Thomé cocoa, ended on Monday in one of those curiously illogical verdicts which are the occasional result of our system of trial by jury. There were only two possible conclusions to be drawn from the evidence. Either the plaintiffs were acting with gross hypocrisy in their ostensible efforts to remedy the terrible abuses in the system of labor in force on the Portuguese islands—in which case the "Standard" was entitled to a verdict—or they were honest in their action, in which case they had been abominably defamed, and should have been awarded substantial damages. The verdict of the jury for the plaintiffs with a farthing damages can only be explained as a compromise with a small minority in favor of the defendants. Mr. Justice Pickford showed his own view of the case pretty clearly in his luminous summing up, and by giving the plaintiffs their costs. Mr. Lecky has said that the crusade of England against the slave trade is one of the three or four perfectly virtuous pages in the history of nations. Few impartial men who read the evidence in this case will doubt that Mr. William Cadbury's persistent and unostentatious efforts on behalf of the natives of Angola will one day receive honorable mention on that page.

* * *

THE Italian Cabinet crisis is an item in the fiscal controversy, due to the growth of armaments, which is convulsing every country in Europe. The Giolitti Government was defeated on its financial proposals on December 2nd by a chance combination of the Extreme Left (which voted rather against the Government than against its measures), the Conservatives under Baron Sonnino, and a number of disaffected Liberals who resent the proposals of Signor Giolitti for the taxation of wealth. Of the future behavior of the Liberal Cave nothing is certainly known, and the new Government is likely to enjoy an uneasy tenure. The revenue is dwindling, the expenditure increasing, and this in a country already the most heavily taxed in Europe. One doubts, however, whether the Socialists, who on the whole welcome the Liberal scheme of taxation, were wise to destroy Signor Giolitti in order to put Baron Sonnino in power. This capable but rather sinister personage is slowly forming a Cabinet of Moderates, which already includes such able members as the veteran economist, Signor Luzzatti, an admirer of Gladstonian finance, and Admiral Bettolo. No alternative Government was possible, and Baron Sonnino has an adroitness and a firmness which rejoice to face such difficult situations as this.

* * *

THE death of Mr. Felix Cobbold, the junior member for Ipswich, will be deeply felt by a wide circle of friends. The charm of Mr. Cobbold's character and demeanor seemed hardly to belong to a society at once so cold-hearted and so formless as ours, though it was the stamp of a man keenly interested in modern politics and warmly associated with advanced Radical doctrine. Such graces of mind as he possessed are rare enough; rarer still is it to find a critical intellect like his joined to so much tenderness for the common lot.

Politics and Affairs.

CONCENTRATION.

SELDOM has a great electoral fight started under better omens than the coming battle. The cause is good. The issue is simple. The response of the democratic parties on all sides has been enthusiastic. There is a clear sense of the urgency of the occasion and of the supremacy of the issue. We have every reason to hope that, with a mutual exercise of goodwill and forbearance, the number of triangular contests will be insignificant, and that Labor and Liberalism will march side by side to the defence of freedom. But it must be clearly realised that the opposing forces are equally united and equally determined. We have not to fight the brewer or the landlord separately. We have to deal with a combination which has rallied to the House of Lords as the last rock of defence for every interest which thinks it has something to gain by separating itself from the nation as a whole. Every device that can be invented by the ingenuity of skilled electioneering will be perfected and utilised with all the resources of unlimited funds. Social pressure and financial pressure will be applied. There is, therefore, no room for dissensions among ourselves. We look to Mr. Asquith to formulate a clear policy, and to give a decided lead, and we look to all sections of democratic opinion, when that lead has been given, to sink individual differences and rally to the standard as one man.

We write thus with perfect confidence in advance of Mr. Asquith's declaration, because on the essential point we can entertain no doubt. The question before the electors is whether the block veto is to go or stay, and Mr. Asquith cannot hesitate in deciding that it shall go. This decision, as we have before pointed out, covers two distinct issues, the issue of finance and the issue of legislation. With regard to finance, the veto, never till to-day more than a form, will from to-day cease to be a form. With regard to legislation, whatever happens it will cease to be a permanent veto enabling the Lords to defeat the representative House whenever they think fit to do so. Now it is on this side of the question that divergencies arise, and it is here that we are concerned to argue that House of Commons men of all views should agree to postpone ideal solutions and concentrate on that which is of immediate and pressing necessity. There are those who would like to see the House of Lords completely swept away. But if they insist on their point and will take nothing less, they will find themselves in irreconcilable opposition to those who, agreeing that the present position is intolerable, are yet resolute in maintaining some sort of Second Chamber as an integral part of the Constitution. There are those, and we have much sympathy with them, who are stoutly for the abolition of the hereditary principle. But if they insist on making this the immediate point of attack, they are faced at once with the whole problem of the reform of the Lords, with all the endless debates on the precise shape which such a reform should take, and with all the doubts as to whether a reformed Chamber might not be a more for-

midable stronghold of Conservatism and reaction than the discredited body which is now snatching at power. We cannot go constitution-making while Rome is burning, nor potter about discussing the niceties of an ideal reconstruction while our power to construct anything at all remains unassured. The way to reconstruction is through and over the veto. The ground must be levelled before we can build upon it. The final solution may include a Chamber of Life Peers, or it may involve, as Sir Edward Grey has hinted, an elective Second Chamber. But what it is to include is a question which the people ought in future to decide through their representatives, and to decide freely, and without let or hindrance on the part of the few hundreds of irresponsible individuals who have challenged the nation. The Peers have forced upon us the necessity of constitution-making. They have destroyed the working of the Constitution as tradition had shaped it. Thus a new Constitution there must be, but it must be a Constitution made by the nation, and the Constitution can only be made anew when the nation is free from the trammels of the old one.

For this purpose then, as for the immediate execution of the important social reforms which have been outlined by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill, the one thing directly necessary is the destruction of the block. This is a very moderate measure. The Campbell-Bannerman scheme showed how it could be accomplished without by any means destroying the importance of a Second Chamber in the Constitution. Time has gone on since that scheme was adopted by the House of Commons, and many who were then content with it would now like something simpler and more drastic. We ourselves should like something simpler and more drastic. But whatever we may wish, we have also to recognise the necessity that we should carry with us the great main body of moderate opinion without which no far-reaching constitutional reform in this country can go through. Provided that the principle laid down by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman is maintained, we are satisfied that the essential point is secured. That principle was very simple. It was that within the limits of a single Parliament the deliberate will of the House of Commons should prevail. This is the principle which, in the present Parliament, the Lords have directly, and hitherto successfully, challenged. If it is vindicated, their power for mischief is paralysed. An influence they may still exert, by demanding discussion and interposing delays, and it may well be a task for the future to decide whether the mere accident of birth should put men into so commanding a position. But it will be a decision which, when taken, the destruction of the permanent veto will give us the means of enforcing. To talk of the Campbell-Bannerman scheme as some have talked, as not seriously limiting, as even consolidating, the power of the Lords, is to ignore the facts of the situation and the history of the present Parliament. The removal of the financial veto destroys the power of the Lords to cause a dissolution, and the rest is nothing but a question of time. On the lines of the Campbell-Bannerman resolution every great measure which has been thrown out in this Parliament would have become law before the dissolution. The Scotch would have had their land re-

form. We should have had educational equality, licensing reform, and the abolition of the plural voter. This is the concrete test, and provided that the Government scheme ensures, as ensure it will, that the House of Commons can obtain the measures to which it is pledged, we shall not quarrel with the machinery which allows for a certain measure of delay. We speak as amongst the strongest opponents of the House of Lords, and as of those who have pressed the constitutional question forward from an early date in the life of this Parliament. We have therefore some title to call on all who feel as strongly, and have worked in the cause as persistently, to join us in laying aside personal preferences and combining to secure the one thing directly and immediately needful.

THE GOOD PARLIAMENT.

THE Parliament of 1906 has been ended by an act of felony, which sets in acute contrast the forces in this land that make for good and for evil government. As this world goes, we can fairly set on one side those public men who cherish the end of all religions and moralities, namely, the "desire and the hope of justice," and on the other, those who seek to maintain, or even to aggravate, the injustices that exist. What honest man doubts the place the dead Parliament deserves to fill? Its two predecessors we know, for their works follow them. They were governed and ruined by one man—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. To the first he assigned the task of financing a reckless war. To the second he set the rôle of exploring the worthless secret of Mr. Balfour's mind on Free Trade. Their successor had three immediate purposes—to maintain free commerce, to chase the dark shadow of Chinese slavery from South Africa, and to reunite that country to the Empire. It fulfilled each one of them. Maintaining the supreme blessing of peace, it turned its mind to the neglected people of these islands. It secured them the menaced right of industrial association. It sought to re-attach them to the soil, to shorten their hours of labor, to re-build the worst parts of their cities and re-people the deserted country-side, to recruit their moral and physical energies. Its most popular Ministers threw themselves into the breach wherever serious industrial conflicts were threatened, and thereby saved labor and capital untold millions. The public offices which have most to do with social problems were made far more efficient servants of British commerce than they have ever been before, and for the first time in our history were freely opened to all men's complaints. Fresh light was sought; careful students of social evils were drawn into the public service. The prison service and factory law were thrown open to reform and amelioration. The great question of the insecurity and evil fortune which beset honest and steady labor was examined in all its bearings, and with special reference to the undeserved miseries of unemployment, industrial accidents, sickness, physical breakdown, exploited and unprotected childhood, and undowered age. A new intelligence department for labor was created; a hand

was stretched out to raise the most helpless, obscure, and feeble of our working folk. Taxation was again and again adjusted so that, allowing for the excessive needs of modern government, it might press more lightly on all form of service, intellectual and manual. A great scheme of insurance was devised, embodying one of the most liberal offers ever made by a Government to a people, so that insecurity, the scourge of labor, might disappear, or almost disappear, from its life. Examining in a time of complete peace the continuous and ever-increasing prosperity of the country, its chief financier came to the conclusion that those forms of its wealth which were more directly traceable to the general labors of the community might, in moderation, be made to add to its efficiency. If, in all these processes, one trade was firmly, or even severely dealt with, it was that whose excesses scandalise our good name. But, in fact, no revolutionary means were taken or proposed. The Ministry, while progressive, has rarely been idealist. The middle classes were carefully considered, and the burdens of scores of thousands of their members sensibly lightened. The defences of the country were kept at top, in our view at superfluous, strength, and though penurious age was relieved of a burden of dishonor, the relief was only granted at the extreme limit of human life. Reform, not revolution, has been the motto of the Parliament which contained only one man, and he a weak and discredited one, whom the advocates of force or of sudden upheaval would count as an ally. Practically the reforms for which the two Prime Ministers, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Burns have been responsible do no more than carry the organisation of our industrial life up to the level of the best existing models. That, more than any conscious or unconscious vision of a Socialist State, has been the aim of our constructive statesmanship. The ship has been officered, not by advanced theorists, but by men of fresh and clear intelligence, to whom the gross neglect of the last decade appeared as bad management of the national estate no less than as a moral and social disaster. Who condemns their work? Who declares it subversive or wild? The religious man? The prudent observer of the forces of modern politics? The friend of national efficiency? All that is best and most thoughtful in modern England, or all that is worst and weakest?

The work, therefore, of the dead-and-gone Parliament has been moderate, reconciling, and Christian. Since the Grand Ministry of Gladstone, there have been no such four years of modern political history. The greatest of the Parliament's schemes have been destroyed; a malicious and vengeful foe has dogged its steps, harassed its march, and finally cut off its supplies. But significant facts emerge even from its shortened and crippled activities. The Liberal Party has saved itself and renewed its life. It has done enough to make enlightened men all the world over look with hope to experiments in reform, based on a measured and fruitful co-operation with advanced parties. All these goods remain. The House of Lords cannot touch them. The perversions of European war, Protection, and an insensate class struggle, do indeed remain with us; but the example of an honest Government and a reforming

House of Commons has raised formidable moral barriers against them. The greatest of these obstacles is the Budget. So long as the land taxes are approved by the electorate—as approved they are—food taxes are impossible. So long as social reform remains a fixed pre-occupation in the minds of Liberals and Radicals and Labor men, not even a bad press and a mean peerage can put back the passion for war and armaments into its old place in the national imagination. Something new has come into the perspective; and though we are quite open to the argument that sudden and extreme demands on wealth might set the forces of reaction on to a determined effort to capture the people's will and understanding, the moderation of the present schemes and proposals of the Government forbids all prospect of success to the wreckers of the Budget.

And for one special reason. Protection is no longer tricked out in the harlot's dress it assumed when it was flaunted as a device of democracy, and its advocates preached, sincerely or insincerely, the foolish, plausible doctrine that it was possible for one people to get its burden of taxation shifted on to another people's back. Mr. Chamberlain was the one British statesman fitted by character and temperament to commend such a course. In our opinion, it could not have succeeded even in this immoral guise, so long as the Liberal and Labor Parties remained firm in their opposition. The Tory Party could never persuade the democracy that it meant to deal fairly with them, and that its well-to-do champions were thinking of other men's incomes and wages rather than of their own rents and profits. But we need have no fears at all now that Protection comes commended to the people as the "alternative Budget" of the House of Lords. Even if the Lords had declared war on a faltering, unsympathetic House of Commons, the electors of this country would have hesitated long before deposing it and making kings of the Northumberlands and Clancardes. But now that the conspiracy stands unmasked, and that we have Protection appearing as a barefaced attempt to upset everything—Constitution, a reforming House of Commons and Ministry, a people's Budget, Free Trade, Land Taxes, Death Duties, Super-tax—so that food and labor taxes may be imposed by the direct action of the landowners' House, the electors will hardly take the trouble to pluck the sheep-dog's coat off the wolf that has fitted on its disguise in the sight of all the people. They will simply laugh, and vote straight for the friends they know and against the enemies they know equally well. What is better still, they will re-seat in power the party that has done half its work, but done it well and fairly; so that from the bones of a Parliament killed before its time will arise at once an Avenger of its fate and an Heir of its energies.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS' BUDGET.

In answer to the demand of Free Traders for the actual scheme of Tariff Reform, the "Birmingham Daily Post" published on Wednesday the outlines of a programme which is universally and, we do not doubt,

rightly, taken as expressing the views of Mr. Chamberlain and the Tariff Reform League. Its parentage is practically admitted by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who gives it general support as furnishing the nucleus from which a Unionist Cabinet would construct its Budget. The new scheme differs from the old one of the Glasgow speech and the 1903 campaign in some important particulars, which serve to emphasise the growth of Protectionism proper at the expense of the original idea of Colonial Preference. In the first place the famous equation which did not equate—the elaborate calculation which was to show that taxes on corn and meat were to be off-set by remissions on tea and sugar—has been wholly swept away. This cruel but honest admission that money is needed—eighteen millions, if you please—and that it must be got at whatever cost out of the stomachs of the poor, has horribly perturbed the less ingenuous Tariff Reformers, who protest, through the "Standard" and the "Morning Post," that the new gospel says too much, and is not therefore to be regarded as literally inspired. But the word has been said; and, indeed, in no other way can the Protectionist ledger even look like balancing. There is no longer to be any pretence of avoiding the tax on food. Not only so, but the exemption of maize and bacon is now placidly put down as a mistake acknowledged by Mr. Chamberlain himself, and the "food of the poorest" will come in for duty along with the food of the Duke under the new version of the gospel of equality. Next, the Colonial Preference is to be reduced. Canadian wheat is no more to be free. It is to pay one shilling duty as against the two shillings that will be charged to the foreigner. Far from extending Free Trade within the Empire, the new scheme for the first time since the abolition of the registered duty is to impose a tax on Colonial food supplies coming to our shores. It will be interesting to see how the Colonies take this proposal, which is here frankly aimed at the protective encouragement of British agriculture. Lastly, while raw materials are still to be free—most assuredly if it be true that the foreigner pays the tax—there is to be an average duty of 10 per cent. on all manufactured articles. The 10 per cent., however, is not to be uniform. It is to vary from 5 per cent. on articles which are but slightly manufactured, to 15 per cent. on completely finished products, and there is to be differentiation according to the behavior of the country of origin. Once more colonial goods are not to be free, but to enjoy a "substantial preference," and the tariff is to be used for negotiation with foreign protective countries—this although it is a revenue tariff, and is estimated to produce from sixteen to twenty millions annually!

"It's so simple," pleads the "Birmingham Post." It is already worked out. It is a complete ideal scheme, laid up in some heavenly place, in the spacious mind of Mr. Hewins, for example—and needing only the detail of a Parliamentary majority and a heaven-descended Chancellor to bring it down to earth. There will be no lobbyings here, no base disputations among rival interests. Professor Hewins has it all mapped out. What is raw material? What is a manufactured article? How much "labor put into an article" will justify a 5 per cent. duty, how much 10 per cent., how much 15

per cent.? "He knows about it all, he knows, he knows." The greater part of the scheme, if not the whole, can go through in 1910, with an acquiescent Commons in which no Labor Members are to protest against Food Taxes, and with a House of Lords which would never dream of submitting Mr. Hewins's calculations to the base arbitrament of a popular vote. To us there would seem some little difficulty on those points, and of one thing we are quite sure. Though "raw materials" in the full sense may be exempted, it is impossible to tax the majority of the articles classed by the Board of Trade without seriously raising the cost of production. The total value of the imports under this head in 1908 was £143 millions, of which £23·2 millions were re-exported, leaving in round numbers £120 millions for home consumption. An average tax of 10 per cent. on this sum would produce twelve millions, and in the opinion of the best economists, by far the greater part of this twelve millions would be added to the price of the articles, and in addition would raise the price of all home-made goods of the same kind in an equal degree. Indeed, if prices are not raised, the object of securing the "turn of the market" in favor of the British producer, which is clearly avowed by the "Post," is not secured. We may thus assume a general increase in the cost of all manufactured and partly manufactured articles which are at present imported freely from abroad, which may run up to 5, 10, or 15 per cent., according to the nature of the article, and will in all reasonable probability approximate to these figures in each class respectively.

Now, let us look at the nature of the articles affected. In the Second Fiscal Blue-Book the Board of Trade divided manufactured imports into three classes. Class A were described as "articles completely manufactured and ready for consumption," Class B as manufactured, but requiring to pass through some process before consumption, and Class C simply as "partly manufactured." In the absence of a special revelation, we may suppose that the 15, 10, and 5 per cent. duties will be applied to these classes respectively. Now, if we look at Class A, we find that it includes such things as anchors, chains, cables, tubes, cast-iron and manufactures thereof, steel and manufactures thereof, cutlery, implements, and tools, machinery and mill work, paper bags, sacks, baskets, glass bottles, cordage, oil seed cake, and so forth. None of these are raw materials, but most of them are materials or appliances used in industry, and an increase in their cost of 15 per cent., or of something approaching 15 per cent., would be no slight burden. Next take Class B. Here are included iron bars, girders, boiler plates, nails, bolts and nuts, quicksilver, wrought copper, house frames and fittings, sewing thread, certain dyestuffs, leather, plate-glass, paper, cement, zinc, paraffin, stone. But, in fact, nearly the whole list, accounting, probably, for a third of the whole mass of "manufactured goods," are of necessary use in some industry or other. The price of these appliances is to be raised by something approaching 10 per cent. There remains Class C, which is the smallest of the three divisions, and includes pig iron, steel ingots, unwrought copper, cotton and woollen yarns, certain drugs and dyestuffs, dressed skins, and

furs. These are to be let off with 5 per cent., which will also clearly go to swell the general cost of production in manufacture. It is thus a very moderate computation to take the average increase in the cost of production due to the tariff at 30 per cent. less than the average duty to be imposed on "manufactured goods," that is to say, at 7 per cent. on all the great class of materials and appliances of industry now subject to foreign competition. To this extent (1) our manufactures will be handicapped in meeting foreign competition. The handicap is too general and pervasive to be met by rebate on exports. A shipbuilder might get a rebate on the foreign steel that he uses, but how is he to be reimbursed for the increased cost of machinery, and of the thousand and one appliances that he buys at home, many of which will be raised in price by the duty? (2) Cost of production being increased, the screw on wages will be tightened. Profits will suffer in the first place, but the trade unions will have a very hard fight to maintain existing standards, and will find it still more difficult to improve on them. The tendency must be for lower money wages. Meanwhile for the workman cost of living will have gone up all round—except on beer. Experience has shown that the first amount of the corn duty is recouped in the price, and there is to be an unnamed amount of additional protection for the millers, which will still further raise the price of bread. There is to be no compensation. The taxes on tea and sugar remain. There will be a tax on butchers' meat, on bacon, eggs, cheese, and butter. The tax on leather will co-operate with the tax on boots and shoes to raise the cost of this very serious item in the workman's weekly budget. House rent will tend to rise with the tax on house frames, on stone, and on cement. Thus the workman is hit on both sides by the downward tendency of money wages and the increased cost of living. But the Dukes will be saved. More motors, less bread, is the inspiring cry. Save the park by taxing the cottage! But always let the poor man's beer be free, save only for the tax on barley. It does not look like a winning hand, but the cards are on the table, and for this much thanks to the "Birmingham Daily Post."

THE NEW CENSORSHIP.

THE problem of a theatrical censorship still awaits solution, but before it is settled we are suddenly confronted with the new peril of a literary censorship. The machinery which the Libraries Association has imagined would be, perhaps, a little less absolute in its decrees, a little less universal in its power than the despotism which Mr. Redford wields. But it would be as irresponsible, as oppressive, as philistine, and as fatal to bold and original work. In one respect, it would be incomparably more deadly. Parliament can make an end of Mr. Redford whenever it so chooses. But over a commercial censorship exercised by the libraries no estate of the realm could exercise the faintest control. The proposal which these self-appointed guardians of public morality have put forward in a circular letter to the publishers is, briefly, that all new novels shall

be submitted a week before publication to the censorship of an Association on which nine readers in ten depend for their supply of contemporary books. Their blackballs, so to say, will suffice to vote a book "objectionable," and to exclude it permanently from circulation in any library within the ring. Even more serious is the provision that if three members pronounce a book "doubtful," the associated organisations pledge themselves to make its circulation "as small as possible." The first category of totally prohibited books would certainly include, together with some really undesirable and worthless books, much that is harmless, and even admirable. With the experience of recent years to guide us, we see in that class, among much forgotten and undesirable work, such books as "Esther Waters," "The Kreutzer Sonata," and most of Zola's output. The class of "doubtful" books would probably include, not merely such novels of Mr. Arnold Bennett's as a stupid critic might question on grounds of morality, but also books which preached "dangerous" tendencies in politics or religion. "Mary Barton," in its day, was held to be a dangerous incitement to class warfare, and, incredible though it sounds, there are even now public libraries which refuse to place it on their shelves. Any book strongly tinged with a virus which a timid critic might pronounce to be that of Socialism or Atheism would risk a partial boycott in this "doubtful" class. There is no obvious reason why this system should be extended only to novels. In the last century it would have killed Byron and Shelley more surely than any article in the "Quarterly," and prohibited as "doubtful" and "fleshly" every volume of Swinburne and Rossetti. It is fairly certain that Darwin, under this censorship, could have achieved fame only in translations.

Any censorship exercised by average timid minds, set to search for offences and to impose the standards of the unreflecting would be open to these criticisms. But a censorship exercised by gentlemen who are by trade hirers of books would lack the merit even of honest and disinterested prejudice. Their minds have been trained to work in one groove. It is their business to ask one question only regarding each new book, "Will the public want it, and, if so, how many of it?" Their whole success depends on their ability to gauge that demand to the last dozen. Set them to play the moral censor, to judge of things objectionable and things expedient, and to bestow in "doubtful" things the charity of as small a circulation as possible, and it is certain that the commercial calculation will stray unawares into the strivings of their consciences. Books which are really doubtful or even objectionable will escape the stigma, if they are quite certain to excite a large and profitable demand. Mr. Hall Caine or Miss Corelli might sin, we imagine, with a flagrant pen, where a Gissing in his early days might not dare to hint. That will be permitted to an established reputation which would be intolerable in a beginner. And, worst of all, into the "doubtful" category will go pell-mell all the books of "advanced" tendencies, all the puzzling, elusive work which only the "intellectuals" want to read, and which the libraries cannot hope to circulate at a great

profit. Nor will the mischief end with the creation of this avowed censorship. The publishers, schooled to know what they must expect, will take care not to sink their capital in any book which might conceivably be classed as "doubtful." Their readers will be told to take no risks, and presently the authors themselves will come to understand that the novel is no longer a possible vehicle for any idea or view of life at which three irresponsible salesmen might conceivably look askance. A few years of this system, unless the publishers revolt against it, or some new library breaks it down by remaining outside the ring, will effectually reduce our imaginative literature to the same level of commercial timidity that Mr. Redford has imposed upon the stage.

We should be sorry, however, to refuse all sympathy to the libraries in their blundering effort to meet what is certainly a real difficulty. There are novels which no self-respecting librarian would wish to assist to a wide circulation. It is generally easy to detect them by the advertisements, which flaunt their commercial nastiness. Nor is the evil confined to novels. A plague of books dealing with the scandals of courts, or the lives of famous courtesans, has of late made its surprising appearance. The public has no right to ask the librarian to judge for it. It has a right to resent his attempt to put a veto on its reading. But there are clearly limits to the doctrine that the librarian is a mere purveyor or middleman. The law holds even the bookseller responsible, if he includes a flagrantly indecent book among his wares. It is the elaborate organisation which is intolerable in this new censorship—the conscious hunt for objectionable books carried on at leisure by an *ad hoc* committee, and the pledge which binds the libraries to act with unanimity. If it is conscience which forbids the librarian to circulate a "doubtful" book, let him at least keep his own conscience. A staid library, which would guarantee its readers against any contact with disturbing ideas, would have its own highly-respectable clientèle, and might even charge an extra fee in return for its promise to respect their peace of mind. It might even go on to bar any book which contained a split infinitive, and to exclude any novel which failed to provide a happy ending. The law of supply and demand would eventually settle the fate of that library among others. The offence against liberty begins only when the libraries decide on a uniform policy, and issue an edict which will make it impossible to obtain anywhere a new book of daring tendencies or unconventional morality save by the old-fashioned method of buying it. For our part we refuse as yet to be alarmed. The publishers might be weak enough to accept the system if it allowed them to submit their forthcoming works to the new censors in manuscript. But they are likely to resent a scheme that will expose them to enormous business risks. If even for a moment the thing could succeed, the end would not be there. It would begin to dawn upon authors and public that it is hardly more tolerable to entrust the control of our reading to salesmen and capitalists than it would be to hand over the Universities to a joint-stock company. If the libraries can combine, the public can co-operate to found a free library and, if need be, a free Press.

Life and Letters.

THE HYPOCRISY OF THE PEERS.

IN spite of their affected nonchalance, the Lords evidently stand astonished at their own immoderation. Six months ago they had no notion that it was "in them" to kick over the Constitution, and play havoc with the finances of the nation. They do not, perhaps cannot, understand the spirit that has moved them. The Greeks had a name for it. They called it *Hybris*, the spirit of proud infatuation which, swelling up in a man, lifted him to a heady promontory where there is no footing to save him from destruction. It is not, however, a simple spirit, but one that draws its food from several sources. Hereditary wealth and settled high position alone impart that confident bearing from which blossom all the barbarian graces that draw men's homage. When the earliest memories of childhood are linked with bobbing villagers, a school and college life whose exclusiveness becomes an art of conscious cultivation, and where the great majority even of those whose education and external bearing resemble your own are "rank outsiders," this confidence assumes a deepening tone of arrogance. "Society," club-life, the Services, and, above all, the direct personal exercise of arbitrary power through the ownership of land and property, feed this spirit. Numbers of common people are continually giving way to his will or whim, the personal power he wields visibly forces them to sweat in order that he may enjoy himself. The greater his natural intelligence, the better he realises these essential facts of his "superiority." If he is an easy-natured man, and is not provoked, his self-esteem stops at a more or less refined tolerance, which, in his dealings with persons of definitely lower grade, will conceal itself as amiable condescension. But this unobtrusive pride, when it is crossed, easily passes into a full-blown insolence, whose very nature requires it to be flaunting and defiant. Even here nicer analysis will probably distinguish the tone of sincere traditional contempt for the people, their rights and liberties, expressed in the speech of Lord Curzon, from the coarse counterfeit of aristocracy presented by Lord Milner, with its modern perversion of the wisdom of the ancients, whereby "*Fiat justitia, ruat coelum*" becomes "*Fiat injustitia—damn the consequences!*"

But granted all this pride of aristocracy, resenting the attempt of the people to curb their hereditary power and to exact a tribute from their wealth, the infatuation of the Lords still stands insufficiently explained. It is not unnatural that a class of men to whom possession is ten points of the law, and in whose eyes there is no reasonable connection between the ownership of property and the performance of personal services, should oppose the endeavor to make them contribute more largely to the upkeep of the State. British Christianity has never gone very far towards inducing men to bear one another's financial burdens. No doubt it may seem mean and churlish that rich men should prefer to make poor men provide for the public needs, should prefer food taxes to land taxes. But let us try and do justice to the situation as it presents itself to the mind of the nobleman. He sees other men providing him with all the necessities and luxuries of life all the time, and he lives among people similarly placed; he knows that all this wealth of material commodities and personal service is his "rights," which he takes as a matter of course. These other people exist to feed him, clothe him, house him, beat his coverts, man his yacht. Why should they not pay his taxes? It is not his business to bear burdens; there are heaps of common people made for that.

It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that my Lord should try to dodge his taxes. Let the people pay! is the sentiment appropriate to his traditions, his upbringing, and his circumstances. It is natural that he should be a food-taxer, for food-taxing will raise his rents. It is natural that he should think that by taxing foreign manufactured goods he can improve his dividends.

For his political economy is of a very simple order, a thing of interests and prejudices strung on specious phrases.

Now, some at least of the Peers and the men of property whose case they represent are not themselves deceived. They know the truth, viz., that they, the owners of land, of brewery shares, of high incomes, and large properties, are trying to escape their share of the taxation necessary to defray the public expenditure which they have sanctioned, and that Protection seems the only feasible way of doing it. But they dare not say this outright: so they require their leaders to furnish the necessary falsehoods. These falsehoods will be their undoing. For when pride stoops to hypocrisy it is ruined. Now we believe that when the plain man confronts the bare statement of the Lords' case as put from their own mouths, he will recognise it as sheer, frigid, calculated hypocrisy. The deceitfulness of riches is nowhere more manifest than in the contempt for the intelligence of the common people which it generates. What are we to say of the state of mind represented by the Duke of Northumberland, president of the Royal Sanitary Institute, who, with the limelight of Walbottle in his face, leads the opposition to the sanitary provisions of the Housing Bill? That it should appear quite appropriate for great landowners to pose as impartial authorities upon land taxes, great brewers upon licence duties, even in the House of Commons, suggests some curious flaw in the humor or the intelligence of that assembly and of the wider public acquainted with the facts. But when Peer after Peer comes forward and professes that he is not at all concerned upon his own account at the burdens which the Budget places upon land and other forms of property, that he is willing, even eager, to bear a larger share of the public burdens, and that his sorrow and indignation are entirely due to the unemployment, the poverty, and suffering which his necessary retrenchment must inflict upon the workers to whom he "gives employment," the dependents and the recipients of his charity, a nauseating incredulity arises. The very notion that the Peers can suppose our people to be so steeped in servility as to accept this pretence is itself a striking testimony to the power of man's pride to darken his intelligence.

But one step in hypocrisy leads to another. "We should not think of taking on ourselves to reject a Budget: we are here, not to safeguard our order, to defend our property, but merely to maintain the right of popular self-government against the usurpation of the House of Commons. We are not seeking to avoid taxation or to interfere with the constitutional rights of the Commons; we are impelled to this most distasteful and even perilous task merely by a sense of duty which requires us to insist that the people shall declare its will!" Now, does any sane man of any political experience suppose that the Lords really believe in the wisdom of the electorate, or that they possess any power of divining the electoral mind so as to know whether the will of the people sanctions this measure or that, or that it is technically possible to put any single separate issue before the electorate so as to test the popular will? They say all these things: they believe none of them. In such a case, rare, we are glad to say, in the annals of high politics, plain language is required. Dr. Johnson once replied to an unscrupulous opponent, "Sir, you lie, and you know you lie." No other commentary is fit for this contention of the Lords. They are not believers in democracy, they do not believe it is their function to divine or to consult the popular will. They don't mean to take the verdict if it runs against them; they merely hope to bribe some electors, and frighten others, and confuse some more, and if all these tricks fail, they look to some turn of the party game to save them. Ignorant as they are, they are even more selfish than they are unlettered. They want to dodge their taxes, and they are foolish enough to think that they can plant this hypocrisy upon the people. We would not deign to expose it in any other manner than by placarding the country with two full-sized figures confronting one another, the honest taxpayer and the coroneted tax-dodger.

A WARNING TO JUST MEN.

THE verdict of the jury in the action for libel brought by Messrs. Cadbury against the "Standard" may be taken as a warning to all men to bethink themselves very carefully before they go about to make their fellow-men happier. If they build up a great industry which gives work to thousands, if they spend their time, their energies, and a large portion of their profits in securing for those thousands the best possible conditions of industry and social life, if they carry out housing experiments, not only to the benefit of those whom they house, but to the instruction and guidance of the world, let them beware. They are making themselves objects of criticism and detraction. They are setting up an ideal standard of employment by which they will be judged. Others will go on in the old ruts, and no one will mind. But they, if on any side they are found deviating by a hairsbreadth from the standard which they themselves have set up, will at once become a target for censure. If they go further and employ another portion of the wealth that they have gained by the organisation of a great industry in promoting on a wider scale the public objects which they have at heart, they incur still further risks. Themselves immune from criticism in the conduct of those matters for which they are directly responsible, they may yet be brought by their dealings into contact with others who are less scrupulous. They may discover that they are buying the products of sweated labor, and even, if their purchases come from abroad, of slave labor. It will be useless for them to offer the ordinary plea of the business man, that they buy where they best can, and cannot control the conditions of labor in another land. The plea of the ordinary business man will not avail them. By all that they have done to raise the level of business methods they will be judged, and if possible condemned. By everything that he has not done the average man will be held excused. By everything that the better man has done well he will be condemned. Therefore, it was not sufficient for Messrs. Cadbury to show that they had taken a practical interest in the conditions under which San Thomé cocoa was produced such as few business men could rival. It was not enough that they had spent thousands of pounds in the work of investigation, and that a member of the firm had given his own time and personal service to the work. It was not enough that they had acted in concert with the Foreign Office and by its advice, or that they had finally, when other methods failed, agreed with other English firms in a joint boycott of the slave-grown cocoa. These indisputable facts could not indeed fail to secure them a verdict upon the charge of hypocrisy, but they failed to secure them substantial damages. While all would admit that Messrs. Tom, Dick, and Harry would have done much less, the implication is that Messrs. Cadbury might have done something more. The moral which the Birmingham jury would have us draw appears plain. Do nothing but that which you are absolutely obliged to do, for so you will be judged kindly as an average man. Do anything to make your neighbors happier, and you will be judged with the searching eye of criticism as the man who would be perfect. For to him that hath done little shall much be forgiven, and to him that hath done more shall be imputed, to the last tittle, anything that he has failed to do.

It seems a mixed standard, but there is a method in it, let us say rather a kind of instinct, a happy choice of a means of discouraging social improvement by making life uncomfortable, and if it can be done, impossible, for those who seek improvement. All of us can be caught out somewhere. If we have no vices of our own, we profit by someone's vices. We ride bicycles on tyres that may, for all we know, be made of red rubber. We eat meat killed under conditions into which we might be sorry to enquire. We wear clothing, and who knows in what sweater's den it was made? We invest in a railway where lives are sacrificed unnecessarily in the goods yards. We drink tea produced by Assam coolies, of whose labor conditions we have from time to time heard. Yet we have the audacity to interest ourselves in the suppression of slavery abroad and the regulation of

labor at home, the reform of the Congo State or the prevention of cruelty to animals. Satirists like Mr. Bernard Shaw find an inexhaustible theme in the inconsistencies with which human life is riddled if you analyse it far enough. But what is the practical outcome? There seem to be three possible courses. One is to wrap ourselves in our virtue, to attempt in Tolstoyan fashion to escape profiting by evil by the method of withdrawing as far as possible from affairs, simplifying life, reducing needs to a minimum, and contenting ourselves with the feeling that we at least are free from the universal taint. It is a vain illusion. The very security which we enjoy is the work of the complex society that we seek to repudiate, and rests on the entirety of the social scheme with all its maddening mixture of good and evil. To withdraw into ourselves is tacitly to accept social life as it is, to let it pass and seek a purely personal salvation by reducing to a minimum our conscious contact with it. A second course is frankly to abandon the effort. We cannot be consistent all through. If we avoid one pitfall, Mr. Shaw will prove to us that it is only to fall into another, and the same potent irony that discomfits the Liberal will be turned next day upon the Socialist. Who then is consistent but he who frankly gives up all attempt at betterment, who takes life as he finds it, and makes the most of it for himself? Let all eat and drink who can, for morally all die. No sooner does "society" recognise that this is the implied drift of the satirist (whether he knows it or not), than it takes him to its bosom. He may laugh at it, for society, rich in enjoyment, can afford to be laughed at, provided only that the reformer in his ragged cloak comes in for an equal share in the gibes. All effort is stopped so soon as perfection is demanded as the condition of a beginning.

There remains the alternative of doing what is practically in our power in a complex life and a world which it is difficult to move, of thinking a little less of our own personal position, and what may be said against us, and a little more of the good that lies actually under our hand to do, and of the human lives that it will affect, of the tangible suffering that we can directly alleviate, of the lives that we can sensibly brighten. That we ourselves cannot live in this world as it stands without profiting by the vices and miseries of others, is not a reason either for going out of life or for accepting the world as we find it. It is a reason for redressing whatever wrong comes within reach of our hands, even though there be worse things infecting us, but not through our efforts removable. Whether we are drinking slave-grown cocoa or not is one question. Whether we can stop the employment of slaves in growing cocoa is another, and it is by far the more vital of the two. If we can stop it by a boycott, then the boycott becomes at once an imperative duty. If we cannot do so, the boycott is rather a matter of personal luxury.

But if everything that we do well is to be reckoned against us until we do all things well, and not only till we do all things well, but until every relation in which we stand is placed above all criticism, then indeed we may shrink from the task. We may prefer to remain at the bottom level of inertia rather than risk the perils of the upward path. And this is precisely what "society" desires of us, and it is why it selects for its victims those who have the smallest measure of the common faults of human kind. So far as "society" can prevail, there will remain a rest for everyone except the people of God. From all who show a budding interest in social justice, it will exact that they make no move till all that they do is purged of participation in social offence. So may the nascent enthusiast be snubbed, the hardened reformer chastised, and society left to jog along in its comfortable rut, enlivened by the wit of the satirist as he lashes the discontented and the inquirer back into their places.

ON GREAT FAMILIES.

THERE is in the National Gallery a curious essay in portraiture which inspires, as one gazes at it, a mixture of fascination and fear. The males of some prosperous

Milanese family have been sketched by Borgognone on a single canvas. They stand crowded together in an attitude of conventional devotion, the old, the young, and the middle-aged, some with the apprehensive piety of decrepitude, and some with the insolent sensuality of vigor. The physical type is uncannily persistent. The facial angle hardly differs by a degree, and the same long, straight nose appears, fleshy and aggressive in youth, meagre and cautious in old age. The hair is of every shade from yellow to white, but always long and straight and straggling. The mouth, shapely and petulant in the young, has still the proportions and the destinies which will end in the straight compressed lines of the older generations. One thinks of such a family as a disciplined regiment, wearing always, amid changing fashions of raiment, this abiding uniform of the flesh, marching to the rhythm of some secret measure to the conquest of the scattered individuals, the single sentinels around it. There are minds who love to track in history the records of great families in whom can be traced the persistence of some single trait, physical or mental—the Bourbons, who learned nothing and forgot nothing; the Stuarts, with that obstinacy which mingled so oddly with their more than average intelligence; the Hapsburgs, with that under-lip which hung pendulous and sulky for so many centuries above the gaieties of Vienna; the Hohenzollerns, who have commonly contrived to combine a certain dutiful seriousness with every conceivable variety of folly and wisdom. But in all these instances the resemblance is fanciful, a theme which may amuse courtiers and furnish a tag to the weary journalist, but not a line of thought which the serious historian will trouble to follow very closely. There were Bourbons, after all, who tried very hard to learn and forget, particularly those of the younger branch.

The difficult exception is to be found in the case of the Medici. Theirs was a greatness which survived three centuries, and invaded every Power in Christendom. They mingled their blood with Stuarts, Bourbons, and Hapsburgs. An Empress of Austria died contemplating a family tree which traced her origin from Florentine bankers. The history of the Renaissance would be an unintelligible page without them. The end of the Byzantine Empire cannot be understood without reference to that Œcumenical Council which Cosimo Pater Patriæ transferred to Florence. Ask why it was that Luther dragged half of Germany into schism, and the answer is that the first of the Medici Popes was absorbed in a debauch of culture. Ask why it was that England gained a national church under Henry VIII., and again the answer is that the second of the Medici Popes adjusted the great network of his European policy to further his ends in the mother-city on the Arno, played with Francis, Charles, and Henry, as though they were merely pawns in a Florentine intrigue, and cared little that England should be lost to the Church he ruled, if only his bastard son might be raised to the Dukedom. Seek the reasons for the destruction of Protestantism in France, and again it is the face of a Medici, the Queen-Regent Margaret, which smiles above the horrors of St. Bartholomew. In all this greatness, this baseness and this blindness, the Medici were their own stewards and advisers. There is no Richelieu, no Strafford, no "grey eminence" in their story. They paid in immediate disaster for their occasional inefficiency. They reaped for themselves the whole glory of their more usual competence.

Should we see them, these perennial Medici, a phalanx of uniformed soldiers, opening the world as their oyster, each with the same smile of resolute assurance, if we could find them together on a canvas by Borgognone? An elaborate family history has at last been attempted*, written, on the whole, from the standpoint of eulogy. But, with all its wealth of portraits, with all the aid of photographed busts and reproductions from Botticelli and Bronzino, the impression is not one of unity. Colonel Young is, indeed, impressed, perhaps a little uncritically, with the hereditary talent of this powerful family. He traces their

history, one by one, from the obscure greatness of their first informal despotism in 1400 down to their inglorious decay in the eighteenth century. He sets them in the rich frame of contemporary European politics, and reinforces their glory by the glitter of all the architects, the painters, the scholars, and the poets whom they patronised. If his two fat volumes have too often the manner of a compilation, they are informed, none the less, by the steady purpose of tracing what was uniform, and throwing into relief what was splendid, in the annals of these bourgeois who got more Kings than Banquo. But the one thing which they do not convey is any sense of personal identity through the successive generations of great Medici. It is possible, with the aid of Bronzino's retrospective and perhaps idealised portraits, to trace a certain physical likeness between Giovanni di Bicci, the first of the Medici who in any sense ruled Florence, Cosimo Pater Patriæ, his son, and Lorenzo the Magnificent, his great-grandson. At least they belong to the same racial type. It is not at all an aristocratic type. It suggests, indeed, powers of calculation, self-restraint, secrecy, and steadiness, but it is the head of a man of affairs, a head one would expect to encounter in a banker or a merchant, but not in a soldier, a country gentleman, or an "intellectual." The busts of the grandson, Piero il Gottoso, display bigger features and a larger head, suggest (despite his physical weakness) a muscular rather than a nervous organisation, and convey a sense of power and command. In Lorenzo's brother, Giuliano, on the other hand, we reach, for the first time, a Medici who shows in every feature, and even in the pose of the head, a gay, beautiful, sensitive personality, which might, if it had degenerated, have become insolent and self-indulgent, but could never have been crafty or cold. The two Popes were as distinct from each other, and from other notable Medici, as well could be; while the two disastrous heads of the elder branch, Pietro the Unfortunate, whose portrait by Botticelli has all the air of triumphant likeness, and Alessandro the Moor, the bastard son of Clement VII., were manifestly their mother's sons. Indeed, it was just so long as the Medici continued to marry into other Florentine families which had the same simplicity of manners, with the same high culture, the same neighborly geniality, and that Republican modesty which Tacitus, in a parallel case, used to call the *civile ingenium*, that they retained at once their genius and the confidence of their fellow-citizens. Their moral decline, their misfortunes, and the ruin of the old Florence, dated from the marriage of Lorenzo the Magnificent to a Roman aristocrat. They were evidently not a male stock which could transmit itself unmixed from generation to generation. The Medici inheritance was, indeed, rather a tradition than the blood of genius. Their conscious adherence to citizen manners, their preference for the reality rather than the name of power, their taste in art, their habit of public munificence, their calculated generosity to their enemies—these things were probably rather a strategy thought out in common in the banking house, a product of a certain environment, an effect of careful instruction, than the expression of a temperament which descended from father to son with the *palle* and the florins. There is only one other family which we can recall that showed a like uniformity of talent through so many generations. The Bachs were musical through eight generations, and professional musicians through six. They attained supreme genius in one member, distinction of the second order in three or four, competent ability in all. They had a habit of marrying their cousins, but it was their constant family meetings and the practice that the father and elder brothers should undertake the teaching of the younger Bachs which made the family tradition. They were, in fact, a school as well as a family. Physical heredity counts for incomparably less in the making of great families than the permanence of a view of life or a style in art handed down with deliberate intention from one generation to another.

When history has stripped itself of such semi-magical conceptions as heredity, and ceased to take the

* "The Medici." By Colonel G. F. Young, C.B. 2 vols. Murray.

notion of transmitted capacity on trust, it will, we think, examine the annals of the Medici with a shrewder curiosity about their finances. Colonel Young has devoted some two pages in these two volumes to the Medici Bank. A realist historian would have taken the Bank as his starting point. It was their credit rather than their talent which made them indispensable to the Republic. They ruled Florence without troops or titles, because Florence was their debtor. It was with loans that they bought the Sforza connection and the privilege of being the Papal bankers. One is curious to know how far their partisans in Florence were also their clients, and what part their international banking played in their brilliant diplomacy. Florence tried to drive Cosimo Pater Patriae into exile, only to find after a year's experience that she could not conduct her wars without his loans. Nor could they even in exile become insignificant; they still controlled a world-wide banking system. Ask, moreover, why they seized so much power and no more, and again the answer probably is that they snatched power enough to protect their property. "It fares ill in Florence," as the great Lorenzo put it, when he ascended his invisible throne, a plain Republican, "with anyone who possesses wealth without any control in the Government." The Medici seized power to protect their bank; they were allowed to keep it because Florence needed their credit. The system they inaugurated, from Giovanni di Bicci in 1400 down to Cosimo II., who in 1609 abandoned the Bank, because it was glory enough that scions of the Medici sat on four European thrones, was in short a plutocracy centred in a single head. If the Bachs were a school, the Medici were a firm. Ask what inscrutable force of genius it was which descended from generation to generation, and shone among the sinister Grand Dukes of the younger no less than among the genial citizens of the elder branch, and the answer of the realist is in two words—the Medici millions. They rose to the head of the Florentine State primarily because the bad debts owed by our own Edward III. to the other Florentine bankers crippled their rivals at the critical moment. They valued their power for the same reason which leads Lord Rothschild to uphold the veto of the Peers. As for their European position, they achieved it by the simple expedient of buying a Pope. Their history, in short, is the epic of property, a pæan to the power of wealth. It was not genius, it was not cunning, which made the Medici great. They were great because they knew how to spend their income without squandering their capital; because their Bank was as cosmopolitan as the Church; because they understood the use, and, above all, the abuse of money. The single point in which they did show genius was that they had the skill to fill their glorious pawnshop with such a halo of Nativity angels and such a litter of Greek manuscripts that to this day historians can hardly see the ledger.

THE PLACE LIKE HOME.

"A HOUSE," says Mr. Edward Thomas, in his new and beautiful book, called "The South Country" (Dent)—"A house is a perdurable garment, giving and taking of life. If it only fit, straightway it begins to chronicle our days. It beholds our joys and sorrows, its untale-bearing walls know all our thoughts, and if it be such a house as grows after the builders are gone, our thoughts presently owe much to it." To those whom harsh destiny compels to live in suburbs, there must be something saddening in such a passage. How unlike is their house to a perdurable garment, how much more inclined to decay than to grow after the builders are gone! There stretches the long suburban street, "ignobly decent," as Gissing said. Each house is created in the image of its neighbor; each block of "semi-detached" follows the other like Siamese twins indefinitely repeated. The houses are not homes; they are coverts for meals and sleep, they are rows of recurring decimals, a gallery of pictures where no love is, a series of ready-made garments hung upon a string, a suit of "hand-me-downs," the products of a slop tailor, who is not even "bespoke."

It is true that even in a suburb it is possible to make a home. Mr. Wemmick made one in Walworth. The top of his house was cut out and painted like a battery mounted with guns, which, as he remarked, was his own doing, and looked pretty. There was also a real flagstaff with a real flag, a drawbridge that crossed a chasm four feet wide by two deep, and a piece of ordnance which was a Stinger, and fired at nine o'clock every night, Greenwich time. At the back of the house, out of sight, so as not to impede the idea of fortifications, was a pig, together with fowls, rabbits, and a cucumber frame; so that, as Mr. Wemmick further remarked, if the little place were besieged, it would hold out a devil of a time, in point of provisions. If not a predurable garment, that was a real home, there is no denying it. But in these altruistic and regulated days such a fortress would hardly be defensible. Would not the County Council fill up the moat, silence the Stinger, and slaughter the pig?

It is only far from cities, beyond the clutch of the suburb's longest claw, that the natural and organic house—the house that has grown and still will grow—is now to be found. No garden-city imitation, with angles and ingle-nooks, and mountains of roof, and eccentric gables built to look as though they grew there, can for a moment deceive us. Those are the preciosities of houses, the modern pastorals in Dresden china. Self-consciousness has laid its blighting touch upon them, and, far from growing, they are still-born. The live house may have only one long, straight roof, its square windows may stand all in a row, and the square door open bang in the middle of the wall, and yet a glance shows the thing to be organic. It stands square upon the flat, or clings along the hillside as though it were part of the earth itself. We cannot think of it as built otherwise, so intimately does it belong to the rocks or fields or slope of down. There it stands, shot with strange colors and remembrances, woven into the living garment of Time. It has chronicled many days, and its roll is still open. It has grown after the builders have gone, and is full, not only of records, but of promises as sweet or grave.

As with houses, so with regions of our country. For himself the motorist of cities has reduced this island to a pinpoint. To him it makes no difference where he is, seeing that he will be somewhere else in an hour, and the Suffolk of to-day may become the Shropshire of to-morrow, with only a snort between. So long as he does not fall into the sea, space concerns him no more, but is merged in time. He has the reward of fleeting acquaintanceship, but he will never even imagine the intimate knowledge of him who has slowly, and of unconscious necessity, sucked the breasts of one distinctive plain or valley in our land. To some of us that thought of home calls up the gleam of Solway ebbing and flowing between misty hills and quaking moss, crossed by the white road that leads to the enemy's ground in Eskdale and Yarrow—a country haunted by memories of grave and silent life, the scene of our finest ballads of love and battle. Others see another northern country, utterly different from those western marches, and like Peter Bell, their spirit goes trudging again:—

"Through Yorkshire dales,
Among the rocks and winding scars,
Where deep and low the hamlets lie
Beneath their little patch of sky
And little lot of stars."

Or they see what Mr. Thomas calls "the land of wild coast, of mountains, of myriad chimneys"; and some perhaps turn with a gilding memory even to the heavy midlands and the sandy wastes that lose themselves in a sandy German sea. And westward lies that strange land of expectation, where a sudden frond of spleenwort or an outcrop of red-sandstone rock gives warning that at any moment the blue line of Cader and all her hills may rise below the sunset, and where the whole mingling aspect of uncertain country and river combines with the hope of mountains to embody the very type of our strangely mingled English nature:—

"When Severn down to Buildwas ran
Colored with the death of man,
Couched upon her brother's grave
The Saxon got me on the slave."

"The sound of fight is silent long
That began the ancient wrong;
Long the voice of tears is still
That wept of old the endless ill.

"In my heart it has not died,
The war that sleeps on Severn side;
They cease not fighting, east and west,
On the marches of my breast."

But, after all, one may doubt whether the true and perdurable garment of our race, our proper house and Englishman's home, is not in reality that South Country on which Mr. Thomas, Welshman though he is, writes with the insight and knowledge of a child who has adopted a mother and perhaps loves and knows her all the better for that touch of strangeness, that absence of habitual relationship. And, indeed, in the South Country the broods of our ancestry have been most indistinguishably intermingled. Prehistoric beings with stone, and iron, and bronze, Celts and Romans, "gluttonous Jutes and Saxons lumbering about in pot-bellied equanimity," hungry Danes, venturesome, rigorous Normans, and many a stray captive or wanderer from our sweet enemy overseas—all have dwelt in the South Country, and gone to breed the stock that lives between the Thames and the Channel. For that matter, as Mr. Thomas says of us all:—

"We are not merely twentieth-century Londoners or Kentish men or Welshmen. We belong to the days of Wordsworth, of Elizabeth, of Richard Plantagenet, of Harold, of the earliest bards. We, too, like Taliesin, have borne a banner before Alexander, have been with our Lord in the manger of the ass, have been in India, and with the 'remnant of Troia,' and with Noah in the ark, and our original country is 'the region of the summer stars.'"

Of all our island, the South Country is fullest of great history and of the relics of men who have left no history but their bones and stones and ditches. More than once Mr. Thomas dwells on the peculiar beauty and suggestiveness of South Country names. There is, as he says, a wealth of poetry in the sign posts:—

"What goodly names of the South Country—Woodmansterne, Hollingbourne, Horsmonden, Wolstanbury, Brockenhurst, Caburn, Lydiard Tregoze, Lydiard Millicent, Clevancy, Amesbury, Amberley (I once tried to make a beautiful name, and in the end it was Amberley, in which Time had fore-stalled me)."

There are many more, and nearly all of them tell of history—of some heroic figure, or of nature's yield in flocks, or fruit, or crops—Appleshaw, Kelmscot, Cowfold, or Belchamps. And yet, with all its history and its beauty, the land shows little of melodrama or sensational interest. Certainly, there are a few great cathedrals and show-places, but it is easy to avoid them. Sometimes Mr. Thomas himself reminds one for a moment of the Scholar Gipsy, whom shepherds met in some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors, and who, having turned once to watch the line of festal light in Christ Church hall, would seek his straw in some sequestered grange; for from the common grandeur of the world he turns gladly to things of low estate:—

"I prefer any country church or chapel," he says, "to Winchester or Chichester or Canterbury Cathedral, just as I prefer 'All round my hat' or 'Somer is icumen in,' to Beethoven. Not that I dislike the cathedrals, or that I do not find many pleasures among them. But they are incomprehensible and not restful. I feel when I am within them that I know why a dog bays at the moon."

It is a fine saying, worthy of Thoreau, or of Richard Jefferies, whom Mr. Thomas knows so well, or of Traherne from whose "Centuries of Meditation" he sometimes quotes with new revelation.

The land lies almost close at our door, and yet it is still beautiful, and, compared to the so-called wealthy parts of England, it is deserted and little known. Like racing greyhounds, as one of George Meredith's lovers hastening to his mistress called them, the downs run east and west in sinuous lines. Basking in sunshine, or hazy in driving mist, or dark with storm, they have a lonely dignity above their height, and from their ridges sometimes you may catch the pale glimmer of the sea. At their foot lies the ancient Weald, still heavy in soil and thick with trees. Their summits are scarred by the earthworks of long-forgotten peoples, and here and there

along their sides has grown one of those habitations which are a part of nature, and breed men as naturally as a wilderness breeds lions. With the thought of them in mind, it is difficult for a patriot to walk down the long monotony of a suburban terrace and retain his hope.

Present-Day Problems.

THE MONEY-POWER AT WAR.

THREE years ago Lord Lansdowne announced that the House of Lords intended to fight the Liberal Government "upon ground as favorable as possible" to themselves. He has since discovered, as he did in South Africa, that an active enemy after an announcement of that kind may insist on being consulted as to the time and place of the fighting. But there is no doubt that the majority of the Peers have, since the appearance of the Budget, considered themselves at war, and therefore entitled to act in accordance with the ethics of war.

At first the means adopted were old-fashioned enough. The great rural landlords played once again upon that fear which besets the farm laborer and the village tradesman lest "the powers that be" should, like the gods in a Greek tragedy, suddenly withdraw their favor. This was done openly by speeches and letters. But the speeches and letters turned out to be excellent copy for Radical papers circulating among the town working men, who think of ground-landlords not as arbitrary gods but as the receivers of taxable ground rents. That method was therefore dropped—the more willingly perhaps because the intimidation of the villagers had been already carried as far as was safe in constituencies which after all vote by ballot.

Next came Lord Rosebery's plan, to create a personification called Socialism, to define it as "the end of all, the negation of faith, of family, of property, of monarchy, of empire," and to say that every vote given for the Budget was a vote for Socialism so defined. That suggestion will undoubtedly be used for what it is worth, but so far it does not seem to have been very effective. It reminds one rather too closely of the political maxims in "Coningsby."

Meanwhile, the practical modern men, whom the Peers pay, were at work, and Mr. Garvin, in last Sunday's *Observer*, gives a singularly illuminating account of their methods. The Tariff Reform League, he says, has "learnt by experience how to make a consummate use of money." Mr. T. W. A. Bagley, the Secretary of the League, shed the insipid traditions of the nineteenth century during "an adventurous life in West Africa and elsewhere." He has organised an altogether new body of political workers whom, with a recollection of West Africa, he calls "Missionaries." "These men," we are told, "move through the constituencies, live in the villages, engage individuals in casual conversation. . . . I had heard of them before, and of their remarkable political efficiency. Being in fact paid agents, they are taken by those with whom they 'engage in casual conversation,' to be laborers or tramping artisans like themselves. Talking to men who are off their guard they get the advantage, known to all psychologists and mesmerists, of implanting ideas by 'suggestion' rather than by argument. The dodge would be considered disreputable if it were used to advertise an aperient pill; but all's fair in war.

The effect of "suggestion" depends very largely upon apparently undesigned coincidence, and for producing this the licensing arrangements which have grown out of our eighteenth century temperance legislation are almost ideally suited. The casual conversations of the "Missionaries" take place, one supposes, mostly in public-houses, and the "tied-house" system has brought it about that a few rich men in London can order nearly all the publicans in England to put, every morning, the same bills in their windows, and to make the same unpremeditated remarks about Mr. Lloyd George to their customers.

But all these are comparatively quiet methods, suitable for the years between one election and another. One learns from the "Observer" that Mr. T. W. A. Bagley also invented for the actual election-period the "whirlwind campaign" methods which produced the "swallowing wave" of Peckham. What the coming campaign will be like one can already gather in part from the big posters which are appearing on the most expensive hoardings in London. I remember that nearly a quarter of a century ago Bernard Shaw was asked to speak at an unemployed meeting. He was at that time not very much more prosperous than some of those who would have heard him. But he answered, "No, as long as I have a watch in my pocket which I do not intend to pawn, I will not pretend sympathy with men who are actually hungry." No such scruples have influenced the "consummate users of money" who pay for these posters. Some cold-blooded young artist a few months ago must have produced a sketch of a man at the last point of starvation and despair. A professional agent said "That will do the trick." Rich men of all shades of opinion, from the few fanatics who really believe that "Tariff Reform" will make unemployment impossible, to the followers of Mr. Balfour who believe that a little Tariff Reform may slightly lessen unemployment, and those who agree with Lord Rothschild that Tariff Reform must increase unemployment will all subscribe to organisations issuing these and similar posters with gramophone records to correspond.

Since the town working men cannot be individually intimidated, every effort will be made to excite and confuse their elemental instincts. Fear will come first, fear of the unknown causes which produce depressions of trade and make life in mean streets a hell. Next will come the fighting instinct, directed, now against Germany and a whole world of imaginary enemies whom the result of the campaign may turn into real enemies, and now against the other side in the sporting contest of the election. An attempt will be made, as the day of the poll draws near, to turn every urban constituency into a Peckham, where instinct and habit, argument and fact are merged in a half serious medley of subsidised noise.

The moral and social questions raised by the new electioneering are not, of course, confined to one election or one party or one country. When Mr. Garvin declares triumphantly, "In modern politics, as in modern war, it is the 'Machine,' in the best sense of the word, that wins," he is consciously using an American term for methods avowedly copied from the organisations which American millionaires more or less willingly support. When our agrarians try to work up a national hatred of Germany in order to accuse social reformers of a want of patriotism, they use almost the same language for exactly the same purpose as the agrarians of Prussia.

What is, however, new in English Democratic politics is the almost open way in which rich men are now urged to pay for the winning argument whether they believe in it or not. In the course of a general appeal to his party, Mr. Garvin says: "The constitutional balance which the Budget also attempted to overturn once for all is a supreme issue in itself; but it will not be saved by merely constitutional arguments. Tariff Reform is what the masses understand; Tariff Reform is what the masses want. The Tariff Reform League is the agency by which the masses can be most effectually moved. Copy it—Work with it—Pay to it."

Equally new and even more sinister is the actual delight with which some of our electioneering "overmen" contemplate the process of manufacturing opinion for the advantage, not of those who vote, but of those who pay. Mr. A. A. Baumann, in the "Fortnightly" for October, first says: "I rejoice at the power of money in politics," and then, quoting a sentence from a book of my own as to the skill in the production of opinion now to be bought, urges that the English rich men should buy that skill more lavishly and so "use their enormous money power in a scientific manner." He apparently no more feels anything disgraceful in the suggestion than would Juvenal's "Graeculus Esuriens," or a fifteenth-century condottiere. In a circular issued last

August, appealing for support for the Budget Protest League, that body professes to have "introduced the true twentieth-century note in the *ever-fascinating* art of political propaganda." The word which I have italicised is quite horribly significant.

If we on one side complain, we are told that we are merely envious. Mr. Garvin is himself a man of real, though, I believe, unbalanced sincerity. But he heads his article in praise of Mr. T. W. A. Bagley by an anecdote about Bismarck. Bismarck constantly used in peace the ethics of war. He thereby lowered the morale of European diplomacy, diminished permanently the cohesion of the European States, and may ultimately be found to have been responsible for the loss by Europe of the hegemony of civilisation. But Mr. Garvin relates that the Emperor Francis Josef, "when the courtiers were abusing Bismarck, remarked at last, 'I only wish I had him.'"

What is to be done in the presence of this force—the "consummate use of money"—organised, fully conscious, and claiming all the ethical freedom of warfare? That is the central problem of Democracy all the world over. It is useless for the adherents of the popular causes to take to themselves Mr. Garvin's advice to "Copy it." The landlords, and brewers, and financiers, and the makers of guns can always beat us in a contest carried on solely by money and the brains that money can buy.

Nor is it of the least use for the citizens of England, or of countries like Belgium, which have copied the English Constitution, to appeal to those conventions on which that constitution depends. Lord Cawdor, in the Budget debate, openly rejoiced at the fact that the "man in the street" will never recognise the difference between law and convention, or accept, for instance, the view that a Bill can come before the Lords for their consent which they are not free to reject. Convention did very well in England as long as it regulated the relations between two aristocratic parties. But when one party begins to make a scientific use of its money power in the style of Peckham, convention necessarily goes down the wind.

Obviously, therefore, we must use the opportunity the Lords have given us to create a constitution which seems to be that which it is. We may never again get so clear an issue to fight on—for the whole strategy of a privileged aristocracy in a democratic country is to prevent clear issues arising—and we must make the most of our chance. At this election, if not in Peckham, at least in the manufacturing towns and villages of the North, men can be made to hear above the gramophone and the brass bands the question, "Who pays for this?"

If we win, something may be done, and should be at once undertaken, to diminish the number and money-power of the "interests" who find it worth while to pay for the professional manufacture of political motive. The present position, for instance, of the drink monopoly, irritated by attack, but never prevented from standing to win enormous sums by a single electoral victory, surely constitutes an unnecessary danger.

In Germany the Social Democrats have fought the "scientific use of money" by building up a working-class nation within a nation, with a literature, a philosophy, a technical language, and a discipline of its own, fenced off from all outside influences whether sincere or insincere. They succeeded in standing against the organised hysteria of 1907, and will enormously improve their position in 1911. There are forces in England which will produce the same result if there is no other way, though I believe that that result involves a danger, both to the general intellectual life of the country, and to the possibility of peaceful social change, which is too serious to be lightly faced.

In America, the birth-place of those "machine-politics" which Mr. Garvin welcomes to England, men seem to despair of any defence against them except a moral change. We know too little of the great movements of the human mind to think as yet of such a change except as lying on the knees of the gods. But in many fields of life the ethics of peace have overcome at last the ethics of

war, and they may do so even in the new field of our vast impersonal democracies. I dream sometimes of a Tolstoy, who should make our Established Church listen to him, as he says, "The religion of Christ is either true or false, and in either alternative you would do well to reconsider your hopes and fears." But then I remember the speaker at Bermondsey who announced that Mr. Dumphreys had the support of the Church "to a man," and my old colleague Mr. Dumphreys is not at all like Tolstoy.

Sometimes I dream of a movement which, like one of the "philosophies" of the Græco-Roman world, might spread among men of good will in all countries. The philosophy of my dream would recognise all that which students of psychology are telling us, and paid politicians are demonstrating to us, as to the imperfection of our knowledge, the weakness of our wills, and those strange facts in our nature which we can only understand when we remember our kinship with other animals. But upon that recognition it would base an appeal for simplicity as well as kindness in our converse with each other.

Meanwhile, however, we have to deal with Mr. T. W. A. Bagley.

GRAHAM WALLAS.

The Drama.

BETTER THAN SARDOU.

IF "The House Opposite" had been as strong intellectually as it is structurally, it would have been a very fine play. Even as it stands, it is far above the average in interest and power. The name of its author, Mr. Perceval Landon, is new to me; but I shall look with keen interest for its next appearance in the bills.

Mr. Landon has been reproached with taking a theme out of the "stockpot" of conventional complications. Superficially just, this is substantially a quite unjust accusation. Scores of plays, no doubt, have turned on the difficulties of a man whose "honor rooted in dishonor stands"—who cannot perform some obvious and imperative duty without betraying a woman who has trusted him not wisely but too well. The conflict of normal morality with the abnormal morality which is specifically termed "honor" is, indeed, one of the commonplaces of drama. But is it not one of the commonplaces of criticism that absolute novelty of theme is practically unattainable, and that all we can reasonably require of a dramatist is novelty of development and treatment? This Mr. Landon gives us in full measure. The bare formula of his theme is old, but his scenes are new and telling; and they depend upon studies of character which, though neither so deep nor so clear as they might be, are far from lacking in originality.

Critics who take the "stockpot" view do not seem to have recalled a play which, on the surface, exactly bears out their contention. I refer to Sardou's "Ferréol." Here, as in "The House Opposite," we have a murder witnessed by a man who is coming away from a nocturnal meeting with a married woman; here, too, the innocent person accused of the murder remains unseen throughout the play; here, too, the knot is loosed by the confession of the real murderer, but not before the husband of the nocturnal lady has got on the track of the truth. So far the parallel is exact; yet I think there is every probability that Mr. Landon never heard of Sardou's play. At any rate, if you want to see the difference between a human drama and a piece of conventional clockwork, you cannot do better than compare "The House Opposite" with "Ferréol." Sardou concentrated all his effort on the ingenious piecing-together of a detective story; in Mr. Landon's play the detective element is kept within the narrowest limits; the details of the actual crime are left entirely in the vague; the event is a mere starting-point for the true action, which consists of the interplay of four characters. At every point the English play is deeper, sincerer, stronger, simpler than the French. "Ferréol," it is true, was a poor play even for

Sardou; and I am far from saying or thinking that Mr. Landon is a greater playwright than the author of "Divorçons!" The superiority of his work in this instance merely shows that there is in the air a sounder ideal of drama than there was thirty years ago.

Mr. Landon's first act is admirable. The curtain rises on a dark room: from an inner room a man comes groping his way across the stage, followed by a woman who is evidently assisting him to make a clandestine exit. For a moment they switch on the light, then turn it off again, and continue the scene in the glow which streams from the inner room. He is Richard Cardyne, she Mrs. Rivers; they are alone in the house, save for Mrs. Rivers's maid, who sleeps in a distant attic. Their talk begins as that of lovers after a first assignation. She knows that he is reputed a rake; but half-inadvertently, in his cynical fashion, he shows himself to have been quite recently the lover of a woman she detests; and the sense that she is only the successor to such a woman, the next conquest on a libertine's catalogue, fills her with humiliation. She falls into a passion of remorse and misery which makes her oblivious of everything around her; and, while she is in this paroxysm, we see a light in a window on the opposite side of the street, and we see that Cardyne's attention is strongly attracted by something that is passing there. Presently there is a distant cry of distress, and Cardyne says, "What was that? Did you not hear?" But she remains entirely unconscious of the whole incident, not even having noticed Cardyne's expressions of surprise. She makes him promise never to see her again; and, when he has gone, she slips downstairs to bolt the door after him.

The scene is painful, but true and poignant, quite apart from the incident of the window; and the character of Cardyne is very cleverly shadowed forth. In "Ferréol" the action does not begin till the day of the trial; the clandestine meeting is related in retrospect; and, though perhaps culpable in intention, it was innocent in fact, since a providential illness of the lady's child recalled her to a sense of her duties. Ferréol and Madame de Bois-Martel, in fact, are two purely conventional puppets invented for the needs of a detective story. There is not an atom of character about them.

The second act of Mr. Landon's play is a little artificial, inasmuch as, for purposes of compression, he apparently confounds the Home Office with Scotland Yard, and makes the story of the murder leak out in ways that are not entirely plausible. But essentially the process of the act is right. Before the end, it is known that an old man who lived opposite has been stabbed in his sleep, and that his housekeeper, Anne Cary, is accused of the crime. Being questioned as to whether she saw or heard anything unusual during the night, Mrs. Rivers replies that she did not. She is thunderstruck, then, when Cardyne tells her that he knows the housekeeper to be innocent, for he saw a man pass the lighted window with what looked like a knife in his hand. Of course, he cannot give this evidence without ruining Mrs. Rivers; nor is it now possible for her to say that *she* saw the murderer, since she has already declared that she slept quietly all night. But surely it is out of the question that Cardyne should come forward and declare what he knows? He will wait, he tells her, and see whether Anne Cary is acquitted, but, if she is not, he cannot let an innocent woman die to save another's reputation.

Cardyne, in fact, is a cynical Don Juan, with a fear of God lurking somewhere in the background of his mind; and this crude theism of the voluptuary is perhaps truer to type than the atheism of Molière's hero. At any rate, his hard, almost brutally-declared resolve is very different from the frothy hysterics of Ferréol, who rushes around in helpless agitation, until at last he does what immemorial convention demands, and—without a shadow of plausibility—accuses himself of the crime! It is here, however, that Mr. Landon's psychology begins to lag behind the requirements of his theme. The situation of Mrs. Rivers is really one of the most tragic that can be conceived; and Mr. Landon glides over it with no attempt to show us the struggle which must be rending her heart. There seems, in fact, to be no struggle in the matter;

her one idea is to implore Cardyne to be silent; she seems to have no realisation either of the torture which is being inflicted on an innocent woman for her sake, or of the unspeakable baseness of letting that woman die. That this should be her dominant mood one can readily concede, but not that she should have no moments of revulsion in which she should feel that not even for the sake of her child (I forgot to mention that she has a little daughter) can she take such a burden of guilt upon her soul. There was opportunity here for some subtle and at the same time intensely dramatic writing, which Mr. Landon has not given us. Perhaps the feeling of a lost opportunity is heightened by the fact that the part of Mrs. Rivers is played by Miss Eva Moore. Mr. Landon may possibly have intended to portray in Mrs. Rivers a shallow-souled, unimaginative woman, who would be entirely dominated by the instinct of self-preservation; whereas Miss Moore always impresses one with a sense of depth and firmness of character, capable, indeed, of acute suffering, but scarcely of this ruthless absorption in the desire to save her own skin. It is possible, in short, that the actress is too deep for the character; but it is certain that the character is too shallow for the situation.

I must cut short my analysis, however. An excellent invention in the third act is the French maid's offer to save her mistress's reputation at the expense of her own, which is already not untarnished. This seems to afford a loop-hole of escape; but on examination it is found that the maid's room commands no view of the windows of the house opposite; and the gleam of hope is extinguished in blank despair. The fourth act is the least satisfactory. The French maid, now initiated into the whole situation, appears in the guise of a moralist, and tells her adored mistress that the only course open to her is to face the music. This view she expresses, however, in far more dignified and rather too copious language. Mrs. Rivers, in fact, braces herself up to confess all to her husband, Cardyne promising to stand by her in paying the penalty. So far good; but here they fall to moralising on their case in a way which is neither very probable, nor very edifying, nor very interesting. This middle part of the act drags a good deal, and contains some speeches which are not only unnecessary but pretentious. The end, on the other hand (which I have no space to describe) is very ingenious in conception, but demanded for its full effect, I think, that we should have a clearer idea than had previously been vouchsafed us of the character of the Right Hon. Henry Rivers, K.C., M.P., the heroine's husband. Mr. Waring, at any rate, did not quite succeed in making the scene plausible; and I don't think the fault was altogether his.

Mr. H. B. Irving has done nothing better than his Richard Cardyne. His distinction, his sardonic quietude, his hardness, and yet his suggestion of some finer potentialities in an otherwise very unadmirable character, combined to make a memorable impersonation. The emotional sincerity of Miss Eva Moore's performance was beyond praise; and Miss Dora Barton deserved the applause accorded her in the part of Marie.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Letters from Abroad.

THE ELECTORAL POLICY OF GERMAN SOCIAL DEMOCRACY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—On the eve of a General Election, where great and far-reaching questions are to be decided, the Labor parties of Great Britain have to settle their electoral policy in regard to this contest. It does not behove an outside comrade to give them uncalled-for advice, not to speak of criticism or worse sorts of interference. But a letter obtained from a friend in your country shows that it may be of use to give them a clear idea of the electoral policy of their German comrades. The international character of the modern Labor movement has as a natural consequence that occasionally the example of

other countries is taken or called into account, and erroneous notions may thus impair the decisions one way or the other.

To understand rightly the electoral policy of the German Social Democratic Party, so far as the Reichstag is concerned, two things must be considered at the outset: the existence of the second ballot and the constitutional rôle of the Reichstag. The Reichstag is not a parliament in the British sense. It does not decide the formation of the government of the country. At a general election in Great Britain the voter goes—or can go—to the poll conscious of the fact that upon *his* vote depends the question which party shall in the coming legislature govern the country, make its laws, direct its administration, and manage its foreign policy. The German elector has for a long time had no such feelings, and could not have them. "After all, we are still only dogs," was the pessimistic sigh of the Liberal leader, Ludwig Bamberger, in the 'seventies, when his party was at its heyday in the Reichstag. Bamberger's saying illustrates best the restricted influence of parties on the government of the Empire. Government has quite a different meaning in Germany and in Great Britain. In the former country the Ministers are the officials of the Federated States, with the Kaiser as the head, and not the nominees of Parliament. Consequently the voter goes to the poll with the feeling that he has to elect a man who shall look after his interests *against* or *before* the Government, which itself is beyond his control. With a grain of salt you may compare it with the feeling of a man who has to choose an attorney to defend him before a court. In England the "court" is to the mass of the people a fixed concept whosoever the judges may be, and the same is in Germany the case with the concept "Government."

It is easy to understand how much this condition of things favors the splitting up of political parties, and this effect is fortified by the system of the second ballot. At the first ballot the voter has a large measure of liberty to cast his vote according to his particular mood or principles. A weakening of the party nearest to his opinions, to the profit of the party most opposed to them can, as a rule, be made good at the second ballot. Hence the much qualified sense of *political* responsibility and the much pronounced sense of *theoretical* and *sectional* duties amongst the German electorate.

The system has been particularly favorable to the formation, development, and rise of the German Social Democratic Party. Its natural struggle towards absolute political independence was in a high degree forwarded by it. There was no great fear of damaging Democratic Liberalism by voting at the first ballot for a Social Democrat. Almost from the outset the party could pronounce the counting of votes its first, and the election of members only its second, or even subsidiary, policy. The party, as far as the first ballot was concerned, was never faced with a tactical problem of great political consequence. At the second ballot it has, as a rule, after its own candidate had been eliminated, voted for the candidates of advanced Liberalism or for Democratic Catholics where such stood against National Liberals of the Bismarckian stamp. But, with one exception only—which happened in 1867 in a Rhenish division—it has never directly or indirectly advised its adherents to vote for a Conservative.

In other words, the political system, combined with the electoral system of the country, offered in Germany very little inducement to drop the policy of independence or particularism in favor of a policy of transactions with neighboring parties. But where other conditions existed, German Social Democracy has by no means been so Doctrinaire as is generally believed.

In opposition to the electoral system for the Reichstag the electoral system for the Prussian Diet, with the three classes of voters and the indirect vote, is almost made for compromise and transaction, particularly in those constituencies where two or three members are to be elected.

When, in the middle of the 'nineties, the German Social Democratic Party reconsidered the question of

taking part in these elections, a minority opposed it at first tooth and nail, just on the ground that electoral successes, under the three-class system, were impossible without transactions, and that these must by all means be resisted. They were, however, beaten by a majority led by August Bebel and the late Ignaz Auer. After a first perfunctory but encouraging trial in 1898, the party in the autumn of 1903 went vigorously into the fight for the Prussian Diet. At a conference in the spring of that year by the whole party in Prussia, it was resolved to make, in those double-barrelled divisions where a great number of Social Democratic electors would be elected at the first or "primitive" poll (URWAHL), support of the Liberals dependent upon their conceding one seat to the Social Democrats, *i.e.*, upon a regular transaction or understanding. And the party has acted accordingly.

In the great division of the suburbs south of Berlin, Teltow-Charlottenburg, which had to elect two members, the Conservatives obtained at the first poll 1,010, the Liberals 836, and the Social Democrats 654 electors, so that the two latter parties combined would have beaten the Conservatives. Then the Social Democratic Electoral Committee of the division wrote a letter to the Liberal Committee telling it that, in accordance with the resolutions of their party as a whole, they were prepared to come to an agreement with them. They would demand from the Liberals the election of one Social Democrat, otherwise they would abstain from voting at the second ballot of the poll of the members, *i.e.*, leave the Liberals alone to their fate. But the Liberals refused, and Conservatism elected its two members.

Things went similarly in Breslau. There three members had to be elected. The Social Democrats declared themselves ready to vote for two Liberals if the Liberals would vote for one Socialist. But, although one of the Liberal candidates, that genuine Radical, Dr. Gothein, was willing to withdraw in favor of a Socialist, the Liberal Committee would not entertain the idea, and here, too, the Conservatives got all the seats.

It is thus quite a mistake to suppose that German Social Democrats have rejected the policy of transaction. In some of the South German States, as Bavaria, Baden, etc., such transactions have actually come to pass when important political questions—a franchise reform, the prevention of a reactionary majority—were at stake. And if in Prussia such an arrangement has not been come to, it is not the unwillingness of the Social Democrats, but the unreadiness of the Prussian Freisinnige which stood in the way. It is realised how the latter have had to pay the penalty of their unreadiness.

No doubt, the policy of transaction or compromise has its dangers for a Socialist party, particularly when the party is still in the process of formation. It must in each case be considered according to the particular conditions of party life and the questions at issue. None the less, it must also be considered free of misconceptions as to what is or has been done abroad.

The growing successes of German Social Democracy are in no small degree due to its traditional policy of never refusing an honorable co-operation in genuine action, for political, industrial, and educational progress.

—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Schöneberg, Berlin, December 5th, 1909.

Letters to the Editor.

WHERE THE FOREIGNER DOES NOT PAY THE TAX.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As an American contribution to the controversy as to whether the foreigner pays the import duty, I am enclosing you receipts for duty which I paid to-day on three consignments of second-hand books from England. My booksellers' bills for the three consignments amount to £3 8s. 11d. In this amount postage is included; and there were among the books two or three published more than twenty years ago, on which duty is not charged. As you will

see from the enclosed receipts, twelve of my importations were books published within the last twenty years, and the duty on these was three dollars and twenty cents. I paid the duty this morning as I have paid duty on similar importations scores of times within the last three or four years; and as I am a student and not a dealer in books I am always compelled to pay the duty on the retail value. Time and again the duty is arbitrarily assessed at the New York Customs House through which these importations come. But I have no appeal against the assessments of value—certainly no appeal that is of practical use.

Twice I have paid duty on books of my own which have been published in London. I have frequently suggested to the second-hand booksellers in England with whom I have regular dealings that they ought to compromise with me on the twenty-five per cent. duty. I have, however, not yet succeeded in persuading any of them that the "foreigner should pay the tax." I not only pay the tax, but I am compelled by the United States Government to fetch the consignments from the Post Office, although in each case postage has been fully prepaid, and there has been an implied contract with my bookseller in England and the Post Office that the books would be delivered by the United States Post Office. The American Post Office, in short, collects money for a service which it does not perform. Even the Post Office in this country would seem to be run in the interest of protection. It certainly imposes obstacles in the way of the importation of books, by compelling importers to fetch their consignments from the Post Office. I have been importing books in this way for six years. Looking round my shelves, I cannot put my hand on a single book so imported that was published in this country. There is but a limited sale in the United States for books on political science such as I import; and for scarcely one of these books could a market of a hundred copies have been made had it been published in America. I may add that I have had an experience with my tailor similar to that I have described with my booksellers. My tailor simply will not pay the duty or any part of it. A little while ago I imported a suit of clothes for which I paid in England £3 7s. 6d. On this importation I paid as duty eleven dollars and eighty cents. American readers of *THE NATION* are looking on at this controversy in its columns as to who pays the duty with good-natured amazement; for there is no doubt in the minds of intelligent and disinterested people in this country as to who has paid the duties under the McKinley, the Wilson, the Dingley, and the Payne tariffs.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD PORRITT.

Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.

November 24th, 1909.

MAKING THE FOREIGNER PAY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Haywood did admit that foreigners might pay the import duty, and used it as an argument to show that it would therefore be no protection to our manufactures. "Manufacturer" states "that in exceptional cases the foreigner may pay the whole or part of the tax." What Tariff Reformers say is that where the foreigners' goods compete with an untaxed or less-taxed supply, grown in Britain or the oversea Empire, "that he will be willing to pay, and will pay, part of the import duty rather than lose his market." In some cases, perhaps, he may possibly pay the whole of it.

What "Manufacturer" is challenged to say is "whether he pays the average 72 per cent. on his goods sent to America; if not, what is the percentage, and could he not afford to pay his working people better wages if no import duty had to be paid to the American Government before his goods were allowed to enter the American market?" What are his goods and what is his name and address? Unless we have these particulars we cannot judge his case. He tells us "that we sell to the foreigner the goods he wants." This is exactly what the foreigner will not allow us to do. Mr. Asquith's full statement in 1894 was "that British trade in those days carried on its operations under great, formidable, and increasing difficulties, and that the wall of tariffs which excluded us from foreign markets was every day getting higher and higher." This is just what

has happened, and the misery caused by want of employment has got worse.

"Manufacturer" says "that I forgot to add that American tariff discriminates against the poor." This is the exact reverse of what is the case. America taxes highly the imported luxuries of the rich which the poor never buy, whilst, alcohol and tobacco excepted, we allow all the many luxuries of the rich to come in without paying a halfpenny, and all our import taxation is on food, drink, and tobacco, and the working-classes pay far the greater part of it, and on drink and tobacco far more than the rich in proportion to value. In spite of the heavy taxation on imported luxuries America's import taxation per head is about the same as our own, according to Mr. Lloyd George himself. In America there is no tax on imported tea, coffee, or raw cocoa. In this country the working classes pay millions on these things every year, and as there is no competition with an untaxed supply they do have to pay most probably the whole of the import duty in increased price.

The general report of the Trades Unionists who went to America with the Moseley Committee was "that food was no dearer in America and that the American working-people were decidedly better off than our own."

Want of employment is not only much less in Germany, according to the statistics of both countries, but Trades Unionists and Free Traders who have visited Germany "have shown that German working people are better off than our own." This is surely better evidence than the shilling's worth of the Financial Reform Almanac. If more evidence is wanted of our decline it is surely contained in the fact that about fifty years ago, after our industries had been built up by Protection, we made more iron and steel, manufactured more machinery, mined more coal, and wove more cloth than all the great countries put together; now, after sixty years of so-called Free Trade, Germany alone has beaten us in the production of iron and steel, so has America, and the value of America's manufactures is three times that of our own, and we have Mr. Churchill's statement "of the extreme misery of millions of our people."

I can quite understand Mr. Carnegie advising British people he meets not to have Tariff Reform and Preference, because he said "that he would do anything in his power to prevent Mr. Chamberlain's scheme being adopted, because it would take Canada's market away from America and give it to Great Britain, and it was not likely that he was going to allow that if he could prevent it." He also said, at St. Andrew's University in 1902, "that Americans, because of their large home market, could and did send their surplus goods abroad at less than cost price, and pointed to the making of agricultural machinery as a case in which Americans had triumphed so much that one manufacturer in America then made more machines than all those in Britain put together, because Britain's market was open and free to them." As America pays about double our wages, how much easier can other nations do this, paying the same or less wages? America's exports on the whole are increasing faster than ours, but she does not require to export so much, because she has such an enormous home market which she rightly protects from unfair foreign competition.

"Manufacturer" says "that Imperial Preference is a glorified hypocrisy," yet Mr. Lloyd George at the Conference said "it gave British manufacturers an enormous advantage," and Mr. Asquith also acknowledged "how much it had helped us." Why did Mr. Barnard, the Free Trade Liberal member for Kidderminster, head a deputation to beg the Australians for a preference for British carpets, and Mr. Lloyd George (as reported) also beg for a preference for our slates, if tariffs and preference make no difference?

I feel that I have trespassed as much as I dare on your space, but may I, in concluding, ask for an answer as to why Lord Morley said it was a matter of life and death to us to persuade other nations to adopt Free Trade? As it is necessary to raise money by import taxation, why is it right to raise most of it by very heavy taxation on the necessities and simple luxuries of the poor, whilst almost all the luxuries of the rich are let in without paying a halfpenny? What is the sense of taxing our own people about 10 to 15 per cent. on all they produce for the upkeep of our country and market, whilst we allow foreigners to send their

goods into this same market without paying a halfpenny?

Is it true or not that, if we allow subsidised surplus and bounty-fed foreign goods to come in here so cheap that we cannot produce them if our people are to earn good wages, this must mean unemployment or cheap underpaid men and women?

Are Free Traders willing that our industries and working people shall be ruined by the cheap imported manufactured goods and agricultural produce from China and Japan, where yellow men and yellow women can and do work for, and live on, wages so low that it is quite impossible for our white men and women to compete with them. Is it not true that this kind of cheapness is bound to ruin us because we are not a cheap race? Why are the rapidly diminishing number of our Free Traders so much wiser than the people of all the other great countries, and of our own Colonies, who so strongly believe in and practise the system of protecting their own industries and working people from unfair foreign competition?—Yours, &c.,

ROWLAND HUNT.

December 7th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Rowland Hunt, is clearly of opinion that people living in a country under Tariff Reform are able to buy from the foreigner cheaper than people who live under Free Trade.

This is obviously what Mr. Hunt means by taxing the foreigner.

I had occasion last year to inquire the price of Argentine wheat in London and Berlin on a given date, with the following result: On December 29th last the price of Argentine wheat in Berlin per 480 lbs. was 50s. 6d., and in London the price of the same wheat on the same date was 37s. So as to place the matter beyond the shadow of a doubt I repeated my inquiry on January 2nd, and I found that the difference in price was identical. The tax on wheat in Germany is 11s. 10d. It will be seen from the above figures that the purchaser of the Argentine wheat in Germany pays not only the whole of the tax, but an additional 1s. 8d. If the Germans cannot under Tariff Reform make the foreigner take less for his commodities, what ground have we for believing that we shall succeed where Germany has failed?—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR ARONSON.

The Mill House, Chipperfield, King's Langley,
December 1st, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is surprising that any intelligent person can maintain that the foreigner pays the duty—I would recommend for Mr. Hunt's perusal the pamphlet "Taxing the Foreigner," price one penny, issued by the Free Trade Union. It deserves the widest circulation, for it completely explodes the Tariff Reformer's fiction that the importer pays the duty.—Yours, &c.,

F. CARDEW.

Tudor Cottage, Whitchurch, Oxon,
December 7th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If Mr. Hunt and his friends are going to raise so much money for the State by means of a moderate tariff, thereby allowing the taxed goods to enter our ports and markets, they have no right to go up and down the country promising, on all hands and to all conceivable industries, more work and higher wages for the workers. If the foreigner pays, his goods will come in at the same prices after the imposition of the duty as before, and the "ruined industries" are no whit affected.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE M. COTTON.

9, Bruntsfield Crescent, Edinburgh,
December 1st, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Rowland Hunt in his letter of last week raises many points I would like to answer, but this would mean trespassing upon your space. I, therefore, take one paragraph and deal with it alone.

Mr. Hunt speaks of an import of £140,000,000 "manu-

factures." and contemplates the possibility of excluding £70,000,000, making these in this country, and taxing the other half, presumably by the imposition of a tax averaging 10 per cent., graduated by the work factor in the goods in question.

(1) Mr. Hunt makes no allowance for the £23,000,000 of these goods which are re-exported, of which Mr. Chamberlain has said there must be a compensating rebate, as in other countries, so as not to handicap the home re-export trade. This item would assuredly grow as it has done in other countries, because the manufacturer would naturally seek to use foreign materials for the production of the goods exported, seeing that by so doing he would secure the 10 per cent. rebate. This would be to the detriment of our home manufacturers.

(2) Mr. Hunt ignores the question of Colonial Preference, which we have been led to understand is an integral part of the Tariff Reformer's proposals. It is difficult to say what value of Colonial goods are re-exported, because they are not divided in the returns, but £9,000,000 of the £140,000,000 re-exported would be a safe estimate.

(3) Mr. Hunt makes no allowance for cost of Customs collection. Our present cost of collection is nearly £1,000,000, but this is on very few articles. The proposal to differentiate duties according to the labor factor involves a division of articles upon which duty would be collected of at least forty times as many as at present. I do not suggest that the cost of collection would be multiplied in this proportion, but no one acquainted with the cost in Protectionist countries will be prepared to challenge an estimate of £2,000,000. It must be remembered that, according to Mr. Balfour, the duties are to be low and widely spread; both conditions would go to increase the proportionate charge. Nor would the cost of collection be the only, or, perhaps, the principal item. Provision in the estimate would have to be made for the giving of Colonial Preference, the examination and payment of the claims for rebate, as well as the large capital expenditure for extra Customs Houses and other paraphernalia. This £2,000,000 (or whatever the correct figure be) is all for unproductive labor; it does not add a brass button to the comforts of life, and means that the feeding, clothing, housing, &c., of the army of civil servants is cast upon other workers. The only thing it does is to "make work," which appears to be the principal object of Tariff Reformers. They seem to be oblivious of the fact that it is not work in itself that is wanted, but the products of work, and that if work produces nothing it is economic, national, and individual waste.

(4) Mr. Hunt cannot have carefully examined the details of the £140,000,000 of "manufactures." In the Board of Trade Returns the goods are described as goods "wholly or mainly manufactured"; but even this description is very misleading. When we examine these goods in detail we find at least half are raw materials for home manufacture, which are excluded from taxation under the proposals of Tariff Reformers, and could not be manufactured economically in this country. I have selected the following goods which are materials for our home manufactures. They do not by any means exhaust the list included in manufactured articles, but embrace the principal.

Zinc (crude), copper, lead (pig and sheet), tin (in blocks, &c.), wool and yarn, chemicals, leather, paper, paraffin wax, oil seed cakes, stone slabs and marble, blooms, billets, and slabs, cotton yarns and waste, skin and furs. Total value, £53,824,073.

It may be contended that a portion of the above, although raw material for our manufactures, might economically be made here, and in harmony with the general principles advanced might be subject to a moderate duty. I contend that scarcely any of the above goods could economically be manufactured here, principally because of the cost of carriage on the raw material from abroad. For example, the wood from Slavonia, to make tanning extract, weighs six times as much as the extract produced and imported. While some small proportion of the articles in the list might be subjected to a low duty, many others which go to feed our manufactures are omitted, and ought not, for this reason, to be subject to the full ten per cent. duty. I have, however, allowed for a five per cent. duty a quarter of the £53,000,000, but this, of course, would be reduced by the proportion of goods made here as desired and intended,

I summarise the figures as follows:—

Imports of "Wholly and Mainly Manufactured goods," 1908	£143,000,000
Products in elementary stage of manufacture	
Included in above	£53,000,000
Manufactured Goods from Colonies free	9,000,000
	62,000,000
Half of these, according to Mr. Rowland Hunt, excluded by duty, leaves	40,500,000
10 per cent. tax would yield	4,050,000
Add 5 per cent. on £14,000,000, as suggested	700,000
	4,750,000
Deduct rebate on Re-exported	£2,300,000
Cost of Collection, distribution of Rebate, &c.	2,000,000
	4,300,000
	4,300,000
Net balance for Exchequer	£450,000

No doubt this is a rough calculation, and Mr. Hunt, or anyone else, could easily criticise it in detail, but I challenge him to show wherein any of the figures could be materially altered. It clearly shows that, taking the Tariff Reform basis of taxation and rebates on "manufactured" goods, the balance for the Exchequer would not be half a million.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES E. PARKER.

Penketh, Warrington,
November 29th, 1909.

STANLEY AND JOSEPH THOMSON.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of November 27th you publish a letter, signed A. Werner; he writes, "Why did Stanley select men with no special qualifications and no previous experience of African travel, when he might have had the services of Joseph Thomson, for instance? The answer lies in one fatal weakness—he was not great enough to endure another near the throne." This is only another instance of the persistent calumny by which Stanley was assailed.

Stanley made no objection whatever to having Joseph Thomson under him on the Emin Relief Expedition.

The following is copied from the minutes of the British East African Company, January 19th, 1887:—

"Telegram from Mr. Thomson, offering his services unreservedly to Mr. Stanley.

"Committee decided that as the offer came so very late, and as Mr. Stanley's staff had been selected, the offer to be declined with thanks."

Stanley had already left England, and was hurrying to Zanzibar to recruit his carriers; he had nothing to do with the refusal of the Company.

Mr. Werner is "puzzled to know who the enemy were to whom Emin went over," and asks "in what sense Germany could be called the enemy?"

It was not Stanley who referred to the Germans as "the enemy," but the reviewer, obviously speaking metaphorically.

As an instance, however, of German courtesy, I may mention that all my private letters to Stanley, during the expedition, were deliberately slit open by the Germans, and returned to Stanley—many months after we were married—with a comment, in German, written across each envelope!

German *friendliness* is apparent.—Yours, &c.,

DOROTHY STANLEY.

2, Whitehall Court, S.W.
December 5th, 1909.

"ON THE FORGOTTEN ROAD."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It usually sounds a little shrill if one attempts to question a reviewer's word, but it appears to me that when he says my book, "On the Forgotten Road," is "rather unsympathetic and disjointed," your reviewer is complaining of my coals because they are too black.

It is certain that if your reviewer would describe for us, in his turn, the Crusade of Children, he would make a book far different from mine; for he is not a mediæval farmer. I believe that books that deal with distant periods are better far—other things being equal—if written in the first person. It is not an easy way to write, and I submit, with all respect, that at the very least one should not be condemned because of this endeavor. Clearly, your reviewer would prefer a good

romance. Alas! the farmer was so unromantic; even if he was in the minority, and even if he was quite reprehensible for being such a farmer, it appears to me that he should not be too severely judged for this. If to the lover of romance he seems rather unsympathetic and disjointed, I submit that he has made a fairly good display of his psychology. Some of his critics are so kind as to declare he is a living man; nor has he lived in vain, since he has called from your reviewer such a picturesque, and—if I may say so—beautifully written essay.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY BAERLEIN.

The Bath Club, 34, Dover-street, W.

December 6th, 1909.

A DECIVILISED CLASS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—You state in *THE NATION* of December 4th that "at Harrow" boys are "blooded by assisting at the breaking up of hares."

There is absolutely no truth in this statement. Pity so philosophical and sympathetic a writer as the one who describes "a decivilised class" cannot stick to facts.—Yours &c.,

R. SOMERVELL.

Harrow, December 9th, 1909.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The article in your last issue entitled, "A Decivilised Class," contains a misstatement which I should like to correct. The writer, speaking of the influences making for barbarism among the wealthy classes, says, "At Harrow he (the upper class youth) is 'blooded' by assisting in the 'breaking up' of hares." There is absolutely no hunting or "sport" of any kind available to Harrow boys. The whole surrounding neighbourhood is, indeed, quite unsuited to such pastimes.

It is a pity the writer should have made such a blunder, as it will lead readers who are public school men to suspect that he is not merely out of sympathy, but also out of touch, with public schools, and knows very little about them; though I do not go so far as to assert that this is the case.

So far as I know, Eton is the only public school where there are facilities for "sport." The number of undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge who indulge in this form of exercise during term time is also fairly small. These considerations suggest that it is the country homes rather than the places of education that have fostered the sporting tendencies which the writer deplores. "Sport," in all its forms, good and bad, was the staple industry of the country-house long before the "barbarians" took to sending their children as a matter of course to public schools and Universities.—Yours, &c.,

D. C. S.

December 4th, 1909.

[The attribution of these sports to Harrow was an error which we regret.—ED., *NATION*.]

THE LOGIC OF LORD REVELSTOKE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It was an agreeable study and a pleasant recreation to read your article in this week's *NATION* on the "Logic of Lord Revelstoke." As a study it was interesting as containing candid admissions with a reserve of party bias; as a recreation it was tempting to fill in personal reflections which, of course, did not occur to the writer of the article; and therefore, with your permission, I propose to offer a few observations on the matter in question, and must leave it entirely to your discretion as to whether you should publish them. My credentials to your consideration are a thirty years' experience of the stock markets, and hitherto a consistent abstention from party politics.

I agree with many of your conclusions in the article in question; at the same time I differ on many essential points. The fall in Consols was, to my mind, inevitable, and is only in a remote degree connected with party politics. There are, in my opinion, three main causes, and it is difficult to apportion their respective influences; but I should place them as follows:—

- (a) Reduction of interest from 3 per cent. to 2½ per cent.
- (b) The creation of Colonial and Municipal Stocks to rank as Trustee investments.
- (c) The issue of Irish Land Stock.

These three are, to my mind, the predominant causes of

the fall in Consols, but there are others of less degree, viz.:—

- (a) The issue of Stock consequent on the Boer War; and
- (b) The insistent demand by foreign countries for loans during the last ten years.

It is hardly open to any fair-minded man to deny that the above are the contributing causes of the decline in Consols. Unfortunately, we are still under the burden of the issue of Irish Land Stock, and I believe that not even the crude and premature scheme of Old Age Pensions of the present Government is more to be condemned than the vicious and financially unsound Irish Land Purchase Bill of Mr. Wyndham. Why the British taxpayer should become a party to buying Irish land—that is to say, a depreciated and unsaleable article at an enhanced and fictitious (practically speaking) price—I have never been able to understand, nor have I ever seen in any journal a serious financial argument in its favor; but this is a digression, and we return to our securities.

As I have said, I do not think the price of Consols has been more than slightly affected by the policy of the Government, but when we turn to prices of British securities in general, I am compelled to come to a different conclusion. A "miasma" (to adopt Lord Rosebery's term) has spread over all the English securities in the Stock Exchange List, and I think it cannot be traced to any definite hostile action (with one important exception) on the Government's part, so much as to a want of sympathy with City interests and affairs; a certain derision by Cabinet Ministers of the City's opinions; the scoffing tone adopted by the Prime Minister in respect of the export of capital, and of the Chancellor in regard to the utterances and views of Lord Rothschild—whose opinion, at any rate, the City values very highly—and (the important exception referred to above) the vigorous attack on £200,000,000 of capital by the Licensing Bill; and it is only the bare assertion of the truth when I state there is in the City a profound want of confidence in the justice and equity of the Government. It may be unjustifiable, but it exists, and it is a very serious matter for the holders of English securities.

Is this feeling of insecurity astonishing? We have had personal attacks by Mr. Lloyd George on Lord Rothschild, the head of the City; we have had the Limehouse speech directed against property owners generally, and embodying Socialism under the guise of social reforms; we have had Mr. Ure declaring that the land really belongs to the people; we have had Mr. Runciman expressing his indifference to the fate of the brewery shareholder because he (the brewery shareholder) has assisted by his money to provide the liquor that has "sent many a human soul to perdition"; therefore the brewery shareholder's property may be wrecked or depreciated because his money is, according to Mr. Runciman, in an immoral trade; we have had Mr. Churchill declaring that in regard to future taxation the "origin" of individual wealth must be looked at; a novel, insidious and hypocritical suggestion. In short, what with the fiery speeches of Mr. Lloyd George, the mocking references of Mr. Asquith, the questionable commercial morality of Mr. Runciman, and the alarming suggestion as to the "origin" of wealth by Mr. Churchill, it is *not* astonishing that the investor in English securities is timid and that he should decide that his capital is safer in other countries where these startling theories are not adumbrated.

A great deal of nonsense has been talked by Conservative politicians as to the export of capital, and Lord Rosebery made a most unfortunate slip when he spoke of ships leaving this country "ballasted with bonds." His statement destroyed his argument. The export of capital is not to be regretted for a moment; it means orders for the manufacturers in this country; it means a good rate of interest for the capitalist who lends the money and who lives and spends the income here. Therefore the export of capital is a healthy sign *unless* it indicates a want of confidence at home, and this, unfortunately, is the position in the United Kingdom to-day. It is useless to deny it; anyone who mixes in City life must recognise it as a fact. Lord Rothschild was only stating the truth when he asserted that it is "difficult if not impossible to get money for even the best English enterprise."

I presume anyone will admit that the great English railways must be included in the class to which Lord Roths-

child refers, and it has been stated by railway chairmen on more than one occasion that in the present state of doubt as regards English securities an appeal for money on reasonable terms by any great English railway would almost certainly have proved unavailing. Even if the railways tried to get a Bill through the House of Commons in order to effect economies, the Bill was regarded with the greatest suspicion, and it was only by granting concessions nullifying the economies aimed at that the companies received the assistance of the Government. In fact, it was generally agreed by all the great railway companies that what with the hostility of the Labor Party and the suspicions of the Radical Party, nothing could be achieved by proceeding with any Bill whatever.

That is how the matter stands, and what applies to the great industries applies equally to those of less importance. The public will not put up money for English enterprise, because they are alarmed and because they see no adequate compensation for the risk they are invited to take; always having to bear in mind the hostility—veiled or otherwise—of Radicals to capital.

Wealth is only confidence, and represented by a vast structure of credit which can be maintained only so long as its foundations remain sound and unimpaired; it is a structure reared on a slender basis of gold; it is ever growing, and its architects are ever busy. As it becomes larger so it becomes more sensitive to unfavorable influences, and it stands to-day the most stupendous monument of human effort, a mighty fabric, fragile as a piece of porcelain, yet in effect a colossus, maintained only so long as the confidence of its builders remains firm; doomed to-morrow to sudden destruction if the hands of ignorance are permitted to interfere with any of its component parts.

There is an appalling responsibility resting on any Government which does not give its condition and its destiny the most profound and anxious consideration.

Does danger threaten it to-day?—Yours, &c.,

H. PETERS BONE.

December 5th, 1909.

[We deal in the Diary of the Week with the arguments put forward by our correspondent.—ED. NATION.]

THE ULTIMATE BASIS OF AUTHORITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Confronted with Hume and Professor Dicey, Dr. Massie lets Hume alone, and appeals from Professor Dicey the philosopher to Mr. Dicey the pamphleteer. Considering that Professor Dicey is not a suffragist, his philosophical principles can, he argues, have no reference to the case of women. Unhappily for his consistency Dr. Massie has appealed to Mr. Bryce, and on the question of the precedence of woman suffrage Mr. Bryce is against him. In the "American Commonwealth" (Vol. III., p. 303), after discussing the American aspects of the question, Dr. Massie's authority concludes: "To a European observer the question seems one rather of social than of political moment. If he saw little reason to expect an improvement in politics from the participation of women in elections and their admission to Congress and to high political office, neither does he find much cause for fear." Mr. Bryce has evidently no belief in the substantiality of the fears which are Dr. Massie's excuse for doing injustice.

Dr. Massie is wrong in the belief that when voting, *alias* constitutional methods, fails, physical force in the shape of armed troops is the necessary resort for the beaten side. The early Christian Church never drew the sword; but its tactics of passive resistance ultimately beat down the throne of the Caesars.

The whole history of Europe up to the democratic era proves, as Hume saw, that Governments, so far as the bulk of their subjects were concerned, did not rest on force at all; but on the consent of the governed. Such force as they possessed could only be successfully used against small minorities of rebels or wrongdoers. Dr. Massie's idea of the two sexes ranged in hostile camps is impossible seeing that men and women, unlike Puritans and Catholics, do not repel but attract each other. Further, in this country they are educated under a Christian civilisation, and both have some rough idea of duty to the commonweal.

Funniest of all, however, is his argument from war

which he imagines to be a purely male affair. What about nurses? *Cæteris paribus* in a modern campaign, the nation whose women were willing to go to the front as nurses would beat the nation whose women were unwilling to take their part in war. Therefore, on Dr. Massie's principles, women should have a voting power equivalent to the services they render as military nurses.

In conclusion I would remind Dr. Massie of St. Augustine's words, "Remota justitia quid regna nisi magna latrocinia." If his analysis of the State is correct, if the modern State be an institution forced *ex necessitate rei* to oppress the weak by (*inter alia*) taxing them against their will, how can any Christian man see in it a means of social justice? Better go back to the Hildebrandine Papacy!

—Yours, &c.,

LIBERAL VOTER.

December 8th, 1909.

Poetry.

A MASTER SPEAKS.

THE hooter sounds, the gates are flung
Wide open on the factory yard.
The windy sunset glimmers, barred
With spouting vapors, whirled and swung.
Though all the roofs are bright with rain,
A lake of sky is shining down
Unclouded, on the broods of town,
Who fill the hollow streets again.
Women and men, the factory hands
Troop out, a listless, dingy crew.
But here and there a muttering few
Make halt, in little sullen bands.
Who cares? Let all the shambling rout,
—Too slack to work, too dull to fight—
Strike if they choose! to-morrow night
A thousand keep this thousand out.
Just such another crowd as they
Will come, their sickly faces drawn,
And death-like, in the sharp white dawn,
To labor through the humming day;
Receiving—what their toil is worth!
I cannot give to youth or age,
More than the iron laws of wage
Allow, which know not ease or dearth.
Mechanical my profits flow
From these men's number, from their need.
Since they will gamble, drink, and breed
New swarms—they serve my purpose so.
These stale, town-rotten crowds are born
To slave! if one of them would rule,
He fights up through a bitter school
(As I can tell), from night to morn.
I stood alone, a man at last!
These follow some chance leader's tongue,
And drift, like idle vapors swung
Between the wind and furnace-blast.
Between his power and mine they swing,
Irresolute, half-cunning, slow.
He has not proved them yet; I know
The soil that bred them, whence I spring.
They form no moving whole; they break
Away, in jealous, single claims.
Mean self-defence and narrowest aims
Build up the laws that they would make.
They pass, with dull and lowering eye,
Each sight that patriot impulse thrills;
They go untouched by all that fills
The purposes of earth and sky;
Yet have not even the honest pride
Of work, which surely moves a clean,
Swift whirring, competent machine!
—Far less than many an engine tried
I hold them, and am justified.

ROSALIND TRAVERS.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"The Hindrances to Good Citizenship." By James Bryce. (Frowde. 6s. net.)

"Time's Laughing Stocks, and Other Verses." By Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

"Memories of Sir Walter Scott." By James Skene. Edited by Basil Thomson. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Science and Religion in Contemporary Philosophy." By Emile Boutroux. (Duckworth. 8s. net.)

"The Arts and Crafts of Ancient Egypt." By W. M. Flinders Petrie. (Foulis. 5s. net.)

"England, and Other Poems." By Laurence Binyon. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Life and Letters of Susan Warner." Edited by her sister, Anna B. Warner. (Putnam. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Idea of a Free Church." By Henry Sturt. (Walter Scott. 5s.)

"Memorials of His Time." By Lord Cockburn. (Foulis. 6s. net.)

"Light Come, Light Go—Gambling, Gamesters, Wagers." By Ralph Nevill. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)

"La Faculté de Théologie de Paris et ses Docteurs les plus célèbres." Tome Septième. XVIIIe. Siècle. Par P. Féret. (Paris: Picard. 7 fr. 50.)

"Heures d'Italie." Par Gabriel Faure. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)

"Avant et Après Sadowa." Par J. de Chambrier. (Paris: Fontemoing. 3 fr. 50.)

"La Flambee." Roman. Par Henri de Régnier. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3 fr. 50.)

* * *

A NUMBER of letters, written by Alfred de Musset to an unknown lady, will be published in Paris early in the New Year. At the time of de Musset's death the recipient of the letters wanted to have them destroyed, but she was persuaded by M. Jules Troubat, one of Sainte-Beuve's secretaries, to allow them to be preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale. Her consent was, however, subject to the conditions that the correspondence should not be published for a space of thirty years, and that nothing likely to identify her should then be printed. The thirty years expire on January 3rd, and already Parisian editors and publishers are plotting and counterplotting to secure first publication of the letters.

* * *

SOME other letters of special promise are to be published shortly in the "Atlantic Monthly." These consist of a series written from Japan by Lafcadio Hearn, and are likely to prove a valuable supplement to the earlier collection. Hearn takes high rank as a letter writer, and the coming publication will be awaited with interest.

* * *

IF the Johnson bi-centenary has called forth no fresh study of Dr. Johnson himself, it has at least seen the publication of two books devoted to Mrs. Thrale, the friend to whom he wrote that her kindness had "soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched." The first of these is an abridged edition of Abraham Hayward's "Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains of Mrs. (Thrale) Piozzi," first issued in January, 1861, or at Christmas, 1860. In its new form it bears the title "Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Thrale," and is published by Messrs. Foulis, of Edinburgh. Its editor, Mr. J. H. Lobban, omits Hayward's biographical and critical essay as dealing largely with outworn controversies, but he retains the extracts from Mrs. Piozzi's writings which Hayward incorporated, and shows skill in re-grouping the materials of Hayward's volumes. Students of the period will be glad to have in handy and attractive form the pith of a work which, though of great interest, is now difficult to procure.

* * *

THE other book is intended to supplement Hayward, and is issued by Mr. John Lane under the title of "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale." It contains Mrs. Thrale's hitherto unpublished journal of the Welsh tour made with Dr. Johnson in 1774, a reprint of Johnson's diary of the same tour, and a number of fresh letters written by Mrs. Thrale and others belonging to the Streatham coterie. Mr. A. M. Broadley, who edits the volume, is to be congratulated upon the wealth of Johnsoniana to be found in his library at Bridport. A

note in the Introduction suggests that further instalments of Mrs. Thrale's correspondence may see the light, for we are informed that there are two important collections of Piozzi letters in Wales which still await an editor. The journal of Mrs. Thrale, which is to some extent the basis of the present volume, will be eagerly read by students of the minutiae of Johnson's life, though it is not likely to appeal very forcibly to the general reader. Of greater interest is the material contained in the chapter on the Streatham group. Concerning the members of that famous circle, Mr. Broadley gossips in entertaining fashion, and adds something to our knowledge of the habits and haunts of Johnson, the Thrales, Sir William Pepys, the Burneys, and Arthur Murphy. But the best part of the book is the long "Essay Introductory," which comes from the pen of that arch-introducer, Mr. Thomas Seccombe. Mr. Seccombe is by many people supposed to have taken all literary biography for his province, but he is especially well equipped to write upon anything relating to Dr. Johnson. We find him here breaking a lance upon behalf of Mrs. Thrale's right to marry Piozzi, and his judicious examination of the whole question leaves little further to be said. He betrays a marked *tendresse* for the Thrale-Piozzi, speaks of "the plastic serenity, the delicate banter, the placable judgment of her Indian summer," and finally dismisses her to "the position she envied as a bookmark in the 'Biographia Litteraria.'"

* * *

MENTION of Hayward stirs one to some wonder that so brilliant a man of letters and so capable a biographer is still without the distinction of a biography. In politics, in letters, and in society he had an undoubted influence. He was on intimate terms with Dumas, Guizot, De Tocqueville, and Thiers, as well as with most English statesmen of the time. He was a great diner-out, and his essay on "Gastronomy," contributed to the "Quarterly Review" during its heyday, is almost a classic. Hayward had, unfortunately for his financial success, an extraordinary gift for making enemies. He rendered valuable service to the Peelites by his leaders in the "Morning Chronicle," where amongst others Mrs. Norton and Professor Goldwin Smith were his associates, but, though both Palmerston and Aberdeen admitted that he deserved some reward, his enemies prevented his appointment to a quasi-sinecure. One of these enemies was Disraeli, whom Hayward offended by discovering a classic plagiarism—the fact that an eloquent passage in the official eulogy of Wellington was borrowed from Thiers's funeral panegyric on General St. Cyr.

* * *

MR. W. H. WOODWARD, formerly a professor in the University of Liverpool, is preparing a biography of Caesar Borgia. The work is based partly on published documents and partly on fresh material discovered by Mr. Woodward in the Archivio Segreto of the Vatican.

* * *

A BOOK called "Woman's Work in English Fiction" is announced for early publication by Messrs. Putnam. Its author, Miss Clara Whitmore, examines the influence which some lesser women novelists had upon Scott and other masters of fiction, while she also studies the part played by such writers as Jane Austen, George Eliot, and the Brontës in the development of the modern English novel.

* * *

MR. UPTON SINCLAIR has written a new novel, called "Samuel the Seeker," which will appear early in the spring. About the same time two books upon which Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has been working during the past year will also be published. Another volume announced for early publication is "Corporal Sam, and Other Stories," by Mr. Quiller Couch. It deals mainly with adventure, though some of the tales treat of Troy Town and its humors.

* * *

WE learn from the "Tablet" that Monsignor Baumgarten is writing an important work on the Papal Bulls and Briefs issued from the twelfth century to the present time. He has visited this country in search of materials and found an unexpectedly large number of documents bearing upon his study at the British Museum Record Office.

Reviews.

LORD MORLEY'S INDIAN SPEECHES.*

WHEN reading a book for review, I have been accustomed to work with a red and blue pencil, marking with red what specially commends itself to me, and with blue what I do not like. In the present volume I find nearly every page marked more or less with both colors. The blue marks belong naturally to the defence of repression, and of the deportations without trial or charge, in disregard of the cogent evidence of corruption and malfeasance on the part of the police upon whose initiative such proceedings are based. Again, there is the refusal to modify the "settled fact" of the Bengal partition, although Lord Morley has more than once admitted that he does not think well of it. There is also something like harshness in his attitude towards the "impatient idealists," who, after all, represent the ideals he approves, and who are among his staunchest Parliamentary supporters. The margin of such passages is unavoidably tinged with blue. On the other hand we must mark with bright red his noble advocacy of a just and generous policy, and his vindication of the far-reaching reform scheme, based on the expansion of the Councils in India, both legislative and executive. Also, high recognition is due to the spirit in which he justifies his promotion of Indians to places of real influence and authority, both in his own Council and that of the Viceroy.

In these diverse utterances we seem to hear the voices both of Esau and Jacob. Can these discordant tones be made to harmonise? Among apparently conflicting pleas, can the anxious critic discern a consistent and well-considered course of action? No one who is acquainted with Lord Morley's public career can doubt that during these two years there has existed in his mind a fixed and even rigid line of policy. But the question is, what has been that line of policy? In a characteristic little note which prefaces this volume, he says, "A signal transaction is now taking place in the course of Indian polity. These speeches, with no rhetorical pretensions, contain some of the just, prudent, and necessary points and considerations that have guided this transaction, and helped to secure for it the sanction of Parliament." Here we have a confident claim to a well-considered and successful line of policy; but we are given no particulars. We are referred for guidance to the seven speeches contained in this volume. But portions of these speeches have caused searchings of heart to many of Lord Morley's admirers both in India and this country. I propose therefore briefly to consider the complicated circumstances under which these transactions took place, and to seek for an explanation of what appears obscure. I will also venture a forecast as to the near future. As regards the present position, the general verdict will, no doubt, be that, looking to the chaotic condition of affairs when he took charge, the formidable nature of the opposing forces, and the exigencies of party government, Lord Morley has shown consummate skill in the management of these transactions, and has achieved results of far-reaching benefit to India.

Let us first consider the circumstances under which he took over the vast and multitudinous problems which make up the Indian administration. He thus described the position: "We came in at a perturbed time; we did not find balmy breezes and smooth water. It is notorious that we came into enormous difficulties, which we had not created." This is a mild way of describing the chaos which Lord Curzon left to his successors. At a time when educated India reasonably expected the bounds of freedom to be made wider, he had struck ruthless blows at each of those free institutions which distinguished British rule from Russian despotism. The independence of the Universities, municipal self-government, the freedom of the Press and of public meeting; all these boons appertaining to the British Connection were assailed by reactionary legislation, garnished with Viceregal speeches, which insulted the national self-

respect. These aggressions, culminating in the partition of Bengal, produced throughout India a general exasperation against British rule.

Such was the *damnosa hereditas* bequeathed to Lord Morley. And the intrinsic difficulties of his task were aggravated to an indefinite extent by the fact that he could not, at the outset, choose his own agents in India. He had, perforce, to work through the Simla clique of officials who, during the past five years, had been selected and advanced to positions of power by Lord Curzon as the instruments to carry out his Imperialistic policy of aggression abroad and repression at home. It may be true, as alleged by the "Times" correspondent, that this Simla clique lacked moral courage openly to resist a policy they dislike, that they sat "silent and cowering on the mountain tops." But though conforming outwardly, reactionary officials retained great powers of mischief, holding in their hands two poisoned weapons with which they can strike at Indian reform. Their first resource is to raise a scare in the London Yellow Press, charging the Government with making concessions to outrage, and supineness in the repression of disorder. Such a scare can readily be engineered by their confederates in England, upon whom many journals depend for their Indian editorials. And secondly, they have recourse to the still more sinister device of exciting religious discord among the races of India: the old maxim of *Divide et Impera*.

During the last two years both these modes of attack have been pressed. How has Lord Morley met them? It was in the House of Lords that he had to meet his most formidable opponents; and at the second reading of the Indian Councils Bill he clearly indicated his line of defence, which was "unflinching repression on the one hand, and vigor and good faith in reform on the other." It was when he insisted upon "unflinching repression" that he came into collision with his own political friends. But it is evident that his declaration on this point was the key of his position. He therefore turned almost fiercely upon his friends: "I have no apology to make," he said; and followed this up by denouncing "the cant of unsound and misapplied sentiment, divorced from knowledge and untouched by any cool consideration of the facts." In the same spirit he ridiculed the general application of principles of policy; this, according to his view, was a "most fatal and mischievous fallacy"; "What sophism can be more gross and dangerous?" Then as to those who had aspirations that were too vague, "Some of them are angry with me. Why? Because I have not been able to give them the moon. I have got no moon, and if I had I would not part with it." And in answer to complaints of repressive militarism, he says (speaking at Arbroath): "Does anybody want me to go to London to-morrow morning, and to send a telegram to Lord Kitchener, the Commander-in-Chief in India, and tell him that he is to disband the Indian Army, to send home as fast as he can despatch transports the British contingent of the Army, and bring away the whole of the Civil servants? . . . How should we bear the smarting stings of our own consciences, when, as assuredly we should, we heard through the dark distances the roar and scream of confusion and carnage in India?"

Shall I be wrong in assuming that these somewhat lurid denunciations of the "impatient idealist" formed part of the strategy by which Lord Morley warded off the attack of his philistine opponents? No doubt certain measures against disorder were necessary. But was not his vehement defence of repression and deportation of the nature of a sop to Cerberus, a cake seasoned with poppies and honey, which threw the monster *fiera crudele e diversa* into a timely sleep? We may also hazard the suggestion that the refusal to reconsider the Bengal partition was of the same nature, a temporary sacrifice in order to secure a permanent good. Something of this kind seems to have been in his mind when, on the amendment to the Address, he besought his protesting friends "to try for some sense of balance, instead of allowing their wrath at one particular incident of policy to blot out from their vision all the wide and durable operations to which we have set firm and permanent hands."

That his parliamentary strategy was eminently successful is shown by the results. From beginning to end he carried with him the general public opinion of this country; there was no scare of importance in the Yellow Press; no embarrassment to the Cabinet from Indian affairs; and his

* "Indian Speeches, 1907-1909." By Viscount Morley. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.

great measure of reform passed through both Houses of Parliament practically without serious attack. My two propositions are (1) that these results were in great measure obtained by his rigid attitude with reference to repression, deportation, and partition; and (2) that this rigor is now no longer required. Hence the forecast I venture is that these three painful matters, which have grieved his supporters, will be re-considered by Lord Morley at an early date. For has he not said that the Indians deported will be detained "not a day, nor one hour, after the specific and particular mischief, with a view to which this drastic proceeding was adopted, had abated"? No legislation is required. The Secretary of State has a free hand; and by a few strokes of his pen he can amnesty the political prisoners; return the deportees to their homes; and give contentment to the people of Bengal.

W. WEDDERBURN.

A GREAT ADVENTURE.*

WHEN Dr. Sven Hedin arrived at Simla three years ago in the early summer of 1906 he had already received assurances of help from Lord Curzon in his projected explorations, and had reason to believe that his journey would be officially acknowledged and supported. It turned out, however, otherwise. Prudently, and certainly wisely, Lord Morley entirely refused to sanction any kind of expedition into the wilds of Tibet. The country was still smarting from the effects of the British march to Lhasa. It was not improbable that the exploring party would be destroyed, and its destruction might easily involve the need for reprisals. Lord Morley had no intention of being inveigled into a "punitive expedition" if he could help it, and he therefore put his foot down firmly. Dr. Sven Hedin was ordered to keep out of the country, and the frontier stations were warned to arrest him if he attempted to force a passage. That the prohibition was justified is unquestionable, though it did not turn the explorer from his object.

From his verandah at Simla Sven Hedin could see in the north the snowy Himalayan crests, white against the blue sky, beyond which lay mysterious Tibet. The action of the Government represented but one obstacle the more in his way. "Of course," he says simply, "I never thought of giving in." At Srinagar, and later at Leh, he fitted out and completed his caravan, telegraphing meanwhile to the Swedish minister in London for passports for Eastern Turkestan, whither he represented himself as bound. His preparations complete, he set out in a northerly direction for the "white horizon and jagged line of mighty Himalayan peaks," and, passing over the crest of the Karakorum range, entered the vast plateau picturesquely known as the Roof of the World. He travelled north for a fortnight, then, turning right-handed, set off on a due westerly course into Tibet, and fetching an immense curve through the heart of the country, descended from the north upon Shigatse and the waters of the Brahmaputra.

The experiences of the first two or three months were among the most arduous undergone, and that not so much from effects of excessive cold as from the rarity of the atmosphere which seems especially to have affected the mules and horses. The altitude of the Chang-lung-yogma pass through which Sven Hedin attained the plateau is close upon 19,000 feet, but the whole of the Tibetan plateau itself is but little lower, and for months the explorer and his companions were to live at a height of between sixteen and eighteen thousand feet. The effects at first were severely felt. Giddiness, palpitation, and extreme lassitude affected the men, and at very short intervals they were forced to stop to recover breath. The animals fared worse, and deaths among them occurred with alarming rapidity. The narrative of these weeks is one of extreme hardship and stubborn endurance. For eighty days the little caravan battles its way through frozen mountain solitudes before it reaches the plains where some signs of sparse and scanty vegetation have attracted the wandering nomad shepherds, and where hopes of supplies and of a temporary rest are verified. Like most men of action Dr. Sven Hedin writes with great restraint, in a perfectly matter of fact style, and without seek-

ing to heighten his descriptions by the slightest degree of literary artifice. The narrative is even apt to be a little bald, and, perhaps, as some readers will think, uneventful in spite of its events. It is from occasional hints and interjected passages that we gather some notion of the essentials of the situation. Helped by these, we reconstruct an image of the scene. We see the vast tumultuous array of white ranges extending on all sides to the uttermost horizon, an "agitated sea of the highest mountains in the world," and in spite of their agitation we feel their curious monotony, a monotony which, in these pages, is likened to the monotony of rows of foaming waves. And through their empty defiles and among the rocks and debris at their feet, yet still at a height where valley and lake are above the level of the summit of Mont Blanc, we watch the little string of men and animals, mere specks in that Gargantuan landscape, toiling slowly and painfully along. Storms buffet and delay them. Their beasts fall from exhaustion and freeze stiff where they fall. They have, for sinister attendants, a little covey of half-a-dozen ravens, and sometimes a few lobbing wolves keep pace with their progress; nor do bird or beast of prey ever go supperless to bed. The prospects of the party were at this time certainly gloomy. It was a question if they would ever reach the plains, and, having reached them, it was a question if the Tibetans would help them or knock them on the head.

That a man under these circumstances could be entirely happy and contented with his surroundings may surprise those who have not taken the trouble to study the temperament of explorers. Dr. Sven Hedin, however, in spite of the cold, the suffering, the exhaustion, and the uncertainty as to the future, evidently enjoyed these months enormously. The reason, of course, is that he is about his own business. He is doing what nature meant him to do. There are men who are, as it were, the antennae, or feelers, of the human species, whose mission it is to investigate, examine, and report, and who in fulfilling this function discover a felicity which no outward circumstances can affect. At Tankse, on the borders of Tibet, Dr. Sven Hedin began upon his first maps, "being," as he says, "the first stroke of a work that for more than two years kept my attention riveted on every inch of the route and on every object that could be seen from it." At the same time geological work was begun, the first specimen consisting of "crystalline schists *in situ*, while the bottom of the valley was still covered with large and small blocks of granite." Henceforth the explorer was exploring and the troubles of the way did not exist for him. If mountains barred the road he took a map of them. If barren rock mocked the hunger of his cattle it enriched his collection of minerals. On one occasion he is all but shipwrecked on Lake Lighten, but his own safety is a secondary consideration, and in preparing for a struggle to the shore his first thought is for the note books in which he has recorded the soundings of the lake.

Six months from his setting out, Dr. Sven Hedin reached Shigatse, and in his chapters describing the town he is able to give us a great deal of interesting and curious information on the habits and manners of the people, their types and costumes, their religious ceremonies and festivals, their gruesome funeral customs, as well as on the architecture and appearance of the town itself. It is, however, on his return journey up the waters of the Brahmaputra and down the course of the Indus that the chief opportunities of the discoverer occur. "Farewell, proud stream," he had exclaimed, when, first entering Tibet, he had lost sight of the current of the Indus. "Though it cost me my life I will find some day thy source over yonder in the forbidden land." The day came when that resolution was to be made good. From Lake Manasarowar Dr. Sven Hedin struck to the northward. The country was dangerous and infested by robbers, but the explorer kept up his spirits in his usual way. "Granite predominates everywhere," he observes comfortably, "but crystalline schists occur here and there." Following up the "tiny brook" which, though sheep can step across it, still bears the mighty name of Indus, the point is reached at last where the first drops trickle from a partly concealed well in the hillside. It is impossible not to sympathise with the successful explorer in such a moment, and, when the usual exact observations have been made and registered, it is impossible not to be stirred by

* "Trans-Himalaya: Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet." By Sven Hedin. Macmillan. 2 vols. 30s. net.

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the feelings which he allows himself briefly to express:—

"Here I stood, and saw the Indus emerge from the lap of the earth. Here I stood, and saw this unpretentious brook wind down the valley, and I thought of all the changes it must undergo before it passes between rocky cliffs, singing its roaring song in ever more powerful crescendo, down to the sea at Karachi, where steamers load and unload. I thought of its restless course through Western Tibet, through Ladak and Baltistan, past Skardu, where the apricot trees nod on its banks, through Dardistan and Kohistan, past Peshawar, and across the plains of the Western Punjab, until at last it is swallowed up by the salt waves of the ocean, the Nirvana and the refuge of all weary rivers."

Such are the sublime moments of an explorer's life, the rare, occasional prizes, over and above the little wayside discoveries and crystalline schists of his daily life, which now and then fall to his lot. We congratulate Dr. Sven Hedin heartily on his good fortune.

And with equal sincerity do we congratulate ourselves. This is not the place to endeavor to appraise Dr. Sven Hedin's geological, geographical, and other scientific contributions to our knowledge of the Tibetan plateau. The reasons for self-congratulation we are thinking of are of another kind. It seems to us that in these days we owe to explorers a special debt of gratitude. We are driven, it is the inevitable tendency of our civilisation, to live, and act, and think more and more communistically. We herd too much. We express fluently, but we are content with transmitted forms of knowledge, and with turning over second-hand ideas. There needs an individualist now and then to come among us to remind us of the keen and exquisite delight of direct observation. Not to prune, or modify, or rearrange, but to come in contact with ideas at the moment when they leave the matter that held them is the highest intellectual ecstasy. A book like this, the book of a genuine explorer, seems to bring into our stock of ideas, grown perhaps a little languid and dull, a jet, tonic and stimulating, like the cold clear jet of a mountain spring. It is the explorer's contribution to the thought of his age, and we have need to set store by it.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF RICHES.*

MR. PONSONBY discusses in this interesting and suggestive little volume certain important but rather neglected aspects of the problem of wealth. His book is particularly opportune in the moment of its appearance, for the form which the Budget controversy has taken, and the vigor with which the theory of the necessity and value to the State of a tremendously rich class has been defended and assailed, have drawn public notice very forcibly to some of the economic consequences of leaving what Mr. Hobson calls the "surplus income" in the hands of a few individuals. Mr. Ponsonby's allusions to the economic side of this subject show that he is a disciple of Mr. Hobson, though he presents his argument in rather a different way. He sets out to show that there is a fixed limit to individual capacity for wise and useful expenditure, and that irreparable harm is caused, economically and morally, by the private possession of wealth beyond that limit. To make good his contention, he examines the modern consequences of large expenditure. The part of his discussion of this subject which will attract particular attention is that concerned with luxurious living. He asks himself how in point of fact very rich men live, what are their surroundings and their dependants, and, to arrive at an answer, he imagines himself setting forth in the spirit of one of Mr. Booth's investigators on a visit of inquiry to Mayfair. A social missionary on such an errand would have to face an unpleasant welcome. "In response to the bell the massive front door would slowly open and out of the darkness of the hall would emerge the solemn figure of an overfed butler, flanked by two giants with powdered hair. The investigator, note book in hand, if he had the courage to proceed, would ask his string of queries as to how many rooms the house contained, how many people, the cost of living, the health of the children, the employment of the man, &c., &c. But he would not get very far before the incensed and outraged dignity of the man would take an active form, and he would find himself hurled down the steps into the street." Such an investigation would have a very

real value to the scientific politician. Mr. Ponsonby does not go so far as Cobbett, who contended that a J.P. who really did his duty would commit every rich man in his neighborhood who was without visible means of earning his livelihood, but he argues that in a wisely and justly governed State the affairs of the rich would be as much a matter for public curiosity and interest as the affairs of the poor.

Fortunately, he has been able to collect, by the help of friends, some very interesting details of the great establishments of the London rich.

Here, for example, is a list of the indoor servants kept in one town house. The owner has four houses. He is married and has two children. His servants are one house steward, two grooms of the chamber, one valet, two under butlers, three footmen, two steward's-room footmen, one gate porter, one hall porter, one usher of the servants' hall, two odd men, one house carpenter, one chef, one kitchen porter, four kitchen and scullery maids, two still-room maids, six housemaids, one linen maid, one lady's maid, one housekeeper, and two nurses. In this instance nineteen men and seventeen women are employed in one house to provide for the wants of a man and his wife and their two children. Taxation which should oblige this West End potentate to reduce any part of his expenditure on his pleasures and his state would be resisted by the cry that it would cause unemployment, and the rich pretend that this gross and grotesque misapplication of faculties and energies is in the long run as essential to the welfare of the poor as it is to the comfort of the rich. We hope that Budget speakers will be careful to explain from instances, such as are given in this volume, what the rich really mean when they talk of the existing relations of rich and poor as an economic web in which a single thread cannot be disturbed without causing ruin and confusion. What they mean is that society, as they conceive it, cannot go on unless millions of people go short of clothes, boots, or food, that the energies which might be spent on producing these things may be employed in maintaining the pomp and state of a tiny class. The truth must be expounded in concrete terms. It would be instructive, for example, to present a picture of the arrangements of the Duke of Northumberland's five mansions side by side with the condition of the cottages at Walbottle, and to show that, if the arguments which are employed by the Dukes are sound, the poor must always live in Walbottles because the Dukes cannot help living in palaces; and the poor must always lack the necessities of life because it takes twenty men to keep a Duke decently washed, brushed, and clothed. Other interesting tables in Mr. Ponsonby's book illustrate the comparative expenditure of rich and poor on food. Here is a weekly budget. For the household of an "unemployed man," four in family and fourteen servants: Butcher £15 2s. 7d., greengrocer £10 10s., ice merchant £1 18s., fishmonger £7 10s., grocer £5 5s., milkman £4 4s., poulterer £12, baker £3 17s. Paley preached contentment to the poor a century ago by reminding them that Nature had set a limit to the size of the human stomach, and that therefore in one sense the capacity of rich and poor for happiness was not very unequal. It might occur to some critics that the argument, such as it is, ought to be addressed not to the poor but to the rich.

Mr. Ponsonby's main preoccupation is not so much the economic as the moral consequence of treating wealth with the inordinate respect that it receives in modern society. He describes very happily and vividly the atmosphere of riches. Our general worship of great possessions creates a world of illusion in which the poor romanticise the dull lives of the idle leaders of smart society. Many people outside that little set think that its life is glorious and exciting, full of energy and dash and variety, whereas it is in fact singularly empty and monotonous. Certain newspapers feed these false ideas. "Nothing can surpass the servility of that section of the Press that recounts the doings of these parasites, describing with intense solemnity their entertainments and their hunting and shooting exploits, and giving embarrassingly intimate episodes from their private lives for public consumption. By publishing broadcast these alluring pictures it attempts to glorify their profitless and empty existence." Fielding made the same complaint of the popular presentation of high life in his day, but he lived before the days of an Americanised Press.

* "The Camel and the Needle's Eye." By Arthur Ponsonby, M.P. Fifeild. 3s. 6d. net.

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This mirage casts a glamor over selfish and brutal expenditure on luxury and show, and leads others to admire instead of to hate the character that chooses this hideous existence. But what of the expenditure of a leader of society who combines immense wealth with public spirit? We know the kind of local life that generally surrounds him. "He dispenses charity to the villagers with open-handed generosity, providing thoughtfully the sack of coals in winter, the occasional pound of tea, the knitted waistcoats for the little boys, the scarves and hoods for the little girls, and what could be more idyllic than to see the children bobbing curtsies and touching their caps to the people from the great house?" We know the kind of character that is produced in a society which can only find its light and warmth at this *foyer*; its dependence, its lack of life and spirit and self-respect. We know, too, the kind of character that is produced in the generous benefactor. A simple test will suffice. If we approach him and explain that the State is going to relieve him of these hospitable duties, taking from his superfluous wealth for the purpose just as much as he dispenses himself, will he be thankful or the reverse? We know that in nine cases out of ten he will show by his answer that what he values most is, not the satisfaction of feeling that the little boys are protected from the winter by knitted waistcoats, and the little girls by scarves and hoods, but the sense of power and importance which he derives from his patronage. This is the key to the mind of many rich people who are themselves openhanded to their poorer neighbors, and yet are infuriated by such a measure as the Old Age Pensions Act.

We have only space to glance at a few of the aspects of the problem which Mr. Ponsonby discusses in this stimulating book. He attacks the abuses that are inevitable in this atmosphere of plutocracy in an incisive and piquant way, but his book is not made up of invective or polemics. It is a careful study of the properties and influences of that atmosphere, tracing its subtle poison and its widespread demoralisations in relationships that often seem innocent and even admirable, and examining the advantages that are plausibly claimed for it in the name of culture and refinement. It is, in fact, just the kind of discussion that is wanted at this time when the questions that lie at the root of taxation as a means of social reform are engrossing attention, and society is obliged to consider in a new light the uses and place of the rich in the modern State. The rich themselves are treated with a sympathetic insight, and they are offered consolation as well as warning. The fate that they dread is really destined to save them from the moral and intellectual atrophy that threatens a spoilt class. "All kinds of insignificant little daily efforts keep the machine perpetually in motion and in order, ready and alert for more work, and the spirit of disinclination is shut out. . . . It has been shown in the animal world that the spoilt and carefully combed and washed pet is far less intelligent than the animal who has to look after himself, scratch his own fleas, and lick the dirt off his paws. We are under the impression that if we can get rid of the various irritations of daily life, which are our fleas, the time spent in scratching will be devoted to work of a higher order more in conformity with our powers." The book would, indeed, form a judicious Christmas present for those rich men who do not realise yet that the Budget is a blessing in disguise.

A GREAT SCOTTISH ECCLESIASTIC.*

SCOTLAND is pre-eminently the land of ecclesiastics, a circumstance which greatly perplexed and irritated beyond measure the late Mr. Buckle. Buckle was willing to admit that, indirectly, the clergy had made considerable contributions to the cause of liberty; but, taken as a whole, it would have been better, in his opinion, had the Church never existed in Scotland. The idea of the Church existing as a hostile power against the State is one which is not endorsed by the history of Scotland. Open that history where you will, you will find the two powers working towards the same end—that of raising the tone of civilisa-

tion. The one great problem with which statesmen and ecclesiastics alike had to deal was the defining of the relation between Church and State. The peculiarity of the case is that it is with this one problem that the ecclesiastical history of Scotland mainly deals. Knox, Melville, the Covenanters, Carstairs, Chalmers, Rainy—those great leaders had all to deal with the same problem. Here we have the explanation of the continuity of Scottish ecclesiastical history, and also the explanation of the fact that Mr. Carnegie-Simpson has been compelled to give such a large historical background to his "Life of Principal Rainy." To the ordinary reader, to whom the purely personal note in biography appeals, there is much in this life which will prove uninteresting. Principal Rainy's career does not lend itself to dramatic treatment. He did not, like some of his predecessors—Chalmers, Candlish, and Guthrie—bulk largely in the public mind, inasmuch as his gifts were not of the magnetic kind which were indispensable in the early stages of the Disruption movement. After the first blush of enthusiasm, when the energies of the Church had to be focussed and directed, the man of the hour obviously was not the rousing orator, but the calm diplomatist; not the victorious general, but the wise administrator. For this task Principal Rainy was admirably fitted, and certainly his powers were tried to the utmost. The part assigned to Principal Rainy by the Time-Spirit was that of negotiating the union between the Free and the United Presbyterian Churches. The first attempt, which extended over ten years, from 1863 to 1873, proved a failure, in consequence of the opposition of an influential minority, headed by Dr. Begg, who protested against the union of a Church which was committed to the Establishment principle with one which represented Voluntarism. The second attempt, nearly forty years later, was successful, but at the cost of an action in the House of Lords by the representatives of the old protesting minority, with, as result, great loss of property and disorganisation of ecclesiastical machinery.

Sandwiched between the two great epochs in Rainy's life was another, known as the Robertson Smith case, which was fraught with graver issues than the ecclesiastical problems with which his predecessors had to deal. They were occupied with defining the relations between Church and State. Rainy was confronted with a deeper and more vital problem—namely, the relation between Church and Bible. Till Robertson Smith published his epoch-making views, there had been unanimity with regard to the position of the Bible as the authoritative standard and final authority in Protestant Scotland. In fact, the Disruption Church prided itself on its orthodoxy on this point, and, because of its orthodoxy, it attracted to itself from the Established Church large numbers of earnest Evangelical laymen. But how could orthodoxy be guaranteed if the ultimate standard, the final authority, was discredited? An infallible Bible had been the rallying cry of Protestantism in its great contest with Rome. A new force had arisen, Rationalism, which could never be defeated if Protestantism had to admit that its final appeal was not to an infallible book, but simply to a literature not wholly accurate, and flavored with legendary and mythical lore. With such a rallying cry orthodoxy was greatly hampered in its battle with Rationalism. No more difficult problem ever presented itself to a Church leader. The views put forward by Robertson Smith were known to the cultured few in the Free Church, and Rainy knew that sooner or later the Higher Criticism would become a burning question. What was to be done? Robertson Smith forced the pace. Those who shared his views strove to secure liberty, but it was clear from the debates in the Assembly that the Church was far from being educated up to the Higher Criticism standard. To condemn Robertson Smith on account of his views would have been to stop theological progress; yet to leave Robertson Smith in his chair was to bring about a Disruption. Rainy got out of the difficulty by deposing Robertson Smith from his chair on the ground that the interest of the Church demanded the termination of a controversy which was doing infinite harm. In other words, it was expedient that one man should suffer rather than that the Church should be rent in twain. For a time Rainy's reputation went under eclipse. He was denounced as a trimmer, whose ideal was cold, calculating, worldly expe-

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diency. Mr. Simpson, in his admirable history of the case, claims for Rainy that by his tactics he really secured the liberty which Robertson Smith's disciples now enjoy. There is no escape from this conclusion. Rainy's action, denounced at the time, is now seen to have been dictated by statesmanship of the highest order. All the same, the problem raised by Robertson Smith has not been solved. Thanks to Rainy, the Church is no longer in a panic mood, and is now willing to look at the Higher Criticism in a comparatively calm frame of mind. That is a gain, but students of theology in Scotland are forced to admit that the changed views of the Bible created by the Higher Criticism will slowly, but surely, weaken the entire dogmatic system of Scottish Protestantism.

Till the recent crisis Principal Rainy was recognised as a leader who was more enamoured of the expedient than of the heroic; but the public saw another side of his nature when, at an age when men seek the secluded nooks of life, he braced himself, with marvellous energy and enthusiasm, to undo the blundering work of the House of Lords. The judgment by which ecclesiastical chaos was produced in Scotland stands condemned at the bar of law as well as of common sense, and men in the highest legal circles have been known to whisper condemnation of the long-robed gentlemen whose ignorance of Scottish ecclesiasticism led them to inflict a cruel blow upon a flourishing Church. To this phase in Principal Rainy's life Mr. Simpson does ample justice. In his pages Rainy appears in his true light—as those who knew him can testify—as the leader who guided his Church through a serious crisis in its history with a sagacity and ability which, had they been exercised in the political sphere, would have raised him to the highest rank of statesmanship. Mr. Simpson is an ideal biographer. In the hands of a second-rate writer, the book, owing to the large amount of historical matter necessarily important, might easily have been heavy and lumbering; but Mr. Simpson's literary deftness, his keen sense of proportion, and his crisp, incisive style, have enabled him to give us a biography which will rank as a classic in Scottish ecclesiastical literature.

BAR AND BOHEMIA.*

FROM one topic to another Mr. Crispe flows on agreeably enough. He has seen Macready, he remembers Thackeray as a lecturer, and the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew as the greatest of readers. He discusses the art of Kissing (on the stage), the night-houses of the 'fifties and the 'sixties, the judges and barristers he has known, the dinners he has eaten, the efficaciousness of the cat-o'-nine-tails, the methods of persuading juries, the morality of pocketing fees for cases not attended to, and the propriety of piling on the agony of a death sentence with the help of that "gear of terror," the Black Cap. There are "pippins and cheese" for all tasters.

Thackeray comes on as a lecturer, dissatisfied, in one instance, with his fees, in another with the style assigned him on the programme. Edinburgh had made money out of him, and he wrote to a friend: "I am in the hands of the Philistines. They have bought me for two hundred and sold me for five." For Mr. Crispe, who was then connected with the old Marylebone Institute, he delivered his lectures on the "Georges," and was rather nettled at having been announced on the bills as plain "W. M. Thackeray." We are not sure that either reminiscence was worth printing.

Here is a peep at an establishment which has lived on in the pages of Dickens:—

"One Sunday Tolfree took me to the old Queen's Bench Prison, where a friend of his was then resident, and where he himself had been an occasional inmate. His friend was just out of the tub, and was going to play a game of rackets. To my mind, the Bench seemed a pleasant place of retirement. There was a lady resident, who was in contempt as to paying some fine for selling cadetships in the East India Company, and in complicity with her there was a well-known fashionable preacher—the good old times!"

In the 'fifties, and later, Leicester Square, the Haymarket, and Covent Garden collected the night birds of London.

"Evans's," in Covent Garden, was, of course, far above its rivals, and probably there has been no other supper-room in London quite on the same Bohemian level. It was a place for an excellent late meal of the Victorian order, with some decent music thrown in. Among the regular frequenters were the men of their day in the most various ways of life: barristers, literary gents, journalists, artists, actors, managers, dramatists, together with the usual squad of men about town who wound the evening up elsewhere. "There were two rigid rules: no pipes were allowed—the cigarette had not then found vogue—and no women were admitted." Every Thackerayan knows that "Evans's" was his "Cave of Harmony"—and Thackeray, among the Bohemians of his day, was a very deacon for propriety.

Later in the evening the tide turned towards the Haymarket; and from this point a kind of rogues' march began up the hill to Windmill Street, where stood the most notorious casino of the period. This, by the way, lasted on into the 'seventies. The whole neighborhood swarmed with dancing-rooms, most of them rather ill-reputed.

But at the epoch of the 'fifties Leicester Square "was the centre of Metropolitan vice." For a time at least it existed in defiance of authority, made no secret whatever concerning its principal business, and was scarcely minded of the police. "The Square" had, as Mr. Crispe says, striven in vain for respectability. There was the Gallery of poor Miss Linwood, with her specimens of tapestry embroidery; there was a panorama; there was the Panopticon; there was the educational Mr. Wylde with his Great Globe. But these innocuous entertainments no longer pleased—in Leicester Square. Miss Linwood folded her embroideries, and her skirts, and silently withdrew. In her place came the bold Madame Wharton with the celebrated "Poses Plastiques." To-day this exhibition would be voted tame enough, and in Madame Wharton's day it was outdone in popularity by a much more indecent show a few doors distant. Next to this spectacle was that of the blackguard "Baron" Nicholson, who for a long time set the police at naught with his "Judge and Jury."

"At his court every night a jury was empanelled from the audience, and a mock trial took place, the baron presiding as judge. Witnesses were called, counsel heard, and the learned judge summed up. His addresses to the jury were humorous and racy, but under a veneer of polish there was a foul layer of indecency."

One very interesting aspect Leicester Square and its locality had at that time. It was (far more than it is at the present day) a humble kind of Paris in London. Doubtless it harbored a crowd of rogues, Communists, and swindlers; but it was the refuge also of an immense number of respectable foreigners, many of whom were genuine political refugees. This is a perfect little picture of the district as it was then:—

"It was always interesting to wander through these streets; you were out of England as completely as if you had crossed the Channel; and more so, for these strays were congregated in the area of a square mile. The shops with the foreign journals; the *charcuterie*, with its jambons, its truffes, olives, and other delicacies; the *boutique de vin*, with the long bottles and flasks of Chianti in wicker casings, the *sirops*, the liqueurs, all '*véritable*'; the *épicerie*, with its macaroni, its fragrant spices, its vanilla and *chocolat de Paris*—all made up an attraction for the window-gazer."

Onwards from the seventh chapter these reminiscences are professional; but even before an audience of laymen a lawyer with Mr. Crispe's knack of story-telling has no need to "sink the shop": there is no dust about. He was of the "old Home" circuit, when the future Mr. Justice Day ("Judgment" Day) was Senior, and Mr. William Willis (now his Honour the Judge) one of the leaders. Mr. Day, "letting off his sparkles" at mess at the Bar Inn, must have been a different person from the gentleman whose mere visage in a wig, as he glowered from the Bench upon the dock, was a dreadful promise of punishment. And, as Mr. Crispe touches on the question of this judge's sentences, we may be pardoned one word of criticism.

Between Mr. Justice Day and his Honour Judge Willis ("the one a rigid Romanist, the other a strongly pronounced Nonconformist and passive resister"), there existed a friendship as close as it was curious. They differed, says Mr. Crispe,

"on one point, 'flogging,' for which the judge [Day] was a strong

* "Reminiscences of a K.C." By Thomas Edward Crispe. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

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advocate; and in some of the mercantile towns his sentences in that respect were severe but salutary."

Writers who would persuade us of the salutary effects of flogging should nowadays be more than ever careful to adduce their proofs. Severe Mr. Justice Day's sentences of flogging were; salutary they were not. To Mr. Crispe, who so well remembers the Leicester Square of the 'fifties, the judicial statistics of the 'eighties and early 'nineties cannot be altogether ancient history. It was in 1882 that Mr. Justice Day entered on his first flogging campaign at Liverpool; and during eleven years he swung the "cat" with the most relentless vigor. In 1882 there were at Liverpool fifty-six cases of robbery with violence. In 1893, when Mr. Justice Day had inflicted 2,000 lashes save forty, there were seventy-nine cases—an increase of twenty-three. Rarely did this Judge miss an opportunity of laying on the whip: his record proved the absolute futility of his punishments, and proved nothing else. Another famous Judge who comes into Mr. Crispe's pages was Mr. Justice Hawkins. He, too, in his early days on the Bench had recourse occasionally to that most useless of all punitive weapons, the cat-o'-nine-tails. Very soon he came to the conclusion that "You make a perfect devil of the man you flog"; and Hawkins (who was scarcely to be classed among the sentimentalists) dropped the "cat" and took it up no more.

But Mr. Crispe is not often on debatable ground: when he is not, he seems to us to be nearly always in the right. Every suitor, we imagine, will appreciate his remarks in Chapter VIII. on the deplorable and costly delays of the law. Justice delayed is often justice denied. The Long Vacation is—well, it is rather long; and then there are the costly High Court judges, who are far too often absent on Circuit. What, asks Mr. Crispe, prevents the establishment of legal centres, and the appointment of Assize or travelling judges? "In London there should be a Court of Justice, of at least twelve judges, sitting all the legal year round. . . . A great country like our own"—Mr. Crispe italicises these words—"should have its Courts of Law always open."

Another of Mr. Crispe's questions, in which the general public has an interest, treats of the fees of counsel—fees taken by counsel for work that he does not do. Few reviewers, we fancy, are paid for the reviews they have no time to write; but a popular K.C. may find himself called upon to appear in five different cases, and for the four briefs that he leaves to his juniors he usually receives his fees in full. Mr. Crispe's view on the matter

"is with the public, that, as a rule, to which there may be many exceptions, counsel should return their fees, where they are not able to render their services. It seems much more consistent with the attitude of a gentleman who accepts an honorarium and is free from the risk of an action if he neglects his duty. If he were not a barrister, and were paid to do work which he neglected to do, he might be mulcted in damages."

The Bar Committee, which the late F. O. Crump, Q.C., brought into existence, might consider the point. It is somewhat of a slur on the profession.

To the reader we must leave the good stories with which Mr. Crispe has packed his volume; but here is just one glimpse of that ready and happy-tempered humorist, Frank Lockwood:—

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It is no drawback to our appreciation of Gilbert White that we do not know all about his youth or even that we have no very trustworthy portrait of him in the mature stage of a decent and in some ways a model country vicar making the best of his rural opportunities. We can imagine him very well as a boy who loved all live things and, perhaps, like ourselves, put bees and spiders into bottles, he knew not

why—though the records tell us only that he took some part in digging a cave under a ruin at Basingstoke. Surely that was a most untypical fact to have been preserved to posterity, but then Nature, whether in her day books or in the ledgers of the fossiliferous rocks, has a very haphazard way of keeping her accounts.

We are indebted for the latest book on Gilbert White and Selborne to Mr. Henry C. Shelley. He has performed with grace the task of making bricks with a limited supply of straw or other material. We cannot help thinking that he is content, as we are, that White and Selborne should speak to us on equal terms, each with their antecedents taken a little for granted and each reciprocating the other's—shall we say?—personality. The immortal book is the chief thing. It contains, so far as White is concerned, the most part of the evidence we have as to what manner of man he was, evidence that presents itself in the best manner scattered over many pages as he placed it. Yet it is usefully presented to less enthusiastic Selbornians in the form of a collected judgment such as this.

Selborne itself has been mapped, described, shown in picture many times. Mr. Shelley's book is provided with many interesting photographs, and his description brings up to us the several charms of plestor, lythe, zigzag, hangar, and their centre, the "Wakes," more pleasantly than any other book on the subject that we remember. Though it is, of course, a thing difficult to be certain of, the charm of Selborne seems to be so much in itself that it may have been the predominant collaborateur in the book. It may be that White was just a cave-digging boy—a brigand for the nonce in those Basingstoke ruins—and that the *genius loci* got hold of him, early in life, of course, and made him what the world knows him. On the other hand it is possible, and in a sense certain, that but for White, Selborne would never have been discovered. At any rate, it is as difficult now to think of White without Selborne, or of Selborne without White, as it is to divorce Walton from the Lea, though much of the Lea, including, as the Conservators would have it, the name, has vanished.

We do not think either that White's book can very well be separated in thought from the century in which it was written. It was, in the first place, a century of letter-writing, which this is not. It is just a little idle to find a strikingly peculiar personal grace in White's style. It is there, no doubt, but it is not everywhere there, as Mr. Shelley sometimes appears to think, and the examples he adduces, such as "procreant cradle," do not strike us as at all typical of White's charm. The letters of most men of that day are, apart from their subject matter, very much alike. White belonged to an adorable literary school, but to a fairly large one. His chief fortune and ours is that he wrote about something that really interested him and which interests us. Apart from the book itself, this book about the book and its author is a very charming way of making their acquaintance.

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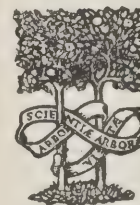
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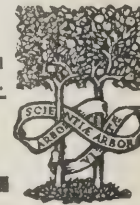
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to convey. As a picture of life, "Mary" is a little stiff and lacking in atmospheric charm; but how admirably firm is it in handling and draughtsmanship. In sketching his characters, Björnson dwells only on their essential traits. At first sight the result is a little meagre and disappointing, but after the reader has put the book away, the scenes rush back on him with redoubled force. Every word has counted, and the reader's mind, freed from the burden of confusing detail, retains the image etched by the sharp, sparse strokes.

In drawing the character of Marit, or Mary, his proud, high-souled heroine, of upper-class birth, Björnson is not quite in his element. The secrets of the national character in peasantry and bourgeoisie no one, perhaps, understands better than he, but the fine shades of feminine instinct, in the leisured class, are a little beyond him. For this reason the description of Marit's cosmopolitan experiences, in Paris, &c., is hard and bare. What Björnson conveys admirably, however, perhaps without knowing it, is the feeling of his Northerners' force, directness, and simplicity when set against a sophisticated European background. Frans Røy, the Norwegian engineer officer, half-barbarian and half-child, who falls violently in love with Marit, and does not understand that "to touch her is forbidden," for the girl "dwells in a remoteness which she preserves inviolate with extraordinary vigilance and tact," is a sort of latter-day Rollo, a sea-king, who thrills her with his strength and daring while he repels her by his familiarity and presumption. Marit, deeply troubled and hurt by her discovery that Frans Røy has had an intrigue with her friend, Alice Clerc, returns home to Norway, and forthwith is wooed by Røy's rival, Jörgen Thiis. The character of this second suitor, self-concentrated and sensual is drawn in masterly style. One is repelled by him, one scarcely knows why, but one understands intuitively that women will succumb to his assurance, to his assumed devotion, and that the girl selected as his wife will be his victim. The cool and quiet account of the growth of the relations between Marit and Jörgen is deeply interesting. Women often take the wrong man, not because they trust him, but because his deference flatters their own opinion of themselves. So with Marit. How she surrenders to Jörgen, and, when at his mercy, tears herself from him in a flash of instinctive hatred, we shall leave the reader to discover for himself. The last chapters, "Alone," and "The Crisis," are unerring in their force. The description of Marit's night walk in the storm to Krogsbogen, and her rescue from her despair by Frans Røy, is quite perfect. Such beauty of feeling and such simplicity show the hand of a master.

One begins Canon Sheehan's novel in a spirit of generous recognition of the picturesque claims of the old-fashioned novel. Let us for once have a holiday, one says, and get away from the "depressing fields of modern realism" into the stirring upland country of romantic incident. Hang it all! why not enjoy a story where the scene is pitched on a desolate Irish coast, and the plot carries us to and fro between the gloomy house of the stern, iron-souled parish priest, Dr. Grey, who is always at odds with his trembling parishioners, and the ruins of Dunkerrin Castle, where a band of strolling gypsies aid the gentleman smuggler, Edward Wycherley, to run contraband cargoes under the nose of the revenue officers? After all, such things do happen, even in these degenerate days, as the newspapers, with their headings, "Strange Affair at Doonvarragh," may testify. One resigns oneself comfortably into the hands of Canon Sheehan, confiding in his wide experience of men and manners to unlock that treasure chest of local drama, of which the parish priest and the trusted physician, in popular belief, hold the key. And one's faith is a little dashed, after the chest has been turned out, to find out how mouldy and faded are the old romantic properties—gypsies, and smugglers, and lawless peasantry, even moonlight assignments and elopements. If only Canon Sheehan could have written his novel without these romantic accessories, one sorrowfully concludes, how much better it might have been!

The first few chapters are promising. The hard, strong, domineering parish priest, a man of the old school, who sees the "supremacy of Law in all things earthly and divine," and would drill all human impulses and instincts into submission to the Church's decrees, is a figure that, like Ibsen's Brand, seems created to be the centre of a

moving human drama. When his orphan niece, Annie, comes, against his will, from America, to make his house her home, we expect that some conflict will be precipitated in which the priest's creed will be worsted by the invasion of his long-repressed emotions. But Canon Sheehan fritters away the situation by introducing a variety of exciting side issues. Ned Kerins, an American Irishman, has been boycotted for taking an evicted farm, which is coveted by his neighbors, the Duggans. A bitter feud arises between the two families, and the gypsy, Pete, and the gypsy girl, Cora, play mysterious parts in inciting the enemies one against the other. At the neighboring house, Rohira, resides another mysterious family, the Wycherleys, whose eldest son, Ned, in collusion with the gypsies, carries on a contraband trade in smuggling. The younger son, Jack Wycherley, falls desperately in love with the priest's niece, Annie O'Farrell, and the plot switches us off abruptly to hospital scenes in London, and scenes in South Africa, where the two, now medical student and nurse, meet to work out an emotional tragedy. The stern, domineering priest, Dr. Grey, meanwhile has grown blind, and the closing chapters are devoted to the broken man's discovery that the universal and inexorable Moral Law is balanced by the "new Commandment"—"Love is celebrated everywhere as the sole law which should govern the moral world." Canon Sheehan has made the mistake of planning a story without a centre. His best chapters are intimate studies of the clerical atmosphere; in his worst his intellectual energies are dissipated in descriptions of imaginary incidents of the G. P. R. James variety. He is obviously in need of a good model, and he might do worse than study the work of the Norwegian master, Björnson, much of whose fiction is distinguished by a classic symmetry of form.

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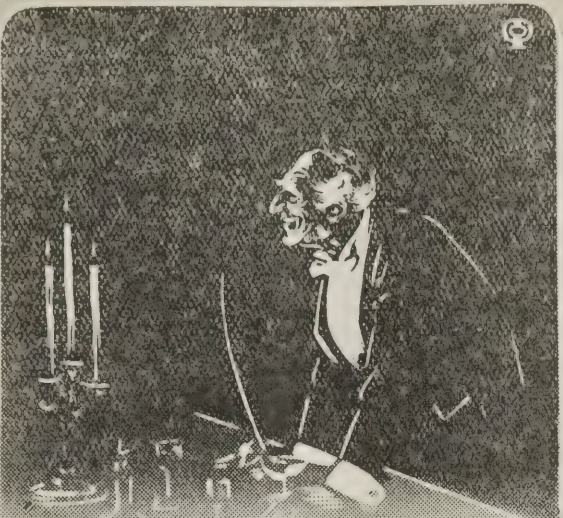
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'Saturday Westminster,' November 27th.

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the presence of a hostile one might breed uneasiness, if not suspicion, in the mind of an animal." However this may be, Mr. Wright has been very successful in observing bears when off their guard, and his accounts of their behavior in different circumstances are most entertaining. Judging from Mr. Wright's observations, many of the tales current about the grizzly bear must be regarded as fictions. He hardly ever attacks man unless when compelled, and he rarely hugs his opponent. None the less, he is a formidable antagonist, as is proved by several stories in the present volume.

* * *

"THE boy has genuine ability, which he declines to use in the smallest degree. An abnormal proficiency at games has apparently destroyed all desire in him to realise the more serious issues of life." This was the school report on "Mike" (Black, 3s. 6d.), after a two years' sojourn at Wrykyn; it is the key also to the character of the story set forth in Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's latest volume. It is less a school story than a school cricket story. The triumphs and defeats, the necessary rivalries, the inevitable jealousies, the friendships and enmities of the noble game, are all illustrated with a wealth of detail. At the end of the first innings, so to speak, Mike is removed from Wrykyn to Sedleigh, where the atmosphere is at first a little less crickety. But in due course the hero raises Sedleigh's tone in this respect, and the book ends triumphantly with "Wrykyn v. Sedleigh." Mike, of course, is a type we have all met. Most of the other types are old familiar friends. One or two of them, such as Psmith—a kind of dandified Stalky—are occasionally amusing, when they are not bowling, batting, or fielding. But there is not one that we should miss from this panoramic cricket match as presented by its vivacious and enthusiastic author.

* * *

To the older boy, the boy who has begun to appreciate the value of atmosphere in a story, we can cordially recommend "My Lady Bellamy," by Miss Dorothea Moore (Nisbet, 5s.). The period in that of William of Orange, and the adventures narrated are those of Sir Gervase Bellamy, an Irish Jacobite, and the little girl, Henrietta, with whom, prior to the opening of the story, he had contracted a whimsical but binding marriage. Henrietta, who lodges with a scolding aunt, is the means of saving her grown-up husband from a plot, hatched by political opponents at the aunt's house, to arrest him, and she thenceforth becomes the partner of Sir Gervase's wanderings through Scotland, which culminate in his capture and detention in Edinburgh. Lady Bellamy, however, contrives to get to London and forestall her husband's enemies in obtaining the King's ear, with the result that a royal pardon is obtained, coupled with six years' leave of absence for Sir Gervase, at the end of which her ladyship will be able to take up the duties of married life in earnest. Of her child heroine the author has made a delightful and thoroughly consistent study, and the vein of delicate and tender romance in her relationship with Sir Gervase is preserved throughout—an antidote, as it were, to the sinister atmosphere of strife, intrigue, and treachery in which this oddly-mated pair move.

* * *

"SEEING THE WORLD" (Wells, Gardner, 5s.), by Ascott R. Hope, is concerned with the adventures of a young Tyrolese goat-herd, who, after tramping through Europe, is rescued in London by his sister, a member of a troupe of Tyrolese singers and dancers, performing at Earl's Court. The story is pleasantly told, and the adventures do not strain credulity too far.—Another adventure story is "Chillagoe Charlie" (Unwin, 5s.), by Mr. Robert M. Macdonald. The hero assumes the character of Chillagoe Charlie, a desperado wanted by the police of Northern Queensland, performs a number of notable actions in the service of the miners, and finally discloses his identity. As in another book of Mr. Macdonald's noticed elsewhere, there is plenty of revolver shooting.—"The Man From the Moon" (Richards, 6s.), by Mr. Philip Carmichael, is intended for younger children, and is one of the crowd of books called into existence by "Alice in Wonderland." That Mr. Carmichael is no rival to Lewis Carroll does not prevent his book from being, on the whole, a successful example of the genre. There are a number of good illustrations by Mr. Frank Watkins.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, Dec. 3.	Price Friday morning, Dec. 10.
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POLITICS have not been quite the only subject of conversation in the City, though they are still exercising its attention, and its wit, in a manner that is not good for business. Financial affairs have been more interesting in themselves, and both Lombard Street and Capel Court have been able to spare a little time for their own concerns. In the first place, Bank rate has come down. Bill brokers, and other dealers in credit who live on a supply of cheap money, have for some time been maintaining that the retention of the official rate at 5 per cent. was penalising trade and business to no purpose. The Bank's position had been improved into one of great strength by the rapid increase in its reserve during November, and there seemed to be no reason why the many borrowers who base their contracts on Bank rate should still have to pay excessive prices for their loans. This clamor has been all the louder since the Bank, by lowering the price that it was prepared to pay for gold, had practically intimated that it was not very eager to build up its reserve still further. On Thursday the Bank recognised the force of their critics' contentions by lowering its rate to 4½ per cent. This action came rather as a surprise, however, for the movement, which might well have been made a fortnight ago, was more questionable now, since it was known that a large number of sovereigns was being withdrawn from Argentina, with more to follow.

HOME RAILWAYS AND HOME TRADE.

In the stock markets, Home Railway stocks have come into favor with a rush and have soared upwards under the influence of investment buying, speculative buying, and a stampede of bears for cover. The fact is that the trade of the country is behaving in a highly unpatriotic manner. After all that the Tariff Reformers have told us of the doom of our moribund industries, here are these frigid and calculating Board of Trade returns chronicling, month after month, a great increase in commercial activity. The November returns were quite scandalously good, showing, with almost brazen effrontery, that the greater part of the big increase in our export trade was contributed by manufactured articles. The traffic returns of the Home Railway companies are equally impudent, with a steady and rapid increase in the volume of goods handled, and some improvement in passenger receipts. Then comes the Railway Commissioners' decision allowing the railway companies to charge more for carrying coal. Trade prospects are admitted to be excellent, and that lamentable lack of confidence in the Government, concerning which we have heard so much from gentlemen whose interests are purely financial, does not appear to affect the genuine commercial classes.

THE LAW GUARANTEE SOCIETY.

Another sensation of the week was a report, published last Saturday by the "Financial News," by the chairman of the Law Guarantee, Trust, and Accident Society on its position, showing an estimated loss of a million and a half. The company's misfortunes appear to be due to depreciation in certain kinds of property. It guaranteed mortgages, especially on properties such as residential flats, hotels, public-houses, and also on buildings in course of erection. Properties of this kind are, of course, especially difficult to value, and a loan on them which may seem, at the time when it is entered into, to be amply secured, may easily within a very short time be found to have little behind it but unsaleable bricks and mortar, merely because a neighborhood has been overbuilt, or a change of fashion has driven folk further afield, or into places that have a cheaper train service or are better supplied with local music-halls. Mr. Harris is rather severe on the former management of the society, which seems, in his view, to have been conducted according to legal formulas rather than business principles, and the prospect for the unfortunate shareholders is gloomy enough.

JANUS.

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

ON Friday week the Prime Minister delivered, to an enormous gathering in the Albert Hall, representing the flower of working Liberalism all over the country, a bold, explicit, and deeply impressive statement of the party's unalterable policy on the veto. Declaring that at the last dissolution the Liberal Government reckoned without their host, and that they would never make that mistake again, he described their "single task" to be to "vindicate and to establish upon an unshakable foundation the principle of representative government." He proceeded to make two incidental declarations on women's suffrage and Home Rule. The first question he opened to the full view of the new Parliament, saying that the Government had no desire to burke it, and repeating his offer to make a suffrage amendment to a Reform Bill an "open question." On Home Rule he went further still, stating that the only remedy for Irish discontent was "a system of full self-government," subject to the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament, and adding that the coming House would have full liberty to apply it.

MR. ASQUITH then returned to the question of the Lords. He defined the claims of the Peers to be, first, to control the levying of taxation; secondly, to compel a dissolution of the Commons; and, thirdly, to make and unmake the Executive Government. All these "revolutionary pretensions" the Government would withstand. They would, therefore, ask the electorate to place on the Statute-book a law forbidding the Lords to "meddle, in any way, to any degree, or for any purpose, with our national finance," and, secondly, the time for "unwritten conventions" having gone by, to decree that the absolute veto should go. The House of Commons must have the power not only of debating but of making laws, and the

will of the people must prevail within the limits of a single Parliament.

OR equal importance was the Prime Minister's statement of the general line of Liberal action and strategy after winning the General Election. The audience were roused to a great state of enthusiasm when he declared that neither he nor any other Liberal Minister would again submit to the rebuffs and humiliations of the last four years. He added these momentous words: "We shall not assume office, and we shall not hold office, unless we can secure safeguards which experience shows to be necessary for the legislative utility and honor of the party of progress." On these inevitable lines, therefore, the Liberal Party takes its stand. For the rest, Mr. Asquith declared for Second Chamber Government and for Shorter Parliaments, using language which, thirty years ago, every Constitutionalist would endorse, and which is, in fact, embodied in all our constitutional manuals. He defined the proper powers of the Lords as those of "revision," "amendment," "fuller deliberation," and, subject to safeguards, "delay." This, in fact, establishes the subordination of the non-representative to the representative principle, which, unless Great Britain is to be plunged into revolution, must be the form of its future government.

ON Saturday, Mr. Balfour issued, in the form of an Election Address to the City of London, a long "manifesto" which, as Mr. Churchill wittily said, manifests nothing. In a languid and interminable essay, occupying the best part of three columns of the "Times," the Tory leader devotes just fourteen lines to the exposition, if that be a fitting word, of "Tariff Reform," which he conventionally describes as the first plank in his platform. This makes about a thirtieth of his address; the other twenty-nine thirtieths he divides among a defence of the Lords, an attack on the House of Commons, and a labored hint at the policy of landownership. He accuses the Liberal Party of what he calls a "long-drawn conspiracy" to pass their own bills, and to bring about a second "single-Chamber plot" by discrediting the House which rejected them. While admitting that the House of Lords is improvable, he affirms its constitutional right to "appeal" to the people on finance, and suggests that it is enough for the representative Assembly to determine the political complexion of the Government, to control the estimates, to initiate taxation, and to dominate legislation. It will be observed that under the claim of the Lords not one of these powers remains intact or effective. Mr. Balfour hints obscurely at some change in the Poor Law, but whether in the direction of the Majority or the Minority report of the Commission he does not say. On Tariff Reform he suggests vaguely that it may help us to protect markets, modify commercial treaties, obtain Colonial preferences, and increase the demand for labor. On other aspects of Tariff Reform, he concludes, "I will here say nothing."

ON Thursday Mr. Lloyd George addressed a powerful and thoroughly representative gathering of Free

Churchmen in Queen's Hall on the special issues of the election in which Nonconformists are interested. Replying to Lord Curzon's quotation of Renan that civilisation depended on aristocracy, Mr. George suggested that the Carpenter's Son of Nazareth might have had more to do with it. He recalled the great political act of the Puritans which made our first English Revolution—an act, due, as the Chancellor said, to a grievance on Supply. The House of Lords was hostile on all Nonconformist questions: not one Bill in which Nonconformists were directly interested had it ever favored. It was a vital question for the Church whether she or the drink trade was to be the stronger social and political force; if the condition of the people in its least hopeful aspects were unrelieved, the responsibility would lie on her altars and on the heads of those who bowed before them.—On the same day Mr. Chamberlain issued a kind of manifesto, in the shape of a preface to a book of Mr. Garvin's, in which he tries to do for Tariff Reform what Mr. Balfour declines to do. He suggests it as "the only alternative to the Budget," and declares that the Liberal policy virtually abolishes the Second Chamber, "in disregard of the experience of our own flesh and blood."

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WE cannot chronicle all the election speeches, though we advise men to read the moderate and searching series of addresses which Sir Edward Grey has addressed to his constituency, in Scotland and in the North of England. On the Opposition side, the wild Peers have been let loose for their promised campaign, and they are likely to supply the comic relief of this grave election. Some, like Lord Harris and Lord Kesteven, fail to get a hearing, and others, like Lord Newton, defend an ideal House of Lords by declaring that the present body is indefensible. The most pertinent of interruptions appears to have been addressed to Lord Donoughmore, who, like other enemies of the Budget, talks, not of the land taxes which he hates, but of the tobacco tax, which he thinks the people hate. To his attack on the tobacco tax, a voice replied, "We don't mind a bit extra, if you pay your share." This appears to us to condense the popular and thoroughly truthful view of the Budget.

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THE only intellectual defence of the Peers has been made by Lord Curzon, whose speech at Oldham will certainly be the main text of the Liberal attack. It was an out-and-out defence of the hereditary principle, which, said Lord Curzon, was "familiar and acceptable" in every branch and aspect of our life. He argued that the House of Lords was not only equal to the House of Commons, but morally, intellectually, and constitutionally superior to it. The House of Commons was "subject to great changes," "gusts of passion swept over it," and the electors, after all, only amounted to seven and a-half millions of people. Meanwhile, the House of Lords represented the "steady, immutable, stable factor" in the national sentiment and national judgment. It represented the national life "from generation to generation," it was neither "driven by caucuses," nor "bound by pledges." True, it contained no workmen, but it was full of generals, field marshals, and governors, and it was cant of the Liberals to call it our "effete oligarchy," as since 1830 they had created more Peers than the Tories. If the Liberals carried their plans, the teeth of the Lords would be drawn. "We can then," says Lord Curzon, "only nibble at the legislation of the future with our toothless gums." This is precisely the table which the Peers have spread for themselves.

THE electoral campaign continues to go magnificently for the House of Commons. Mr. Redmond has issued a Manifesto in favor of the Government, and some of the three-cornered contests between Liberal and Labor candidates, such as those in Leeds and in South Wales, have been averted, largely by the pressure of the leaders of the Labor Party. The chief source of trouble remains in the North-east corner of England, and in the West of Scotland, where the claims of the miners have yet to be adjusted to those of the Liberal candidates. One or two transactions in the way of exchange of seats would settle most of these difficulties, and we cannot help thinking that, if the local Liberals would appoint, say, the Chancellor of the Exchequer as an arbitrator, a settlement could be arrived at, which, even with their fixed and tight-bound constitution, the Labor Party might accept. The general reports are splendid, especially from the North, where Liberals talk not only of holding seats but of winning them.

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KING LEOPOLD THE SECOND OF BELGIUM died on Thursday night, aged seventy-four, under circumstances not more scandalous than his life. It is hard to speak of a man as destitute of virtue, but King Leopold's character was singularly remote even from the amiability which is supposed to soften vice. Intellectually he was not to be despised. He inherited his father's masterful temper, and he had qualities which would have made him a millionaire even if he had not also been a monarch. Speculator and gambler as he was, he invested with great shrewdness, especially when he dealt in flesh and blood. His family life was not less odious than his public acts. The story of the Congo State stamped the one, all Europe was a witness of the harshness and licence of the other. History has known no more tragic comedy than his appointment as the mandatory of Europe for the development of civilisation on the Congo, and the later efforts of Europe to save the Congo from her *mandataire*. Such a career could only be described adequately out of the pages of Gibbon or Tacitus. But it ended in the peace which a calculating brain secured, as well as in a mixed atmosphere of avarice and splendor. Few worse men ever wore a crown; many better, even in our own time, lost it in exile or at the hand of the assassin.

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THE new German Chancellor has made his *début* with a very quiet and sensible speech in the Reichstag which has already produced the happiest impression abroad. His references to Franco-German economic co-operation in Morocco have been very well received in Paris, and to Alsace he has promised certain concessions. That is an appeal not merely to the pockets of French financiers, but directly to French sentiment. His approach to ourselves was so frank and handsome that only our absorption in a constitutional crisis can excuse the scant notice it has received. He desires, he states, a *rapprochement* with Great Britain, which could best be brought about by a solution of pending questions. This is, we presume, a reply, and a most satisfactory reply, to the single pregnant sentence in Mr. Asquith's Guildhall speech. The hint has been accepted and followed up by a public invitation. To the nature and subject of the proposed negotiations no clue is yet given. There have been negotiations about the Congo and Central Africa. It is now known that Sir Ernest Cassel is in Berlin to resume the discussion of Anglo-German co-operation in the Bagdad railway which Mr. Balfour dropped. Any beginning is good, and we have always held that the Bagdad railway was a particularly suitable

ground for common action. The negotiations can hardly even begin without checking the worst tendencies of the naval rivalry, nor go far without producing the temper in which an arrangement may become possible.

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THE third of the three great treason trials in which the Serb race has stood accused of more or less disgraceful conspiracy has passed through several dramatic moments during the week. There was no justice to be had or hoped for at Cettigne or Agram, but at Vienna the procedure is scrupulous and the jury may be fair. Professor Friedjung, one of the foremost historians and stylists who use the German tongue, came forward during the late Balkan crisis as an academic exponent of Baron von Aerenthal's policy. He accused Servia of engineering a vast plot against Austria chiefly among the Serbs and Croats of Croatia. With the editor of the "Reichspost" he published a series of documents which purported to be minutes of the secret meetings of the "Slovensky Jug," a Pan-Serb organisation, originally composed of students, which had its centre, ostensibly for literary work, in Belgrade. If the documents were genuine they would have convicted the leaders of the Croats of complicity in a dangerous plot for a general rising, and incidentally of accepting bribes and subsidies from Belgrade. Other documents, if genuine, must have been stolen from the Servian official correspondence.

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THE course of this trial, in which the Serbo-Croatian leaders sue Dr. Friedjung for libel, so far goes to suggest that the whole conspiracy rests on elaborate forgery. The originals of the documents cannot be produced nor the man who divulged them traced. They are signed by a Belgrade Professor Markovitch. He has put himself voluntarily in the lion's mouth, and brought forward an *alibi* to the effect that at the time when he was said to have presided over these plotters' meetings in Belgrade, he was really at an academic conference among German professors in Charlottenburg. If enquiry corroborates this statement—and it is so detailed that one cannot doubt it—the whole basis of Dr. Friedjung's exposure of Servian policy is destroyed. An ugly episode was caused by the statement under oath of an ex-official, Baron Chlumecky, that he had himself repeatedly bribed M. Supilo, the Croatian Parliamentary leader, in such grotesquely small sums as ten florins at a time. M. Supilo's followers stand by him staunchly, and this accusation like the rest may ultimately recoil on those who made it. The whole atmosphere of intrigue is fetid. But at present the Austrian secret police fares worse than the Servian "plotters."

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EVENTS move slowly in the Nicaraguan crisis. But clearly Mr. Taft is anxious to impress on his party that if his administration is likely to be tame at home it will be enterprising abroad. In an address on a ceremonial occasion he boldly declared that Washington's doctrines of foreign policy are obsolete. They didn't know everything down in Judee. "Now we are a nation with tremendous power and wealth." The power is to be used, as commonly happens in this world, to increase the wealth. There are signs that a decision to smash President Zelaya has been taken. He has given no fresh cause of offence; no more American "volunteers" have tried to blow up his transports. His new crime is success. There is no longer much doubt that if left to himself he will soon crush his rival, General Estrada, the American protégé.

THE Ottoman Chamber has passed this week through a peculiar and rather mysterious crisis, on which we hesitate to pronounce a judgment without knowing exactly what passed in the secrecy of lobbies and ante-rooms. Hilmi Pasha's Government had granted a concession to the venerable and powerful English Lynch Steamship Company, which allows it to absorb the Imperial Hamidieh Line, thus securing an effective, if not a legal, monopoly of the navigation of the Tigris and Euphrates. To the general surprise, this action was challenged by Halil Bey, the leader of the Committee majority in the House, on the ground that such concessions ought to be submitted for ratification to the Chamber. The principle seems entirely proper, and corresponds to our own practice in regard to railway amalgamations. Indeed, if the Government is to be irresponsible in granting such considerable concessions as this, a safeguard has been removed against a return to the jobbery of the past. Halil Bey carried his motion, but, despite his explanation that it was not intended to be a vote of no confidence, Hilmi Pasha, and later Djavid Bey, the Minister of Commerce (the latter one of the founders of the Committee), took a defiant line, told the House there was no time for such details, and bade it look for other Ministers if it insisted on this prerogative.

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THE result was that Halil Bey proposed a fresh discussion of the question, and adjourned the debate, himself coming forward to propose a new motion on Monday to the effect that the fusion was desirable, and that such matters should be left to the Executive alone when no financial liability was involved. This second motion was carried with practical unanimity. We do not know whether to rejoice that Turkey has a strong Ministry or to regret that it has a weak Chamber. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to note that twenty-six Moslems have at last been hanged for their share in the massacre of Adana, though few, if any, of them, we fear, were persons of real importance. It would have been better to hang two or three high officials than a score of their ignorant dupes.

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WE much regret to read of the death of Mr. Frederick Greenwood, an event which leaves Lord Morley the only living representative of the great journalism of the 'sixties and 'seventies. Mr. Greenwood was truly described by George Meredith as having "a statesman's head," a large, sagacious, and well-tempered view of political and national life. His style was a model of firmness, strength, and good balance; neither cold nor hysterical. His Conservatism was Imperialist in tone, and strongly influenced by his personal ties with Disraeli and his revulsion from Gladstonian ideals. But it was not extravagant; the "Pall Mall Gazette" under his editorship was a great organ of widely-held opinion. Mr. Greenwood held aloof, in stern contempt, from the later developments of Mr. Balfour's sham leadership of Toryism, and Mr. Chamberlain's real control of it.—We may, without offence, join an expression of regret at Mr. Greenwood's death with a word of congratulation to Mr. Herbert Paul on his appointment as second Civil Service Commissioner. Mr. Paul, coming later than Mr. Greenwood's day, fitly carried on his tradition of scholarly writing, and sincere and consistently brilliant advocacy of a political faith. No man ever left Fleet Street with a more stainless record; or joined to continuous and arduous journalism an undiminished capacity for the most finished kind of literary and historical criticism.

Politics and Affairs.

THE MASSING OF THE GRAND ARMY.

WE rejoice to think that the massing of the Grand Army of Democracy, which alone can meet and beat the assault of the House of Lords on representative government, is to-day almost complete. The Nonconformists, obeying a call to action closely resembling that which first brought Puritanism into the field, have come into line as one man. The Irish Democracy, with Home Rule restored to its rightful place on the Liberal banners, has followed suit. The chiefs of the Labor Party, with a less closely disciplined following, are busily organising their ranks, so that this auxiliary force may bring its utmost power to bear upon the common enemy. On this point, the only difficult one in the situation, we should like our leaders to turn their attention to their own party, and we suggest that they could not follow a better model than that of the Liberal Two Hundred of Norwich. At a recent meeting of this body, it was unanimously decided to run only one Liberal candidate, and to leave the second seat to Labor. Now, in Norwich, as elsewhere, there have been acute, even bitter, conflicts between the Liberal and Labor parties. It was decided to put them absolutely aside, and to treat the Labor candidate as a comrade-in-arms in the battle for British liberties. This advice was tendered by the Liberal candidate, by all the party leaders, by the chief Nonconformist Minister, the veteran Dr. Barrett, and by Professor Stuart, the managing director of the great firm of Colman's. Not a voice or a hand was lifted against it. Liberal votes were asked for Mr. Roberts, the Labor member, as freely as for Sir Frederick Low, the Liberal candidate. We recognise that all questions of the choice of candidates and the distribution of seats between Liberalism and Labor are not as simple as those which present themselves in the two-member constituencies, and that here and there both personal and party claims may not be easy to settle. But we confess that as the Norwich example presents the high-water mark of politic good sense and local statesmanship, that of the Gateshead Liberals seems to us to exhibit the least rational standard. In this case, Mr. Johnson has of late become a Labor instead of a Liberal candidate. He is known to all men as of moderate opinions, which cannot be supposed to have changed on four-fifths or nine-tenths of the Liberal programme. Yet the Liberals who voted for him four years ago are now, in presence of the most urgent impulse to unity, disowning this excellent House of Commons' candidate and setting up a rival who can only give the seat away to the champion of the House of Lords. It seems to us that such self-defeating action must disappear as soon as the full current of sympathy and co-operation is set flowing, and both sides recognise, as the Reformers of 1832 and the French Republicans of 1877 recognised, the presence of a supreme necessity. On the issue of this fight hangs the fate of representative democracy, first in this country and then all over Europe. If the House of Commons goes down, there is an end not only of Free Trade and of democratic finance, but of those elementary

powers that every constitutional writer who set pen to paper has recognised as the inalienable birthright of our people. With the loss of the power of the purse, all goes. Every Progressive Ministry is doomed from its birth—intimidated in its first hour, craftily watched till its popularity begins to fail, never sure of passing a single Bill or Budget, or daring to go beyond a paltry juggling with taxes on approved Conservative lines, and finally sent hurtling to a dissolution whenever "society" thinks it can resume the overt direction of Great Britain. This and no other is the prize for which the Lords have staked their existence; seeking to "refer" one Budget, in the hope of destroying all Budgets, and of catching the people in the pleasant lure of a *plébiscite*, in order to bind them fast with the chains forged by rank and power.

Now, this is not merely the character and meaning which Liberals assign to the struggle; it is that assumed by Lord Curzon, the true leader, with Lord Milner, of the Lords' *coup d'état*. Lord Curzon goes down to Lancashire to ask the people who, on an historic occasion, established one of the proudest pleas for representative democracy ever recorded, to lay their freedom at the feet of the hereditary peers. When nine out of ten, or, perhaps, nineteen out of twenty, of Lord Curzon's class hailed the birth of a Slave State, working-class Lancashire, which lived on the cotton of the South, declared for a free and a united America. Lord Curzon does not trust this impulsive type of politician. He waves aside the paltry "seven and a-half million" voters—Tories, Liberals, and Labor men—who once in five or six years obtrude their misguided wills on the "steady, immutable, stable factor" that "from generation to generation" saves this favored people from itself. He opposes to the masses—susceptible as they are to emotion, sympathy, the love of change, in a word, to all that makes men brothers and citizens of a living community—an appointed order of super-men. These demi-gods are not "threatened by gusts." Their Olympian calm is not "pestered by crochet-mongers"—(Curzonese for reformers). Best of all they are not "bound to pledges," for they are responsible to themselves alone. Mentally comparing these imperturbable beings with their own "violent oscillations" and heady "gusts of passion" the common herd of men must sink to rest, owning their masters—the unfettered, uncaucussed, stern, strong *élite* of the land.

Now, it is not necessary to deal with Lord Curzon's argument. This appears to be that because some sons—a very few—inherit their fathers' talent for public life, therefore all peers' sons inherit the capacity to make laws for us, descending, we suppose, in unbroken line through an ancestor's original gift either for making laws or for breaking the Commandments. But the point is that we have here proclaimed, without equivocation or limit, the doctrine of the subordination of the House of Commons to the House of Lords. Such a doctrine is an insolent attack on the whole body of voters, Conservative no less than Liberal, and therefore calls for the exclusion from the House of Commons of every candidate at this election who joins Lord Curzon's conspiracy against it. There is an avowed attempt to crush Free Trade, to force Protection on the people through the refusal of the

Lords to pass the fixed and only alternative to food taxes, and to create a high Imperial Senate, fortified by fresh accessions from the ranks of the rich and the powerful, especially of men whose experience of government has been gained in the unfree parts of the Empire. Lord Curzon admitted that the House of Lords contained no representatives of hand labor. He might have added that it included no champion of Nonconformity and no spokesman of the middle-classes. But he comforted himself with the thought that it had plenty of generals, field-m Marshals, and proconsuls. Now, to put such a House in command of the Commons, even on taxes, is no less a revolution than Charles I. contemplated, and like its spiritual ancestor it can only succeed at the cost of civil war. Its complete defeat in its early stages is, therefore, an object of high policy, equally desirable in the interests of the Crown, the Commons, and the people. But that defeat can only be obtained by extraordinary exertions, by the intelligent concentration of all friends of democracy on a common purpose, and by the unselfishness, the loyalty, and, if necessary, the temporary effacement of men on whom personal ambition makes a less urgent call than public need. If to-day party spirit knocks too loudly at the bosoms of Liberals or Labor men, remorse will knock louder still if by their act the House of Lords gets a single seat that can be saved from it. If our enemies count on Democracy being a weak, venal, dim-sighted thing, easily over-borne by the shallow cajolery of men like Lord Curzon, who serve up their hatred of the people without even troubling to add the accustomed sauce of flattery, our interest is urgent in claiming for the great principle of representative government all the moral and material power which we firmly attach to it.

REDRESS BEFORE SUPPLY.

UNIONIST papers have already begun to discount the victory of the Commons at the polls, and to advance arguments to justify the Lords in disregarding it. They assume that the verdict will be taken on the issue as defined by the Lords, that is, on the Budget; not as defined by the Commons, that is, on the veto, financial and legislative. They then conceive that the Lords will dutifully accept the verdict, pass the Budget, and settle down comfortably to the work of blocking all further Liberal legislation, and claiming at their leisure the dissolution of the coming Parliament. If the House of Commons should prove unexpectedly restive, and should seek to carry out the mandate of the electors by insisting on an anti-Veto Bill, they still have sanguine expectations of the result. The Commons' majority over the Lords' men is to be too small to carry through a great constitutional change. The Lords will throw out the Bill, the Commons will have no means of enforcing it, a second dissolution will be necessary, and the constituencies, wearied of the struggle, will return a majority for the Lords and for Tariff Reform. It is a pretty programme for the Peers, based on the assumption of hopeless irresolution and impotence on the part of the Commons and their leaders. We should have

thought that Mr. Asquith's speech would have sufficiently shown that the enemy was not to reckon so confidently on these valuable aids. Mr. Asquith, who is nothing if not lucid, has made two points clear to the dullest apprehension. The first is that the Commons will deal with the questions both of the legislative and the financial veto by Act of Parliament. The second is that he and his colleagues are agreed to decline office unless they are assured of the means of giving effect to the will of the Commons. The question asked the electors is whether they agree to this programme, and if the House of Commons' party obtains a majority, be it small or great, it will be a majority in answer to that question, and yielding a mandate for the necessary constitutional change. Nor, we think, will the House of Lords have the opportunity of escaping the issue which they have raised by hurriedly passing the Budget into law. It is a time-honored maxim of the House of Commons that redress of grievances must precede supply. The present grievance is the constitutional usurpation of the House of Lords, and it follows that the measure for the restriction of the veto must be presented and passed before the Finance Bill becomes law. Finance has been, and still is, the lever by which the Commons maintains its right, and we hope, for our part, that not a penny of money will be voted until the historic right of the Commons over finance is legally assured, and along with it the reduction of the legislative veto from an absolute to a suspensory power. There is every sign that this issue will take precedence of all others in the minds of electors. Day by day it is doing what no other question of our time has been able to do. It is causing separate parties to withdraw their candidates, in order to concentrate on the one supreme question of the defence of British liberty. These sacrifices of party feeling will be mocked, this unanimity and enthusiasm will be cheated, if the mandate so secured to the Commons is not carried into effect in precedence of every other measure. The King will once again, when Parliament opens, address to "Gentlemen of the House of Commons" the annual request for supplies for the public service. The answer will be that the Commons will loyally and willingly vote them as soon as they have provided that this year his Majesty shall have no reason to regret that their care and liberality have been unavailing.

But how is this security to be obtained? Unionist writers, while assuming that the Lords will bow to the will of the people on the Budget and will graciously "allow" the Finance Bill to become law, apparently contemplate a very different attitude on the main question. The Bill for regulating the Veto must, they remind us, be passed with the assent of the Lords themselves. Do we expect, then, that the Lords will give their assent to the reduction of their own powers? If not, do we contemplate violent means of enforcing their assent? The reply is that we trust that good sense will prevail, but that when good sense fails the Constitution provides a means, cumbrous and most objectionable, no doubt, but still a peaceful and orderly means, of overcoming a deadlock. What is this means? Some authorities, particularly Mr. Swift McNeill, have contended for the ancient

right of the Crown to withhold writs of summons from any peer at its pleasure. To do so would be a breach of constitutional usage, but to justify its being done in this instance the plea might be advanced that when usage is broken on one side it may be necessary to right matters by breaking it on another. By rejecting the Budget the Lords have invaded not merely the right of the Commons but the prerogative of the Crown, and no less an authority than Lord Courtney warned them in the debate that the prerogative of the Crown might be used to restrict their numbers, and that it would be useless to go to any Court of Law in the hope of exercising compulsion upon the Crown. To refuse writs of summons to those absent for two or for three years in the last Parliament would be a procedure which would undoubtedly command much moral support. Yet we do not think that this procedure can be relied on. The change now required in the Constitution must be made with the fullest possible formality. It must not be open to anyone hereafter to challenge it on the ground that the House of Lords which accepted it was an incomplete House. There must be no suspicion resting on its title. It has to be added that, even if the numbers of the Peers were restricted by any test of attendance, the anti-popular majority would remain, reduced in numbers, no doubt, and improved in average debating quality, but unchanged in mental attitude to the main question.

It follows that the hostile majority can only in the end be overcome by the method of 1832, that is to say, by a definite statement of the intention of the Government to create peers in numbers sufficient to carry the restriction of the veto. Unionists, having no other weapon, seek to cover this proposal with ridicule. The idea of 275 new peers, and, perhaps, more, dissolves them in laughter. In more solemn fashion "Historicus" in the "Times"—not by any means the "Historicus" that the world once knew—refers us to the precedents of Queen Anne's reign, and the outcry occasioned by the creation of twelve peers only for the purpose of securing a Ministerial majority. It is hardly for the defenders of the Lords on this occasion to cite precedents. It is we who are defending the Constitution and relying on its historic development. The grievance against Queen Anne's Government was that it altered the balance of the Constitution in favor of the Crown. What has happened to-day is that the Lords have altered the balance of the Constitution in their own favor, and have forced us to redress the balance on behalf of the people. "Historicus" might with advantage have gone on to recite the attempt of the Lords to limit the further creation of peers by the Crown, and its utter failure—a failure rightly taken as one of our constitutional landmarks. Returning to our present crisis, we may regret the necessity of flooding the Lords with new peers, partly because new peers soon become old ones and too often undergo a sea change. However, the case is not one of choice, but, if the Lords so will, of necessity, and the enlarged peerage will, by carrying out the very purpose for which the creations are made, destroy its own powers for mischief. We can only hope that the Lords will not decide to impose this necessity upon us, but that, having clearly grasped the situation, they will recognise that

we have the will and the power to settle this issue, and will not compel us to resort to a means which, distasteful to all of us, must be pre-eminently distasteful to themselves.

MR. BALFOUR ON SECURITY.

It is evident from the terms of his Election Address that poor Mr. Balfour is bored to extinction by the political crisis. It must, indeed, be very tiresome for the philosophical mind of this ever-doubting metaphysician to concern itself with sordid matters in which it takes no interest, and to prepare an address to tickle the ears of the groundlings of the City. But it had to be done. Somebody must have reminded Mr. Balfour that two to three columns were expected of him, and he evidently dictated them with many intervals of yawning and wondering what on earth he was to say next. No one can read the result without feeling sorry for the author. It is not merely that it is difficult to read, and must have been ten times more difficult to write. But when a statesman, whose acquaintance with the practical facts of life is hazy, begins to somnambulise on paper, the results are inevitably astonishing to those who dwell in a less rarified atmosphere. Most of Mr. Balfour's constituents read his trumpet call with bewilderment. Some who worked really hard at it said unkind things, and people ought not to be unkind to Mr. Balfour. Perhaps the most extraordinary episode in his dream was his excursion into the United States, and his comparison between the security of property there and here, all in favor of America. At first sight the passage appears to be a mere imitation of the diatribes concerning the downfall of British credit, by means of which those who ought to have known better have reduced the markets in British securities to a state that is now causing them some uneasiness. So it was read by some superficial observers in the City, who pronounced it to be "a bull point for Yankees," and "up against Consols." But we prefer to believe that Mr. Balfour, even in his most political moments, would not allow himself to become so basely practical or so practically base. He had to say something. Somebody had told him about the American Constitution and the checks and devices that it has arranged in order to make party legislation difficult, and he was struck by the happy thought that this was an apt and original piece of padding for his Address. Consequently he solemnly sets forth that "in the United States of America it is a fundamental principle of the Constitution that all kinds of property shall be taxed alike, and that no one form shall be prejudiced by special taxation. That Constitution is not easily changed; and before a measure like the British Budget could be legally attempted, the consent must be obtained of a two-thirds majority in both Houses," and so on. "I do not," he continues, with playful irony, "ask that the British citizen should enjoy the same security for his property as the citizen of the United States. I am not so immoderate," and he draws the appropriate moral of the beneficence of the House of Lords in helping us to struggle after the ideal so firmly established in America.

False analogy is ever a dangerous weapon, and Mr. Balfour has perhaps been telling more truth than he knew of. It is certainly true that the American Constitution is not easily changed. It is even more true that it is constantly evaded. One of its principles is the equality of all men under the spread of its protecting pinions. How far this principle is carried out, the habitual treatment of its colored citizens can at all times abundantly testify. An American Professor, a man of most enlightened ideals, was puzzled not long ago by the coldness with which a gathering of English Radicals heard him tell how in America the young men "came around with shot guns" on polling days to stop the colored voters who wanted to exercise the franchise. How far the principle of the Constitution which lays down the equality of taxation is respected, can be seen by anyone who cares to wade through the schedules of the American tariff, or to remember the months of lobbying and intrigue by which one interest after another pressed its claims for special treatment by Congress, and schemed for the chance to batten on the unfortunate consumer. In England, where the insecurity of property gives Mr. Balfour so much concern, we do not hear of bands of marauding "night-riders" burning the stores and storehouses of traders and producers who had had the bad taste to prefer to remain outside a monopolist ring. These things were a picturesque feature of a recent dispute in the American tobacco trade. The thing that is really secure in America, so secure that it resists all the attempts of the law to dislodge it, is the monopoly of the Trusts. On this subject let us quote a few extracts from a work called the "Truth about the Trusts," by Mr. John Moody, a champion of their development. In reviewing the "So-called Remedies," he tells us that—

"The first general Federal law which can be regarded as a result of the Trust agitation was the Inter-State Commerce Act passed in 1897. This Act was the outgrowth of the sentiment which had been created during the previous years by the general cutting of rates by the railroads, and their inequitable dealings with shippers in all parts of the country. The relations of the railroads with the Standard Oil Trust were matters of particular criticism at this time, and the immediate purpose of the Act was mainly to eliminate the illegal discriminations in favor of the Standard, and, if possible, give all shippers the same opportunities. . . . Its results have in no way verified the predictions of its framers. . . . As a regulator of railway rates, or as a factor in preventing the tendencies of railways to assume monopoly powers, it has been quite impotent."

"The measure, which was created in 1890, and is popularly known as the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, is the law which was passed for the express purpose of eliminating monopoly in railroads or other corporations. . . . As statistics show, nearly all the great Trusts, transportation and other, have been created since the passage of this anti-trust law, and in spite of it. . . . The weakness of all this legislation lies in the fact that while it pretends to aim at the 'regulation' of monopoly, it really never touches the monopoly."

These calm statements, written with evident satisfaction by a defender of the Trusts, are on the whole more eloquent than examples, of which American periodicals and literature are now so full, of the manner in which these Trusts and monopolies master the people of

the States. If the law is powerless when it tries to stop their existence, its power to check their individual acts of rapacity must be even more futile. Such is the "security" enjoyed by individuals in America under the heel of these tyrants, who are protected by the impotence of the law, and the provisions of a tariff arranged in their interests. Mr. Balfour is not so immoderate as to hope for quite the same perfection here. But the tariff reform which he blesses, in a few frigid and calculating generalities, may do much to help us in the direction of the ideal that he admires. Whether it is equally admired by the business community of this country we doubt. The memory of the City is proverbially short, but it still remembers the "security" enjoyed by depositors in American banks two years ago, when a panic was produced by over-production and over-trading, largely fostered by the philanthropists who have so successfully established the Trusts. Banking in America was smirched, perhaps unfairly, by certain disclosures of the methods of high finance, and American citizens preferred for the time being to take care of their money for themselves. American bankers met the situation by calmly refusing to pay what they owed to their customers. For a time the whole country reverted to a condition of economic barbarism, in which the average daily convenience of a currency was denied to it. And after thus committing general bankruptcy, the banks paid very satisfactory dividends to their shareholders, gradually reopened their doors as the storm abated, and went on as if nothing had happened. Such are the blessings insured by the American Constitution to those who live under it. The result, as is sorrowfully admitted by Mr. Moody, the champion of the Trusts, is that "prominent men in business, journalism, and also in financial fields, are beginning quietly to admit that they are Fabian Socialists." Mr. Moody deplores this dangerous growth. Perhaps Mr. Balfour would do likewise if he heard of it.

A STEP TO ANGLO-GERMAN PEACE.

It is an unfortunate handicap upon the foreign policy of the two great nations of Anglo-Saxon descent that they have so often to apologise to the civilised world for the character of a portion of their Press. This country, in particular, has periodically to inform the Sovereign and people of Germany that, though it cannot protect them from gross, insulting, and wickedly provocative language by certain of our newspapers, they must not understand that prudent, authoritative, or ordinarily sensible Englishmen approve it or are influenced by it, because for shame's sake they say nothing about it. For this particular occasion, they might also be informed that nothing which the "Daily Mail" says or does is of larger consequence than pertains to a party trick or a business stroke, and that one or both of these devices are to be suspected now that a General Election is pending, and it is important for the defenders of a bad cause to make the public talk of anything else. If we must further refer to Mr. Blatchford's article accusing the German Government of a set design to destroy our Empire and invade our country, it is only needful to say that this gentleman's

writing, of whose literary quality its readers must judge, carries no weight with any party but the Socialists, who on this issue repudiate him. When, piercing alike through the visible and the invisible, the eye of Mr. Blatchford, of the "Clarion," sternly fixed on the Kaiser and his officers, perceives a "secret" German plot against England, which is also of so brazen a character that a "legion" of hostile acts and tongues proclaim it, and is so inevitable that not the "strongest navy in the world" can defeat it, it would seem as if Mr. Blatchford's rhetoric had answered itself. His "facts," in the half-dozen cases where they are even alleged, fall into the same category of self-accusation. Among them was the statement that "every night in every German warship," the toast was drunk "To the day" when the German fleet should destroy the British fleet. The assertion has been declared by Prince Henry of Prussia, Admiral of the German fleet, to be a lie. This every well-balanced reader of Mr. Blatchford's hysterics knew when he read it. Even Mr. Blatchford's arithmetic of one German battleship a month does not work out at his later sum of "thirty-nine battleships a year," a figure which even the sub-editor of the "Daily Mail" might have been trusted to excise. We do not know whether it is necessary to confront his further assertion that Germany has "seventeen docks" capable of building "Dreadnoughts" with the official statement last June that, while we possessed thirteen graving docks for "Dreadnoughts" and had six building, Germany had five and one building, and, while she possessed one floating dock and two building, we had two building. If Mr. Blatchford showed any susceptibility to the nature of an argument, we might meet his point as to the secret "rushing" of Germany's naval programme—in which every important step is perfectly well known to us—with the admission in the "Navy League Annual" that she is behind her time with every ship comprising her first batch of "Dreadnoughts," or we might contrast his comprehensive ignorance of his subject with Sir William White's complete knowledge of it and total dissent from Mr. Blatchford. It is more to the point to condole with Germany on the fact that, while we have our Blatchfords, she has her Hardens, and to lament that in both countries the unthinking and the unknowing act with each other against peace and common sense.

We write this article, however, less for the purpose of drawing attention to Mr. Blatchford and the "Daily Mail," than of recording the remarkable language of the new German Chancellor on Friday week. On this occasion Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, reciprocating Mr. Asquith's wishes for an improved relationship between Germany and Great Britain, declared, according to Reuter, that "the interests of both countries would be better served and more freely and largely expressed if this friendly attitude were expressed in negotiations between the two countries." The language of the "Times" reports puts this point a little less precisely, and we are inclined to think, more correctly, and makes the Chancellor speak of "the solution of questions which affect both countries." But even this statement is of great significance. It will be remembered that Mr.

Asquith held out three months ago a definite hope that if the German Government were prepared to consider a plan for the reduction of armaments, such an arrangement would meet "with a most cordial response" from this country. Here, therefore, we seem to have advanced to new ground. Last spring Sir Edward Grey thought that Germany would not enter into a naval arrangement, first, because she would not recognise our claims to a superior fleet; secondly, because he had no reason to suppose that she would respond to a British offer to abandon the right of capturing private property at sea; and thirdly, because of German suspicions of ourselves. This was not promising, or even inviting; but Herr von Bethmann Hollweg's words put out of the way the objection that Germany will not look at an attempt to solve pending questions. For both countries the greatest of these questions is that of naval armaments. A few months ago we were given to understand that Germany had repulsed a very tentative British suggestion. Now Germany has clearly made an advance, which almost amounts to the tender of an arrangement. We cannot conceive, in view of the Prime Minister's words, that it has been repulsed, or that there exists any reason, any material fact, any engagement with another European Power, which calls upon a Liberal Government to repel it. Therefore we must assume that the path is open for a removal of the only substantial peril to European good-will, a step which we note that French official opinion warmly approves. The present Government has done much for progress; but the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary would throw all its accomplishments into the shade by an act of peace between two Powers who, outside the sphere of passion, have not a single motive for war.

SCARING CAPITAL ABROAD.

For the last seven years numbers of influential politicians and protectionist landowners and manufacturers, posing as patriots, have devoted themselves to the single task of running down the industry and commerce of their country. They have represented England as a land of decaying trades, unable to hold her own markets against foreign competitors on equal terms. Every failure, every defect in our business methods, they have flaunted before the eyes of the world, every detrimental fact or figure they have gleefully picked out for political advertisement. They have applied every sort of statistical fallacy to make out their false assertion that Great Britain was unable to maintain her supremacy among the commercial nations. Their latest trick is to set "authoritative financiers" to tell us that the rats are deserting the sinking ship, that capital, despairing of any safe or profitable investment in this country, is driven abroad, and that in consequence unemployment and starvation for hosts of our workers are inevitable. Some of these financiers, as Mr. George has pointed out, merely ply their craft; vendors of foreign securities, they boom their market by disparaging the lines of goods they do not sell. One can hardly blame them: it is all in their day's work.

But their personal aims and methods cost their country dear. When well-known statesmen and a Press of world-wide circulation employ themselves in advertising and exaggerating every failure and concealing every success of the trade and commerce of their country, such persistent, wide-spread suggestion has its natural effect. During this year the protectionist propaganda has been reinforced by a fresh stream of mendacity denouncing the Budget as the beginning of a Socialistic attack upon property. These tactics are very similar to those employed in the United States in 1894, when financial and business men deliberately conspired to create a panic and a stoppage of business for electioneering purposes. Ample testimony is forthcoming from City men to the effect that investors are preferring foreign to home securities just now. It would, indeed, be strange if the political devices employed by English financiers to scare capital abroad were wholly unsuccessful. For capital is proverbially timid, and when financial advisers for political reasons disparage home investments, capital will flow abroad. In this way our "patriots" are doing something to keep back the revival of trade which is beginning to show itself in our country. They cannot do very much, because the tide of industrial revival will be too strong for them, but they may do something to retard the pace of the revival and at least to keep up the figures of unemployment over the General Election. Their malign device must finally fail, for the stream of new capital ever tends to flow into the channels of greatest industrial and commercial productivity. But for the present this anti-British policy of slandering home industry is retarding the new fertilising flow of capital into British enterprise which the prospect of a trade revival would have brought about. This deliberate exploitation of our trade and employment by political and financial gamblers, staking their petty, selfish ends against the employment and prosperity of the people, is a wantonly wicked act without parallel in our political annals.

In the long run, however, the natural and beneficial distribution of capital will assert itself. It is not true that the growth of our capital invested abroad is attended by a dearth of capital in our home industries. Home investments always have the first pull upon the savings of the country, and, even in spite of the campaign of slander, there is no evidence whatever to support the allegation that sound English investments cannot get the capital they need. The notion that a trade depression is attributable to deficiency of capital is based upon a total misunderstanding of the facts of depression. For in depressed trade there is no lack of available capital. Facing the unemployed or under-employed labor is an equal quantity of fixed capital in the shape of mines, factories, machinery, &c., technically capable, as in good times, of co-operating with the labor for the conversion of materials into commodities. The requisite circulating capital, wages, and materials, would also be forthcoming if employers could see their way to marketing the goods they could turn out at the ordinary market prices.

The increasing proportion of new British capital which flows abroad causes no constriction in the de-

velopment of home industries: it could not find safe and profitable employment here. The suggestion that a Protective Tariff would keep more capital invested in this country is a false induction drawn from the fact that a tariff favoring a particular British trade might cause more capital to be employed in that trade. This enlargement of the capital structure of a particular trade, or set of trades, would be compensated, and more than compensated, by the starvation and the dwindling of capital in other trades. For the net effect of a tariff cannot be to increase the aggregate amount of capital in the country. Not only will it not prevent capital from flowing abroad as fast as it does now; it will accelerate the pace. For the result of a costly interference with the normal growth of British trades, by subsidising and enlarging some trades at the expense of others, will be to reduce the average rate of profits upon capital invested in British industries, and, therefore, to strengthen the appeal of foreign investments. The only way by which our Protectionists can keep more capital in the country is by placing a legal prohibition upon the export of British goods which constitute the real forms of the capital that goes abroad. In other words, they can only check the export of capital by stopping export trade altogether. For there is no way of discriminating in our export trade those exports which go out in direct exchange for imports and those which represent British loans to the Empire or to foreign countries.

As world civilisation develops, a larger and larger proportion of the capital of each nation will be placed outside the national area. Germany, far later than ourselves to begin the process, has already nearly as much capital invested outside its Empire as we have, for half our capital that goes abroad goes to our Colonies and Dependencies. On every ground, economic, political, and moral, it is desirable that this process of financial cross-fertilisation should proceed apace. Every fresh million invested abroad is a solid bond of common interest, making in the long run for the peace and prosperity of the world. Its immediate and direct effect is to stimulate the development of the resources of the borrowing country, and to secure for the people of the creditor nation the largest share of this benefit, by furnishing increased supplies of food and materials for her consumption and a new growing market for her manufactures. Students of the actual course of our foreign commerce recognise the intimate relations between the course of our overseas investments and that of our overseas commerce. The two are inextricably intertwined.

In normal times, when unpatriotic panic-mongers are not operating in money markets, our industries are fed with all the capital they can assimilate. There is only one way of increasing safely the quantity of capital employed in the country, viz., by raising the standard of consumption of the masses of the people. For only by raising the volume of consumption of commodities can we permanently raise the volume of production, and so the aggregate employment alike of capital and labor. To do this is the end of that policy of Social Reform to which our Government is directing its endeavors.

Life and Letters.

"SOCIETY" AND THE BUDGET.

THE word Society must be used here in the restricted sense as meaning not the general community but a comparatively small class of people who have constituted themselves into a more or less select aristocratic oligarchy and assume the rôle of leaders of fashion, manners, and conventions in the social life of the richer section of the population. Who are they? And does it signify in the least degree what they think about the Budget or any other public question?

It is difficult to define exactly who they are. But if we take the members of the House of Lords, with their wives and daughters, their relations and their personal friends, we might be including a few people who would resent being classed in this category, but we should not be excluding many who can fairly be described as members of Society. It is, in truth, this faction that gives the House of Lords its power and prestige, and the Peers of the Opposition receive a sort of perpetual mandate from them. The views of a great number of these high personages on the Budget proposals of the Government have been expressed in language of unmeasured violence. Some of their public utterances have been recorded in print, and have been appreciated at their true worth. But their private conversations and correspondence on the subject during the past few months, if they could only be recorded, would be a perfect revelation of an obstinate prejudice, an unconquerable arrogance, and a fathomless ignorance which would make any ordinary citizen blush for shame. Reasons of policy or even of party are not the guiding motive of their heated and bitter opposition. Purely selfish fears form the basis of their antagonism, and contemptuous personalities are their method of expression.

Four years ago the overwhelming Liberal majority at the general election greatly alarmed them. The country would be ruined, they declared, feeling their influence might lose its weight. Worse, there was a chance of an attack on their position—a position of generally accepted domination, which they insist on believing is the only possible arrangement of our social system. But they subsided into acquiescence in the inevitable, and they were completely reassured when they found that their own Chamber, representative, indeed, so far as they were concerned, was an effective rampart against the pressing and repeated demands of the common people. So they settled down for three years only to scoff and sneer at anything in public life that was infected with a progressive or Liberal taint. But in the fourth year came the Budget. Their fears were renewed. "A Government of cads" was forcing Socialism upon them. They had not the remotest idea what Socialism meant. Most of them had neither read nor seen a book on the subject in their lives. But it conveyed to them generally the notion that desperate men who used violence were going to deprive them of their property, their land, and their wealth. For a time they were scared to the pitch of frenzy. They cried aloud, and wondered amongst themselves whether their champions could really withstand a blow which seemed to have behind it a vast, and to them quite inexplicable, force. But when they heard the brave speeches during the Lords' debate, they knew once more they were safe. In those speeches rang the true note of the autocratic capitalist aristocracy. The division on the Second Reading, in which their fathers and brothers, and uncles and friends, played such a noble and historic part in refusing supplies for the nation's needs was a vindication of their claims and a crowning triumph for their caste.

Now, does it after all matter what such people's views are, what language they use, or what opinions they express? Unfortunately it does matter. Because the power they have is unmistakable and very effective. It is a power not only of wealth, which by itself is admittedly formidable, but it is the power of example and the subtle power of influence which reaches down into the recesses of private life where opinion is formed and char-

acter moulded. And the British—or perhaps it would be more correct to say the English—temperament is so constituted that slavish respect for rank plays a very prominent part in the general conduct and public attitude of a vast number of people. The next best thing to being an aristocrat is to know one, and behave like one, or, anyhow, to serve one, or obey one. Individually in this Society, as elsewhere, you will find disinterested and broad-minded men, but their opinion and advice do not count. Collectively, when its interests are touched, whether it be in land, liquor, or capital, "Society" acts corporately in its capacity as a band of hereditary leaders and rulers *par excellence*. The authority these leisured "supers" exercise in mundane and private affairs they insist on stretching into the domain of public affairs, where they find strong allies in their Press, and their Kiplings, and in the vested interests who gladly hail their co-operation. In their disregard for the general public welfare, the selfishness of their pretensions is unveiled, and the insolence of their unashamed conceit is laid bare. It would be folly to pretend that they are not a force still to be reckoned with. The upper middle class strive to be identified with them, many of the middle class fear to compromise themselves by opposing them, and some of the working class even, especially in the country districts, bow to them in return for their patronage and charity. Whether it takes the form of public-house influence, whether it is the alliance between the squire and the parson, whether it is the fear of the loss of custom which the small shopkeepers dread, or whether it is the barefaced intimidation exemplified by the brake-loads of voters driven to the poll, with the bailiff on guard at the door of the polling-station; whether, in fact, it takes the form of subservience, obedience, or alliance, we must make up our minds that in the coming election the full force of their power and the full pressure of their influence will be used and felt in every available direction.

We may despise their opinion, we may deplore their methods, we may detest their pretensions, we may denounce their thoughtless disregard for the constitutional safeguards of the country, but let us not forget that to them the coming struggle is one of life or death. Every conceivable expedient open and concealed will be used to delude the electors into the belief that they are their friends; no stone will be left unturned in order to thwart the forces of progress and to stifle the voice of the people. We must not underestimate the gravity of the issue. It is not to be a contest between two policies, but a great fight to free the country from the slow poison of an insidious and destructive tyranny. Eventual victory is assured by the natural evolution of the social laws which govern all human societies. Cannot we gain that victory now? For, if we triumph, we can leave our vanquished foes for a while to exercise their petty lordship in their own private domains; but their reckless outlawry in the nation's concerns will be put an end to once and for all.

THE MOTIVE FORCE OF WAR.

It is at once the weakness and the strength of most of the men and women who have devoted their energies to a concentrated propaganda against war that they are conscious idealists, a little better and much more sensitive than the majority of their fellows. The plain man does not trouble to meet them on the ground of morality and humanity. He readily accepts their teaching that war is wrong and brutal. But he is apt to imagine that he knows the world he lives in. He is convinced that brutality is often highly profitable. He thinks that he owes much of his present prosperity to successful aggressions in the past. He dreads to be made the victim of similar aggressions in the future. Somewhere at the back of his mind is the obscure conviction that, if the Germans should ever beat us, our trade and our prosperity would be ruined for ever, whereas if we should beat them our fortunes would be directly advanced. That the next war will be a war for trade seems to him as natural and as reasonable as it

seemed to our ancestors in the seventeenth century to make wars for religion. Nor is it merely the unreflecting City man who swallows these assumptions. They are to be found blatant in the pages of the "National Review." The pacifist too often brushes them aside with an impatient moral rebuke, where he might with more effect pause to subject them to a careful economic analysis. When the conviction that war does not pay from a national standpoint, even when it is at once very wicked and very successful, begins to penetrate the mind of the middle class, the "rattle into barbarism" will be sharply arrested.

It is to this task that a new and brilliant writer, Mr. Norman Angell, has addressed himself in one of the most original pieces of pamphleteering which has appeared for many years. ("Europe's Optical Illusion," Simpkin, Marshall.) He writes a direct and virile style, in which no word is wasted and no sentence fails to tell, and he has the rarest of all virtues in a political thinker, that he dares to question everything and to peep behind even the most usual and innocent of words. It is, of course, no new thesis that war and territorial aggrandisement do not pay. The discovery has been made too often by the victor. Austrians in a cold fit are asking themselves what conceivable concrete gain they have derived from the final seizure of Bosnia. Our own Jingo, realising that the dream of racial ascendancy in South Africa must be for ever relinquished, are slowly beginning to scan their balance sheets. But still the illusion survives, and the plain man does not dare to question that some profit in wealth or trade would come to the victor in an Anglo-German struggle. But, setting sentiment aside, what concrete and material good is there that we could lose even by a disastrous struggle which should force us to accept humiliating terms and consent to the loss of our Empire? Our actual wealth, as Mr. Lloyd George has reminded the Dukes, consists in the industrial skill of our population, in our natural resources below the soil, in the moist climate which makes Lancashire the world's inevitable cotton-mill. These would survive defeat. Our goods would still make their way in neutral markets by their cheapness and their merits. It profits the English merchant nothing to-day when he meets a Belgian rival in Buenos Ayres that he has "Dreadnoughts" behind him and the Belgian has not. Switzerland can threaten our supremacy even in the Canadian market. From our self-governing Colonies we draw no tribute. We are less able to dictate a policy to General Botha than we were to President Krüger. Canada announces that she holds herself free to give or to withhold the assistance of her new Fleet if we should be at war. Against us, as against all the world, the Colonies maintain tariffs which sufficiently protect them. The loss of these very independent allies would involve us in no material disaster, and to the conqueror their gain—if he could annex them—would bring no concrete advantage. The level of prosperity and comfort is as high in the little semi-neutral countries of Europe as in any Empire; it is probably higher. Nor can it be thought that their existence is precarious or insecure, when we recollect that Belgian 3 per cents. stand at 96, and German at 82, Norwegian 3½ per cents. at 102 and Russian at 81.

But the centre of Mr. Angell's position is his insistence on the influence of the world's elaborate credit system, to restrain the successful aggressor from inflicting on a defeated enemy any injury which really would maim him. If we are not yet members one of another, we certainly are debtors and creditors one of another. A financial panic in New York causes an immediate reaction in London and Paris, which forces the bankers of England and France in mere self-defence to rush to the assistance of the States. Just as its rivals in the City were forced, in order to save themselves, to rescue Barings, so both combatants in a European war would be compelled to respect each other's solvency. We might, by a successful naval war, create an appalling industrial crisis in Germany, but its effect would be felt so sharply in the City, that the most bellicose stockbroker would ere long be calling for peace and preaching mercy.

The Marshal Bülow of to-morrow might sigh out his "Was für Plunder!" from the dome of St. Paul's, but if he were to sack the cellars of the Bank, the credit of Germany would be shaken with the shock that destroyed our own. If any Power were to profit financially and industrially from a European war, it would be the *tertius gaudens* who lent his money to both the shaken combatants, and pushed his goods in the world's markets while their energies were otherwise engaged. If the victor follows up his triumph by conquest, he is all the more bound to respect the prosperity and the credit-dependent wealth of the provinces he annexes. He cannot ruin their populations without also injuring himself. Added territory does not mean an increase of wealth. No German was the richer for annexing Alsace. It is only the lingering tradition of the days when the conqueror actually confiscated the lands of the conquered and filled his treasury with the spoils of looted cities, which could induce us to think otherwise. There would seem to follow the colossal conclusion that war and armaments can do nothing for trade. Sentiment apart, no civilised modern Power has anything to hope from victory, or anything to fear from defeat, save indeed the temporary disturbance to credit and industry which affects victor and vanquished in almost equal degrees. If there is no adequate motive for aggression, there can be no real necessity to face the annual ruin of defence.

It would be easy to check the march of Mr. Angell's impetuous reasoning by entering here and there a caveat and registering a query. It may be true that no Power has anything concrete to gain by conquest, but the perception of that fact may not dawn so rapidly on the strong as on the weak. If we were Dutchmen, we should be ready to prove to Germany that she had nothing to gain by annexing us, but we should not on that account disarm, even if we believed that conquest would not spell ruin. The sentimental factor counts. No German was the richer for seizing Alsace, but the Alsations are certainly unhappier for having been seized. Nor is it sweet reasonableness alone which protects Belgium and maintains her credit. It is the equilibrium of the armaments of stronger rival Powers. In the absence of international free trade, moreover, the wars which have consolidated great Empires into large areas of internal free trade have been of economic benefit. The Northern States would certainly be the poorer to-day if the Southern States had maintained their secession. But even these reservations leave Mr. Angell's central position untouched. Broadly speaking, there can, in the modern world, be no really national advantage from victorious war, and no irreparable economic disaster from defeat. But against this thesis of Mr. Angell's, which to the plain Jingo will seem an intolerable paradox, it is necessary to set up another which is itself hardly more familiar. Armaments are not maintained merely to make war or to preserve peace. They are maintained also to facilitate the export of capital. Ask why it is that the Moroccan question has twice threatened the peace of Europe and convulsed the slumbers of Spain, and the answer is that an energetic French colonial group is busy lending money to the Sultan, that it provoked an expedition which will force him to borrow still more money to pay the indemnity, that it has acquired profitable concessions for the building of harbors, and still vaster privileges for the exploitation of mines. Ask why the tension has ceased, and the answer is that the rival German group of financiers has come to terms with the French group, and that the pair will now exploit loans and mines in concert. French armaments backed the French group on Moroccan soil; German armaments on the Eastern frontier in the end made an amicable arrangement necessary. It is quite true that when a Lancashire firm is bidding against a Rhenish firm for the supply of cotton to a merchant in Smyrna, the question of "Dreadnoughts" does not come in. But if Krupps are bidding against Schneiders for the supply of ordnance to the Turkish army, or if a British group is competing with a German group for the building of a railway in China, high politics with navies behind them

are at once involved. Embassies do not trouble about cotton bales, but they are called in when a new bank is being founded, a new concession granted, or a railway secured upon mortgaged customs. The shadow of an ambassador, when he pays an official visit under a semi-tropical sun, is rather apt to look like an Army Corps or a Dreadnought. The struggle to maintain what is called a balance of power in Europe is in some degree a struggle to secure for the fluid capital of the financiers of the Great Powers profitable opportunities for exporting itself to countries where there are as yet no Factory Acts and no "trail of the trade union serpent." The Lancashire operative and the suburban clerk are certainly no richer because the Navy enables us to control without owning Egypt. But the bondholders who despoiled the Khedive Ismail are immensely the richer. It is not enough that the democracies of Europe should understand that conquests and armaments are of no service to them. They must also be made to understand the entirely reasonable, if wholly selfish, calculation which makes these things so very serviceable to a limited ruling caste. The problem of armaments is national as well as international. Its solution presupposes the enlightenment of democracy and its acquisition of power. The enemy is not so much the faulty reasoning of the many as the shrewd self-interest of the few.

THE POWER OF DECEPTION.

VERY opportunely comes a little volume from the pen of Mr. Bryce, entitled "The Hindrances to Good Citizenship" (Clarendon Press), which contains the garnered fruit of deep and wide reflection upon democracy in two worlds. It is no casual coincidence that our American ambassador should have addressed to the students of Yale University a detailed criticism of the defects of popular government, every paragraph of which is closely, painfully, applicable to this country. For those who are not completely absorbed in the necessary details of the electoral struggle, there can be no more profitable reading than this faithful endeavor of a wise and devoted friend to heal, invigorate, and direct the spirit of democracy. That such help is needed there can be no doubt. For the clear convictions of a generation ago have been clouded over and the confident enthusiasm has been disappointed by events. "From 1830 to 1870 the general attitude of most of the powerful intellects and nearly all the finest characters among the thinkers and writers of Europe was a hopeful one, expecting immense gains to human progress and human happiness from the establishment of free institutions." The actual gains, though considerable, have not nearly fulfilled the expectations. Some improvement in material comfort, in health, education, morals, and in other civilised conditions has been attained for the "common people," and not a little of all this is due to better political institutions. Yet the friends of democracy are disappointed. Larger, quicker, deeper gains were hoped for. In looking for the causes of such disappointment Mr. Bryce rightly fastens his attention, not upon defects in the methods of self-government, but upon weaknesses in the character of the average citizen as affected by the play of modern political forces. For democracy throws the responsibility of progress upon the average man. Now, at all times, the average man in politics is prone to three special vices, indolence, self-interest, and abuse of party spirit. Of these the most noxious is self-interest, which not merely perverts individual honesty and intelligence, but corrupts and turns to harmful ends the wholesome instrument of party.

Unfortunately, along with the growth of formal democracy this evil force has gained an increased strength. For economic issues, which formerly divided the field of politics more equally with other issues of race, religion, and dynastic changes, have come in all

modern industrial nations to a position of ascendancy. The very growth of toleration, which has abated, if it has not settled, the most urgent problems of race and of creed, the very widening of franchise and of electoral institutions have left the field more open for the naked play of economic interests. Hence it arises that behind all constitutional or legal reform stands the pressure of the popular demand for radical changes in the ownership of property, the control of industry, and for a decent and secure standard of material comfort for the working-classes.

The other side of this demand, the enemy of the people, is the Power of Money, the entrenched and consolidated forces of the powerful vested interests. The classes which, by tradition and inheritance, by superior opportunities of education, political assistance, chance or force, have built and maintain the fortresses of the Money Power, defend themselves against all popular encroachments made under the claims of labor on the State. And their defence consists chiefly in attempts to corrupt, distract, and deceive the electorate. For what other defence have they against the just and reasonable demands of the people? Mr. Bryce, though not concerned to discuss the merits of the economic issues between the people and the vested interests, is as insistent as Mr. Wallas upon the degradation of politics involved. "Perhaps with even more general truth may it be said that, as the Love of Money is the root of all evil, so the Power of Money is for popular governments the most constant source of danger, worse than ignorance, worse than apathy, worse than faction, worse than demagogism. This is because it is so multifarious, so insidious, so hard to detect, so quick to spread."

In America the Power of Money is more firmly seated in the political saddle than here: it has seized more securely the engines of Party, and pumps its will down through the elaborate machinery, to come up with the formal register of the popular will. The prevalence of the spoils system and certain other aspects of American life render this intelligible. But, as Mr. Wallas reminds us, American methods are invading this nation. The "spell-binder," the "still-hunt," and all the other tricks of menace, cajolery, and suggestion, will be employed by the Money-Power. How shall they be met? What must we do to be saved? Mr. Wallas leaves us well-nigh in despair. Mr. Bryce, who is not looking to our immediate emergency, pleads for a policy of intellectual and moral enlightenment. He sees already in America, as in Europe, signs of revolt against the dominion of Mammon, of recovery from the age of discouragement through which democracy has been passing; he finds a growing diffusion of sympathy, a stronger feeling of responsibility among the wealthier classes for their less fortunate brethren. "There is more of a sense of brotherhood, more of a desire to help, more of a discontent with those arrangements of society which press hardly on the common man than there was forty years ago." But these healing, elevating processes are by their very nature slow. What ward have we against the present perils of such a Money-Power as Mr. Wallas portrayed in our columns last week? Well, we have this. It takes more money, more energy, more ability to make a lie prevail than a truth. To buy or deceive the majority of the electorate into voting against their manifest self-interests may prove too difficult and too expensive even for the Money-Power.

Finally, justice and reason are great allies. The mind of the average elector is not equally amenable to truth and falsehood, justice and injustice. To persuade him that the Lords are his friends, while the men he elected four years ago are his enemies, that it is better for him to pay food taxes than for landowners to pay land taxes, that the rich men want to give him more power, not less, to tax them, may prove too difficult, too costly a process. Drink fuddles and gold dazzles the intelligence of electioneers, leading them to suppose, falsely, that they can "fool all the people all the time." So, while honest men must everywhere be on their guard, unmasking fraudulent pretences, and nailing lies to the

counter, we need feel no desperate alarm lest money should buy the verdict. Money is not the final master of humanity. Good and evil, truth and falsehood, are not equally equipped for victory. For there is a natural tendency for greed to over-reach itself, for the liar to be caught in a trap he sets, for corruption to disgust instead of to allure. We have on one side the justice of our cause, the faith which the knowledge of that justice affords, and the ultimate integrity of the people. For herein lies the conquering power, the healing of democracy, the imperfect, not wholly conscious, but real and growing wisdom of the people, which enables it to detect truth from falsehood in great fundamental issues.

THE ESSENTIAL SELF.

If ever there was a perfect Knight, raised above the shadow of reproach, and recognised by his own and after times as the very mould of gentle valor and heroic accomplishment, one would have supposed him to be Sir Philip Sidney. We had looked upon him as happy in his life, in his friendships, his genius, and even in the early opportunity of his death. We had classed him with those scholars whose knowledge is vitalised by the hard realities of State and battle, and with the soldiers whom imaginative intellect saves from brutality. We had known him as the child of Penshurst, most beautiful of country homes, and as the sweet-tempered schoolboy of Shrewsbury, always the wildest and most romantic of our schools. We had known him at Christ Church, where he won such favor that the Dean ordered the words "preceptor of Philip Sidney, that most noble knight," should be inscribed on his own grave, and we can think of no pupil in whose honor the late Dean Liddell or the present Bishop of Oxford would do the like. Then came the years at Court and in the State's service, whether in Ireland or on embassies, in which he confronted the Emperor himself in defence of the liberties of Europe—years also of love and poetry and intimate acquaintance with the best scholars and intellects of the day. And so we reached that natural and characteristic ending at Zutphen, which for more than three centuries has rejoiced the imagination of his countrymen, when, as his friend tells us:—

"Being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him, but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth he saw a poor soldier carried along who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle; which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man with these words, 'Thy necessity is greater than mine.'"

That scene has become part of our national heritage, and for his countrymen Sir Philip Sidney lives chiefly as its hero. Beyond that, they may remember his great saying that he "never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that he found not his heart moved more than with a trumpet," and they may know him as the poet of three or four beautiful love-songs and perhaps half a dozen sonnets that Shakespeare must have heard with delight. Round these three points of noble deed and noble word and noble verse, posterity has concentrated his remembrance, and in themselves they are sufficient to present to us the picture of perfect knighthood that his very name calls up.

Or consider what his contemporaries thought of him—this man who, like General Wolfe, was killed at thirty-two. Of Henry of Navarre it is written that "he found out this Master-spirit among us, and used him like an equal in nature, and so fit for friendship with a king." When Sidney died, the Spaniard Mendoza acknowledged that "howsoever he was glad King Philip his master had lost in a private gentleman, a dangerous enemy to his Estate; yet he could not but lament to see Christendom deprived of so rare a light in these cloudy times." Similar is the testimony of Languet, the European scholar, and of Philip du Mornay, the scholarly diplomatist. But, as is known, the highest authority in Sidney's praise is Fulke

Greville, his intimate friend from the Schools at Shrewsbury till death parted them, nor can there be many finer passages of honor than that conclusion, beginning, "He was a true model of worth; a man fit for conquest, plantation, reformation, or what action so ever is greatest and hardest among men." Take only two more sentences from the lines:—

"Such a lover of mankind and goodness, that whosoever had any real parts in him found comfort, participation, and protection to the uttermost of his power; like Zephyrus, he giving life where he blew. . . . His heart and capacity were so large that there was not a cunning painter, a skilful engineer, an excellent musician, or any other artificer of extraordinary fame, that made not himself known to this famous spirit, and found him his true friend without hire, and the common rendezvous of worth in his time."

Fulke Greville, who lived to praise him, also imitated the Dean of Christ Church in asking that the sole inscription on his tombstone should be "The Friend of Sir Philip Sidney."

Was it all a hoax? Was the devotion of friends, the admiration of history, built on illusion? Sidney's latest biographer almost persuades us it was. It is true that Mr. Addleshaw, in his large and learned "Life" (Methuen) inserts passages of high praise. He esteems his hero quite highly, quite at his true value, as he supposes. He only wishes to be just, and because he has studied the subject more deeply than the rest of us, he felt bound to bring to light certain things we did not know. But, in spite of the best he can say, the result of his book is disillusion and disenchantment. Perhaps it is the result of most biography, unless the man's very faults are lovable. But Mr. Addleshaw keeps pointing out faults that are not lovable at all, and he has a peculiar power of making these faults stand forth as the most visible features in the portrait. It is partly due to a rather irritating and diffuse style, partly to a genuine and chivalrous sympathy with the persecuted Catholics of Elizabeth's time, for whom Sidney, in the thick of the dangers to freedom of thought and government, felt no pity. But throughout the book it is evident that the biographer is resolved "not to emphasise the halo," if we may adopt one of his own queer phrases. On the very first page he tells us that Sidney was "a prig and a bigot." A little later on, he confirms someone's opinion that Sidney was not an eminently engaging or profoundly interesting character, and states that our usual estimate of him is too clearly the phantom of a long tradition. He speaks of his piety as "narrow and insular to an unpleasant degree." With regard to his share in the confiscated property of Catholics, he calls him a thief, accuses him of rank robbery, and says "he plunged gaily into the game of grab and played it without a shadow of shame." Similarly, in speaking of his marriage and of his passion for Penelope Rich, he tells us everything that can make against his hero, and his excuse for insisting on all errors is plainly stated in the middle of the book:—

"As public approval," he writes, again in his more irritating style—"as public approval puts Sidney in a place quite conveniently near to St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John—and if one is to believe rumor, he is rather better than any of them—it is just as well to say, frankly, what he was. . . . It is very silly to disguise all Philip's faults. . . . To present him as a hero who was, like the traditional Bayard, '*sans peur et sans reproche*,' is to coquet with folly. . . . Why it should have been considered necessary to make Philip ridiculous it is not for me to suggest. . . . We may rejoice that he was not the good boy of the Sunday school, or that he early went to heaven because the bullet of a kindly enemy sent him there."

We do not quite follow the meaning of the sneer in the last few words, but if the author thinks he is saving Sidney from ridicule by pointing out a few human failings in a noble character, he is mistaken. Goethe might say, "It is a man's errors that make him really lovable," but he was not thinking of the errors on which Mr. Addleshaw dwells—priggishness, bigotry, greed, indifference to suffering, and coldness in love. Those are not the errors that increase our affection for a man or raise him beyond the taunt of Sunday-school hero. If they are found and insisted upon in the character of a reputed knight, they in themselves bring ridicule upon a

knightly reputation, and to suppose they can enhance our sympathy for a fellow man is indeed to "coquet with folly."

It is not our business to defend Sidney. Except that he was thought too serious—Languet writes, "You have too little mirthfulness in your nature"—the people of his time perceived little or nothing of the faults that Mr. Addleshaw makes so glaring, and few of us are much in advance of the morality of our time. But we will accept the truth from the Devil's Advocate, no matter how disappointing—just with this one hint of warning, that hardly any man can be a hero to his biographer. Like the *valet de chambre*, the biographer knows too much. He sees the hero in his hours (or perhaps his years) of weakness, depression, or commonplace existence. If he has a valet's mind, those are the periods that will strike him most; on those he will insist, and to the quick moments when the heroic spirit burns with pure flame, illuminating the world, he will be blind. So it is that some people, possessed by a passion for what they call truth, delight to show us the Virgin Queen as a wanton old harridan, or Cromwell as an ill-bred bully, or Byron as a fop clamoring for his tooth-powder, or Lamb as a slave to punch, or Wordsworth as a doddering Conservative, or Carlyle as a peevish egoist.

Mr. Addleshaw has not a valet's mind, but still he is in danger of hiding the essential self beneath unessential qualities. At the best, a man's true self is not easy to discover, either for him or for others. In the chaotic multitude of contradictions, possibilities, desires, and fears, who shall detect it with certainty? Almost obliterated by the world's slow stain, incrustated like a sea-monster with the accretions of daily life and custom, torpid with conformity and the stress of habit, thwarted by sickness and bodily circumstance, it seldom emerges into view, and is seldom conscious even of its own reality. The old commandment to Know Thyself is impossible of fulfilment, and there is hardly one among us who could foretell how he would act in a crisis. In the case of others we foretell it more confidently, having a less confused picture of others than of ourselves. But still, it is not often that we can say, "There is the man himself; there is the essential spirit, burning, though only for a moment, with pure flame, while all the rest, though it last for years, is mere twilight, clotted obscurity, or the unenumerated hours of night."

With assured instinct, the circle of the world has fixed upon the points where the radiance of Sidney's essential spirit shone. We are grateful to all historians who reveal the truth, but, even if they wished, they could not alter that vision of our own, springing from a deeper truth than the incidents of time and place. No matter with what details of evidence the biographers may overwhelm us, Sidney will remain to the world as Shelley wrote of him:—

"Sidney as he fought
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot."

Not that we disregard evidence or consider perfection either possible or attractive, but at a few points of life we detect the gleam of the man's true spirit, and to the rest we remain indifferent, hardly having the time in our few and crowded years to regard it much. As in the case of a poet, it is not the man we admire, so much as the spirit that appears now and then to breathe through him as its almost unconscious instrument. So with Sidney, the only parts of his biography that count are those on which the world has already fixed, and the world is not to be robbed of the fine personality revealed in them. For not merely a creature of legend, but the true spirit of the man is to be found in that grave and sweet-tempered schoolboy, that ambassador who uttered his protests for freedom before the Courts of Emperors, that soldier who died at Zutphen, and the lover who wrote the lines beginning:—

"With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!"

and many other verses, of which Ruskin said he knew no such lovely love poems since Dante's.

Short Studies.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF FLEET STREET.

It is still early, but dinner is over—not the club dinner with its buzzing conversation, nor yet the restaurant dinner, hurried into the ten minutes between someone's momentous speech and the leader that has to be written on it. The suburban dinner is over, and there was no need to hurry. They tell me I shall be healthier now. What do I care about being healthier? Et propter vitam vitæ perdere causas.

Shall I sit with a novel over the fire? Shall I take life at second-hand and work up an interest in imaginary loves and the exigencies of shadows? What are all the firesides and fictions of the world to me that I should loiter here and doze, doze, as good as die?

They tell me it is a fine thing to take a little walk before bed-time. I go out into the suburban street, a thin, wet mist hangs over the silent and monotonous houses, and blurs the electric lamps along our road. There will be a fog in Fleet Street to-night, but everyone is too busy to notice it. How friendly a fog made us all! How jolly it was when I ran straight into that "Chronicle" man, and got a lead of him by a short head over the same curse! There's no chance of running into anyone here, let alone cursing! A few figures slouch past and disappear; the last postman goes his round, knocking at one house in ten; up and down the asphalt path leading into the obscurity of the Common a wretched woman wanders in vain; the long, pointed windows of a chapel glimmer with yellowish light through the dingy air, and I hear the faint groans of a harmonium cheering the people home. The groaning ceases, the lights go out, service is over; it will soon be time for decent people to be in bed.

In Fleet Street the telegrams will now be falling thick as—No, I won't say it! No Vallombrosa for me, or any other journalistic tag! I remember once a sub-editor had got as far as, "The cry is still—" when I took him by the throat. I have done the State some service.

Our sub-editor's room is humming now: a low murmur of questions, rapid orders, the rustle of paper, the quick alarum of telephones. Boys keep bringing telegrams in orange envelopes. Each sub-editor is bent over his little lot of news. One sorts out the speeches from bundles of flimsy. The middle of Lloyd-George's speech has got mixed up with Balfour's peroration. If he left them mixed, would anyone be the less wise? Perhaps the speakers might notice it, and that man from Wiltshire would be sure to write saying he had always supported Mr. Balfour, and heartily welcomed this fresh evidence of his consistency.

"Six columns speeches in already: how much?" asks the sub-editor. "Column and quarter," comes answer from the head of the table, and the cutting begins. Another sub-editor pieces together an interview about the approaching comet. "Keep comet to three sticks," comes the order. Another guts a blue-book on prison statistics as savagely as though he were disembowelling the whole criminal population itself.

There's the telephone ringing. "Hullo, hullo!" calls a sub-editor quietly. "Who are you? Margate mystery? Go ahead. They've found the corpse? All right. Keep it to a column, but send good story. Horrible mutilations? Good. Glimpse the corpse yourself if you can. Yes. Send full mutilations. Will call for them at eleven. Good-bye." "You doing Haldane, Mr. Jones?" asks the head of the table. "Cup-tie at Sunderland," answers Mr. Jones, and all the time the boys go in and out with those orange-colored bulletins of the world's health.

What's a man to do at night out here? Let's have a look at all these posters displayed in front of the Free Library, where a few poor creatures are still reading last night's news for the warmth. Next week there's a

concert of chamber-music in the Town Hall. I suppose I might go to that. Then there's a boxing competition at the St. John's Arms, and a subscription dance in the Nelson Rooms, and a lecture on Dante, with illustrations from contemporary art, for working men and women at the Institute. Also there's something called the Why-Be-Lonesome Club for promoting friendly social intercourse among the young and old of all classes. I suppose I might go to that too. It sounds comprehensive.

There seems no need to be dull in the suburbs. A man in a cart is still crying coke down the street. Another desires to sell clothes-props. A brace of lovers come stealing out of the Common through the mist, careless of mud and soaking grass. I suppose people would say I'm too old to make love on a County Council bench. In love's cash-books the balance-sheet of years is kept with remorseless exactitude.

The foreign editors are waiting now in their silent room, and the telegrams come to them from the ends of the world. They fold them in packets together by countries or continents—the Indian stuff, the Russian stuff, the Egyptian, Turkish, Austrian, South African, Persian, Japanese, American, Spanish, and all the rest. They'll have pretty nearly seven columns by this time, and the order will come "Two-and-a-half foreign." Then the piecing and cutting will begin. One of them sits in a telephone box with bands across his head, and repeats a message from our Paris correspondent. Through our Paris man we can talk with Berlin and Rome.

From this rising ground I can see the light of the city reflected on the misty air, and somewhere mingled in that light are the big lamps down in Fleet Street. The City's voice comes to me like a confused murmur through a telephone when the words are unintelligible. The only distinct sounds are the dripping of the moisture from the trees in suburban gardens, and the voice of an old lady imploring her pet dog to return from his evening walk.

The voice of all the world is now heard in that silent room. From moment to moment news is coming of treaties and revolutions, of Sultans deposed and Kings enthroned, of commerce and failures, of shipwrecks, earthquakes, and explorations, of wars and flooded camps and sieges, of intrigue, diplomacy, and assassination, of love, murder, revenge, and all the public joy and sorrow and business of mankind. All the voices of fear, hope, and lamentation echo in that silent little room; and maps hang on the walls, and guide-books are always ready, for who knows where the next event may come to pass upon this energetic little earth, already twisting for a hundred million years around the sun?

The editor must be back by now. He is taking his seat in his own room, like the conductor of an orchestra preparing to raise his baton now that the tuning-up is finished. The leader-writers are coming in for their instructions. No need for much consultation to-night—not for the first leader anyhow. For the second—well, there are a good many things one could suggest: Finland or Persia or Morocco for a foreign subject; the library censorship or the price of cotton; and the cup-ties, or the extinction of hats for both sexes as a light note to finish with. He's always laboring to invent "something light," is the editor. He says we must sometimes consider the public, just as though we wrote the rest of the paper for our own private fun.

But there's no doubt about the first leader to-night. There's only one subject on which it would be a shock to every reader in the morning not to find it written. And, my word! What a subject it is! What seriousness and indignation and conviction one could get into it! I should begin by restating the situation. You must always assume that the reader's ignorance is new every morning; and anyone who happens to know something about it likes to see he was right. I should work in adroit references to this evening's speeches, and that would fill the first paragraph—say, three sides of my copy, or something over. In the second paragraph I'd show the immense issues involved in the present contest, and expose the fallacies of our opponents who attempt to belittle the matter as temporary and unlikely to recur—

say, three sides of my copy again, but not a word more. And, then, in the third paragraph, I'd adjure the Government, in the name of all their party holds sacred, to stand firm, and I'd appeal to the people of this great Empire never to allow their ancient liberties to be encroached upon or overridden by a set of irresponsible—well, in short, I should be like General Sheridan when at the crisis of a battle he used to say, "Now, let everything go in"—four sides of my copy, or even five if the stuff is running well.

Somebody must be writing that leader now. Possibly he is doing it better than I should, but I hope not. When Hannibal wandered all those years in Asia at the Court of silly Antiochus this or stupid Prusias the other, and knew that Carthage was falling to ruin while he alone might have saved her if only she had allowed him, would he have rejoiced to hear that someone else was succeeding better than himself—had traversed the Alps with a bigger army, had won a second Cannæ, and even at Zama snatched a decisive victory? Hannibal might have rejoiced. He was a very exceptional man.

But here's a poor creature still playing the clarinet down the street, on the pretence of giving pleasure worth a penny. Yes, my boy, I know you're out of work, and that is why you play the "Last Rose of Summer." I am out of work, too, and I can't play anything. You say you learnt when a boy, and once played in the orchestra at Drury Lane; but now you've come to wandering about suburban streets, and when you have finished the "Last Rose" you will play "When other Lips," followed by "My Lodging's on the Cold Ground." Only a fortnight ago I was playing in an orchestra myself, not a hundred miles (obsolete journalistic tag!)—not a hundred miles from Drury Lane. It was a grand orchestra, that of ours. Day by day it played the symphony of the world, and each day a new symphony was performed, without rehearsal. The drums of our orchestra were the echoes of thundering wars; the flutes and soft recorders were the eloquence of an Empire's statesmen; and our 'cellos and violins wailed with the pity of all mankind. In that vast orchestra I played the horn that sounds the charge, or with its sharp reveillé vexes the ear of night before the sun is up. Here is your penny, my brother in affliction. I, too, have joined in the music of a star, and now wander the suburban streets.

That leader-writer has not finished yet, but the proofs of the beginning of his article will be coming down. In an hour or so his work will be over, and he will pass out into the street exhausted, and happy with the sense of function fulfilled. Fleet-street is quieter now. The lamps gleam through the fog, a motor-bus thunders by, a few late messengers flit along with the latest telegrams, and some stragglers from the restaurants come singing past the Temple. For a few moments there is silence but for the leader-writer's quick footsteps on the pavement. He is some hours in front of the morning's news, and in a few hours more half-a-million of people will be reading what he has just written, and will quote it to each other as their own. How often I have had whole sentences of my stuff thrown at me as conclusive arguments almost before the printing ink was dry!

Here I stand, beside a solitary lamp-post upon a suburban acclivity. The light of the city's existence—I think my successor would say, of her pulsating and palpitating or ebullient existence—is pale upon the sky, and the murmur of her voice sounds like large but distant waves. I stand alone, and near me there is no sound but the complaint of a homeless tramp swearing at the cold as he settles down upon a bench for the night.

How I used to swear at that boy for not coming quick enough to fetch my copy! I knew the young scoundrel's step—I knew the step of every man and boy in that office. I knew the way each of them went up and down the stairs, and coughed or whistled. What knowledge dies with me now that I am gone! Qualis artifex pereo! But that boy—how I should love to be swearing at him now! I wonder whether he misses me, I hope he does. "It would be an assurance most dear," as an old song of exile used to say.

The Drama.

"THE BLUE BIRD" AND "BLANCO POSNET."

MR. TRENCH is to be cordially congratulated on the success of "The Blue Bird." The production was a most spirited move, worthy of "high commendation, true applause, and love." All the forces of the theatre have worked together in the attainment of a most artistic and delightful presentation. Here and there—at one point and another—it would be possible to conceive something more imaginative, something more exquisite. But it is not the part of criticism to oppose a dream achievement to an actual achievement, and dwell carpingly on the differences. Everything has been done competently, almost everything delightfully. The scenery, by Messrs. Cayley Robinson, S. H. Sime, and Joseph Harker, is ingenious and beautiful. (By the way, I have not seen it noticed that the graveyard scene, "The Kingdom of the Past," reproduces a well-known picture by Arnold Boecklin.) The dresses are fanciful and pretty, the dances (arranged by Miss Ina Pelly) are graceful and spirited. All the acting is more or less good; and particularly good are little Miss Olive Walter's Tytyl, Mr. Ernest Hendrie's Dog, Mr. Norman Page's Cat, Mr. William Farren's Gaffer Tyl, Mr. C. V. France's Time, and Mr. Fisher White's Oak-Tree. Mr. Trench, I repeat, and his able producer, Mr. Lyall Swete, are unreservedly to be congratulated on an all-round success.

What, now, of the play, poem, fantasy, parable, or whatever you like to call it? Here I confess myself somewhat at a loss. I am one of the most faithful, as I was one of the earliest, of M. Maeterlinck's admirers; but I hesitate whether to rank "The Blue Bird," his greatest theatrical success, among his artistic or intellectual triumphs. It has an extraordinary superficial charm; it delighted me on a first reading; but does it quite bear thinking about? I wonder! It seems to me to fall between two stools—to be neither shallow enough for children nor deep enough for men. And in saying so I probably do injustice to the childish intelligence. There is a good deal in the play, I cannot but think, that would crumble to pieces before the uncompromising logic of childhood. I should even be inclined to doubt whether it was a suitable play for bright and impressionable children, were it not that I know several young people of that description, on both sides of the Atlantic, with whom the book is already a prime favorite.

So far as the play is designed for children, it might have taken its inspiration from a phrase of Stevenson's. In one of his early essays, he wishes that there had been someone, during his childhood, "to put him in good heart about life." That would seem to have been M. Maeterlinck's cue. His fable harps on two main themes: first, man's unlimited dominion over a hostile but ultimately conquerable Nature; second, the unreality, or rather the negligibility, of Death. The Blue Bird, it is true, is difficult to capture, and when captured is apt to change color. The only way to keep it from fading, apparently, is to give it away, cage and all, to someone else. But then the quest of it is adventurous and fascinating, and the glimpses one now and then gets of it are worth all the trouble. That is my reading of the philosophy of the play; and so far as the theory of happiness—the Blue Bird—is concerned, it is open to no particular objection. But ought a child to be taught to look for a sinister and treacherous hostility in all Nature? Ought his thoughts to be deliberately centred on the mysteries of birth and death? And, if this be considered desirable, ought he to be put off with trite sentimentalisms on the subject?

First, as to Nature. There is no doubt a sense in which the cruelty, and even, if you like to phrase it so, the treachery of Nature are fundamental facts of existence. From the point of view of humanitarian sentiment, the struggle for existence is scarcely a pleasing spectacle. But it is not this aspect of nature that M. Maeterlinck presents to us. He would have the child conceive that the commonplace Things around him are

his secret and insidious foes. Even Bread and Sugar, those good familiar creatures, are presented in a most unamiable light. Sugar, it is true—especially at Christmas-time—is apt to cause a good deal of uneasiness. But it is not the sugar that is the enemy—it is the child's unbridled appetite for it—and I do not see why this obvious moral should be obscured for him. As for the trees and the domestic animals, why should the childish spirit be placed at feud with them? In the forest scene, after the battle is over, Light, the sententious and the wise, deliberately rubs in the moral: "You see that Man is all alone against all in this world"—all alone, save for the heroically abject Dog. A little earlier, the venerable Oak Tree says to the other trees and animals:—

"The child you see before you . . . is able to snatch from us a secret which we have kept since the origin of life. Now we know enough of Man to entertain no doubt as to the fate which he reserves for us once he is in possession of this secret."

Surely age has not brought wisdom to this Oak. He apparently founds his estimate of Man on the President of some American wood-pulp or turpentine trust. But this is wholly unfair. When Man is wise and happy, oak-trees, if not more numerous, will be healthier and more beautiful than ever they were. Nor do I believe that the oaks we know cherish any such short-sighted sentiments. They are perfectly willing to work out their destiny; and, if only we study their constitution, and do not subject their fibre to greater strains than it can bear, we need fear no treachery from them—they will be staunch to the death. The Horse, again—why are children to see a hypocritical enemy in that noble and patient, if somewhat silly, quadruped? I admit that the contrast between the servile, officious devotion of the Dog and the subtle selfishness of the Cat is admirably worked out. (Mr. William Watson, by the way, has drawn the same contrast in a fine poem.) But apart from this I cannot think that there is much depth, or even much relevance, in the treatment of Man's relation to the animal and plant world. There is humor and fantasy in plenty; but, from M. Maeterlinck, we look for something more.

Now, as to Death. The message on this subject, conveyed in two scenes—"The Land of Memory" and "The Kingdom of the Past"—is to the effect that the dead live in our thoughts of them, and, otherwise, have no existence at all. This is a more comfortable and suitable doctrine, no doubt, than some views of death that have in bygone days been presented to the childish mind; but I wonder whether an acute child would not be apt to suspect it at once of inadequacy and of insincerity. Will he not ask whether the poet really expects him to believe that, if "there are no dead," our memories of the departed can recall them to life in any sense that matters? Will he not divine in the vision of a graveyard converted into a "fairy-like and nuptial garden" an attempt to conceal from him something very painful, and ugly, and dreadful, under a rather thin surface-dressing of flowers—of speech? Perhaps I am attributing a prosaic and inappropriate definiteness both to the poet's message and to the child's reading of it. But, after all, what can be more definite, not to say dogmatic, than the assertion "There are no dead"? I do not think it would be an impossibly realistic child who should say, "If you must talk to me about death, let there be 'no flowers—by request.'"

The scene in the Palace of Night is delightfully humorous, and its optimism is, to my mind, better justified than the attempt to sentimentalise away the horrors of death. But here again—looking at it now from the grown-up, not from the childish, point of view—the poet's philosophy seems to be disappointingly shallow. It is all very well for Night to say, "All my Terrors are afraid, and dare not leave the house, and the greater part of my Sicknesses are ill." With a little latitude of interpretation, and looking a century or two ahead, we may admit this to be true. But there are many other caverns in the realm of Night that the poet leaves unexplored and unmentioned. What about the Injustices? What about the Cruelties? Above all, what about the grisly hole where the blind,

brutish, Stupidities lie tangled in a writhing mass? As for the Ghosts, I do not know what Night can mean when she says they have "taken flight," or have "felt bored since Man ceased to take them seriously." Never, surely, have ghosts been livelier than at the present moment; never have they been taken more solemnly. Are there not learned societies all over the world devoted exclusively to their cultivation? Thirty years ago they lived only in Christmas Numbers; now there is a whole library of solid and not in the least Christmas-massy volumes devoted to their sayings and doings. Here I cannot find, with Mr. Trench, that the poet has "blended scientific observation with dream-work"; for it is certain that ghosts have of late taken a new lease of life. Or, if not ghosts, at any rate Mysteries; whereas Night complains that these, too, are at present at a discount. Seriously, the thought which inspires this scene seems to me a little perfunctory. It might have been much more relevant without being less amusing.

To sum up my doubts about "The Blue Bird," I cannot but ask myself what we should all have said if Mr. Barrie had written the play—by no means an extravagant supposition. Would not the verdict have run: "Very quaint—very charming—very humorous—but decidedly thin and superficial. How much profounder Maeterlinck would have made it!"

Last week saw the production of another philosophic play, "The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet." To call it a nail in the coffin of the Censorship would hardly be correct; for I take it the Censorship is already nailed down, and only awaits the formality of interment. Certainly it seems incredible that even the Lord Chamberlain, at this time of day, should have discerned immorality or irreverence in Mr. Shaw's fantasy. It is immensely vivacious and amusing, and its theology, so far as I can discern it, may almost be called orthodox. If Blanco Posnet had read "Literature and Dogma," he would probably have defined the divinity that shapes his ends as "something, not himself, that makes, when he least expects it, for doing the sporting thing." In the last analysis, I take it, the play is an affirmation on Mr. Shaw's part of faith in the ultimate decency of human nature—in the unaccountable fascination which the Idea of Good exercises over the human will. I do not see that that is a doctrine which ought to be suppressed by Act of Parliament.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Letters to the Editor.

THE CHARACTER OF THE INDIAN POLICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Since you were good enough to publish my letter containing a report of the lamentable Gulab Bano case in India fresh events have occurred.

It will be remembered that this unfortunate woman was convicted in the summer of 1908 by a Sessions Judge in the Punjab (Mr. Kennedy) of having poisoned her husband on the strength of a statement held by the Judge to amount to a voluntary confession of guilt. Her answer was that this statement was wrung from her by the police under the agony of atrocious torture. Nevertheless she was sentenced to death, but when her case came up on appeal to the Chief Court of Lahore, the Judges unanimously set aside the conviction on the ground that her so-called confession was not voluntary, but was probably extorted from her by the terrible ill-treatment to which she had deposed.

Though careful not to prejudge the case, the Judges demanded a searching enquiry into the allegations against the police, and drew the special attention of the Government Advocate to the facts. Their judgment was delivered on December 2nd, 1908, but for some reason which requires explanation was not published in the Indian Press till February 2nd, 1909.

The acquittal of, and the order for, the discharge of the woman dated from December 2nd, 1908. Then comes a deplorable and impressive fact. The poor woman "died

of fever on January 10th at the village of Ganda Kass, Police Station Pindi Ghe," to quote the official account. But the extraordinary thing is that though she died within a few weeks of the delivery of the Chief Court's judgment, yet no one in India, or here, seems to have been made acquainted with the fact of her death until a few weeks ago. During the intervening nine months the Government "enquiry" went slowly and silently on. Frequent questions were asked in Parliament with no result. At last came an elaborate decision by the Governor to the effect that the police were entirely innocent, and that the woman had probably inflicted upon herself the terrible injuries seen and sworn to by the official surgeon. But not one word was said to convey to the world that the most important witness, namely, the poor woman herself, had not been examined, and had been dead for nine months. Was there any enquiry as to how her fever was caused, any medical report, or any inquest?

As soon as the Government decision appeared, the Judges took the almost unprecedented course of saying that they would formally reply to it in open court. Accordingly, on November 20th, at Lahore, they read a long and carefully-prepared "order" recapitulating in full detail the grounds on which they had made the grave reflections upon the police. They again asserted that they did not in any way prejudge the case against the police, but that their suspicions still remained. They laid stress upon the fact that for three or four days the poor woman was taken by the police away from the jail without any warrant, and "was returned to jail in a deplorable condition." At the end of this "order" they announced that they proposed to append to their original judgment the following "rider":—

"No enquiry, such as was suggested by us as desirable in our judgment of 2nd December, 1908, into the conduct of the police in regard to this case has been made by the Executive Authorities, but His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor, has called for a Memorandum from the Superintendent of Police concerned, and has considered that and the forwarding note of the Deputy Inspector-General, and the medical opinion by Colonel Cunningham, and the papers submitted to him; and after considering these papers and those of the incomplete enquiry made before the trial, has come to the conclusion that 'the injuries from which Gulab Bano was suffering on June 5th were not caused by the police, and also that the omission to call Head Constable Abdulla as a witness was not due to any intention to suppress evidence favorable to the accused.'"

The Judges had found that this Head Constable could have given evidence of the utmost importance in favor of the woman, but was not put into the box by the police.

What is the salient fact that emerges from this unique judicial pronouncement? That in spite of the earnest injunction of the Judges in December, 1908, that the evidence against the police of what can only be described as fiendish cruelty, was *prima facie* such as to call for searching enquiry by the Executive, no such enquiry at all has ever been held, but that the police have been completely whitewashed, simply on the strength of a secret Memorandum by the superior officers of the very men directly affected by the strictures of the Judges. Nay, more. Not only as to the truth of the allegations of torture made against the police, but as to the value and relevancy of evidence to be called, the Governor and his policemen openly set aside the opinion of the highest Court in the Province. Still worse, the clear evidence of the experienced prison doctor who examined the poor woman, and found her injuries to be exactly in accordance with her story, is discarded by the Governor in favor of a theoretical opinion given more than a year afterwards, by a medical professor in Lahore. And it is with this that Parliament and the public are expected to be satisfied. As for the Judges, the Executive thus deals with them:—

"If your Lordships find yourself unable to concur in his decision, the Lieutenant-Governor regrets that it should be so, but so far as the Government is concerned, the decision is a final one, and as such has been communicated to the Head of the Police."

—Yours, &c.,

FREDERIC MACKARNES.

December 15th, 1909.

THE PREMIER AND THE FRANCHISE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Premier's reference to woman's suffrage at the Albert Hall leaves this most bitter and painful of our contemporary controversies exactly where it has stood for

two years. He is still opposed in principle to this reform, and is prepared to allow it to be carried by a free vote of the Commons only in a way which makes its success at once precarious and remote. A Reform Bill is necessarily the work of the last session of a Parliament (which means incidentally that in a dispute with the Lords it can gain nothing from the Campbell-Bannerman plan for circumventing the veto). At the best, then, we are doomed to another four years of protest and repression. The Reform Bill, when it comes, cannot stop far short of establishing manhood suffrage. The suffragist amendment would therefore convert it into a measure of adult suffrage. When the various "limited" Bills, which would have added about 1,250,000 women voters to the register were refused facilities, we were invariably told that such a reform was much too large to be carried, save on the responsibility of a Government. It is now suggested that the vastly larger step of enfranchising 7,500,000 women at once should be carried by the leaderless votes of private members. With none of the powerful women's organisations behind it, with neither party, and with no leader of national repute to back it in the country, without so much as the aid of the Liberal Whips, adult suffrage cannot, I fear, be carried. A single suffragist organisation in three years alone has held some 20,000 propagandist meetings for the "limited" Bill, and this, we are told, is not enough. I doubt if twenty meetings, and those obscure ones, have been held for adult suffrage. But the most fatal objection of all to this plan is virtually admitted by the Premier himself. He states that all parties are divided on the suffrage. It follows that if ever this reform is to be carried without Government aid, it must be by the consent of most of its adherents in all parties. But to stipulate in advance that it must take the form of adult suffrage is to alienate at once all the Conservative votes which helped to secure (and were necessary to secure) the substantial majority for Mr. Stanger's Bill. The Government in short, while affecting to be neutral, does, in fact, intervene to veto the only hopeful tactics. "You shall," it says, "have your chance; you will be allowed a free vote, but in return for this privilege we insist that you shall divide your forces." Mr. Asquith is at least frank. He avows his hostility, and with perfect consistency goes on to prescribe a plan of action which ensures defeat.

This insistence that woman's suffrage shall be carried, if at all, only as an incidental addition to a contentious Bill dealing with the intricacies of registration, with plural votes, London areas, the second ballot, and possibly redistribution, is an attempt to ignore a great issue as pedantic as it is insulting. I talked recently on this question with two Liberal leaders whose names are household words. Both excused the shelving of woman's suffrage, one on the ground that it is "a mere side-issue," the other because it is "a tremendous revolution." A "side-issue" for which in peaceful, plethoric England 430 women have gone to prison is to me as puzzling as a "revolution" which can be effected by an amendment interpolated in an irrelevant Bill. The removal of the disability of sex is a social rather than a political question, and demands separate treatment in a Bill which stirs no party passions. Those who think of women as a form of property or as the predestined satellites and ministers of men hold one view; those who think of them (in the Kantian phrase) as citizens in a "kingdom of ends" hold another. It is a fundamental division which cuts across the boundaries between parties. The vote is an engine which will have an immense power in bettering the economic position of all women workers, but its chief importance is that it will be the symbol of the new status of women, destined to revolutionise at once the way in which we think of them, and the way in which they think of themselves. To suggest the interpolation of such a reform in a Bill for remodelling electoral areas and abolishing plural votes is as reasonable as it would be to suggest the carrying of Irish Home Rule by an unofficial amendment to a Bill dealing with Welsh and Scottish local government. I should like to hear Mr. Redmond's views on the value of such an offer as that. So long as politicians refuse to take the women seriously, so long as they affect to ignore this central fact that they are fighting for the status of their sex and not for a symmetrical remodelling of our franchise, so long will the militant campaign continue, and with abundant justification. If no Government will assume

the responsibility, there remains only one way of escape—the passage in the first Session of the new Parliament, with the aid of men of good will on both front benches and with the friendly neutrality of the Government, of a simple measure removing the disability of sex. That issue settled early in the new Parliament, I hope, for my part, that the Government would go on to enlarge the boon by proposing adult suffrage before its close.

Meanwhile the horrors of this warfare are being wantonly aggravated. The hunger-strike is the sort of passive challenge to which a subject class naturally resorts (as the Quakers used to do), when it fails to persuade its nominal friends to effective action, and is too weak or too scrupulous to use a dangerous degree of force. "If you will not freely concede justice, at least you shall no longer merely ignore our claims; you shall choose between these two alternatives—to carry out what are after all your own principles, or else to persecute us." That I take to be the meaning of the women's protest; and to persecution it has now come. Forcible feeding, as Sir Victor Horsley has well said, is the "expedient of a weak Minister, and an outrage on a political offender." It is something worse than a painful and disgusting operation; it is a degradation which sears the spirit and breaks the will, in order to render possible the infliction of a degree of punishment out of all proportion either to the offence or to the sentence. Take, for example, the case of Miss Marsh, released last week from Birmingham after serving more than the normal period of her three months' sentence. She went in a spirited and beautiful girl of twenty-two. She came out, looking, as one who saw her put it, "like a bent and broken old woman." Her throat and chest were in continual pain, the result of 139 insertions of the stomach-tube. Her doctor certifies that she is "emaciated, as though recovering from a severe illness." She was, indeed, so weak that it was necessary to send a prison official with her by train to her home in Newcastle. It happened that during her imprisonment her father became mortally ill. Efforts were made to induce the Home Office to consent to her release, and she was willing to give her parole to refrain from militant action during the remainder of her full period of three months. But even the fortnight's "remission" allowed to ordinary prisoners was at first refused her, because by resisting the torture of the nasal tube she had forfeited the privileges of "good conduct." When at last, after serving two of the extra days, she was released, the tardy mercy came too late; her father died unconscious. It is a cold and deliberate malice which is pursuing these women. Another young girl, Miss Clarkson, was on Monday sentenced at Liverpool to two weeks in the second division for breaking windows, valued officially at 6d., during her imprisonment in the heat of August in a punishment cell. For four months the Home Office cherished its project of revenge, and at last, as the prosecution avowed, by its express instructions, the charge has been pressed home. What, I wonder, would be thought of a private individual who, to avenge the loss of 6d., prosecuted a private enemy after an interval of four months, knowing that imprisonment would involve starvation and torture? I will not use words to characterise such vindictiveness as this. I shall make my comment at the ballot-box in January. It lies with those of us who are not docile partisans to insist that this Minotaur Government shall cease to levy its tribute.—Yours, &c.,

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

32, Well Walk, Hampstead,

December 14th, 1909.

[Does Mr. Brailsford seriously believe that forcible feeding—objectionable as we think it to be—is a "vindictive" proceeding, or that this "Minotaur Government" has any other object in resorting to it than to avoid the death of prisoners for whose lives it is responsible?—ED. NATION.]

THE ULTIMATE BASIS OF AUTHORITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I will make one more effort—and I will promise you, sir, that it shall be an expiring effort—to keep "Liberal Voter" to the point. But he is rather a nimble controversialist. Apparently he does not adhere even to

the same anonymous signature. One week he is "Liberal Voter," another week he is "M. A." At all events, "Liberal Voter" feels himself called upon to defend "M. A.'s" letter. If I am mistaken in my identification and he is not "two single gentlemen rolled into one," he must please blame, not me, but his anonymity and his double.

Anyhow, he is nimble enough in shifting his ground. The exact point at issue is whether force is or is not the last resort of defied authority. I have, practically, put the question to him, "If force is not the last resort, what is?" To this he does not reply, unless it be a reply to suggest (by implication) that a powerful majority of the male population, if beaten at the polls by the help of a preponderance of women votes, might find a substitute for force in the passive resistance of the early Christians.

When I put in what I deemed its true relation to the "last resort" Hume's dictum that government was founded upon opinion, he says that I "let Hume alone."

When I interpret Professor Dicey's citation of Hume by his express statement that "government itself depends at bottom upon force," he says that Professor Dicey is on my side as a pamphleteer, but not as a philosopher.

When I summon Mr. Bryce also to witness for me, he produces a quotation in which Mr. Bryce, who is opposed to woman suffrage, describes it as a less fearsome thing politically than socially.

When I point out that men alone can be soldiers, he ranks this as my "funniest" argument, because women can be nurses.

When I contend that force is obviously the last resort, he flings St. Augustine and Horace at my head, as if "justice" were the last resort, and as if I dreamt that anything but justice could employ force with any hope of final success, as when injustice, with force, met justice, with force also, in our Parliamentary struggle against Charles the First and in the American Civil War. Nor when he talks of justice does he tell us what his "justice" is, but leaves us to conclude that he holds it just (or, as Mill would have said, expedient) for the weaker sex, if it has votes enough, to govern, and for political power to correspond to tax-paying.

Lastly, when I imagine a quite possible case in which the majority of women might, on some burning question of public policy, side with a minority of men, he twists my idea into that of the "two sexes ranged into hostile camps," and rebukes me sapiently for forgetting that "men and women attract each other." With what political result, may I ask? That they all find themselves on the same side? Perhaps "Liberal Voter," or "M. A.," or both, will pursue this vague conception till he (or they) can enable us to understand where it comes in.

But controversy conducted on "Liberal Voter's" nimble principles might go on for ever. To argue with such a disputant at intervals of a fortnight is utterly inadequate. To speak in metaphor from the Wild West, his hand needs spiking upon the table while the card is in it.

When a man, being persecuted in one city, flees to another, the only resource is to leave him there. And that is what I propose henceforth to do, having indeed but little leisure for the chase of mere agility. Thanking you for your courtesy.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN MASSIE.

Oxford, December 11th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Dr. Massie does not, it appears, traverse my contention that voters record their opinions and representatives are selected on grounds wholly unconnected with force whether in its primitive physical form or in its modern incarnation of highly organised armies and navies. But he asserts that, although our representatives are not soldiers, they belong to the sex which alone can be soldiers. Was there ever set forth a claim of oligarchical privilege so naked and unashamed? One figures to oneself some white-haired country solicitor thus addressing a group of recalcitrant suffragettes: "It is not through any intellectual or pecuniary considerations that I possess a vote. Many of you are my equals in wealth and in education; not a few doubtless surpass me in mental acumen, in political insight, and in all that makes for good citizenship. It is true also

that personally I am not a soldier. If I held a loaded revolver in my hand those of my friends who were wise would bolt promptly for cover; should I succeed in ascending a horse one side, it would be only to descend with much accelerated velocity on the other. But no matter. I belong to the sex which produces soldiers, and therefore I possess that vote for which you so impotently clamor."

So much for the ethical aspect. And few will share Dr. Massie's apprehension of some future Civil War, when the voters shall forsake the polling booths to join in some grand Armageddon—"like 1645, only better." Things are not settled in that way now in civilised States. The existence of large and highly organised navies and standing armies, the invention of high explosives, machine guns and long range weapons of precision, have rendered the old methods of revolution for ever obsolete. That is why the revolution failed in Russia. Governments now possess weapons of overwhelming strength to crush malcontents; hence constitutional changes can only be effected by altering the opinions or the *personnel* of the governing body. As a matter of fact the military are employed more and more rarely in these islands; the last experiment at Belfast was distinctly discouraging.

Nor can one treat very seriously the chimera of some contested question in which the women voters shall stand mainly on one side and the men on the other. Women are human beings like ourselves, and, like ourselves, are divided into groups of different shades of political opinions. The experience in Australia, in New Zealand, and in Finland is pretty decisive on this point. But let that pass; let us suppose such a position to arise where the women voters, relying on no force other than that conferred by the Constitution, should by a vote *en masse* carry a measure over the heads of the men. Does Dr. Massie believe that those male voters who have seen, without a thought of reverting to violence, a mere handful of men, not more than 350 in all, possessing absolutely no power except that given by the Constitution, in no way mentally distinguished from similar numbers of educated men, wreck Bill after Bill tendered by the people's representatives, obstruct for long years all progressive legislation, and finally trample on the most cherished rights of the Commons, does he believe that a nation of such voters would take up arms when a single obnoxious measure was carried by the votes of some six million women? If so, he will find few to agree with him.

In this letter I have necessarily confined myself to the practical aspects of the question. But all those of us who remember the arguments of Herbert Spencer concerning the sinister influence of militarism on national development, will regard with regret and disapproval the procuring from so dark and ill-omened a source of weapons to combat the just aspirations of one-half of the English people.—Yours, &c.,

BERNARD HOUGHTON.

Broomy Lodge, near Ringwood,

December 6th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow me to protest against what seems to me the very mischievous doctrine taught in Dr. Massie's letter under this heading?

To put it strongly, he seems to me to set Pilate above Christ. Does Hume anywhere say that Government founded on opinion must have force (physical and muscular force) as its last resort?

The quotation which Dr. Massie gives from Professor Dicey's last book is just that which made that little treatise seem to me a complete fallacy. Government is, indeed, founded on force, but not on physical force; not upon bayonets, but on that moral and spiritual force called Authority or Discipline, closely akin to Public Opinion, which can command the bayonets, and they obey it.

Our country is now engaged in a great Constitutional contest, in the discharge of a national duty—the election of the fittest persons to form the representative house. We shall discharge this duty, not by physical force, but by the simple power of will. If the qualification of a voter is the same as that of a soldier, why am I, who am nearly sixty-nine years old, still permitted to vote?—Yours, &c.,

T. WILSON.

Harpenden, December 6th.

[This controversy must now close. The letters to which Dr. Massie refers were not by the same writer.—ED., NATION.]

MAKING THE FOREIGNER PAY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Rowland Hunt appears to belong to that class which believes if it says a thing often enough, true or untrue, it will come to be believed. Hence I am obliged again to tell him that an assumption and a fact are not the same thing.

Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, U.S.A., in an article lately published, says, regarding the Tariff Act of 1909, that the tariff is a tax added to the price of what the people consume in order to enable American manufacturers to pay "American" wages and retain the home market against the foreigner who is paying lower wages. For the collection of this tax the American "Captains of Industry" are made the people's tax-gatherers, but he shows that in effect the tariff has become the instrument of wholesale plunder, and is thus "an outrage upon the consuming public and a disgrace to the national Government."

Mr. Rowland Hunt will find it difficult to make Senator La Follette believe that the foreigner pays the import duties, and not he and his class. Hear his final words in regard to the results of the tariff system, a system invented to give monopoly opportunities to a limited number of manufacturers and proprietors, which Mr. Rowland Hunt and his fellows would like to see introduced into this tiny island of ours where a fiscal mistake means utter ruin:—

"These 'profits' are not profits, but are the fruits of 'graft' and theft, the plunderings of money gluttons run mad in their insatiate greed, piling fortune on fortune until their accumulated wealth has become a menace to Society, corrupting and dominating the people's Government."

The United Kingdom already sees the consequences, or a few of them, of a monopoly grown into a trust, in the liquor trade—it has captured the House of Lords, and will try and capture the constituencies through the public-house and its vile literature. If we, as a nation, are almost helpless now, what will happen to us if the disease spreads over all our commerce? This election is our Waterloo.—Yours, &c.,

A. GRIMSHAW HAYWOOD.

December 12th, 1909.

SHERIDAN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have seen one or two statements in your reviewer's depreciation of my book on Sheridan, with which I hope I may be permitted to deal, however imperfectly, for at present I am much occupied. No serious author cares to be impaled on pinpoints, or to see "vital" issues disregarded.

Throughout my two volumes I have insisted on Fox's growing suspicion and lasting disparagement of Sheridan, who was among his most attached, though he was also the most independent, of his friends. I have given a whole chain of unquestionable evidence from 1787 onwards up to the time of Fox's re-entrance into place. And I have pointed out and substantiated that in 1797—when Fox had seceded and retired from active opposition—Lord Moira emphatically declared that such suspicions ought never to have been entertained. Your reviewer, however, ignoring these general facts, and amiably suggesting that they are based on "flimsy" foundations, seeks to trip me up in a single excerpt from a letter which Fox wrote to Adair on November 25th, 1792. And he cites this as an instance of my "carelessness."

It is a point of construction. Even if your reviewer be right, and perhaps he may be, that would not upset my main position. But the construction of that letter is not quite such plain sailing as your reviewer fancies. He has omitted the context of events which he brushes away as a mere "quarrel between the two sections of the Whigs."

Let me briefly recall the crisis. At that moment of disruption the orthodox Whigs were on the verge of throwing Fox over and joining Pitt. Indeed, a letter from Grenville to Fox, received shortly after Fox's communication to Adair, is said to have decided a matter which the sway of Burke over Portland and the old guard had already rendered almost a certainty. Fox himself meditated an immediate secession, and that isolation from active politics which he

carried into effect some years afterwards. No wonder that he was despondent. The orthodox Whigs followed Burke in his vindication of the anti-Jacobin war; Grey and Sheridan had joined the semi-Jacobin club of the Friends of the People, and the Whigs were further split on all sides by their internal divergences as to the re-mooted question of Parliamentary Reform. But though Fox despaired of the situation, he soon afterwards actually allowed himself to attempt one of his repeated efforts at a junction with Pitt.

Under these circumstances Fox wrote that he had overheard Adair telling Sheridan that the Portlandites were ready for conciliation with the Foxites, or, as he wrote a little later, that they would "forgive"—a word that he could not stomach. He says that he can see no such disposition, but he is sure, he adds, that Grey, Sheridan, and Lauderdale are all "manageable men," and proof against the wiles of the revolutionary societies. I construed this to mean that they were "manageable" by those orthodox Whigs from whom Fox already meditated secession, or, in other words, that Fox, who certainly was not "manageable," doubted of Grey, Sheridan, and Lauderdale seceding with him. "Manageable" here is not an ordinary word to choose. Your reviewer, preferring letter to spirit, thinks "manageable" a compliment. Why, then, did not Fox use the word "reasonable"? Would it have been "complimentary" on the part of Mr. Gladstone when the Unionists deserted him to have called, say, the late Sir William Vernon Harcourt a "manageable" man? But let this pass. Let your reviewer's construction be correct, that does not, however, invalidate my ground, nor does it establish my "carelessness." I gave him the reference to track. So be it.

Your reviewer again takes me to task for suppressing a sentence which Fox used about his attitude of hostility towards two private conferences on the part of Sheridan with Warren Hastings's friends just before Fox brought in his India Bill. I should have thought a full citation unnecessary since I summarised it in the same part of my text by saying (Vol. 2, p. 43), "Fox flatly repudiated the slightest idea of 'proposal or accommodation,'" while immediately afterwards (p. 44) I continue in my argument (which, *pace* your reviewer, is one for probability not certainty), "When we remember that in 1787 Fox as flatly denied the Prince's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert," &c. Moreover, I did quote the piece about "the necessity" for Warren Hastings's "recall." Can, then, your reviewer be said to have read my text carefully? Is this a sample of my carelessness? And I must add that he does not inform the reader that I am the first to have brought these two conferences of 1783, and the debate on them in 1786, to light.

It would be ungracious to say much more. I can assure your reviewer that my inferences are not based on "flimsy" foundations; but on knowledge—and inner knowledge—more extensive than anyone can claim without the aid of documents.

I was, however, amazed to find him impugning me for neglecting Sheridan's humanitarian exertions. I have especially emphasised them, and I have dwelt on his approaching political problems from the standpoint of human sympathy. If I have not excerpted the prisons speech, it was because in presenting the political drama within the space of two volumes the main action was the most imperative. Nor was I less amazed at the suggestion that I had not included Sheridan's pranks, and your reviewer's appeal to the late gossip of Creevey.

Once more, he has left quite out of sight my analysis and presentation of Sheridan for the first time as a generous sentimentalist.

One last consideration, in all good humor. Taking the standpoint of the reviewer, I dislike the charity of his damnation. Why, if he attacks the whole, "admire" the industry, and be disappointed at the result. Why kindly suggest that I should edit the "Rolliad"? I confess that a wild guess flitted through my mind as I read. Could it be that your reviewer himself had been one of Sheridan's bygone commentators?

After all, this is the old quarrel between the "men of leaves" and the "men of letters," and I hope that your readers will test the review by perusing the book, which I can assure its censor is standing quite firmly on its own feet.

Nor should I have troubled you (or myself) in these matters, were it not that he looked so wise, and shook his head so solemnly.—Yours, &c.,

WALTER SICHEL.

December 9th, 1909.

P.S.—As regards carelessness in trifles, "prevent," in your review, should stand "pervert," and "Creevy" "Creevey."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It would be a pleasure to be able to share Mr. Sichel's genuine enthusiasm for his book, or his confidence in his "inner knowledge" of his subject. Unfortunately, I can only judge of his ability to make use of documents that are private by the use he makes of documents that are public. I gave a few examples of his want of care in mastering and presenting the facts on which his conclusions depend. In two of these instances he thinks my criticisms unjust and superficial. I am obliged, therefore, to return to them.

Mr. Sichel contends that Fox's letter to Adair can be taken as showing that Fox at that time suspected both Sheridan and Grey. I contend that this construction is impossible. Let me give the letter:—

November 26th, 1792.

DEAR ADAIR,—Notwithstanding the apparent good spirits you saw me in, the truth is that what I saw and heard in London has made a most deep and painful impression on my mind; and I grow very doubtful about the possibility of preserving those connections which I love and esteem as much as ever, and without which I do not feel that I ever can act in political matters with any satisfaction to myself.

My reason for writing to you upon this now, is that I overheard you say to Sheridan that there was much disposition in what is called the aristocratic part of the party to concede and conciliate; and though I confess this is totally contrary to my own observation, I cannot help catching at anything that gives me the least glimpse of hope. Perhaps you only said this to Sheridan in order to inspire him and others with similar dispositions to those which you described on the other side, and this I fear to be the case, for I must repeat that not one symptom of the kind has appeared to me. If any such disposition existed, I cannot help thinking that on the other side I should have weight enough to produce a correspondent disposition, if it did not exist without my interposition. I am sure that Lauderdale, Grey, and Sheridan, are all manageable men and the rascals of the democratic party (for there are such on all sides) have not set their wits to pervert them, in the way that those on the aristocratic side have to pervert the Duke of Portland, Fitzwilliam, Windham, &c. Just as I was leaving town yesterday, I heard a report that Lord Loughborough had accepted the Great Seal, but I have reason to fear that it is not true. That event would open many eyes, and I should be full of hopes that the destruction of the Whigs was not irrevocably predestined. The circumstances of the times ought rather to excite you to going on with your plan than to deter you from it, if you have spirits for it.

Yours ever,

C. J. Fox.

If Mr. Courtney had tried in 1886 to reconcile Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington, and Mr. Gladstone had written to Mr. Courtney saying that he had overheard him tell Sir William Harcourt that Mr. Goschen and Lord Hartington were conciliatory, and that he was sure that if that was the case, he (Mr. Gladstone) would have some influence with Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley, for they were both "manageable men," could anybody in his senses pretend that manageable meant that they were likely to desert Mr. Gladstone? What Mr. Sichel means by saying that he first brought to light the debate of 1786, or the communication between Sheridan and Scott in 1783, I cannot imagine. These speeches were not buried away in some remote hiding place; they are published in the collected speeches of Fox and Sheridan, and thousands of obscure people besides myself must have read them years before Mr. Sichel discovered them. My complaint was and is that Mr. Sichel tries to refute Dr. Parr's evidence, as given by Moore, the most important evidence there is on the subject, by representing that evidence as inconsistent with Fox's own words in the House of Commons. There is no such inconsistency, as anyone will see who turns to the speech from which Mr. Sichel quoted a fragment of a sentence.

As for Mr. Sichel's defence of his neglect of Sheridan's social and humanitarian policy, I have only to say that his book runs to over a thousand pages (not counting appendices), that it finds room for such events as a performance of Sheridan's plays in 1909, and yet it contains

the barest mention of Sheridan's share in the agitation about the Coldbaths prison, and no mention at all of his great speeches against the Combination Laws. A statesman who had played Sheridan's part in those affairs would, I imagine, prefer that his biographer should mention them, rather than that he should analyse his hero as a "generous sentimentalist." Mr. Sichel is never careless in trifles.—Yours, &c.,

THE REVIEWER OF MR. SICHEL'S "SHERIDAN."

December 14th, 1909.

Poetry.

THE REVOLUTIONIST: OR, LINES TO A STATESMAN.

"I was never standing by while a Revolution was going on."
Speech by the Right Hon. Walter Long.

WHEN death was on thy drums, democracy,
And with one rush of slaves the world was free,
In that high dawn that Kings shall not forget,
A void there was, and Walter was not yet.
Through sacked Versailles, at Valmy in the fray,
They did without him in some kind of way;
Red Christendom all Walterless they cross,
And in their fury hardly feel their loss . . .
Fades the Republic; faint as Roland's horn,
Her trumpets taunt us with a sacred scorn. . .
Then silence fell: and Mr. Long was born.

From his first hours in his expensive cot,
He never saw the tiniest viscount shot;
In deference to his wealthy parents' whim,
The mildest massacres were kept from him;
The wars that dyed Pall Mall and Brompton red,
Passed harmless o'er that one unconscious head:
For all that little Long could understand,
The rich might still be rulers of the land;
Vain are the pious arts of parenthood,
Foiled revolution bubbled in his blood:
Until one day (the babe unborn shall rue it)
The Constitution bored him: and he slew it.

If I were wise and good and rich and strong—
Fond, impious thought, if I were Walter Long—
If I could water sell like molten gold,
And make grown people do as they are told,
If over private fields and wastes, as wide
As a Greek city for which heroes died,
I owned the houses and the men inside—
If all this hung on one thin thread of habit,
I would not revolutionise a rabbit.

I would sit tight, with all my gifts and glories,
And even preach to unconverted Tories
That the fixed system that our land inherits,
Viewed from a certain standpoint, has its merits,
I'd guard the laws like any Radical,
And keep each precedent, however small,
However subtle, musty, dusty, dreamy,
Lest men by chance should look at me and see me.
Lest men should ask what madman made me lord
Of English ploughshares and the English sword;
Lest men should mark how sleepy is the nod
That drills the dreadful images of God;
Walter, be wise: avoid the wild and new,
The Constitution is the game for you:
Walter, beware; scorn not the gathering throng,
It suffers, yet it may not suffer wrong;
It suffers: but it cannot suffer Long.
And if you goad it these grey rules to break,
For a few pence; see that you do not wake
Death and the splendor of the scarlet cap,
Boston and Valmy, Yorktown and Jemmappes,
Freedom in arms, the riding and the routing,
The thunder of the captains and the shouting;
All that lost riot that you did not share—
And when that riot comes . . . you will be there.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

Reviews.

TRAGIC LIFE.*

It is remarkable that the two greatest novelists of our time (or of the time that is just ending) should both have written poetry of a kind that is possibly more individual and more challenging than their prose fiction. Perhaps, however, that is not so very remarkable; although at first blush one might suppose a novelist would put his most intense work into the form of art which had become the chief nature of his creative mind. But if he does not make of his poetry a pleasant escape from peering into the keen weather of reality, he will be likely to make it the quintessence of his inspiration. George Meredith was not the man, and Mr. Thomas Hardy is certainly not the man, to desire any escape from reality; and therefore we find that the poetry of each is of this quintessential, intensely personal kind. We have no intention of concluding from this that the poetry of Meredith and Mr. Hardy is of more worth than their novels; it would be a rash brain that would attempt to decide the question of values in such a matter. But it is a point worth remembering when we consider the critical estimates placed upon the fiction and the poetry of these two great writers. The poetry of the man whose main intellectual habit has been poetry, will rarely be the quintessence of his inspiration; for he will probably find it convenient, both for himself and for those to whom he ministers, to employ, like an apothecary, some vehicle to carry the essence. The same may be said of the man whose chief mental activity has been inventing fiction; his novels will contain his inspiration enclosed in a comparatively inert vehicle. And while the inspiration is the vital and important thing, it is often the vehicle that makes it assimilable and not too confounding in its pungency. For an essence, in truth, is not always a very potable liquor; its flavors are too burning and too amazing for many palates, and, it may be, its fierce medicinal qualities too noticeable.

It is easy to see, then, that many who will delightedly drink of an inspiration when it is mixed and somewhat dulcified in a vehicle, in a novel, for instance, will find the same inspiration rather choking and perhaps repellent when they meet with it in essence. This has been true of many of Mr. Hardy's lyrical poems—for what we have been saying obviously cannot apply to "The Dynasts"; and we are sure it will be true of Mr. Hardy's latest volume of lyrics, "Time's Laughingstocks." Putting "The Dynasts," which everyone now acknowledges to be a splendid piece of work, on one side, many of Mr. Hardy's sincerest admirers have seriously doubted whether his poetical work could be in any way reckoned as considerable as his fiction, whether, indeed, he could be properly reckoned a poet at all. We believe this to be largely due to the fact that, not desiring to mix, as in his novels, his utterance with any vehicular stuff, he has in his poems reduced the mighty but discomfiting inspiration of "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and "Jude the Obscure" to a harsh, fiery essence, an essence in many ways even more disconcerting than the heady spirit of Meredith's poetry. And in "Time's Laughingstocks" Mr. Hardy's tremendous power is more disconcertingly essentialised than ever. It follows, moreover, that his poetry, being of this nature, will, like Meredith's, be written in a style in sharp contrast with most contemporary poetical styles; we find in it so little of what modern poetry gives us, so much that modern poetry carefully avoids, that many may, not excusably, yet not unnaturally, wonder if we can strictly call such writing poetry, or at any rate good poetry. Another reason for the misprision of Mr. Hardy's poetry is one that it is not possible to combat, and that is, the common English disinclination to believe that a man who has famously succeeded in one form of art can also succeed as notably in another, quite different form. This prejudice, the unusual manner of his verse, and the intensely concentrated iron-bitter spirit of it, have all worked against Mr. Hardy's reputation as a poet. Yet, as in the parallel but widely separated instance of Meredith, we believe that Mr.

Hardy's poetry will come to be recognised as being quite as notable and as honorable as his fiction.

Anyone who desires that poetry should show the way to keen, delicious raptures of thought and feeling, that it should always be ecstatic adoration of the First Beauty, will assuredly be disappointed in "Time's Laughingstocks." But there is never anything to be gained by limiting in our critical ideas the scope and purpose of poetry; and there is, moreover, a very large body of magnificent poetry in our literature to which Mr. Hardy's verse corresponds exactly, both in its positive and its negative qualities, its achievement, and its austerity. The primary aim of Mr. Hardy's poetry is the exhibition of tragic life, of the ceaseless conflict between the conscious personal will in life and "the all-immanent Will" that wields the "vast material pomp of force." So that he can do this, he is not greatly concerned about the sweet concord of words; the tragedy is the thing. And Mr. Hardy has now arrived at a marvellous precision and nicety of practice. He can give us in a few stanzas the whole bitter, struggling tragedy of a life, the consciousness of a man or a woman trapped in the ruthless procession of the world and hurried clean against personal will into anguish. There are few tears in Mr. Hardy's poetry; the sorrow of the life we see in it is dry-eyed, an agony too sharp for weeping. To be presented, in perhaps half a hundred lines, with a tragedy that would have been powerful enough if written out in a full-length novel, is something that many will hardly desire. Yet we think Mr. Hardy's example an extremely salutary one to the poets of to-day, who tend to remove their work further and further from the hard, pitiable experiences of every-day humanity. To find anything closely comparable to Mr. Hardy's poetry, we must go back to the old ballads; not to the supernatural, riding, or battle ballads, but to those noble ones which deal with tragic events among ordinary people. Dunbar speaks of "ballat-making" and "tragedie" in a breath; and many of the ballads deserve the dignity for their intense preoccupation with and profound knowledge of the human soul. This is the spirit of Mr. Hardy's poems; but to this is superadded a great speculative vision of the general drift of a world-enthralled humanity. There is no poetry of our time, and little, outside the dramatic, in all our literature, that can equal Mr. Hardy's, especially in this latest volume of his, for a revelation of tragic life. In most of the poems of "Time's Laughingstocks," the villain of the piece is, as we might expect, Time itself; it is astonishing, for instance, how frequently and with what tremendous effect Mr. Hardy uses such a trite theme as the decay of a woman's charm. Throughout the volume there are only a few poems that we cannot call the distillation into its perfect essence of a human tragedy. The urge of sex is evident in most; Mr. Hardy's vision of life is too true to underestimate the terrible value of passion in the human play. And in every tragedy there is some psychological subtlety that makes it unique. "A Trampwoman's Tragedy," the dreadful but superb "Sunday Morning Tragedy," "The Flirt's Tragedy"—these are perhaps the three greatest poems. But in "A Wife and Another" and "The Noble Lady's Tale," we have situations not mortally tragic, but nevertheless revealing the bare lineaments of character, as quicklime reveals the bones of a corpse, in a way that makes them altogether unforgettable. There are several poems that cannot come quite under the heading of tragedy, such as some brilliant sonnets and the (usually ironic) love-poems; or as a few philosophic lyrics, like "Wagtail and Baby" and "Yellham-wood's Story," or the fine poem on George Meredith; or again the remarkable version of the old legend of Christ's fatherhood, "Panthera," or those poems which are direct questionings, of, or, rather, accusations against, the Power behind life.

All these are fine; but the most notable contributions to English poetry in this volume are, after all, those poems which are poems chiefly by virtue of their intense concentration of tragic human life. Matter and manner are absolutely married in Mr. Hardy's verse. It is never a subject enclosed in poetry; seldom can we find in it any decorative phrasing, words not demanded by the central emotion. It is the common rough experience of humanity, not joined to poetry, but made poetry, fused into poetry. And when we say that the subject, the tragedy, is the thing in Mr. Hardy's

* "Time's Laughingstocks, and Other Verses." By Thomas Hardy. Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.

poetry, we must by no means be understood to mean that he is careless of technique. On the contrary, the technique is exceedingly highly wrought, and usually takes the form of a difficult but ringing stanza, and a very strict system of rhyme. We will quote the opening stanzas of three poems; they will show the purity of his diction as well as the definiteness of his metres and rhymes. Only those, however, who read the whole book can fully realise the extraordinary appropriateness of the diction and the metre to the mood. This is the beginning of "The Revisitation," an ironic story of love lost and found:—

"As I lay awake at night-time
In an ancient country barrack known to ancient cannoneers,
And recalled the hopes that heralded each seeming brave and
bright time
Of my primal purple years."

Here is the first verse of "A Trampwoman's Tragedy," a magnificent ballad of a jest's grim consequence, a tale that would have made a noble play:—

"From Wynyard's Gap the livelong day,
The livelong day,
We beat afoot the northward way
We had travelled times before.
The sun-blaze burning on our backs,
Our shoulders sticking to our packs,
By fosseway, fields, and turnpike tracks
We skirted sad Sedge-Moor."

And here is the stanza of "The Rash Bride," a swinging measure that makes the sorry tale all the more pitiable:—

"We Christmas-carolled down the Vale, and up the Vale, and round
the Vale,
We played and sang that night as we were yearly wont to do—
A carol in a minor key, a carol in the major D.
Then at each house: 'Good wishes: many Christmas joys to
you!'"

Nor are lines memorable for themselves lacking; though in poetry of such austere and elemental nature they are necessarily rare. But who could forget this admirable line?:—

"The wind of winter moored and mouthed their chimney like a horn."

And there is plenty of phrasing as fine as this, of a child-birth:—

"Source of ecstatic hopes and fears
And innocent maternal vanity,
Your fond exploit but shapes for tears
New thoroughfares in sad humanity."

But no poet is so difficult to represent in quotation as Thomas Hardy, for the simple reason that we must quote each poem in entirety to show its real greatness, its vivid revelation of psychology, and the perfect union of theme and medium. For Hardy-enthusiasts it is worth mentioning, perhaps, that Marty South and the Mellstock Quire reappear, the appearance of the latter, for those who can read it properly, being as grievous a tragedy as any; and throughout the book it is Wessex, Wessex all the way.

For spiritual exaltation or for radiant visionary beauty, we must, assuredly, go to other poets; but for a vision of humanity, of humanity nobly and stubbornly enduring slings and arrows, for stern questionings of comfortable morality ("A Wife and Another," and "The Dark-Eyed Gentleman" force us, in a few verses, to see morality for ourselves as clearly as any whole play of Ibsen's), for high and purging tragedy made, not out of the lives of queens and princes, but out of the lives of tramps and farm-women—for such qualities as these we can go to no poet of our time but to Thomas Hardy.

THE CHARACTER OF ATTERBURY.*

It must be held a misfortune to a man that his life should be written only by those who have little sympathy with his views. Many readers know little of Atterbury except what they have learned from Macaulay, and Macaulay's sketch is not a complete presentation of the Bishop's career and character. It does not set the literary activity of that career in its due proportions, and it reduces to one the various motives, good and bad, which prompted its political acts. It was well, therefore, that Dr. Beeching should tell again the story of that turbulent life. The biographer

has been able to correct Macaulay in some minor points, and he has justly assigned to the "Defence of Luther" a higher value than Macaulay set on it. Moreover he has shown that with Atterbury the passion for what he accounted orthodoxy was at least as strong a motive as personal ambition. We make this acknowledgment at once, because we must contend that Dr. Beeching has been unfair to Macaulay, and, in particular, has brought against the historian a grave charge which can by no means be justified.

In 1722 Walpole obtained proof that Atterbury was organising a Jacobite conspiracy. Thereupon he sought an interview with the Bishop at his Deanery of Westminster. It seems that he wished by means of a bribe to save Atterbury from himself and the Ministry from that step which, in the end, it found itself obliged to take. According to Atterbury's statement, Walpole's offer included the reversion of the bishopric of Winchester and an immediate pension of £5,000 a year. Dr. Beeching says that this bishopric was understood to be his price. In fact, though Dr. Beeching makes no references to this, Atterbury had expressed a greater liking for the see of London, but the point is of little moment. Whatever the offer was, Atterbury, not then knowing that his correspondence had been betrayed, refused to accept it. Of this incident Macaulay makes no mention. On his omission Dr. Beeching comments thus: "Macaulay, who had read everything, must have known that Atterbury had refused Walpole's bribe of the bishopric of Winchester; but that fact, which would have interfered with the color scheme of his political portrait, he ignores; and attributes Atterbury's hostility to the house of Hanover to the loss of his hopes of the Archbishopric, and the contemptuous rejection by King George of his 'servility' at the Coronation." This cannot mean less than that Macaulay deliberately suppressed a circumstance in order to give a false color to the Bishop's character. It is easy to suggest several less dishonorable reasons for the omission. It may have been accidental. In the passage quoted, Dr. Beeching does not inform us that the see was not vacant, nor does he anywhere else inform us that it was not likely to be vacant. It had been filled up less than a year ago by the appointment of a man who was younger than Atterbury and could hardly hope for promotion, since York was younger than either, and Canterbury so hale that he survived all three. It could not have been foreseen that the Bishop of Winchester would die some year and a half later. Since these circumstances diminish the value of the offer, if not also the likelihood of its having been made, was not Dr. Beeching as much bound to mention them as Macaulay to mention the bribe? Again, Macaulay may have thought that, since we have only Atterbury's word for the form of an offer made by word of mouth, the whole matter must be considered dubious. But the true explanation, it may be suggested, is that Macaulay thought the incident of too little moment to be mentioned in a brief sketch. Macaulay has nowhere suggested that Atterbury could be tempted by money, and what temptation could he have to sell his soul and lose his friends for a price which he was not likely to receive, and that at a moment when he thought that his conspiracy would succeed, that England would be invaded, and himself become the great man under a restored dynasty? Thus Macaulay might well have mentioned the incident without affecting the color of his portrait. Had he been a dishonest chronicler he might have used the incident to heighten his colors. Atterbury had shown his ambition by taking the oaths in order to keep place and pay. The Tories themselves suspected him at this time of a desire to make terms with the Ministry. He might have been represented as refusing an offer which was below his price. We do not think that this would be a true picture, but it would not be easy to prove the contrary.

Again, it is incorrect to say that Macaulay ascribes Atterbury's hostility towards the house of Hanover to his baffled hopes of the Archbishopric. He contends, and for the truth of this view we have the culprit's own word, that this hostility was active while Anne was still on the throne, while the Tories were still in power, and when he might well hope to succeed the almost octogenarian occupant of Lambeth. What Macaulay does ascribe to the loss of hopes is the renewal of Atterbury's Jacobite activity in 1717. According to Atterbury's own statement, one on which Dr. Beeching makes no comment, there was no renewal because

* "Francis Atterbury." By H. C. Beeching. Pitman. 3s. 6d. net.

there had been no cessation. Dr. Beeching ascribes the renewal to various causes, to the triumph of the Whig system and to Atterbury's love for the Convocation of Canterbury, which, having started on a congenial heresy-hunt, had been in effect suppressed. By accepting the renewal as a fact, Dr. Beeching casts, as we shall endeavor to show, a worse slur upon the character of his "good man" than any that can be found in Macaulay.

Dr. Beeching makes no attempt to defend Atterbury's perjuries, and admits that Macaulay is entitled to all the moral advantage of the Whig position. Nevertheless, he shrinks from setting out the perjuries in their full enormity. In his pages an ignorant reader would not discover, and a careless reader might well forget, that Atterbury took not only the Oath of Allegiance, but also the Oath of Abjuration, by which he disowned the Pretender "without equivocation or mental reservation on the true faith of a Christian." On the treason, we are to take account, says Dr. Beeching, of the circumstances and the standard of the times. "We do not call Marcus Brutus a 'bad man' because he conspired against Julius Cæsar." Perhaps not, though Dante did, and Mommsen has found plenty to say against the thin-witted and self-satisfied usurer, of whom a fancy picture has descended to us from Plutarch through Shakespeare. But the cases are not parallel, for Brutus had taken no Oath of Abjuration. Ah, says our biographer, but Atterbury's perjuries "followed inevitably from his Jacobitism as soon as that ceased to be merely sentimental." It is an ugly argument, but might pass if Atterbury's Jacobitism between 1714 and 1724 was merely sentimental. That it was not, we could hardly prove except from his own word. "I have for many years past," he wrote to the Pretender in 1717, "neglected no opportunity (and particularly no advantage my station afforded me) towards promoting the service." Dr. Beeching seems unconscious of the dilemma in which he is placed. If the letter was truthful, then Atterbury at the very moment of taking the oath was minded to break it, and this he could easily do without entering into direct communications with James. If the letter lied, an interpretation necessary to Dr. Beeching's defence, then Atterbury was claiming credit for services which he had not rendered. We may doubt whether Atterbury did not lose all sense of the difference between truthfulness and mendacity. Nevertheless, Dr. Beeching writes that "one of the things which amazes the ordinary person in the Bishop's defence is the lawyer-like skill with which he handled" those letters of his which he averred to be forgeries. The ordinary person must be as simple as Jeanie Deans, who was astonished at the self-possession with which her sister sustained her part. "I daresay you are surprised at it," said Lady Staunton, "for you have been truth itself from your cradle upwards; but you must remember that I am a liar of fifteen years' standing, and therefore must by this time be used to my character." If we are to make allowance for Atterbury, we must claim it also for his adversary. Dr. Beeching, in denouncing the Bill of Pains and Penalties, gives Walpole no credit for abstaining, with his characteristic dislike of bloodshed, from a Bill of Attainder, which would have had many precedents, ~~was~~ demanded by many voices, and would have been applauded by more. Nor can the injustice of a tribunal, though rightly denounced by the criminal at the moment, be pleaded in face of conclusive evidence at the bar of history.

Dr. Beeching protests that Macaulay took care that Atterbury, as a Tory dog, did not get the best of it, and he has clearly set himself to write impartially. Nevertheless, we cannot follow the points which he makes against the Whigs. He declares that there was "something mean in the hurrying on of the execution of the rebel lords, so that Kenmure had to apologise for the indecency of having no black clothes to die in." Kenmure pleaded guilty on January 19th, was sentenced on February 19th, and executed on the 24th. Monmouth was committed to the Tower on a Monday and beheaded on the next Wednesday, and Russell suffered within a week of his sentence. Again, Dr. Beeching holds that, after the accession of King George, there ought to have been, if possible, a coalition Ministry. Here he forgets two things. In the last days of Queen Anne, Swift and Bolingbroke had urged Harley to turn every Whig out of office. The politician sneered, and the divine gnashed his teeth at the dilatoriness of "the Dragon," as they called

Harley, which alone kept a single Whig in his place. Nevertheless the first Hanoverian Ministry, though Dr. Beeching has forgotten it, actually was a coalition. For eighteen months no less a place than the Presidency of the Council was held by the leader of the anti-Jacobite Tories. Could Dr. Beeching name any other Tory who by character or services could claim a place in the Cabinet? We can think of none but Dartmouth, and Dartmouth, who remained a staunch Hanoverian, seems to have retired by his own choice. And when Dr. Beeching avows Macaulay had no right to call the Jacobite opposition factious, we must call its own men as witnesses. The Jacobite leaders, said the exiled Atterbury, would make terms if only they could get office. Hearne, who gave up place for the cause, is as decisive in his testimony, though he avowed himself sorry to give it. The Tories, he says, behaved themselves with very little courage or integrity; they have acted contrary to their principles, but the Whigs, as they professed bad principles, so they have acted accordingly, not in the least receding from what they have laid down as principles. There were honest Jacobites, but hardly among the political leaders.

We have no right to be hard on Atterbury. He was in a difficult position, and, to retain place and pay, he succumbed to a temptation which might have been too much for most of us. There was something genuine in his Toryism, something attractive in his private life; but, if he must be compared with Walpole, it must be added that Walpole would either never have taken an oath to a restored Stuart, or, having taken it, would have kept it.

THE EARLIER WESLEY.*

THE day of diaries is over. When books were scarce and periodicals few it was natural that people should commit the narrative of their lives, their personal and family history, to writing. Under the changed conditions of modern life, there is neither the need of nor the inclination to this lengthy process; the historian of the future will take his material, not from the carefully transcribed manuscript dear to our ancestors, but from the printed page. The industry of these old diarists is amazing. As early as April, 1725, Wesley began to keep a diary. The original is extant, but the cypher and the obsolete shorthand employed make its interpretation difficult. The present volume, the first of the Standard Edition now being prepared, contains Wesley's early life in the light of unpublished diaries; a description and analysis of his first Oxford diary—he kept four; the letter to Richard Morgan on the rise and design of Oxford Methodism; and—this is the substance of the book—the Georgian episode from the embarkation at Gravesend in the autumn of 1735 to the return to England early in 1738. Finally, we have the journal of the opening months of his home ministry, February 1st—June 13th, 1738.

Its religious aspect apart, "Wesley's Journal" is a historical source of the first consequence. As literature, few romances have such a power to interest and absorb the reader. Nowhere do we find so full, so vivid, so comprehensive an account of England in the Hanoverian period as here. That the world was his parish was no empty boast. From one end of the country to the other the indefatigable preacher travelled, mixing with men of all sorts and conditions, making it his business to win their confidence, observing their habits, recording their casual talk and the actions of their everyday life. "Quidquid agunt homines"; human nature is the stuff of the book. Had Wesley been a Catholic, he would have been canonised, and the man lost in a mist of edifying fiction. As it is, the strongly marked features make us wonder how hagiography would have fared had tradition preserved the saints, not as the pious imagination of a later age pictured them, but as they were. For Wesley's foibles were prominent, and his faults undeniable; he was a very eminent and a very excellent, but, at least at this stage of his life, not a very lovable man.

He began life as a High Churchman. In his day the term denoted no Romeward tendencies either in teaching

* "The Journal of John Wesley." Edited by Nehemiah Curnock. Vol. I. Standard Edition. Culley. 21s.

or ceremonial: what it signified was an antipathy to dissent, a rather wooden adherence to the Anglican canons and rubrics, and that magnifying of the clerical office which is a pitfall to the minister as well as to the priest. In some respects, indeed, it is more mischievous in the former than in the latter case. The Catholic clergyman, great as are his claims, is limited in his exercise of them by the authority of his superiors, the laws of his communion, and the public opinion of his flock; the Protestant, if he undertakes the task of director, assumes an office unrecognised by the community in which he ministers, and is a law to himself. A sensible Jesuit would have made short work with Wesley's meddlesomeness. The system of direction is detestable; but, if we must have directors, let them be professionals, not amateurs.

He undertook the mission to Georgia, it appears, from fear for his own soul, rather than zeal for the salvation of others; there is "no evidence," says the editor, "that his call to evangelise the Indians was of God." Law expressed his disapproval of the project harshly enough—it was the idea, he said, of a crack-brained enthusiast: others put it down to ambition—the establishment of an American episcopate had been mooted; the simplicity of the evangelist was not yet his. Among his fellow passengers was a company of German Moravians; men, he writes, who "have left all for their Master, and who have indeed learned of Him, being meek and lowly, dead to the world, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." They were the only people on board with whom, it seems, he had no differences during the voyage: before the vessel had left the Downs we find him "disputing" with Mrs. Walker, a sick passenger, and finding his brother Charles "perverse." He mixed himself up, unnecessarily and indiscreetly, in the quarrels that broke out between the various members of the party; and, as it included a considerable number of females, he had ample reason to regret his intervention. He was attracted by women: "neither by nature nor by vocation," Mr. Curnock assures us, "was he a loveless celibate." But it may be doubted whether any man was ever so tactless in his dealings with those of the opposite sex, or so ignorant of their distinctive qualities: he was incapable of holding aloof where women were in question, and he was easily deceived. Two of those on board, Mrs. Welch and Mrs. Hawkins,

"were, as we now know, and as Charles Wesley and Ingham at the time firmly believed, consummate hypocrites. John Wesley never saw it, and his amazing credulity nearly cost him his life, and drove him from Frederica back to the still graver perils of Savannah. Under the brief entries in the Diary are hidden the beginnings of a tragedy which, however small and sordid in itself, was fraught with stupendous consequences to Wesley, his brother, and many others."

Spangenberg put his finger on the weak point when he counselled him, in the words of à Kempis, to "be intimate with no woman; but in general to recommend all good women to God." To converse much with her—Mrs. Hawkins—he said frankly, might be dangerous: let him speak to her in few words and seldom; God would do the rest. A long series of unpleasantnesses culminated in the "Sophy" episode, in which Wesley appeared in the mixed part of judge, priest, and lover. It ended in his leaving the colony, in defiance of the magistrates, but probably not without their connivance. Rightly or wrongly, he was a disturbing element in the little community. A candid friend seems to have expressed the prevalent opinion—

"All your sermons are satires upon particular persons, therefore I will never hear you more; and all the people are of my mind. Besides they say they are Protestants. But as for you, they cannot tell what religion you are of. They never heard such a religion before. They do not know what to make of it. And then your private behavior—all the quarrels that have been here since you came have been 'long of you. Indeed, there is neither man nor woman in the town who minds a word you say."

Reflection brought wisdom: in later years he acknowledged that his ministerial discipline at Savannah had been mistaken and unwise.

Meanwhile under the outward shell the inner man was maturing. A great change had taken place, as such changes do, unconsciously, and was on the eve of manifesting itself. The teaching of the Moravians with regard to conversion and the new birth had found a soil prepared for it in his heart. It was to him what justification by faith had been to

Luther—a deliverance from the old self and from the Law. Its setting was that of the time and place; but the doctrine itself was true to experience and human nature. It is probable that the New as well as the Old Theology can provide it with a framework; and it is certain that to men of a certain temperament it is the secret of interior peace. On Wesley it acted like a charm. Scales fell from his eyes; fetters from his hands; the Methodist revival had begun.

To an organised Church, with its routine, its institutions, and inevitable and necessary legalism, enthusiasm is suspect: it was on the ruins of an enthusiastic Christianity that the Catholicism of the Second Century rose. Nor were valid pretexts wanting—fanaticism, the unsettling of the weak, the danger of antinomianism, &c. Wesley found church after church closed to him: he was met by the universal formula, "Sir, you must preach here no more." It is probable that there were two sides to the matter: the opposition of so excellent a man as Butler is not lightly to be explained away. But the time called for strong remedies: the harvest was ready, and the reapers were at hand. The history of the movement will be told in succeeding volumes. This leaves Wesley embarked for Germany; on his return the evangelisation of England was to be taken in hand.

ALIVE OR DEAD?*

In Colonel Patterson's book on a sporting expedition in British East Africa there is an excellent and significant sentence. He has been describing one of those scenes which are the delight of the African traveller, and amply repay him for all the fevers, dysentery, and other discomforts which usually attend his journey. One moonlight night he had come upon sixteen rhinos standing round a waterhole, roaring at each other and struggling in their efforts to get a drink. For two hours he watched them quite close at hand. "I could easily," he continues:—

"I could easily have picked off half a dozen of them with my rifle, and some of them had very fine horns, but, of course, I had no intention whatever of molesting them. They were much more interesting alive than dead, and I never for a moment entertained the thought of disturbing their concert by firing my rifle."

"They were much more interesting alive than dead." Once, also in Central Africa, the present writer was encamped near a dry river-bed where a family of elephants came at night, and the parents, thrusting their trunks deep into the gravel, found water still running below the surface. Then what trumpeting, what baths, and ecstasy of drink! Next morning all the river-bed was trampled with huge and lesser footprints, like oval maps embossed on the sand. The whole scene is a joy to remember. But if the writer had "picked off" two or three of the family, where would have been the joy? Rotting carcasses for a few days, white skeletons still lying on the gravel, and perhaps an ivory tusk or so to adorn his ancestral hall, if he had one; but no memory except of death and blood and the sudden interruption of almost perfect happiness.

"Much more interesting alive than dead"—it is like saying that a strong man is more active than a corpse, and yet Colonel Patterson seems to mention it as something of a discovery. To sportsmen like him, indeed, it is a paradox. What usually interests them, next to the act of killing, is the dead thing—the skin torn from the flesh, the head hewn off at the neck, and scooped out from inside, so that at last it may be "mounted" by a London stuffer, and with bits of glass stuck in the eye-sockets, dabs of paint smeared on the nostrils, and a coat of varnish on the horns, it may slowly decay suspended above a doorway until the servant complains that it harbors moth. That is the "trophy"—the object for which the sportsman sports. No one who has known wild animals would call the putrefying relic beautiful; no one who has known a cat or a rabbit alive would call it interesting. Its only value is to reflect a vainglory on the man who killed it, and to afford him the opportunity of boring his friends with stories of its death.

Sportsmen like Colonel Patterson and, we suppose, like Mr. Roosevelt, who has gone killing animals under the pretext of collecting "trophies" for museums, are queer

* "In the Grip of the Nyika." By Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Patterson, D.S.O. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

survivals of an age when the slaughter of wild beasts was sometimes protective, sometimes a necessity for food, and always difficult. Except for the sake of the slaughter, a sportsman has now no need to risk danger or hunger, and though his sport is still sometimes difficult, the odds are so strong on his side that no judge in a prize-ring would allow such a contest to come off. To be sure, Colonel Patterson is not one of the amateur butchers who kill all they see, like boys "yacking" for birds along both sides of a hedge. He abides by the "laws of honor" in sport, and if he thinks he has killed enough of one kind of animal he does not kill any more. We know, also, from his earlier book that he once cleared a place of two man-eating lions, and there is no question of his nerve and resource whether in killing lions, rhinos, or buffalo (and it is difficult to decide which of the three can be the most dangerous animal in its rage). What is more, during part of this journey he was officially engaged in tracing a reserve frontier. But still his object in visiting the wilds again was to obtain the pleasure of killing animals and securing "trophies." It is one of the contradictions in man's nature that people who feel a kind of affection for the wild creatures so rapidly vanishing from the world should find a strange delight in hastening their extinction.

Colonel Patterson is partly aware of this contradiction, and at times he tries to explain his action with the usual sporting excuses; as when he writes:—

"It always makes me feel unhappy to see a beast die, especially if he has made a good fight for his life, as this one (a kongoni) did. Of course, if the animal is killed outright at the first shot, he is dead before he can realise what is happening, and can feel little or no pain. If, however, the shot merely breaks a leg and the animal goes off limping, all my sympathy is aroused, and I am not easy in my mind again until the poor beast has been put out of its misery."

He then goes on to show that beasts of prey are sometimes more cruel than men, and quotes the case of a hyena which was found eating a wounded, but living, gazelle. Similarly the present writer once found his dog eating a living duiker which had run two miles with a broken leg before the dog caught it. But the point is, not that dogs and hyenas are cruel in their killing, but that the sportsman has no need to kill the creatures at all, whether cruelly or kindly. Of course, one sometimes kills for food, but the sportsman kills for "trophies." That is his object. He goes, in Colonel Patterson's sporting language, because he is "anxious to bag a rhino," or is "desperately keen on shooting an eland" (that large and beautiful antelope, almost as quiet as a cow). Sometimes the sport involves pain as well as death, as when a bullet "planted somewhere in the anatomy" of a rhino "gave him a sudden distaste for our society," and the wounded creature went away, probably to die in great misery; or when a lady of the party wounded a wildebeeste that could not be found; or when, again, an eland, "the instant he felt the lead, gave a kick and a buck" and ultimately fell from a precipice as he ran away. His horns, we are told, ranked second to the best on record. But the real question is, not whether the killing of these wild and usually harmless animals is painful or quick, but why it should be done at all when most sportsmen will regret their extermination, and they are "so much more interesting alive than dead."

It is useless to plead that the extermination is certain anyhow. Because a crime will be committed, that is no reason for becoming a criminal, and since the introduction of the rifle, the slaughter of big game in Africa has become little better than a crime. Natives and rinderpest have done much harm, but the sportsman kills only for pleasure or for vanity, and yet when all Africa is an empty waste, such as the Orange State and Transvaal are now, though they swarmed with animals a generation ago, the sportsman will be the loudest in his lamentations and regrets for the good old times. A kind of blindness or stupidity appears to possess him when he thinks of "game." Colonel Patterson, for instance, tells us quite interesting things about some of the tribes and regions he visited, and he often has something good to say about animals, unless he wants to kill them; but then he only talks of death—an uninteresting subject, as he admits. He is a good photographer, and enjoys a stalk with a camera. Why should he not devote himself to securing photographic "trophies"? They are as hard and dangerous to obtain as mouldering heads, and

of incomparably greater interest. One has heard of that sporting nobleman who went stalking with a photographer in Somaliland, and was almost overcome by two difficulties: first, to get the lion to sit; secondly, to get the photographer to stand. But the results were, at all events, finer than the average sportsman's, and the excitement at least as great, both to himself and the photographer.

TIME AND CLOCKS.*

THE author of this book is a man of science with a genius for construction, and few people are better qualified to discourse on the subject of which it treats. His aim is stated at the end of the book: "I have endeavored not merely to give a description of clocks and various apparatus for measuring time, but to explain the fundamental principles of mechanics which lie at the root of the subject." Hence a great portion (perhaps too much) of the work is occupied with things which are usually expounded in elementary treatises on dynamics, and have not a very direct bearing on the subject. Incidentally, however, the interest of the reader, who is assumed to be youthful, is secured by a diagrammatic representation of Dante's Earth, Hell, and Heaven, the position of Jerusalem as the centre of the world, the garden of Eden, the tortuous path to Purgatory, &c., ideas the absurdity of which has not prevented their survival in the twentieth century.

Modern science makes us acquainted with constructions of human skill much more subtle and wonderful than clocks and watches; nevertheless, these still hold their own as the type of human ingenuity, and there are few of us who can refrain from inexpressible wonder on beholding a clock, such as that of Strassburg, which indicates at once the hour of the day, the day of the week, the month, the position of the sun in the ecliptic, the date of Easter, and many other things.

Familiarity with the everyday things that belong to our civilisation renders it extremely difficult for men to appreciate the amount of thought and labor which mankind had to employ in order to construct the simplest things which we now regard as necessities. Let anyone who wishes to become conscious of his utter ignorance and helplessness pause and ask himself the question "If civilisation were destroyed, how much of it could I reconstruct?" The answer would probably give him a greater respect for the achievements of palæolithic men.

Mr. Cunynghame's book is not merely, or even chiefly, a description of clocks and watches as they now are, but a very interesting history of the attempts of men to construct an accurate time-measurer—an attempt, by the way, in which, strictly speaking, they have not yet succeeded. By far the most accurate clock that we know is the earth itself, whose time of revolution on its axis has certainly not altered by the one-hundredth part of a second since the time of Ptolemy—i.e., in nearly 1800 years.

The earliest clocks were probably sun-dials, whose defects during the day are obvious enough, and which are useless after sunset. It was to supply a measure of time during the night that the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans adopted the ingenious device of a water-clock. Anything that does something regularly, that is, in equal time intervals, will serve as a clock. Besides the rotation of the earth on its axis, do we know any occurrence that takes place at absolutely regular intervals of time? There are very few such, and still fewer over which we have any control. Even the water-clock, which measured equal intervals of time by the flow of a fixed volume of water through a fine tap from a large cylinder, is very inaccurate for several reasons; but there is one very simple phenomenon which makes a very close approximation to regularity and is easily controlled—namely, the time of oscillation of a simple pendulum, provided that the arc through which the bob is displaced is not large; and, moreover, the time (for a given length of pendulum) will be the same, however small the arc of oscillation may be; in other words, nothing depends on the size of this arc, provided the magnitude does not exceed a certain limit.

* "Time and Clocks: A Description of Ancient and Modern Methods of Measuring Time." By H. H. Cunynghame, M.A., C.B., M.I.E.E. Constable. 2s. 6d.

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Clearly, this fact makes the pendulum a most desirable time-measurer. The world had to wait for Galileo to discover this simple truth; and Mr. Cunynghame relates how Galileo discovered it by observing the swinging of the chandeliers in the cathedral of Pisa, timing the gradually dying swings with his pulse-beats, and observing that the feeble swing took the same time as the more amplified original one.

Hence, if we can keep a pendulum freely swinging, we can make a clock; the fixing of hands which will go round quickly or slowly presents no mechanical difficulty; but how are we to keep the pendulum freely swinging without subjecting it either to the continuous disturbance of friction or to ill-timed blows which will interfere with the constancy of its time of swing?

What is so marked a merit of Mr. Cunynghame's book, as compared with the usual exposition of this clock pendulum motion given in ordinary treatises on the subject, is the clear way in which he deals with the difficulty that the motion of the pendulum must be maintained and its time of free swing not interfered with. This fundamental point is almost invariably glossed over, so that the student does not appreciate the advantage of one kind of escapement over another, or understand the conditions that must be satisfied by a perfect escapement.

Mr. Cunynghame is strong in his praise of the now somewhat rare "grandfather" clock, whose merit as an accurate time-keeper he shows to be much greater than that of the American clocks, which, with very short pendulums, can never keep good time; but it is, at any rate, a great satisfaction to know that, owing to modern means of construction, "we can now have a better watch for 30s. than we could have got for £30 twenty years ago."

We have but two suggestions to offer to the author. Nothing could be better than the clear way in which he distinguishes the *mass* of a body from its *weight*, and thereby saves his reader from speaking of the *weight* of the earth or of the sun—a supremely absurd expression; but we could wish him to cease from speaking of an "accelerating force" when he means simply an "acceleration": all forces are accelerating forces. Again, in some cases the lettering of his figures does not agree with the description in the text, and the name "Attwood" should be Atwood. However, he has given us an interesting and suggestive book, and no doubt many of his boy-readers will be fascinated by his egg-boiling machine, his arrangement for expelling heavy sleepers from their beds, and his sound and humorous advice about tools and apparatus.

THE HAPPY ENDING.*

A CURIOUS enquirer might possibly receive a very brisk reply to the question: "Why are the great majority of novels furnished with a happy ending?" The probable answer would be that the public liked it, and that the publisher took care that the public's wishes should be respected. But, after all, this response, true as far as it goes, does but leave us in the outer courts of the mystery; for we must inevitably go on to ask: "Why does the public like a happy ending?" And the question is by no means easy of solution. The reason, perhaps, lies in very deep places; it may be traced back both to the pessimism and optimism which are inherent in man. With few exceptions we are ill at ease in Zion or Babylon—we have, most of us, an unhappy feeling that we are round pegs placed in the square holes of this mortal life; and consciously or unconsciously we cannot help believing that somehow or other the square holes will be eventually made round, here or hereafter. But in actual life the square hole often seems to become more and more angular, more and more rigid, and so we take refuge in the rectifications of art, in the formula—"so they were married and lived happily ever after"—tasting in those two last words the joys of eternal bliss.

It is not very surprising, then, that the six books under

* "Cut Off from the World." By Frank T. Bullen. Unwin. 6s.
 "Faces in the Mist." By John A. Steuart. Clarke. 6s.
 "The Food of Love." By F. Frankfort Moore. Nash. 6s.
 "The Upper Hand." By Mrs. Frederick Dawson. Richards. 6s.
 "A Simple Savage." By G. B. Burgin. Hutchinson. 6s.
 "Beatrice the Sixteenth." By Irene Clyde. Bell. 3s. 6d.

notice all have their share in this adventure of happiness. Mr. Bullen's "Cut Off from the World" ends with all that is crooked made straight, the hero happily married, and wealth in showers for all who deserve it. The story, which is modern enough in all conscience, is yet founded on a most ancient formula, known to Mr. Nutt and the folklorists as the "Exile and Return" motive. It is probable enough that the author has never heard of "Exile and Return"—which is the basis of the Arthurian legend of Percival, of "Roderick Random" and "Nicholas Nickleby"—yet his hero who goes forth from the dull suburban home, from somewhat contemptuous relations, and from the toil of a city clerk, and sails over all the seas, and meets with adventures and misfortunes innumerable, and ends, as has been said, in a blaze of prosperity, is clearly a remote relation of the more ancient heroes who have been cited. The story is simply, even childish, told, and yet one likes it all the better for its simplicity: it is written much as the strenuous and unlearned Jemmy Tenison, the hero, would have written it. And, of course, all the technique of the deep, of the tramp steamer, and of the liner, is absolutely good and convincing.

"Faces in the Mist" is another "Exile and Return" story with a happy ending. Here you have the last scion of an ancient Highland family fallen on sorry days, on the contempt of richer neighbors, restoring the fortune of the house through the medium of an American heiress. There is the villain, Lord Benbreck, who thwarts and wrongs Chisholm even to the last chapter; there are adventures on northern crags, and amongst the brigands and the mountains of Syria. And the final ruin of Benbreck is awful and complete, and the triumph of the hero entirely satisfactory. The story, it will be seen, is conventional; the American millionaire and his wife, the sneering villain, and the faithful retainer, show us faces that are typical rather than individual; we have met them or their near relations in many previous readings. But "Faces in the Mist" is pleasant reading enough.

Mr. Frankfort Moore has more skill in the play of words than Mr. Steuart or Mr. Bullen. Apart from the plot, which is deftly contrived, there are some excellent things in "The Food of Love." There are one or two chapters that remind one of that terrible period in the life of "The Beloved Vagabond" when the Paragot of the Parisian cafés, of floods of absinthe, and of strange acquaintances, tried, for a brief season, to be an English country gentleman. There are, no doubt, county families and county families; music, and letters, and painting, are not without appreciation in many houses where evening dress is a matter of course. But it is to be feared that Mr. Moore has not exaggerated the gross stupidity and barbarism that are apt to accompany a taste for "shootin'" and "huntin'"; and his book opens with a terrible show of "county" females who have come to condole with Mrs. Neverne on the fact that her son, Maurice, has gained an European reputation as a 'cellist. And one of these ladies proposes to "bring out" Maurice and his teacher, Herr Griesbach, at a village concert; the master being a person in somewhat the same position as the late Abbé Liszt! It is good to read the great Griesbach's rebuke of this barbarous woman. But one would like to know the writer's authority for assigning the Austrian National Anthem to J. S. Bach. It has usually been attributed to Haydn.

In "The Upper Hand" we have a sensational story of society. The heroine, Fricka—childish mispronunciation of Frederica—enters on the scene of Park Lane, driving in a smart motor-car to see her friend, Lady Mabel Johnson. Fricka is horribly bedizened. She was

"Very pretty from the top of her head, with its naturally curling dark hair twisting about her ears in tiny tendrils, to her little feet in the narrowest and smallest of absurd walking-shoes, in which no woman could possibly walk. She was dressed all in cream, with just a hint of pale blue showing here and there under lace insertion and beneath the broad leaf of a big shady hat, round the crown of which one long white ostrich feather curled."

And the motor-car was cream, lined with deep red leather, and the pet dog, Tony, was "adorned with a large blue satin bow under his ear—a blue of the exact shade of Fricka's trimmings." But there are better things than this in the book. There is an excellent episode of cheating at Bridge, there is a warning given to the cheat by a

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The "Glasgow Herald."

This is a very interesting and ingenious little book. The controversy in regard to disarmament has followed well defined lines. On the one side have been those who assert that Great Britain dare not disarm because the price might be her humiliation and an incalculable material loss. On the other, the pacifist has demanded concessions which yet he has been unable to argue might not involve the disaster that would follow on our invasion by a strong military and naval Power like Germany. Mr. Angell's contention is that both parties are fundamentally wrong—the one in asserting, the other in admitting—that the aggression of a Power permanently or temporarily stronger than ourselves can bring about the fearful things imagined, say, by Mr. Frederic Harrison in his letter to "The Times." This he believes to be Europe's "optical illusion." . . . The ideas he ventilates are deserving of a wider currency, for we agree with him that misconceptions prevail regarding the destructiveness of war. . . . With his plea for synchronised effort in Britain and Germany for the diffusion of sane ideas and the promotion of disarmament we are in entire agreement.

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The "New Age."

Mr. Norman Angell is to be congratulated on having written a book which will slowly and steadily affect the political outlook of Europe. . . . Trade nowadays has no relation to strength of armaments. . . . German Three per Cents., as Mr. Angell points out, stand at 82, but Belgian reach 96. Russian Three and a Half per Cents. are only 81, as compared with Norwegian 102.

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One thing is certain, that this view of the question is almost universally ignored. . . . It may be patent to a few leading financiers and traders, but knowledge of the true condition of affairs is lacking amongst the general public. . . . This argument does not depend upon Exeter Hall platitudes about the beauties of Peace. It depends on self-interest. . . . If Mr. Angell's suggestive arguments are well founded, and I think his chief argument, at any rate, is, Europe is really the victim of a terrible illusion. We are burning witches when there is no such thing as a witch. We are using the catchwords and phrases and shibboleths of an age which is passing, if it has not already passed.

The "Christian Age."

An able plea for a complete revision of certain political ideas in the light of modern facts.

The "Methodist Recorder."

Has much to say that deserves consideration.

The "Sheffield Daily Telegraph."

A thoughtful treatise.

mysterious Zulu at a fancy-dress ball, there is a hero lying under unjust suspicion of murder, and a blackmailing villain of a South African Jew. Fricka, after much misadventure, is made happy by the hero—who is, of course, the Zulu. And “her trousseau was ‘a dream.’”

Someone, cited by Mr. Andrew Lang, confessed that, though he loved Dickens with all his heart, “Ralph Nickleby was a bit too steep for him.” The writer cannot agree with this opinion; it would be as unjust to say that the Dragon slain by St. George is “too steep”; but he is willing to confess that Detmold Byng, the villain of Mr. Burgin’s “Simple Savage,” is for him somewhat precipitous. Mr. Byng is an aged man about town, and his decay is that of an over-ripe and abandoned Stilton, his badness is awful to contemplate, and the risks he ran in the cause of villainy would have made the late Charles Peace tremble. Needless to say, the machinations of Detmold Byng, though troublesome enough while they last, do no permanent damage to the happiness of hero and heroine. There is something of the occult in the structure of the story; but it is doubtful whether the “Spirit of the Air” and the “Spirit of the Stars” lend very valuable assistance. The singular power possessed by Millicent might have been obtained through more convincing agencies.

Mary Hatherley, M.B., while travelling in Syria, received a kick from a camel which stretched her senseless. She came to herself, and found that her Arab escort had disappeared, and that unknown figures were standing round her. These figures conducted the lady explorer to the great city of Alzona, the inhabitants of which spoke a kind of bastard Latin. Mary Hatherley, being a learned lady, was able with some difficulty to understand and to make herself understood, and the strange people received her with the utmost hospitality, and allotted her a comfortable apartment. And on the first night of her arrival Mary, regarding the heavens, saw that the stars were totally unfamiliar to her. They were of neither hemisphere! And the question for the reader is: Where was Alzona, and how had the traveller reached it? It would be unfair to give away the secret of a highly ingenious device; but it seems a pity that the author of “Beatrice the Sixteenth,” who possesses a very pretty talent for the marvellous, should have devoted the greater part of her book to an elaborate and somewhat unkind satire on feminism.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

A LONG and very varied experience, and, what is of equal importance, a knowledge of vernacular Turkish are an equipment which secures respect for any book about the Turks. Captain A. E. Townshend in “A Military Consul in Turkey” (Seeley, 16s. net) writes primarily for those who know little or nothing of the country. There are chapters on travelling, on inns and tents and food, on officials and on soldiers, which convey a good deal of accurate information. Politics are only incidental to the book, and its most readable pages are the anecdotes of travel and consular life. The illustrations show an eye for the picturesque and some skill in handling the camera. For the rest the point of view is frankly one of a rather comprehensive scepticism. The author delights in stories of the rottenness of the *régime* that is gone, but he has little faith in the omens of the new order. He has no favorites or protégés among the non-Turkish races, and writes of them very much from the outside, but not on the whole unfairly. The book has no conspicuous literary merits and no very definite political purpose to serve, but it has its value as a direct and honest personal record.

* * *

THE reader of Mr. Robert Ross’s “Masques and Phases” (Humphreys, 5s. net) will readily allow that it has wit, keen critical perception, and a dash of cynicism, though whether he will discover the “vein of high seriousness” which the author claims is open to question. We presume that Mr. Ross is most serious in his essays on Aubrey Beardsley and Simeon Solomon, and in the lecture, “There is no decay,” which ends the volume. Mr. Ross, in reaction against the tendency to depreciate contemporary genius, holds that the present age is quite as good as the past, and points

to Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Rothenstein, Mr. Shannon, and others for proof of his contention. These names are hardly as conclusive as Mr. Ross believes, and something further is needed to convince us that in intellectual and artistic matters we are progressing continually and continuously. For our own part we like those parts of the book best in which we can detect least seriousness, and we would cite “The Brand of Isis” as a model of pleasant banter. Two stories, “The Case at the Museum” and “The Lost Book of Jasher,” are excellent studies of the psychology of the *savant*. Mr. Ross always writes with distinction, and his book is of the kind to be enjoyed with one’s feet on the fender.

* * *

THE lady who called herself “Arvède Barine” has enriched French literature with a number of historical biographies of the highest excellence, and the translator of her posthumous volume “Madame, Mother of the Regent” (Putnams, 12s. 6d.) rightly lays stress on her “great charm of style and her extraordinary powers of psychological observation.” The present work was not completed at the time of Arvède Barine’s death, though all of it but the last chapter had been written, and this has been composed with the help of notes and documents found among her papers. Elisabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, the heroine of the biography, was the daughter of Carl Ludwig, Elector of the Palatinate, and, much against her will, became, at the age of nineteen, the second wife of Philippe, the brother of Louis XIV. She hated France and made many enemies at the French Court, among them Madame de Maintenon, whom she called “a wicked beast,” and whose influence over the King caused her a great deal of jealousy. Her relations with Louis were upon the whole cordial, though she bitterly resented his determination to marry her son, the future Regent, to Mademoiselle de Blois. The description of how she received news of the engagement is one of the most telling passages in Saint-Simon. On the death of the Duc of Orleans, Madame, to the surprise of most people, continued to live in France until her death in 1722. Madame’s character lends itself to the psychological method of Arvède Barine. Her outspoken and resolute nature was but ill-suited to the artificiality of the Court of Versailles, nor did the Rabelaisian frankness of her comments on all that she disliked tend to make her a favorite. In later years she sank into melancholy. “I am so accustomed to sadness,” she wrote, “that I bear it better than others do; with me, sorrow has been like poison to Mithridates.” She was an indefatigable letter-writer, expressing herself with a bluntness and, often, a want of refinement, such as are permitted only to exalted personages. The book has been well translated by Madame Charles Bigot.

* * *

“BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA,” by Mrs. Maude M. Holbach (Lane, 5s. net) is the animated account of a tour through two small States which assumed a sudden importance in the British mind at the time of their recent annexation by Austria. Mrs. Holbach travelled northwards from Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, to Jayce and Banjaluka; then, turning to the south-east, to Sarajeva, made the Bosnian capital the base for a series of excursions. She visited Foca, and penetrated as far as Plevlje, and, as her journey to the latter town synchronised with its evacuation by the Austrian troops, she witnessed many interesting scenes. The book is full of fresh and enthusiastic descriptions of town, country, and people, and the jaded tourist who has had enough of the ordinary Continental routes, and is on the look-out for a new field to explore, will do well to study its pages. Considering that the journey was undertaken at a time of political excitement, the author is wonderfully free from political bias. However, she bears witness to the good work done by the Austrian Government during their period of occupation, and she appears to have been decidedly impressed by the good-will shown by Austrian officials towards her party and herself at a time when the English newspapers were severely criticising Austria’s action. The strategic importance of Bosnia and Herzegovina is dealt with lightly but effectively, and, modest as is the book’s ostensible aim, it is a fresh and by no means unimportant contribution to the study of Near

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FIVE essays by Dr. Guido Biagi, the Librarian of the Laurentian and Riccardi Libraries, Florence, have been translated into English and make their appearance in a volume called "Men and Manners of Old Florence" (Unwin, 15s. net). Dr. Biagi has had access to new material in his attempts to give us some glimpses of the social life in Florence from the thirteenth to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the results of his researches, while of value to students, are almost certain to be welcomed by the general reader as well. His chapters on "The Mind and Manners of a Florentine Merchant of the Fourteenth Century," and on "The Private Life of the Renaissance Florentines" abound in those intimate touches which are often passed over by historians, but which are of the highest value in enabling us to realise the life of the past. The number of books on Florence is already large, but no one who reads the present volume will regret that Dr. Biagi has added to the number.

* * *

THE only criticism to be made upon Mr. Bryan O'Donnell's adaptation of M. Frédéric Lohé's "The Gilded Beauties of the Second Empire" (John Long, 15s. net), is that it contains the usual selection of anecdotes, many of them slightly improper, and the usual descriptions of ladies of the *monde* and of the *demi-monde* which we expect in a book of this type. The desire of some people to read about "gilded beauties" and "fascinating frail ones" seems to be inexhaustible, and as long as it lasts, books like this of M. Lohé will be written and translated. The women of the period dealt with in the present volume were costly luxuries, and when the bill was presented in 1870 an end came to one of the most unrestrained and ostentatiously frivolous epochs in French history.

The Week in the City.

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MONEY matters have been more interesting by means of an issue of Treasury bills, which went on terms very favorable to the Government, the revival of the Continental demand for bar gold in the bullion market, the increasing stringency owing to the Christmas demand for currency all over the country, and the very uncertain outlook which is puzzling the most practised observers of the monetary position. Thanks to our hereditary legislators' marauding excursion into the domain of the national finance, no one knows how much income tax will come in next quarter. As a rule coin and notes flow up to London from the provinces in payment of the direct taxes, but this time it is quite probable that this reflux will not take place. At the same time the Government will probably have to raise many millions on Treasury bills and by borrowing from the Bank of England, and it is by no means certain yet that a certain amount of dislocation and disturbance may not be caused. The foreign situation is almost equally obscure. It is known that Argentina will want a large number of sovereigns from London to finance the movement of its abundant crops. Indian demands are likely to be heavy, and Russia is known to be eager to add to its already bloated store of gold. On the other hand the trade balance that has long been so strikingly adverse to the United States may compel them to disgorge some of the metal, though it is doubtful whether they could afford to part with much, and it seems more likely that they will endeavor to dispose of securities in Europe instead of paying in cash for their balance of imports.

HOME SECURITIES DULL.

In the stock markets the Christmas holiday sentiment has been widely prevalent and business was on a very small scale. Consols and Home Railway stocks were rather bedraggled,

and many of the hasty speculators who bought them on the theory that the action of the House of Lords might be followed by a Unionist victory at the polls, have been modifying their views and closing their commitments. Nobody seriously believes that a Unionist Government is required for the salvation of trade. The statistics of the position which show that trade is already reviving steadily in spite of all the dolorous dirges of the Tariff Reformers, are sufficiently emphatic to impress even the Tories of the City. But there is a tradition on the Stock Exchange that business in securities is never so active and confident when the Radicals are in power, and the existence of this tradition goes far to make it true. In the meantime the railway traffics continue to be eminently satisfactory, but the bad finance which has in past years so gravely discredited the prestige of Home Railway stocks is an influence which it will take a long time to overcome, and the yield to be derived from an investment in these is by no means tempting to the fastidious taste of the latter-day capitalist. It is curious to note that a great deal of the recent buying of them was on behalf of foreign operators, who led the way for the English investor, confidently expecting that he would follow. So far he seems inclined to await events.

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American speculation has been rather brisker since Wall Street has succeeded in reassuring itself concerning President Taft's attitude towards the trusts. Rumors of new combinations and mergers are very much in the air. Most of them are frankly defiant of the provisions of American law, but that is a detail which does not detract one whit from their potency as a lever for hoisting prices. Indications seem to point to preparations for a vigorous bull campaign in New York as soon as easier monetary conditions after the turn of the year have made the necessary banking accommodation cheaper. But, as has been observed above, the monetary position has seldom been more obscure, and it is possible that Wall Street may be as wrong about it now as it was at the beginning of the autumn. A certain amount of anxiety has been caused to those interested in Foreign Government bonds by the emphatic assurances that nothing is amiss between Russia and Japan. These official *dementis* are always received with a good deal of scepticism, especially when there is no very apparent reason why they should be given.

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accom-
panied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts
no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

On Tuesday, the Prime Minister made two powerful speeches at Liverpool and Birkenhead to meetings of almost overpowering enthusiasm. In the Liverpool speech he said, of Lord Cawdor's talk of the occupation of Belfast by a German fleet, that the Navy and the Army were never better equipped and organised than to-day, and that the former was able this year, and in the years to come, to "maintain our supremacy at sea, to guarantee the integrity of our shores, the protection of our commerce, and the inviolability of our Empire." The Liberal Party was not, as Mr. Balfour pretended, a band of half-hearted Guy Fawkeses bent on blowing up the Second Chamber, but was simply struggling for its Bills against the Peers. The pretence of referring the Budget to the people was shattered by Mr. Chamberlain's confession that it must never be carried because it blocked the way of Tariff Reform, the very thing which the people condemned four years ago. Now representative government was at stake, for, if Lord Curzon's view of it prevailed, the House of Commons might be closed altogether. The question was not between two Chambers and a Single Chamber, but whether the House of Commons was to be supreme when the Tories were in power and the House of Lords when the Liberals came in.

At Birkenhead, Mr. Asquith, after an impressive review of the Government's record, declared himself to have been a warm advocate of every provision in the Budget. He pointed out, with reference to the two Chamberlain tariffs, that if they stimulated home production they were useless as revenue, and if they brought in revenue from import duties on foreign manufactures

they were valueless for promoting home production. He showed how the pretence of the foreigner paying was falsified by the Protectionist refusal to tax raw materials, and also that the export of capital was often the sign and measure of our national wealth. The issue was—Would the nation send the Ministry and the Liberal Party back as mere debaters or as effective law makers?

* * *

On Tuesday, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, presiding at the National Welsh Liberal Convention, said that the Lords had blundered because the greed which drove them on at headlong speed was the wildest of all chauffeurs. He repeated his perfectly accurate statement of the Cardiff case, under which 500,000 square yards of mansion and park were rated at £921 10s., and 900 square yards of a tradesman's premises at £949 10s. He added another instance of inequality, in which a building site sold by Lord Bute to the Cardiff Corporation for £160,000 was valued at £253 a year, and yet a third, in which a kitchen garden site rated at £56 10s. was rented, when a theatre had been built upon it, at £1,200 a year. The Budget was going through, and other Bills with it, just as when one sheep found a gap in a wall all the rest went through. Those other Bills would be a great charter of security for the worker. The Lords were no protectors of industry; they protected monopoly, which plundered industry. At Swansea, after showing the large balance which the Budget left to the credit of labor, Mr. George declared that the end of Liberal policy would be to eliminate hunger from British civilisation. In South London on Friday week the Chancellor used a fine metaphor, which lights up the social side of his Budget and of progressive Liberal politics. In his native hills, he said, they knew that when the clouds lifted off the lowly valleys and hung round the lordly tops of the hills, there would be fine weather. So, in the social sky, he could see that there was a fine day coming.

* * *

In the Opposition ranks much the most noteworthy side of the election is the way in which the proconsuls—whose every word shows their peculiar unfitness to meddle with a free people's affairs—insist on claiming for the Lords a full power of usurping every right of the representative House. Lord Curzon, speaking on Tuesday at Burnley, utterly rejected Lord St. Aldwyn's plain hint that the Lords ought to be stopped from touching finance. "If a hereditary legislator is incompetent to touch finance" (as Mr. Balfour said he was), "he is incompetent to touch anything." In an earlier speech he emphasised this doctrine, adding to it an assertion which every constitutional writer denies point-blank. "To say that the House of Lords has no right to touch finance at all is to say that which is inconsistent with fact, with law, and with history." Such speech carries with it an act of war on King, Constitution, Commons, and people all in a breath.

* * *

LORD ST. ALDWYN, the only living Conservative financier of any account, has written to the "Times" to declare that he disapproved of the rejection of the Budget by the Lords, and did not think it Socialistic or re-

volutionary, but that he did not vote because he could not hold his party back. The Budget was not open to the charge of "tacking," and the Peers had no right to reject taxes simply because they objected to them. Now, however, that the issue has been joined, he supported the Conservatives because the Government proposed to reduce the House of Lords to impotence, not only on finance but on legislation.

* * *

MR. BLATCHFORD, Socialist, has been put in temporary command of the Tory army, though Miss Marie Corelli appears also to be a competitor. In the seventh of his articles to the "Daily Mail," he declared that our business was to maintain the balance of power in Europe and to defend, not merely our country, but France. For this purpose he asked for a vote of fifty millions for the Navy, for conscription, and for the forcible military training of children over ten. On Friday week, Lord Cromer publicly disgraced himself by endorsing these worthless productions, and the Duchess of Somerset declared that "it was curious that they had to come to a man like Mr. Blatchford to wheel them into line, but at such a time they should remember that party should not divide them." Lord Cawdor, Mr. Lyttelton, Lord Curzon, and, need we say, Lord Milner, have also "wheeled into line" or "come to heel" to Mr. Blatchford's policy of doing everything with "Dreadnoughts" and conscription except paying for them. The Lords are really making a great fuss to mask an ordinary, or rather an extraordinary, case of tax-dodging.

* * *

WE are inclined to think that the most impressive address of the election was delivered in the Devizes division of Wilts by a silver-haired old man, who, says the "Daily Chronicle," rose, after a "Tariff Reform" speech, and spoke as follows:—

"I must put in a word. I have lived in this village for nearly eighty years, and I can remember the 'Hungry Forties,' when starvation faced almost every door in this village, when bread was 1s. 11d. and 2s. a 'gallon.' It was bad times for the villages then, and I should like you to ask the audience if they wish for those times again. Keep the wolf from the door; that is my advice."

Happy for the people that some of them have memories, which wake at the voice of falsehood.

* * *

ON the whole the "Voice" which accompanies the Peers' efforts to make their case intelligible to the people seems to be getting the best of it. It thus dealt with Lord Dartmouth at Barnsley:—

Lord Dartmouth: What are you going to do with us? You can end us—

The Voice: That is what we are going to do.

Lord Dartmouth: You can mend us—

The Voice: No!

Lord Dartmouth: You can render us powerless—

The Voice: We shall do that.

And with Lord Hindlip at Ilford the "Voice," though slightly monotonous, was much to the point:—

Lord Hindlip: The House of Commons wants reforming.

The Voice: You mean the Lords, old man.

Lord Hindlip (continuing) asked what was the problem before the country.

The Voice: The Lords.

Lord Hindlip: What can the Government do?

The Voice: Abolish the Lords.

Really we feel relieved that the Christmas holidays will afford a close time for this hard-driven game.

WE have received some instructive messages as to the run of electoral opinion. A worker in the rural districts of the Home Counties tells us that he found little concern about the constitutional issue, but passionate interest in, and enthusiasm for, Old Age Pensions. Cheated by the Tories, the laborers had ceased to believe in politics, but the Pensions Act had restored all their faith and keenness. The removal of the pauper disqualification was another cogent spur to the mind and feelings of these men. In the Eastern Midlands, the Tory candidates denounced Home Rule, but found the electors completely indifferent, though steady as a rock on free trade and cheap food. All report the popularity of the land taxes, a feeling shared even by Tariff Reformers and Tory workmen and organisers. Everywhere observers report the Lords' campaign to be a new form of popular amusement. The political feeling about the Lords is said to be deepest in the North. Electoral defeat would rouse it into instant flame, but no apprehension of this is anywhere felt.

* * *

MR. BALFOUR, whose continued indisposition practically withdraws him from the election and leaves the party of the Peers without one leader of high credit or soberness, has made a very discouraging declaration on Women's Suffrage. He declared his party to be deeply divided upon it, and that these divisions showed "no signs of diminution." He therefore put it outside the Unionist programme. He said nothing of his personal opinions, but we believe that they have ceased to be friendly to the movement. For the moment, therefore, this great cause stands, by the folly of one section of its adherents, arrested, subject only to the way of progress opened, or half-opened, by the Prime Minister. Now that all the hopes of Tory aid on which the suffragettes counted have disappeared, only one line of rational action remains, that, namely, of filling the new Parliament with the largest possible number of suffragists.

* * *

ON Tuesday the House of Lords decided unanimously that the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants had acted *ultra vires* in making a compulsory levy upon its members for the maintenance of members of Parliament. The decision is final, and, of course, affects all trade unions. Four of the five law-lords sitting—Lord James of Hereford, with some qualification—decided that these levies were foreign to the purposes for which trade unions were established, and could not be said to be "incidental" or "ancillary" to them. Lord Shaw declined to decide the legality of these contributions, but held that the contract which affirmed them was unconstitutional as interfering with the freedom of Parliament and the rights of constituencies. A member, he said, must not bind himself to represent opinions because of any payment he might receive, and any such pledge violated representative government. The decision affects the maintenance fund of forty-nine representatives of the Labor Party and of the miners, and of sixty or seventy candidates, but no immediate financial embarrassment to the Labor campaign is likely to occur.

* * *

THE burial of Leopold II. was a more pompous and solemn ceremony than he seems to have desired. There is no doubt that, while few, if any, of his subjects loved him, the dislike, even of the Socialists, did not amount to hatred. His cruelties had been perpetrated far afield on an alien race, and the average Belgian cared to know little about them. The scandalous family life of the dead King is likely to leave behind it a heritage of litigation. To his legitimate daughters, with whom even

at the end he refused to be reconciled, he left only the £600,000 which he inherited from his father. The rest of his fortune is tied and disguised in the funds of sundry corporations and companies. Some five millions sterling is believed to have been given to his favorite mistress, the Baroness Vaughan, by whom he had three children. As commonly happens in these sordid royal romances, it is now alleged that King Leopold had married the Baronessmorganatically at San Remo by a religious ceremony. It is doubtful whether, in the absence of a civil ceremony, this act, even if it could be established, would have any legal importance. The story seems improbable. King Leopold was quite without scruple or the fear of public opinion in his amours, and if he had contracted this marriage it is unlikely that he would have concealed it. But it is said that the Pope has written to his Nuncio in Belgium confirming Baroness Vaughan's claim and championing her cause.

* * *

THE exciting libel action in which the Serbo-Croatian leaders sued Baron von Aerenthal's literary exponent, Professor Friedjung, for accusing them of treason came, on Wednesday, to the inevitable end. The evidence which we summarised last week that Dr. Friedjung's documents are a mass of forgery, has since received official confirmation. He had published photographic copies of the minutes of a Servian secret society which is said to have met at Belgrade under the presidency of Professor Markovitch, who signed the minutes. There is no longer a doubt that he was all the while in Berlin. The documents attributed to the Servian Foreign Office have also been disposed of. Its Permanent Secretary is a notable stylist; these papers are drafted in language which no educated Servian would use. It is equally clear that the witness who accused the leader of the Serbo-Croatian coalition, M. Supilo, of taking bribes, was deliberately lying. When the exposure of his material was complete, Dr. Friedjung, who had doubtless been deceived by less innocent persons, came forward to withdraw his charges. The serious aspect of the case lies in this, that Dr. Friedjung had acted throughout only as the pen of the Austrian Foreign Office, which supplied him with these forged documents. Baron von Aerenthal in all his policy towards the Servians has clearly been misled by agents who were either credulous or criminal.

* * *

THE verdict of Copenhagen University on the claims of Dr. Cook to have reached the North Pole closes a singular chapter in the history of fraud. Dr. Cook had chosen the venue for his own trial; Danish opinion was almost unanimously favorable to his pretensions. But he submitted through his secretary, Mr. Lonsdale, no original documents, but merely typewritten copies of his alleged diary. The originals unfortunately failed to arrive, and the astronomical observations, like the instruments, are now said to have been left behind at Etah. There were, as the Committee unkindly remarked, "no elucidatory statements which might have rendered it probable that astronomical observations were really taken." The verdict is one of "not proven," but about its real meaning there can be no doubt. Every circumstance, from the loss of the documents, the absurdities in the original data, the disappearance of Dr. Cook himself, and the allegations of experts, who state that he bribed them to supply "faked" observations, establishes a presumption of deliberate fraud. It is now known that the verdict of the New York Explorers' Club will be

adverse to the claim to have reached the summit of Mount McKinley, on which Cook's early fame rested.

* * *

PERSIA is grappling with a fresh crisis in its destinies at a moment when it is difficult to command sympathy for her plight. The new Mejliss realises that it must seek foreign aid if it is to set its finances in order. It is anxious to raise a loan of £500,000 primarily to equip a gendarmerie. It wishes to engage European financial experts and officers, but stipulates that these must be drawn from the smaller neutral States. Russia insists that only Russian officers shall command the Persian gendarmerie in Northern Persia, a claim which amounts to the creation of a new Cossack brigade to reinforce the Russian armies of occupation. British diplomacy is said to be backing this demand, which must sap what is left of Persian independence, if the two Powers are resolute in enforcing it. Meanwhile, the "Manchester Guardian" has published a photograph which exposes the methods by which the latest act of the Russian occupation was brought about. Rahim Khan, an ex-brigand and Royalist general, occupied Ardebil near the frontier, whereupon an immense Russian force was moved down to protect the town. The photograph shows Rahim Khan posing in perfect amity with the Russian officers. He was, of course, their agent.

* * *

ON Monday afternoon London was visited by an appalling catastrophe in the burning of the huge drapery shops of Messrs. Arding and Hobbs, which stand opposite Clapham Junction Station. The vast rooms were packed with flimsy Christmas gifts, some of them made of celluloid, and when an electric light wire fused in one of the windows the whole cavernous interior was doomed. In a single hour the five-storey building was a wreck, and only one of its walls remained standing. The shops were full of customers when the fire broke out, and the firm employed 300 assistants. Of these nine were either burned to death or fatally injured in the effort to escape the fearful march of the flames, and it is probable that the tale of losses is not quite complete. Mr. Burns rendered great assistance in limiting the area of the calamity. The business, large as it is, is to be re-started in a few days.

* * *

MR. GLADSTONE's appointment as Governor-General of South Africa has been gazetted. We cannot help hoping that a great name will once more be associated with South African history in the form in which the great commoner who was Mr. Gladstone's father bore it. For the rest, South Africa may be warmly congratulated on a representative of the Crown on whose good sense, experience, judgment, and constant amiability and sympathy of character, it can safely rely. Mr. Gladstone has been greatly maligned by some members of the suffragist party. He was set an almost impossible task, and he made as few mistakes as any man was likely to make. It is one of the many tragi-comedies of the movement that it has turned, perhaps, the warmest friend of the suffrage in the Cabinet into a kind of spectacular enemy. Of Mr. Gladstone's administration of industrial law little but good can be said. His work on the prison system has been open to criticism on one point, that of the indeterminate sentence; on every other it has been that of a reformer.

[Next week's issue of THE NATION will contain a contribution by Mark Rutherford.]

Politics and Affairs.

GLADSTONE'S LEGACY TO DEMOCRACY.

"Whatever we may say amidst the clash of arms and amidst the din of preparation for warfare in time of peace—amidst all this yet there is going on a profound mysterious movement, that, whether we will or not, is bringing the nations of the civilised world, as well as the uncivilised, morally as well as physically nearer to one another, and making them more and more responsible to God for one another's welfare. . . . I do most heartily thank you for having given me the credit of being actuated by the desire to consider in public transactions the wider interests of mankind, and I venture to assure you that, so far as my objects and intentions are concerned, objects of that nature, and nothing meaner or narrower, will ever be taken as the pole-star of my life."—*Gladstone in Midlothian* (1877).

WE are within a few days of a hundred years since Gladstone was born, and in another generation few of his countrymen who have known him familiarly will themselves be dwelling in the light of the sun. Will his memory and influence have disappeared by that time, or will his name be still a force in the shaping of British democracy? The answer to this question depends in a large degree on the form which the political life of these peoples will take. If it develops, in Lord Morley's words, on the lines of "popular right and free government and settled law of nations," we shall not have forgotten our debt to the man whose genius made all these principles part of his statecraft. On the other hand, if we tend to Protectionism, Imperialism, Conscription, and the rule of force and exclusion which they embody, we shall not only forget Gladstone and all his works, but we shall despise them. For the moment it is the habit, or even the hypocritical fashion, of perverts like Lord Rosebery to pretend that the leader whom they deserted was all the while on their side. If it was their wont to quote him against himself while he lived, it is still easier to misconstrue his doctrine now that he is dead. Nor is it possible to maintain that Gladstone's life, any more than the life of any man of action, invariably ran on all fours with his teaching. Was not the great Home Ruler the most formidable of the coercionists? Did not the friend of nationalities bring about the subjection of Egypt? Was not the arch-democrat indifferent to the social question? Had he any clear appreciation of the economic issues which arose the moment the gift of political power enabled the people to look round and examine the miseries and shortcomings of their lot?

To all these questions we can give an affirmative or a half-affirmative reply, and yet maintain that, as human nature and the opportunities of government go, Gladstone remains the best modern example of the statesmanship on which the moral sense of society can rely. Most of what can be said against him can be said against Lincoln, against Cavour, against William the Silent, against Cromwell, against the small body of powerful and truly enlightened men who have had to link actual responsibility for the daily governing of men with a sincere, though often thwarted, desire to lead them in the way they should go. When all is said and done, we know both from the outer facts and from the study of Gladstone's mind and character that he was a friend of

peace, of national freedom, and of human brotherhood, and that throughout his long life, and in the continual and sometimes the hypocritical reserves and perplexities of the Cabinet system he pursued these ends and often brought them to real and splendid accomplishment. And this we can submit to a very simple test. To-day Gladstone stands out as the one conspicuous man of affairs who holds a place in the affections of other peoples than his own. Gambetta we know as the great Frenchman; Bismarck as the great German. But in scores of Bulgarian villages; in every Greek town and Montenegrin hamlet; in most Italian cities; all through the United States; in many parts of Russia, the name of Gladstone has a significance either as that of a national deliverer or as a symbol of international goodwill.

To achieve these ends, Gladstone chose two instruments and upheld two ideals. The first was the Nation; the second the Conscience of Civilised Mankind. To the first he insisted on giving the essential qualities of unity and moral force. No mere Machiavellian science of State-guile would do for him. Morals must be fearlessly extended from the private to the public sphere. Even in the 'seventies, when the social question was hardly thought of, he insisted on separating the people from "the interests," and later, in the Home Rule controversy, he distinguished "the classes" from "the masses." He regarded the main stream of public life, which he labored to maintain at the highest possible level of generous thought and emotion, as a thing apart from all that was merely timid, or purchasable, or grossly self-regarding, or fixed to the claims of caste and privilege. But he took no merely national or material view even of home questions. Patriot and stubborn Britisher as he was, he never would accept a smaller court of reference than the judgment of civilisation. To that, he insisted, all must conform—our treatment of Ireland, our foreign policy, even wars and sources of petty friction with wild border tribes on the Indian frontier, or with a Christian State like the Transvaal Republic confronting our colonial system. In the main he upheld the thesis that nations were "moral beings in the same sense as individuals, having rights for which they are entitled to respect and obligations to respect the rights of others, thus forming units in a moral system; a Society of Nations."*

Nor did he always consider whether other diplomacies maintained the same standards as he upheld. Here, like most instinctive moralists, he lit upon a real, if perilous, truth of life. A man of fearless character, he was apt, in emergencies such as the Belgian danger in 1870 and the Penjdeh confrontation, to take bold and even defiant resolutions, and it was never true of him to say that his foreign policy was either nerveless or unsuccessful. But he supported it on a far slenderer display of material force than his successors, Liberal or Conservative, have thought necessary. Was England ever safer or more respected than under Gladstone's Ministries? Yet their head fought a life-long battle with the war services, never relaxing his hostility till the last hour of his

* "The Crisis of Liberalism: New Issues of Democracy." By J. A. Hobson. P. S. King.

last Government. His tongue was not made smooth for the ears of tyrants, and he treated the Chancelleries to theories and phrases that would have made Metternich stare and gasp. Nevertheless, he lived to see Europe touched by his ideals as well as by those of Bismarck—to see Italy united and free, Bulgaria one and independent, the Balkan States cleared “bag and baggage” of the old Turkish régime.

It is well therefore for us, in commemorating the centenary of Gladstone's birth, to remember, not merely the imposing and glorious pageant of his life, but its deep and, we hope, permanent influence on the State system of Europe and on the forms and substance of our own democracy. Rooted as he was in many conservative attachments—to the Anglican Church, the half-reformed Universities, the hereditary aristocracy—Gladstone advanced continuously to almost unreserved reliance on popular judgment. There, this almost passionate lover of the past, this studious formalist in manners and ceremonial, fixed his hopes of the future. No statesman, no experienced observer of the ways and wiles of men, ever came to a more optimist conclusion. In particular, Gladstone entirely changed his view of the House of Lords. He was anxious to make it the ground of his last appeal to his countrymen. His veteran captain's judgment mapped out in advance the inevitable lines of battle between the representative and the non-representative principle. He hoped nothing from privilege; he saw, not with the precision of the modern social analyst, but with an eye for broad moral truth, that regenerative and sustaining forces must arise from the bosom of society as a whole, not from any favored class. His precise creed and point of view may have grown old-fashioned for some of us; but the high seriousness and solemn urgency of the character of this great popular leader, the frequent success of his appeals to the quality of mercy in his countrymen, to their generosity, imagination, and capacity to think and feel for others, the nobility of his personal conduct and demeanor all through the transition period from aristocratic to representative rule, yield good grounds of hope for the life of the age to come.

THE TWO POLICIES.

In one sense the constitutional question is the sole issue at the coming election. Every man with a just appreciation of relative values will put aside all minor differences and all ordinary feeling of partisanship, and will give his vote consciously and deliberately for the Lords or for the Commons. In another sense the question between the Houses is only part of a wider and deeper controversy. It is a pivotal question whereon many others meet. It marks a point where two great waves of tendency collide, and, itself a question of constitutional politics, it is charged with the gravest consequences, economic, social, and imperial.

For many years two conflicting movements have been slowly gathering strength, sometimes with much accompaniment of vocal clamor, sometimes by silent education and organisation. On the one side a large mass of the

propertied classes have tended to concentrate for the defence of their material interests, which they conceive to be threatened by the democracy. We do not forget that there are many individuals, and they the ablest and most enlightened, among them who take a more generous view, and who ungrudgingly pay their share of such additional burdens as the Budget imposes on them for the sake of the common good. But wherever “property” is gathered together in the well-to-do suburb, in the “residential” district, its general tone is unmistakable. By degrees it has evolved its own political ideal. It figures itself as standing for the nation. It represents itself as holding the fort, not of its own privileges, but of English supremacy and English liberty—for liberty and supremacy in its eyes are not clearly differentiated. Here is English trade threatened by foreign competition. Alarmist prophecies are repeated. Every statistical device is employed to prove the existence and exaggerate the extent of the danger. The Liberal Party is charged with indifference, and even with a traitorous partiality to foreign nations. The working classes are bidden to look to the danger of unemployment, and to rally round the captains of industry, like vassals about their feudal chiefs, who alone will provide for the defence of their trade.

The alarm is perfectly genuine, though it has been unconsciously fostered and cultivated by a sectional interest. It is sincere, although it pays. The same thing is in the main true of the other and more dangerous form of terror. Nothing is more significant of the mood of the Reaction than the sudden reappearance of the war scare on the eve of the election; yet this, too, is for many minds something so genuine and serious as to amount to an obsession. That there is much cool and crafty calculation behind it we may believe, but we should not do justice to our opponents if we did not recognise that some at least of them are as truly harassed by present fears of German invasion as by anxiety about German trade competition. Their attitude is not intelligible to one who looks coolly at the bare facts. It becomes intelligible only when one thinks of the psychology of nervous anxiety, when one remembers how an individual can work himself into a state of nerves by preoccupation with some source of worry, and then multiplies the effect a hundredfold by bringing in the actions and reactions of mind on mind, and conceives the state of national antipathy and dread as fostered by the economic and political ambitions of the class from which it originates. Explain it as we may, the result is that, marshalled behind the thin ranks of the peers, is a large party of the material interests claiming power in the land, and holding themselves out as the defenders of a nation threatened by dangerous competitors whom they are prepared to fight by the tariff first, and also by more material weapons. We do not state the case a jot or a tittle too high when we say that with the cause of the Lords is bound up the cause of class supremacy, of national antagonism, and economic protection, with universal service and European war looming very visibly and not remotely in the background.

On the other side, less advertised by an unsympathetic Press but very real and growing yearly in strength, is the hope of a better social order. What in earlier years could only be a passionate protest against

economic wrong is gradually, through years of educative experiment and organisation, becoming a resolute and practical, but not an extreme or revolutionary, movement towards a consistent and constructive policy of redress. Foremost in this policy stands the problem of the land. The Budget appealed to the people through the land clauses. It showed a way by which the drain of urban wealth into private pockets might be arrested. It has given to the ordinary newspaper reader a glimpse of the economic conception of "social wealth," and has helped the ratepayer to understand why he is burdened as he is. It has shown him that the true way to relief is not to limit those social services of education, of help, of city improvement, on which the lot of the poorest, and the health and pleasantness of town life depend, but rather to place the burden where it should be—that is to say, to find sources of local revenue in the wealth which the locality is itself creating. Beyond the question of rates and of housing lies the still wider problem of rendering the land available for the people by fair purchase, for public objects, and for the establishment throughout the country of a class of small holders in place of the landless laborers who now form the bulk of our dwindling agricultural population. Here, again, a way of hope has been indicated, by Lord Pentland's Bill in Scotland, and by valuation and the development tax in England, and we may expect that a strengthened Small Holdings Bill will follow on such a victory of the constitutionalists as will paralyse the obstruction of the Lords.

Next to the question of the land is the problem of working-class poverty. Here the new forces won three decisive victories—the measures for the feeding of children, for the establishment of Wages Boards, and, above all, the Old Age Pensions Act. The dead Parliament has brought about a complete change of attitude in the relation of the State to poverty. It is no longer a question of intervening for the relief of the destitute. It is a question of preventing destitution by attacking poverty, and of attacking poverty by the frank recognition that the forces of competition will not of themselves fix the rate of remuneration for the average workman at a point which enables him to face unaided all the contingencies of life. In dealing with these contingencies, the State now offers him a partnership, and the development of this conception of partnership and its careful application in detail must be the work of the immediate future. It is this ideal which prompts the extension of Old Age Pensions by the removal of the pauper test, and the proposals of insurance against sickness, invalidity, and unemployment so brilliantly expounded by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill. Much will have to be said about the practical working out of these proposals, and no hard-and-fast scheme is yet ready for adoption. But the idea will ripen, and a way will be found of realising it, provided that the democracy shows the resolution and persistence necessary to retain the control of affairs in its own hands. Against the rule of property based on national antagonism there is fairly set up the standard of a far more real social co-operation than any which the world has yet known, and

its counterpart in foreign affairs is free commercial relations, and a placable, reasonable attitude to foreign Powers. There are those who think politics a game, and those who look on it as a somewhat sordid business. To us nothing is clearer than that a controversy such as the present sounds the very depths of human association, and is to be brought to an issue that will fructify in peace, in social equity, in a nobler independence for the mass of men, and a more generous sense of co-operation, only by the energetic operation of those impulses which lie at the base of the truest religion.

TRADE UNIONISM AND THE LAW.

WE should have been more impressed with the decision of the House of Lords on the legality of trade union levies for the maintenance of Labor members had it not been based on different grounds by different judges, and in one case on grounds that were not legal at all. We are bound to add that those law-lords who were the strongest in maintaining that these levies were *ultra vires* showed the least knowledge of the actual character of modern trade unions. Lord Halsbury, Lord Macnaghten, and Lord Atkinson, for example, treated a trade union as if for all practical purposes it were as far outside the sphere of politics as an average trading corporation. Lord James, with his more intimate knowledge of industrial life and law, declined to lend himself to any such proposition. He admitted that it might be in the interests of a trade union to devote its fund to the payment of Parliamentary representatives. But he thought that the agreement to obey the whip of the Labor Party would commit such members to the promotion of public ends—such as the passing of the Budget—which did not directly concern the interests of Labor. Finally, Lord Shaw declined to commit himself at all on the question of law, but was very clear on that of constitutional propriety. In his view the taking of a pledge which bound a member of Parliament to surrender his judgment to a party committee was unconstitutional and a violation of the principle of representative government. This seems to us a long step from the question of legality, and we should be glad to know whether it applies a common brand of unconstitutionality to Irish Parliamentary Nationalism and to the Labor Party. If so, it declares that one-sixth of our Parliamentary representation is conducted on lines opposed to public policy. It seems to the point to ask whether in fact the Labor Party has been guilty of any tyrannous or anti-national use of its constitution.

Indeed, the decision of the House of Lords, while it may be held to settle the appeal to law, in no way establishes the equities of the case. Those who ask the trade unions to give up politics, for that is what the House of Lords invites them, in practice, to do, can have little knowledge of how great a part the framing of industrial and sanitary law plays in the modern State. The judges might be pleased to see the trade unions sent back to their earlier position of organisers of strikes and sick benefits. No modern statesman would care to see such a reversion, least of all to assist it. Many friends of labor have

long seen that the far too rigid character of the constitution of the Labor Party, pressed as it was upon the whole body by an extreme section, was an obstacle to its development, and must sooner or later break down under the legal stress. It is clearly ill-suited to a political crisis such as that which the action of the Lords has brought about; and it must act with coercive effect on the Liberal or Conservative or merely indifferent minority in a trade union. But it is also obvious that we have not reached finality in the status of trade unionism. It is, after all, the natural seed-bed of labor representation; and labor representation, whether men like it or no, has come to stay. The whole difficulty would, of course, be settled by payment of members, its natural and historic solution. The Labor Party will have to consider whether this shall be their precise claim on the Liberal Government, or whether they will aim at a direct re-habilitation of the claim to set up compulsory levies. The wit of man might be hard put to it to frame an acceptable Bill on such lines. But the business of restoring the full civic status of trade unionism, now seriously imperilled, seems to us to fall well within the scope of Liberalism.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF BAGDAD.

It is typical of our modern habits of thought in diplomacy that the news of a renewal of negotiations over the Bagdad Railway should have seemed to have a bearing on the wider aspects of Anglo-German relations. That a notable financier of German origin should have gone to Berlin to discuss the monetary basis of a great German venture in the East seems, at a first glance, the most banal and the least political of events. Yet we know that Sir Ernest Cassel has his place at Court; he has played his part in the development of Egypt; he founded a bank in Constantinople which was intended to inaugurate the revival of our political and commercial influence in Turkey. Nor can we forget that the hot debate over our participation in the Bagdad scheme of 1903 was the turning point in the history of our relationship with Germany. Its abandonment under pressure from the school which was just then beginning to foment a jealousy which has steadily grown through the succeeding years, marked the end of the brief effort to establish, under Mr. Chamberlain's auspices, a Pan-Teutonic alliance. There is nothing more evanescent than the sentiments which accompany these fluctuations between fraternity and panic. There is nothing so insincere as the military alarms in which they find their popular expression. Beneath the sentiments and the armaments the tangible reality is precisely such schemes as this—schemes for the penetration of distant Empires, and the exploitation of suspected wealth. The irrigable fields of the Nile Valley, the provinces of China awaiting the railways, the timber forests of Northern Korea, the gold-mines of the Transvaal, and the iron-ore of Morocco, these are the concrete things about which most of the diplomacy of the past twenty years has turned. We have been hostile to France when she threatened us on the Nile, friendly when she accepted our occupation, and

the history of the Moroccan tangle falls into two chapters divided by the moment when the French and German financial groups came to terms. It may be that an arrangement over the Bagdad Railway is destined to play for some years a decisive part in determining the attitude of two peoples, among whom hardly one elector in a hundred could associate with Bagdad any memory more recent than the "Arabian Nights."

There clearly is to-day, what there was not in 1903, something like the equipoise of influences which makes a bargain possible. At that time Germany was all-powerful in Constantinople. She had bought her way into Yildiz Palace, where we were detested as much for our disinterested championship of the Armenians as for our success in holding Egypt. The concession to construct the railway was in German hands. Even in the Persian Gulf our position had been threatened by a still jealous France and a still hostile Russia. The work of carrying the line beyond the Taurus range would indeed be difficult and costly. Berlin would have welcomed the aid of British and French capital; but not as yet on terms that would have involved the surrender of the effective control of a great German enterprise. But all these conditions are reversed to-day. Yildiz Palace yawns empty, and the influence which German diplomacy had acquired there at so heavy a price in moral prestige is now only a ground for suspicion among the popular parties who control the Government. British influence, if not perhaps so unchallenged as it was in the first days of the revolution, is still the most stable and the most powerful of the foreign factors in the development of the new Turkey. The shifting of the European kaleidoscope has left us without a rival in the Gulf. The French have forgotten that they ever dreamed of out-flanking us. The Russians, steadily pursuing their schemes in Northern Persia and threatening the independence of the kingdom, are content to leave us unchallenged in the south. The surrender of the navigation of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers to an English monopoly in the hands of the Lynch Company is one symptom of the changed aspect of affairs. The readiness of the Young Turks to entrust Sir William Willcocks with the supervision of the irrigation of Mesopotamia is another. That means, indeed, that before the German line can reach Bagdad, the work of developing the riches of the vast plain will have been organised under English guidance. The Germans will have crossed continents, tunnelled under mountain ranges, trafficked with despots, and drilled army corps, only to find that the Sea Power, secure on the gulf and the river, had arrived before them. The cards, in short, are no longer in their hands. For even if no arrangement were reached over the Bagdad railway, it is always open to British capital, if once it has come to believe in the possibilities of Mesopotamia as a wheat-field and a cotton-plantation, to tap it by constructing the short and inexpensive alternative line by the south from Bagdad to Damascus and the Syrian coast. It is clearly to the advantage of both Powers to reach a working arrangement. The section from Bagdad to the Gulf might be left in our hands, or the entire line might be internationalised. That is probably as the Germans prefer

it. In any event our position is now so secure that we can certainly reckon on better terms than the Germans were willing to grant in 1903.

We are fully sensible of the advantages which might be extracted from any co-operation with Germany, and anxious that they should be turned to the best account. An understanding reached even in so limited a field as this would react at once upon all our relations, and pave the way to the true goal of Anglo-German policy—an agreement over armaments. But one caveat there is which can hardly be entered too firmly. To gain the goodwill of Germany we must not sacrifice the regard of Turkey, nor incur the suspicions of the Turkish people by our complacency to the financiers of the City and Berlin. Already the Lynch navigation monopoly has made difficulties. It was opposed by the Members for Bagdad, one of whom happens to be among the most enlightened and influential of the Young Turkish leaders. The manner in which this was pressed by the Government caused a revolt in the Ottoman Chamber, and all but brought about the fall of Hilmi Pasha's administration. The excuse which the Government made in the lobbies, if not in debate, for a procedure which was undoubtedly unconstitutional, seems to have been that the English insisted on the concession. A few more incidents of that sort would affect our whole standing in Turkey. Let it once be suspected that our Government is hunting for concessions at the Porte, as the Germans used to hunt for them at Yildiz, let it once be said that we are insisting on these concessions against the wishes of the local population, and we shall be on the high road to share the unpopularity which is the lot of the Germans to-day. We are apt to think of a railway as a beneficent work of civilisation. Built, as all the German railways in Turkey have been, for through traffic or military needs, with a sublime disregard of local convenience, their finance based on a kilometric guarantee, which makes them indifferent to the earning of legitimate profits, and fed by the mortgaged tithes of the peasants and the onerous customs of the merchants, these lines are at present a very doubtful benefit. If we share in these lines, we shall also share in the curses which the farmers heap upon their promoters. A great work to be done for civilisation, if the Turks have the enlightenment and the patriotism to conduct it on lines which will secure the full benefit for the commonwealth which they govern. Our aid may be very valuable. But even in the name of Anglo-German friendship we must not lend ourselves to any scheme for the spoliation of a people as yet too inexperienced and too raw to understand all the risks it may run.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE—NEW STYLE.

"Yes, my rosy fox-hunting brothers, a terrible *Hippocratic look* reveals itself (God knows, not to my joy) through those fresh buxom countenances of yours. Through your Corn Law Majorities, Sliding Scales, Protecting Duties, Bribery Elections, and triumphant Kentish fire, a thinking eye discerns ghastly images of ruin, too ghastly for words; a handwriting as of MENE, MENE. Men and brothers, on your Sliding-scale you seem sliding, and to have slid—you little know whither! Good God! Did not a French Donothing Aristocracy,

hardly above half a century ago, declare in like manner, and in its featherhead believe in like manner, 'We cannot exist, and continue to dress and parade ourselves, on the just rent of the soil of France; but we must have farther payment than rent of the soil, we must be exempted from taxes, too—we must have a Corn Law to extend our rent'? This was in 1789: in four years more—Did you look into the tanneries of Meudon, and the long-naked making for themselves breeches of human skins! May the merciful Heavens avert the omen; may we be wiser, that so we be less wretched."—*Carlyle on the Lords.*

THE business of "referring" the Budget to the people proceeds apace. The Lords have "referred" the question of unemployment. They have "referred" such selected bits of Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff No. II., or Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff No. I., as would not too crudely reveal their purpose of substituting for a rent-taxing Budget a rent-raising one, framed on the classic model of the Corn Laws. They have "referred" the question of Single-Chamber Government as the most plausible form of words for masking the acts under which, during the last four years, they have set up Single-party Government, and given the electors fair warning that the only House of Commons they will tolerate is a Tory House of Commons, the only Budget a food-taxing Budget, the only Ministry one resting broad-based upon their will. They have also "referred" the question of Socialism—*i.e.*, of Family, Religion, and Property. Finally, they have "referred" the imminent prospect of a German invasion, taking as their chief mentor a Socialist and Agnostic, who accepts their views neither of Religion, nor of Family, nor of Property. Thus, according to the "Spectator," they are revealing the essential "honesty" of their appeal. Its "sound common-sense," not to say its refinement and complete aloofness from the electioneering manners of the average bargee, they have revealed by describing Mr. Lloyd George as "Bill Sikes," "an outsider," a person who had not been "properly brought up," a fellow with the "predatory instincts of a Welshman" (a compendious insult to a man and his country), by calling one of his colleagues a "prize liar," and the Liberal Party a "pirate crew of tatterdemalions," by declaring, through an ex-chief of the Admiralty, that Home Rule meant the handing over of Belfast to Germany as a dockyard and the base of the German fleet, and by an occasional splutter of stable-room slang. Thus, having thoroughly convinced the country of their knowledge, sobriety of judgment, sense of responsibility, calmness of mind, and complete absence of party feeling and class passion, the "referees" have nobly gone to the people for a leader, and a Duchess flings herself (after the manner of the best brands of Harmsworth fiction) on the broad bosom of the editor of the "Clarion," with the ecstatic cry—"Wheeled into line at last!!"

What a party and what an election! If any intellectual pride were left to the heirs of Peel and Salisbury, it might be worth their while to pause before the general movement of affronted disgust with which the Colonies have received the ignoble, ever-shifting, self-destroying falsehood of their Protectionist designs, their flagrant attack on the Constitution, their open advocacy of conscription and European war, their ignorant outcry

against a form of taxation in which every progressive community in the world has made liberal experiments. It is already clear that the predominant opinion in Canada and Australia profoundly disapproves these anarchic tendencies in modern Toryism. A "prominent colleague" of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, speaking to the Ottawa correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian," forbodes the return to office of the party which is likely to disturb the growing friendship of Canada and the United States, and to use a tone of insolence to "every foreign Power not an actual treaty ally." Everyone in Canada, says this statesman, "condemns the action of the Lords in rejecting the Budget and precipitating a Dissolution," an opinion which is strongly and almost unanimously echoed in the Australian Press, as well as in the newspapers of the Dominion. Not less significant is this gentleman's contemptuous dismissal of Mr. Chamberlain's new form of Colonial preference. "Such a proposal," he says (amounting as it does to a Canadian preference in wheat of three half-pence a bushel over the American wheat-grower), "is calculated to make the very jackasses laugh."

But what can be thought by the free-spoken democracies of the Atlantic and Pacific of a party that sets to work to establish Protection, the most intricate of fiscal machines, as a kind of bye-product of the destruction of the taxing power of the Commons? The peoples of Canada and Australia know, in our view know too well, the perils and complexities of tariff-making. But at least they have done it in the light of day, through their elective bodies, and with a series of checks and counterpoises devised in the interests of labor by its representatives. Does any one imagine that they would have taken it from the hands of their Legislative Councils, pale ineffectual shadows as they are of the House of Lords? Nothing could be more odious to the Colonies than to associate Protection either with the hatred of land taxes, or—if, *per impossibile*, they could conceive such a thing as an hereditary aristocracy massed into a single voting phalanx—with an all-powerful Second Chamber. Yet this is to be the agent and chief forwarder of Protection here. The House of Lords is in future to be its Old Man of the Sea. Never will the people think of the two apart, and we may well thank God for a reinforcement of the Free Trade cause which makes it almost superfluous to re-argue it before the sons and grandsons of the victims of the "Hungry 'Forties." The hook is simply unbaited; dear food, unemployment, the loss of political power, the driving of the people into barracks and warships, with Lord Milner and Lord Curzon as directors of the new press-gang, appear for what they are, so many gaping traps for democracy. One or another of their powers the people of this country might conceivably lose. They might qualify Free Trade. After a war-scare they might be enticed into some insidious form of forced service. They might back the Lords when they throw out a liquor Bill or a Home Rule Bill. But they will not throw away their birthright all at once at the call of men who, like Lord Curzon, cannot conceal the proud task-master's soulless contempt for the mass of mankind.

Life and Letters.

ARISTOCRACY IN HISTORY.

THERE is a pathetic tendency among some royal personages to take all their courtiers tell them as true. The monarch comes to attribute to himself in some real sense the achievements of the great men of his time, and in particular of that which statesmen, generals, and diplomatists do in his name. Far stronger is the tendency of aristocracies to suck into themselves all the credit of national achievement. With them, too, it is partly an illusion, not unaided by the courtier-class of literary men, and by the tendencies to mutual admiration which operate within an hereditary class as elsewhere. In part it is due to the exaggerated estimate placed upon any achievement of one who already has a name and a title to eminence. The minor feats of royalties and even of dukes are chronicled, and the public is divided between mild surprise that these eminencies too can achieve things that need sheer human faculty, and a gratified sense of the condescension of the august in mixing with the world of serious effort. Besides this the aristocracies have a very tangible claim to occupy a large portion of the national Pantheon, because they have been careful to reserve to themselves as much as possible of those fields of glory where the entry to the Pantheon is won. In this metaphorical sphere as elsewhere they hold a land monopoly, and absorb an unearned increment. An hereditary caste will monopolise power as far as it can for generations, and then blandly point to the names of those who have held power all that time to prove the intrinsic superiority of hereditary rank. So Lord Curzon the other day in his lecture on the Quintessence of Olympianism at Oldham (of all places) took credit to the House of Lords for the number of Prime Ministers, statesmen, field-m Marshals, and soldiers that it contains. He forgot to remark that these eminent peers fall into two categories. Some have risen, perhaps from humble stations, to peerages which they have accepted as the reward of merit. Their careers may illustrate the value of a Second Chamber, and may point to the materials of which such a Chamber might not unfitly be composed. But they provide not the beginning of an argument for the hereditary principle. The other class were, indeed, "sons of their fathers," but what Lord Curzon forgot to ask was how far and in how many cases their hereditary position and not their inherited talents was the cause of their success. During a great part of modern history the advantages of the aristocracy in the Church, in the Services, and in politics were so great as at times to approach monopoly. What elements of sense are there in an argument which chooses illustrious names from this period and points to their connection with the peerage as a recommendation of the hereditary principle? There are certainly families in which we find a succession of able men in conspicuous positions, sometimes for two generations, sometimes for more. But whether unaided ability would have sufficed to bring to eminence, say, the two Grenvilles whom Lord Curzon mentions, is another question. What the Olympians do not understand is that the able son of a poorer man spends the years from twenty to forty in painfully making a position. At the end of that time he is often a wearied, sometimes a broken, man.

In connection with an hereditary chamber, the very name of aristocracy is an offence. When Lord Curzon quotes Renan's saying that "all civilisation is the work of aristocracy," he does not deign to consider that in this connection the word has its true etymological meaning. How far the work of the world is forwarded by the select few who really are the "best," how far by the patient toiling mass, is a question which may be fairly argued. How far it is the work of an hereditary aristocracy is a question which would be foolish to raise. The negative answer is too clear. Aristocracies, as in Rome and England, have sometimes built up empires, evolved systems of constitutional law, and kept

alive a torch of freedom where more popular institutions might have failed. But to associate them with the progress of the world is ludicrous. Consider the great achievements of England, its work for poetry, literature, art, philosophy, science, industry, freedom—all the heads of progress in which England has moved in the van of civilised nations. What have Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Burns, Wordsworth, Keats, Browning, Arnold to do with peers and peerages? Tennyson, it is true, conferred lustre on the House of Lords, but he gained nothing from it. Shelley was a country gentleman's son, and Byron alone among the great names was by birth a peer. The scrivener, the exciseman, and the linen-draper hold as honorable a place in the ancestry of our poetry as the man of title. Macaulay and Bacon became peers, but what credit can the hereditary peerage claim of them? Stockjobbers, booksellers, wine merchants, peasants, masons, ministers of religion, doctors, bankers, shoemakers have claims as good as, or better than, the peerage to have produced our men of letters and our thinkers. Gibbon, Robertson, Johnson, Burke, Milman, Grote, Carlyle, J. R. Green—these may be said to have done something for civilisation. What did hereditary nobility do for philosophy to compare with the work of Hobbes, Locke, Berkeley—a bishop, it is true, and said to have some kinship with Lord Berkeley, whoever that may be—of Hume, Dugald Stewart, and Reid, of the Mills, Spencer, T. H. Green, and Caird, with the work of Bishop Butler, son of a draper, or of Jeremy Bentham, son of an attorney. Cavendish and Boyle are "aristocratic" names in science, though heredity, as limited by primogeniture, did not ennoble them. In our own day Lord Rayleigh is a name of real eminence. Sir William Thomson did not refuse a peerage. But neither he, nor Newton, Black, Priestley, Dalton, Davy, Faraday, Clerk Maxwell, Darwin, Huxley, J. J. Thomson owed a jot of their world-wide fame to titles, hereditary or other. Watt and Stephenson, Arkwright, Cartwright, Crompton, and Hargreaves between them initiated changes which have revolutionised the world, at a period when the House of Lords was chiefly distinguishing itself by maintaining the death penalty for a large variety of minor offences. English art knows Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, Romney, Watts, and Burne-Jones as painters, and it knows dukes and marquises as patrons and purchasers, and the patrons and purchasers, forsooth, think that it is they who foster the arts. They served literature by suggesting themes of satire to Thackeray, but among them all they never produced a Dickens, or among their womenfolk a Jane Austen, a Brontë, or a George Eliot. The descent of Fielding is indeed chronicled in a gorgeous passage of Gibbon, and is justly claimed as conferring on his family an immortality which will outlast the Palace of the Escorial and the fame of the elder, but less illustrious, line known to history as the House of Hapsburg. But Fielding again was of a younger branch, the Olympians of primogeniture knew him not.

In all this wonderful panorama of British energy, in all that our country has justly to boast in science, in literature, in art, philosophy, or religion, how slight is the work of the territorial aristocracy, which all along has had all the advantages of education and leisure in its hands, and how far beneath contempt the fraction contributed by those enjoying hereditary titles! It is in the face of such an array of facts that we are told that the aristocracies move the world. Having learnt so much, we are prepared to swallow the audacious attribution of the Factory Acts to the Upper House—the Factory Acts, the product of years of popular agitation, the work of Sadler, Oastler, Stevens, and a hundred obscure men who fought and endured in their humble way, that now, after two generations, the hereditary House may take the praise. But they were led by Lord Ashley, the son of a peer? They were, and when he entered the House of Lords as Earl of Shaftesbury when the fighting was over he complained of being relegated to a "dormitory." Such was his view of the strenuousness of the Chamber to which Lord Curzon gives the credit of a victory that was won elsewhere. Even the Truck Acts, of

which the chief was pushed through Parliament by Charles Bradlaugh, are claimed by Lord Curzon for the Peers. But space forbids to pursue Lord Curzon to the end. In the face of his mass of half-truths, quarter-truths, and zero-truths, we take refuge in the comprehensive formula of Carlyle, "All which propositions I content myself for the moment with modestly, but peremptorily and irrevocably, denying."

A MODERN KING.

WATTS has immortalised a conception of "physical energy" which has in it nothing that is brutal or gross. One may associate the rider who bestrides that colossal horse with knightly adventures and the swift passion of brave deeds. There is another little masterpiece in a species of statuary which deserves to bear the same title. It is a rude wooden toy by Caran D'Ache, which represents the late King of the Belgians. That tall and erect form, those gaunt features, carved, as it were, out of granite by the rough tools of a violent and primitive craftsman, the long nose, the patriarchal beard, the air of slow and massive decision, the suggestion of some great mass in deliberate motion—they told the tale which the whole record of the man confirms. It was a purely animal energy which inhabited that great frame, gave to its vulgar appetites a vigor so portentous, and set the brain beneath the crown to utilise the forces of a nation for its vast but simple ends. Kings are more often than not mediocre specimens of the average sensual man. But the energy, the self-reliance, the megalomania of the dead King raised a mind, vulgar and commonplace in its texture, to a sinister greatness. The master of a pocket Paris, and the ruler of a little bourgeois State unvexed by national ambitions, he made himself, by his shrewd manipulation of great wealth, an international power. But the world in which he moved was the world of the senses. The most characteristic expression of himself which he ever attained was in the vast building schemes which absorbed such part of the blood tribute of the Congo as he did not spend upon his personal pleasures. It was a constructive mind, happiest when it was shaping vast things which it could see. The remodelling of Brussels, the decoration of Ostend with a frieze of showy architecture, the building of palaces, and the laying out of pleasure grounds—these were the man's most intimate renderings of himself. Stone and stucco were adequate media. His eternity was summarised in a solid foundation. He believed in what he could see and handle. His imagination was not haunted by the blood which flowed on the distant Congo before a stone of his vast structures could be hewn or shaped. He looked straight before him, and the color of the stones he saw was grey and white. So it must have been that the Pharaohs built their pyramids with forced and driven labor, and the Assyrians raised their towers on the backs of captive slaves. The figure of the man as we in England see it, with none of the distortion of self-interest, seems scarcely human in its brutality and its greed. But in Brussels and in Paris, under the genial influence of the wealth which he set in motion, the verdict of the average sensual man is by turns tolerant and admiring. He lived in a glass house of cynicism. His sensuality was public; his unrelenting cruelty to his own daughters was blazoned to the world; the crimes of his colonial adventure were acknowledged at the end. But he attained his end. The great stones rose in orderly rows. The streets stretched north and south like lines upon a plan. His name was dreaded in mid-most Africa. His millions played with the destinies of provinces in China. His treasury was full of gold. Men call him a great king.

It was no simple problem which destiny and temperament had set King Leopold. His energies demanded an outlet; his megalomania asked for scope. But in what way could the King of a little neutral State achieve greatness? He could not hope to enlarge his patrimony in Europe, for there are no Belgians un-

redeemed beyond the borders. The other Coburg in Sophia might cherish such dreams, but they were forbidden to him. William of Orange, though he was but the First Magistrate of Holland, could raise himself by his diplomatic skill and his wise audacity to be the leader of a European coalition. But the conditions of neutrality forbade such an ambition as that. An intellectual would have attempted to win for Brussels a primacy in the world of learning or art; an idealist might have turned the very neutrality of his country to account by assuming the leadership in the organisation of European peace. The conception of King Leopold was more realist and more modern. He aspired to play a hand in the game of world-policy. He realised that the possession and control of capital is equipment enough. He continued, like his father before him, to encourage the industrial development of his country. He inherited a great personal fortune, which bred in his hands. But more remarkable than his skilful manipulation of his own possessions was his skill in attaining the leadership of great financial groups. He gathered bankers around him as other kings have gathered courtiers, or artists, or Churchmen. First in Brussels, then in Paris, and latterly even in New York, he made himself a recognised captain of investors. His cars carried us from Ostend to Stamboul, from Madrid to Moscow. He directed a great exportation of Belgian capital, always in concert with French allies, into the immense field of Russian investment, planting it in cotton mills and iron-works, and building up its prosperity, in concert with the Wittes and the Kohovtseffs, on the basis of a protective tariff. He shared through the Belgian customs officers, whom he lent to Persia, in the last effort of Russia to exclude her English rivals. He reinvested the millions extorted from the Congo in the semi-political railway squabble in China. He stood outside the risks of the European struggle, yet he made himself an indispensable factor in alliances built upon finance. He played in the old world the part which the oil kings have usurped in the new. They have dignified trade by meddling in politics, and corrupted politics by introducing trade. He operated in diplomacy as they deal in a party game. The method had at least the distinction of originality. The old-world counters of dynastic ties, sentimental affinities, and military pressure were alike discarded. He played at high finance as a Rockefeller or a Rothschild might have done, and used the prestige of birth and the glory of sovereignty to dignify and assist the manœuvres of the Bourse.

It would be hard to say precisely what part the crowning adventure of the Congo played in the scheme of his life. At the outset he entered upon it in a mood of megalomania, which may not have been primarily commercial. He dreamed of making Belgium great by giving her, despite her lack of army or navy, and in the teeth of the quiet, home-keeping instincts of her population, a colonial Empire. When he dotted the vast map with his trading stations, and parcelled it out among concessionaires, he may have conceived that he was carrying out a constructive work, and laying out an estate. It is not probable that this cynical and realistic mind derived any pleasure from the talk about civilisation, which was always in the mouth of his apologists. He may have seen with his limited imagination as the essential symbols and results of his activities the neat official residences along the great river, the steamboats, and the railroad. But, as the work of exploitation progressed, it is inconceivable that he can have thought of the Congo save as the source from which he drew the resources which his other activities demanded. It was in the façades at Ostend and the ornamental arches at Laeken that the blood and tears of the Congolese were crystallised. Even from his own materialist standpoint King Leopold must have known that the Congo was being rapidly ruined. The abandoned villages, the decimated tribes, the dwindling yield of rubber, and the impossibility of enforcing the *corvée* by which it was collected—these symptoms must have warned him that the "civilising work" would leave

behind it in Africa no monument to the builder. That, no doubt, was at the last the reason why he sold out by consenting to the annexation. The adventure had endured for his life-time. He left behind him in full view the millions and the structures which were his real objective. The student of human nature must have asked himself continually of late years how it was possible for any human being to bear the responsibility for the misery which he caused in the pursuit of wealth. No individual in our time has pushed a purely economic exploitation to so dire an extremity. But the vulgarest sweater presents in essentials the same problems. He sees around him first the suburban villa, and then the country-seat, and finds them desirable. He does not see the garret in which his white slaves turn out the buttons or the blouses which are the staple of his trade. It is in the power of the human mind to arrest its operations at the wall of its own estate that the key to the puzzle lies.

"SING ALL THE WORLD!"

IN the years before Antipodes were dreamt of, it was a wise tradition that set Christmas in the winter solstice. Had June been chosen for the day, and the church-pillars hung with roses instead of holly, what a different aspect the festival would have worn, and what a loss the story of the Manger would have suffered in the memories of children! The winter wild has always seemed so natural a setting that one can hardly imagine how the Cape or Australasia can properly celebrate the season at the feverish height of their temperature, even by using the vain substitutes of salt and sprinkled wool for snow. Nigeria falls this side the equator, and December is there the cool season, as coolness counts in that perpetual hothouse; yet even in Nigeria how incredible to any Christmas child is the picture called up by the following card from the Coast:—

"Where Niger flows, at Merry Christmastide,
Fewer tornadoes clear the house inside,
The glass drops down to ninety in the shade,
Soldiers prepare a punitive parade,
And fever's not so bad—as fever goes—
Where Niger flows.

Dear England! you're deprived of joys like these,
No Ju-ju warbles in your Christmas trees,
No hippo sports beneath your twilight pale,
No crocodile improves his shining tail,
You eat no mangrove oyster, such as grows
Where Niger flows.

Yet, Mother Island, in your fog and ice,
We dream of you as demi-paradise,
And from the swamp and forest far away,
Send you a Christmas-card for Christmas Day
(Excuse the robin, and we don't have snows
Where Niger flows).

That could be no true Christmas such as our fathers welcomed when they made the "Ancient English Carols" which Miss Edith Rickert has now collected for Messrs. Chatto & Windus. For them the joy of Christmas was grafted on to the joy of all Northern peoples when the sun is beginning his return, and already bears with him on his way the slow but certain spring. The festival was itself the gladder by contrast with the winter, and the long months of dark nights and foul ways could hardly have been endured but for that outburst of song and merriment in the middle of them. So the ancient Church, always ready to enrol in God's service the existing customs of man, transformed the Yuletide songs of heathendom into carols for the Virgin's glory. Often beneath a hymn on the mystery of the Incarnation we may trace some primitive song of love or revelry, just as under a doctrinal palimpsest one may sometimes spell out the lines of Greek tragedy. As an example, we might probably take the traditional carol beginning, "Joseph being an aged man truly, He married a virgin fair and free," in which each of the sixteen verses ends with the words "dearest dear," sometimes applied to Mary, and sometimes to Christ Himself, instead of to the lover for whom they were intended. There are a few of our most beautiful

ballads that seem only to have escaped being converted into carols by a kind of divine accident; such as the strange and exquisite verses beginning:—

"As ye came from the holy land
Of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?"

Simple-minded people, educated in the realities of country hardship, naturally found an added charm in the beautiful story of Christmas when they were told of the stable surrounded by snow, or thought of the shepherds huddled together against the cold, or of the Kings and wise men following the star under frosty skies. The young-eyed purity of the scene was enhanced when winter was at its priestlike task of purification. It was natural that the cattle in David's city should then be gathered into the shed for warmth, and against the darkness of a December morning the orange light thrown around the manger appeared more divine. When the truth of every detail was held with childlike belief by all villagers, one can imagine the innocent pleasure of the scene in any village church, from the thirteenth century at all events down to the Reformation. There were the oxen and asses standing round, and intermingled with them the wise and powerful of an unknown world bringing gifts, while in the centre sat the Mother and her Child, throned in a manger, and unseen voices gave out the carol:—

"As the angels before did say,
O thou man, O thou man!
As the angels before did say,
So it came to pass;
As the angels before did say,
They found a babe where it lay,
In a manger wrapped in hay,
So poor he was."

We cannot wonder that the most beautiful carols were the lullabies. The sight of the Rose of Roses, the Star of the Sea, nursing her holy Child and putting Him to sleep suggested the service of common motherhood, and the sacred carols were often interchanged with the lullabies of every woman's hearth.

"In a dream late as I lay,
Methought I heard a maiden say,
And speak these wordes mild:
'My little son, with thee I play,
And come,' she sang, 'by, lullaby.'
Thus rockèd she her child.
*By-by, lullaby, by-by, lullaby,
Rockèd I my child.
By-by.*"

That, or the carol beginning:—

"I saw a sweet and seely sight
A blissful bride, a blossom bright,
That mourning made and mirth among,"

and many others of the same character hardly differ from the ordinary lullabies of the fifteenth or earlier centuries, except that the Child's mother is a maid.

Almost equally attractive with the lullabies was the scene of the shepherds watching their flocks, and in these carols also we find the frank admixture of common and contemporary life, just as we find it in the sacred pictures of the time. Take, for instance, this exact description of a shepherd, much nearer to Sussex than Syria:—

"The shepherd upon a hill he sat,
He had on him his tabard and his hat,
His tar-box, his pipe, and his flagat;
His name was called jolly, jolly Wat;
For he was a good herd's boy,
Ut hoy.
*For in his pipe he made so much joy,
Can I not sing but hoy,
When the jolly shepherd made so much joy."*

On sight of the star, having given his dog careful instructions about the sheep, jolly Wat sets off to Bethlehem, there offers his pipe, his scrip, his tar-box, and his skirt, and then, with a kind word to Mary and Joseph, hastens merrily back to mind his flock.

Still more remarkable in its disregard for the local color over which modern poets perplex their brains, is the beautiful and most popular carol beginning:—

"I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,"

and continuing to narrate how the three ships sailed into Bethlehem, while all the bells on earth did ring, and all

the angels in heaven did sing. But, perhaps, even stranger is the brief carol of the sixteenth century:—

"There comes a ship far sailing then,
Saint Michael was the steersman,
Saint John sat in the horn;
Our Lord harped, our Lady sang,
And all the bells of heaven they rang,
On Christ's Sunday at morn."

And once at least the poet of a carol (though not a Christmas carol) reached a dignity not to be distinguished from the finest ballads. The verses were composed sometime before 1536:—

"He bare him up, he bare him down,
He bare him into an orchard brown.

In that orchard there was an hall,
That was hangèd with purple and pall.

And in that hall there was a bed
It was hangèd with gold so red.

And in that bed there lieth a knight,
His woundès bleeding, day and night.

By that bedside kneeleth a may,
And she weepeth both night and day.

And by that bedside there stands a stone,
Corpus Christi written thereon."

On the other hand, a carol might fall into merely nonsensical verses, like those beginning:—

"My lady went to Canterbury,
The saint her help to be;
She met with Kate of Malmesbury.
'Why sleepest thou in an apple-tree?'"

And so, with rapid degeneracy, after the Reformation, the carol was turned to mere description of good cheer and jollity, from which every touch of innocent belief had gone. Miss Rickert quotes from Nicholas Breton's "Fantasticks" (1626):—

"It is now Christmas, and not a cup of drink must pass without a carol; the beasts, fowl, and fish come to a general execution, and the corn is ground to dust for the bakehouse and the pastry . . . In sum, it is holy time, a duty in Christians in remembrance of Christ and customs among friends for the maintenance of good fellowship."

There are many carols extolling that kind of revelry, including George Wither's fine picture of a good old Christmas, beginning:—

"So, now is come our joyfullest feast,
Let every man be jolly;"

in which poem there is not the smallest mention of Christ's birth at all. And that jovial ideal of Christmas has, in fact, prevailed, as is obvious from the appearance of all provision shops at this season—a proof that civilised man has not lost the savage's capacity of devouring in one day as much as would usually suffice him for a fortnight. Of late years, certainly, under the reviving sense for religious worship, there has been also some revival of the spiritual significance revealed in the winter's festival, and a few poets have even tried their hand at carols and Nativity plays again. But excellent as some of the attempts have been, they share the common fate of imitations. The early innocence has gone, and no poetic effort to reproduce its beliefs can recover it. Pope had a less hopeless task when he strove to recover the pastoral charm.

ON A NATIVITY PICTURE.

WHAT is the secret of the perennial charm of the Christmas story? What is the reason of the unfailing freshness of pictures of the Nativity, of Christmas carols, and miracle plays? Why, in tubes and underground railways, can one shut one's eyes and shut it out, the scene about one, and call up any picture of the Manger at Bethlehem, and let one's mind dwell with a new, delighted interest on all the bright, familiar figures of angels, and men, and animals around the Crib? The power of this magic is probably felt in a greater or less degree by everybody, save perhaps a very blasé and cynical minority. The capacity for feeling it is independent of belief in the historical truth of the story. M. Anatole France probably feels it as keenly as anybody. Neither is it the

refined pleasure of an æsthetic few. The story is very close to the general heart. The charm is no doubt partly æsthetic, but one cannot doubt that the deep content and satisfaction which it gives comes from an intuition of the intense and lasting significance of the scene.

It is a profound remark of a great religious thinker, too little known in England, that the two great ideas necessary to human life and happiness, the idea of God and the idea of Man, are mutually hostile and destructive. Man is persecuted and annihilated by the idea of God, where it alone is dominant, crushed to the earth, bowed beneath the yoke of Eastern fatalism. It is the religion of the desert, arid and sterile, overarched by a pitiless sky. Human personality is dwarfed and stunted by that distant Immensity. On the other hand, the idea of Man without God leads straight to the madhouse. It ends in pessimism, anarchy, suicide. One turns with relief from Schopenhauer or from Nietzsche to the spectacle of happy, normal human life, the life led by

"Quiet folk who live beneath
The shadow of the steeple,
The parson and the parson's wife,
And mostly married people."

These people have no thought of living without God, but the idea has been mediated for them. In the childish, gaily-painted Christmas picture the two ideas meet and are reconciled.

The note of that picture is, of course, familiarity, accessibility. A recent writer has levelled at Christianity the reproach that it uses "pet names" in speaking of God. This, of course, is literally true. In parts of Catholic Europe, "mon Jésus" is a mother's term of fondling endearment to her baby, a "petit mot," like "my duck," "my pigeon," "my goldfish." It means just precisely "my treasure."

The Nativity scene is typical of the whole religion. The great characteristic of Christianity is its bringing together of what is nearest and most far. Its whole meaning and value is enclosed in a human life lived amid homely and familiar scenes. The farm lad in Hursley parish can read his homely lesson in the Eternal Mirror where angels view the Light of the Father. The first Christians declared what they had seen with their eyes, what they had looked upon, and their hands had handled. Hence the essentially Christian idea of the goodness of common things. The earliest teachings of Christianity were "parables drawn from the vineyard and the flock." Its highest mysteries are wrought with the simple elements of bread and wine. All this is seen in its most moving, most touching form in a Nativity picture where the ineffable, transcendent mysteries are enacted to the accompaniment of rustic pipes and flutes.

It is impossible to imagine the banality and aridity of a completely secularised world, a world with no mystical background, in which we were all closely imprisoned in the material scene, and in which it had been demonstrated to the universal satisfaction and acceptance that there was no Beyond. Equally dreary and depressing is the contemplation of a Beyond that is altogether alien, that cannot be expressed in terms of human life, and has no point of contact with our earth. The Christmas picture gives us a glimpse of this mystical background of the Beyond, which never afterwards altogether passes away from us, which is for the most part dimly felt indeed, but which is always there. Hence the quality which the story has of impressing and affecting us, as though we heard it for the first time, its astonishing sense of newness, of fresh, vivid interest. The familiar scene contains the very essence of wonder and surprise. It expresses the breaking up of routine, the opening of infinite vistas, the endowment of common things with a transcendent meaning.

If this picture is even the symbol of a reality, then the possibilities of human life can never be exhausted. It means intensely and means well. An immense hope has come into the world. Into the dark room where the shutters are shut, no light may pass, there has come one long ray through the hinge's chink. As we look at the fragile little life so hymned and chanted we feel that it cannot be doomed from the first to dis-

appointment and failure. Man is not made for death. The world cannot be merely after all a place of wasted pain and hope. A little child is perplexed and terrified when it realises the meaning of death for the first time. Our thoughts travel from the gay festival in the Manger to the storm and darkness in which the little life will end. Then, even as we shudder, we are carried at once into another scene of joy, to the time when there was gladness in the house of John, and Peter made amends, and Longinus saw clear, and new life and new hope came to all.

This is the great note alike of Christmas and Easter, the sense of newness. But can this sense of newness be maintained in a world that itself grows old and moves to its inevitable end? Can it ever be anything more than an illusion? The very need of renewal shows the law of decay. Is not an eternal newness a contradiction in terms? Will not the fruition of the great Hope itself be transitory? Science assures us of the earth's decay and extinction, the doom is certain, the law inexorable. But the Christmas picture shows us something deathless entering into the passing world. The angels have come from some eternal fête; they dance and sing round the white bud of an eternal Flower. The scene carries with it the hint of a perpetual renewal, continuous and satisfying, a "*ver perpetuum*," which will be ushered in at the transfiguration of all things into an eternal newness, in *novissimo die*, at the newest, youngest day.

Short Studies.

THE WORKERS.

THE little, squat, dark houses with snow-sprinkled roofs, having windows like the blurred eyes of old people, ran curving away from the thoroughfare. Built so long ago that they seemed as the ghosts of departed dwellings, they harbored countless workers, who could be seen plying their needles by the afternoon light, gleaming yellowish under a snow-laden sky. Indeed, in some windows tallow candles were already burning.

Unlike the doors of the shiftless, these street doors, to which clung the memory of paint, were religiously closed, and it was necessary to tap before one could enter. The woman who opened the last of those doors was about fifty-five years of age, and dressed in very crumpled clothes as of one always sitting down, with a face desiccated by deep furrows so that no two features seemed to belong to one another. She held in one hand a threaded needle, in the other a pair of trousers, to which she had been adding the accessories demanded by our civilisation. One had never seen her without a pair of trousers in her hand, because she could only manage to supply them with decency at the rate of seven or eight pairs a day, working twelve hours. For each pair she received seven farthings, and used nearly one farthing's worth of cotton; and this gave her an income, in good times, of six to seven shillings a week. But some weeks there were no trousers to be had, and then it was necessary to live on the memory of those which had been, together with a little sum put by from weeks when trousers were more plentiful. Deducting two shillings and threepence for rent of the little back room, there was therefore, on an average, about two shillings and ninepence left for the sustenance of herself and husband, who was fortunately a cripple, and somewhat indifferent whether he ate or not. And looking at her face, so furrowed, and at her figure, of which there was not much, one could well understand that she too had long established within her such internal economy as was suitable to one who had been "in trousers" twenty-seven years, and, since her husband's accident fifteen years before, in trousers only, finding her own cotton.

Her face was long and narrow, her eyes grey, and they looked at one as though they knew she ought to ask whether anything could be done for her, and knew, too, that she would not.

She spoke, indeed, very little except about her trousers. Oh! they *were* so common! so *paltry*, no quality at all! And lately they had been giving her boys' knickerbockers. She had "no patience" with *them*, which took every bit as much cotton, and brought you less money. In old days it had been a better class of trouser altogether, but now there seemed no heart in them—no heart at all! And they were so irregular! But you couldn't blame the woman who had them of the tailors, and gave them out—she let you have as many as she could, and only got a farthing a pair for herself. So there it was!

A bed which had neither legs, nor clothes that could be recognised as clothes, took up the greater part of the little room, which was fuller of rags, charred pans, chipped crockery, and trousers, than any room of its size ever seen. On this bed a black cat with a white nose was sleeping. Bits of broken wooden boxes were heaped up, waiting to feed the small fire. And on the wall by the side of this fire hung the ghost of a toasting fork. Very lonely and thin was that wispy piece of iron, as though for many days it had lacked bread. Hooked to the wall, with its prongs turned upwards, it was like the black shrivelled husk of an arm and hand, asking for more with its spidery fingers.

Its owners were seated with their backs to it; she just under the tightly-closed window, so as to use as long as possible a kind of light for which she had not to pay; and her husband with his crippled leg almost in the fire. He was a man with a round, white face, a little grey moustache curving down like a parrot's beak, and round whitish eyes. In his aged and unbuttoned suit of grey, with his head held rather to one side, he looked like a parrot—a bird clinging to its perch, with one grey leg shortened and crumpled against the other. He talked, too, in a toneless, equable voice, looking sideways at the fire, above the rims of dim spectacles, and now and then smiling with a peculiar disenchanted patience.

No—he said—it was no use to complain; did no good! Things had been like this for years, and so, he had no doubt, they always would be. There had never been much in trousers; not this common sort that anybody'd wear, as you might say. Though he'd never seen anybody wearing such things; and where they went to, he didn't know—out of England, he should think. Yes, he had been a carman; run over by a dray. Oh! yes, they had given him something—four bob a week; but the old man had died and the four bob had died too. Still, there he was, sixty years old—not so very bad for his age. *She* couldn't get through half the work but for him holding the things for her, and pressing them, and one thing and another—not up to much, of course—but he could do all that!

With those words he raised his right hand, which clasped a pair of linings, and there passed between his whitish eyes and the grey eyes of his wife one of those looks which people who have long lived together give each other. It had no obvious gleam of affection, but just the matter-of-fact mutual faith of two creatures who from year's end to year's end can never be out of arm's length of one another. For, as he said, they were not much of goers-out. Though he did get out once in a way when the weather was fine, and *she* had to go out to get her work and come back again. His eyes, travelling round the chaotic, grimy little room, which was as much the whole world to them as ever was his cell to a prisoner, rested on the cat, coiled-up on the ragged bed-clothes. Oh, yes! The cat. There she was, always asleep. She was a bit of company. They didn't see much company; kept themselves to themselves. Low neighborhood—people very funny! Yes, there was nice enough buildings round the corner. But you had to be in a good position to live in them. Seven and six a week—and pay it sharp. Not but what they weren't sharp after their rent here! Just a working man, their landlord, who'd got to pay his rent himself, so what could you expect? A little spurt of work just now, of course, owing to Christmas. Soon drop down again to nothing afterwards—oh, yes!

Smiling his strange smile, as of a man almost amused

at what Fate had devised for him, he reached down and fed the fire with a piece of broken box; then resumed his upright posture, with his head bent a little to one side so that it favored his withered leg. They were talking, he had heard said, about doing something for trousers. But what could you do for things like these, at half-a-crown a pair? People must have 'em, so you'd got to make 'em. There you were, and there you would be! *She* went and heard them talk. They talked very well, she said. It was intellectual for her to go. He couldn't go himself, owing to his leg. He'd like to hear them talk. Oh, yes! And he was silent, staring sideways at the fire, as though in the thin crackle of the flames attacking the fresh piece of wood he were hearing the echo of that talk from which he was cut off. "Lor bless you!" he said suddenly, "they'll do nothing! Can't!" And, stretching out his dirty hand he took from his wife's lap a pair of trousers, and held it up. "Look at 'em! Why, you can see right through 'em, linings and all. Who's goin' to pay more than 'alf-a-crown for that? Where they go to I can't think. Who wears 'em? Some Institution I should say. They talk, but, dear me, they'll never do anything so long as there's thousands, like us, glad to work for what we can get. Best not to think about it, I say."

And laying the trousers back on his wife's lap, he resumed his sidelong stare into the fire.

The snow-laden sky seemed to have drawn nearer, so little light was there in the room; and there was no sound, as though the last word had been spoken, and the fire exhausted. In that motionless and soundless twilight the toasting fork on the wall alone seemed to be alive, with its thin, tortured prongs asking for that for which those two had never asked.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

The Drama.

AT A MUSIC-HALL.

ONCE in every two years, or thereabouts, I find or make an opportunity of going to a music-hall, in order to study the wonderful improvement in variety entertainments of which we hear so much. Just as the drama is always going to the dogs, the music-hall is always, according to a certain type of critic, soaring nearer and nearer to the angels. I do not know which of these opinions is the more distressing piece of cant, or, at any rate, of ignorant and thoughtless babble. Closely examined, no doubt, the assertion regarding the music-hall is the more excusable. In a purely formal sense—in a sense that scarcely matters—it may even be called true. There has probably been a slight improvement during (say) the past twenty years in the average music-hall entertainment. But the essential fact is that while the drama has progressed by leaps and bounds, the music-hall has remained, not quite, but very nearly, stationary. The progress of the one is as surprising as the immobility of the other. There is much that is trivial in the theatre, and not a little that is base; but, on the other hand, it is the occasion and the scene of some of the best intellectual effort of our time. At the music-hall, it would, of course, be absurd to look for "intellectual effort"; but it is hard to find any real improvement in grace, or refinement, or humor, or even sense. There have always been, and still are, a few clever "turns"; but—the tag is too apt to be resisted—"apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto."

Does the great and increasing popularity of the "sketch" indicate a desire for better things on the part of the music-hall public? On this point I can offer no opinion—I have seen too few sketches. It was to see one that I went to the Palace Theatre on Monday evening; for Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's little play, "The Knife," is doubtless to all intents and purposes a sketch. Did it stand out amid its surroundings? Yes, of course it did; very much as the report of a railway accident

would stand out in the pages of "Ally Sloper" or "Comic Cuts." It is the bare, brief, quite adroit presentation of a painful situation. An eminent surgeon, Sir Mark Ridgeway, is on the point of performing a critical operation on which the life of his friend, Archie Kingsford, depends, when he learns that Kingsford is the lover of Lady Ridgeway. Can he go on with the operation? Has he the nerve? Yes, he has. While Lady Ridgeway, in an anguish of suspense, waits in the ante-room, he carries the operation through successfully; and then he tells his wife that he will divorce her if ever he returns from South Africa—for, by way of making the atmosphere more cheerful, the scene is dated "during Colenso week of the Boer War," and Sir Mark has volunteered for service in the hospitals. The thing is done with all Mr. Jones's skill in the handling of a situation; and it affords Mr. Bouchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh an excellent opportunity for some vehement emotional acting. But is it, artistically, quite worth while? There is no time for any development of character, and much less for any moral judgment. The little play is a "short, sharp shock" to our nerves—only that and nothing more. It was like a caviare sandwich in the midst of a banquet of lollipops. Not that it was "caviare to the general"—it was received with unbounded applause. But personally, when I am to be subjected to this surgical style of art, I think I should prefer to be placed under chloroform.

What, now, of the rest of the entertainment? When I came in, a pair of "knockabout artistes" were performing to a house which was as yet half empty. Of their patter the following specimens may perhaps suffice; they stood out, incredible as it may appear, by reason of their comparative brilliance: "Would you go through fire for your mother-in-law?" "I'd have to—she's dead." "I know something that would tickle you to death." "What?" "A feather." "We don't call them suffragettes any more—we call them Sunny Jims." "Why?" "Because they're fed by force." This sparkling sally elicited some half-hearted applause. Then came a young lady with the most nasal voice I ever heard, who sang, to a funereally slow waltz-tune, a lyric of which this was the refrain:—

"I want you for my beau;
You will be true, deary, I know.
I've made up my mind a sweetheart to find,
And I think—you'll—do."

All the time she was singing, the lady emphasised the rhythm by, not exactly dancing, but moving around in a languid and perfunctory fashion; and grown men and women sat and applauded. By this time the house was filling up, and "The Palace Girls" came on the scene. They are eight young ladies in very short, very fluffy, very swishy skirts, brailed up behind in a fashion I never saw before, who twitter inaudible words to indistinguishable tunes, and go through, with mechanical precision, a sort of ever-shifting dance-drill. The general idea of the performance was to treat the troop as a sort of long sixteen-legged insect, jiggling about in various fantastic curves, and occasionally coming apart into separate vertebræ, only to join up again and reform the perfect polypod. There is, no doubt, a certain art in the accurately consentaneous movement of sixteen legs; and the Palace Girls are much appreciated by the Palace audience. A Scotch Comedian followed, who resembled Mr. Harry Lauder in his employment of a fantastically crooked walking-stick; but not, I imagine, in anything else. He was, however, a nimble dancer. Then came the first appearance in England of Miss Adeline Boyer, in an Original Eastern Scene, "A Princess of Israel." The scene might have been original if we had never heard of Salome. Miss Boyer has an almost uncannily lithe figure, and dances, I imagine, with some skill. She dances herself into the affections of King Solomon, and, as the programme puts it, "The curtain descends on a fiery love passage between the King and the Princess." The scene is, in fact, a *pas de fascination* of the most modern mode. One can imagine more edifying topics than the amours of King Solomon; but to the people who like that sort of thing, it pro-

bably does no particular harm. There follows a very clever piece of lightning caricature-work by Mr. Ernest H. Mills—the only turn of the evening that was too short for my taste.

Now a thrill of expectancy ran through the audience, and a burst of applause announced the approach of a star as yet unseen. At last the luminary swam into our ken in the person of Miss Vesta Tilley, attired as a dandy in ultra modern evening dress. Her first song concerned "The Charge of the Light Brigade"—the adventures of a gang of rowdy young men who were "charged" with being drunk and disorderly. It was not exactly a parody of Tennyson's poem, but every now and then a Tennysonian phrase would be dragged in; as thus:—

"What with all the champagne and the ladies that we met,
We soon got into a skirmish, you bet,
And every fellow, I needn't tell,
Lost his head and his heart as well.
Ladies fair attacked us everywhere—
Oh, your worship, what a charge was there!"

In the innocence of my heart, I imagined that the "Champagne Charlie" style of lyric was extinct; but here it was, as flashy and alcoholic as ever. Then Miss Tilley impersonated a schoolboy in an Eton jacket, a soldier, and a Margate buck—the last a very clever piece of comedy, and almost agreeable in comparison with the schoolboy and the drunken dandy. Her work has certainly great neatness and finish; but as to its tone—well, I think the above specimen may suffice. Mr. Jones's playlet was the next item, and after it came "Miss Margaret Cooper and her Piano"—a turn in which some real talent is applied to the most trivial ends. Then came a pair of loud, metallic French comedians; and the evening wound up with a curious colored cinematograph exhibition.

"The Knife" apart, this was exactly the show one has seen at the larger music-halls any time the last ten years—no worse, maybe, but certainly no better. I have tried, so far as possible, to make it speak for itself, and not to let myself go in epithets. But more depressing than the performance on the stage was the audience that applauded it. An audience to make one despair of civilization—with its over-dressed (and under-dressed) women, its coarse-grained men, clapping their white-gloved hands at all the tedious, threadbare inanities. Significant, too, in no very cheering way, were the advertisements on the gaudy programme. Most of them celebrated the supper-resorts of the neighborhood; but three were devoted to whiskey; two invited gentlemen to open credit accounts with turf-financiers in Holland, and nearer home; one offered to the nobility and gentry the services of an international detective expert and confidential investigator. One could not help feeling that the programme was pre-eminently the place for these advertisements, and that the nobility and gentry then and there present were no doubt precisely those on whom the publican, the bookmaker, and the divorce-court spy batten and wax fat.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Letters from Abroad.

THE DAWN OF CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT IN CHINA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The cautious Chinese character shows itself in every line of the new Constitution which has recently been promulgated. It concedes to the people through their representatives statutory rights which they already possess in informal ways, and so safeguards the authority of the Ruler that he will not lose prestige as kinsman and confederate of the supernatural powers. How much does the innovation mean? Will it work? and will it last? Has it in its germinal ideas the promise of a peaceful evolution through which the needs of a rising generation with larger knowledge and a modern passion

for citizenship may be met? Or will it lend itself to some such *coup d'état* as engulfed the late Emperor and his well-meant schemes of reform?

The franchise upon which the elections take place would be impossible in any other part of the world. Imagine the delegates to twenty Deliberative Assemblies chosen by the combined votes of the Universities, the Chambers of Commerce, and the Trade Guilds of the country, and you have a rough and ready parallel to what has now come to pass in China. Those entrusted with the franchise are either literary graduates or owners of property amounting to 5,000 taels. Probably more than a million graduates have exercised the franchise, for if we class the graduates who possess the double qualification with the scholars rather than with the property-owners, literature will be the dominant influence. But the scheme is not so aristocratic as it may seem upon the surface. It is true the rice and millet growing lands are held in small parcels, and the humble trader may seem to have been left out in the cold, but the sense of blood kinship is so strong that the graduate may be trusted to represent the feeling of his clan. Indeed, many clans have educated out of the common family funds the graduates who are their spokesmen with the officials and their shield of defence against aggression; and it is not in the nature of the Chinaman to forget the rock out of which he was hewn. The literati have always enjoyed the privilege of direct access to the Mandarins, as have also the officials of the Trades Guilds. The new Constitution regularises rights of representation which already belong to the majority of the electors in their private capacity. The Assemblies will at least furnish the Executive Officers of the Government with a safe and sure test of the opinions of the people at large, and make the policy they pursue less haphazard. Legible barometers, in which the mind of the multitude may be read, have now been put up in every corner of the empire. The deliberations of these Assemblies will also protect the authorities from the undue private pressure sometimes used by the local gentry. A shrewd official may perhaps be able to play off one section of opinion against another, and get his own way on the ground that no clear lead is given by a strong majority either on the one side or the other. The dumb multitudes stand to gain. The separation of classes is not cruelly marked. The representatives in these Assemblies will express the views which are in favor with the unlettered cousins who gather from time to time in the family councils of the villages. The collective judgment of these bodies will certainly be stronger than the influence of their individual representatives. So far there is on the whole a well-considered advance.

For the present the power of these Assemblies, provincial and district alike, is rigidly limited. They are to be little more than training centres for future politicians and consultative gatherings giving local approval to the methods of raising revenue for the uses of the Government. Of course, the concession has been necessitated by the growing volume of Western ideas which is pouring from every side into Chinese life. But underneath these changes we can perhaps see the unconfessed desire of a weak and unfortunate Dynasty to lean, more than in the past, upon the good-will of the people. Here lies its safety in the near future. Local opinion must be rallied as far as possible to the side of the throne. Those who study Eastern problems from afar hardly realise how under ordinary circumstances the multitudes live their life without taking serious account of the Imperial administration. Now and again when Peking diplomatists seem bested by the foreign Legations, or when contending villages get into the grip of the Mandarins, the Chinaman lowers his voice and, with a sideways waggle of his deprecating hand, says unpleasant things about the Dynasty and its Counsellors, but, as a rule, a large local autonomy goes on year after year unchecked from without. And this applies not only to the management of municipal affairs, but to the punishment of misdemeanors and even crimes. The immense population of the villages only knows of the existence of the Mandarin when it has to pay the land-tax, or surrender a pirate or a fugitive law-breaker from the city for

punishment in the Mandarin's Court. The symbol of the Dynasty meets the eye on every side in the city, but order is maintained in the villages through those patriarchal ideals which are as dominant as in the days of Confucius.

The scheme has certain broad outlines which are perhaps borrowed from the United States of America. It may have been thought that arrangements which suit one vast geographical area will fit another which resembles it in its imposing dimensions. The Provincial Assemblies correspond to the bodies which meet in each separate State, whilst the Imperial Parliament, to be constituted in due time at Peking, features roughly the House of Representatives at Washington. Besides the Provincial Assemblies, Prefectural and District Councils are also being summoned. Perhaps these may ultimately resolve themselves into Electoral Colleges and Committees of Ways and Means. A district is equivalent in size to an average English county, and of these districts there are said to be fourteen hundred or more. Many of them are little walled villages, and there are populous commercial emporiums which will apparently be represented only through their County Capitals. It looks as though a thousand miniature Dumas, in widely separated parts of the Empire, might get into each other's way and produce friction, mischief, and confusion. But the swarm of asteroids will doubtless exemplify in due time the law of order. This bewildering multiplication of Councils and Assemblies doubtless causes the people in every part of China to feel that they are represented, and the representation will be a safety-valve.

The reservation of foreign affairs and military questions to the sovereign shows how the German ideal, copied from Japan where it is already acclimatised, has set its mark upon this effort of Constitution-building. That a system which suits one Asiatic country will probably suit another, has been the ruling argument in favor of this proviso. It is quite in harmony, moreover, with the traditions of Chinese history. Siamese, Burmese, Thibetans, Arabs, Parthians, Mongols first came as tribute-bearers to the sovereign, and it is his prerogative to receive these envoys from afar and return their courtesies. Do not smile at the permanent power of this old tradition. A group of politicians in the old country would seem to be embracing the antiquated notion to which the Chinese are bidding farewell. Let the foreigners pay your taxes. The outer barbarians will flock to the Central Kingdom and with their handsome tribute defray the upkeep of throne and government. This reservation of foreign and military affairs to the absolute will of the throne cannot be final. The dynasty of the Mantchoos is more martial by hereditary tradition than the Chinese people themselves, and sooner or later wars will not be made by sovereigns without the consent of the people, unless the sovereigns pay for them out of a private purse and hire the victims. The plea that might be made for withdrawing these subjects from public discussion is that sixty per cent. of the people have no first-hand knowledge of foreigners. Scholars of immense learning may be met with who are quite sure that the aboriginal peoples of their own mountains have tails, and the Dutch and the Portuguese and the English have some kind of kinship with barbarian tribes. The paternal Government perhaps thinks it necessary that even literary graduates of the old school should extend their geographical and anthropological knowledge before getting any kind of control over foreign affairs. But as a matter of fact the newspapers have carried on a campaign of enlightenment for years, and the Chinese of the interior provinces, who know the least of foreigners, are not always so hostile as those who know the most. The difficulty in working existing treaties arises from the fact that the people generally are ignorant of them, and have not had, in the most indirect way, a voice in their negotiation. In some cases sections of the population have only learned of these treaties and the need to respect them, twenty-five or thirty years after they were signed. This state of things is being rapidly changed by railways, telegraphs, and the wide circulation of native papers. In the

cities and villages of the interior it may sometimes be hard to enforce treaties upon which the Representative Assemblies have not been allowed a right of comment. It is possible difficulties may arise in the near future. Railway concessions have been made, which will sooner or later involve the compulsory purchase of lands in the interior, or the raising of large revenues to buy back the concessions. The Provincial and District Assemblies will be vitally touched by these transactions, and it is difficult to see how they can be debarred from the discussion of foreign affairs. Perhaps some of them would like to advise the Imperial Government to refer to the International Tribunal at The Hague those strained interpretations of half-obsolete treaties which are being used by the British opium interests to hamper native officials in carrying out a great moral reform. Chinese exclusion laws and the treatment of emigrants in some far-off lands are foreign questions many Chinamen are eager to handle.

In the meantime changes are contemplated which will clear the ground for the full-grown Parliament of 1917. Next year a new criminal code is to come into operation, and the year after reformed Courts of Justice are to be established. These changes are to be effected by an Imperial decree, a procedure analogous to that which you know at home as "By Order in Council." The first step is bold. When a Dynasty first comes into power it promulgates its own body of laws, and no radical changes are made whilst its representatives fill the seat of supreme authority. Of course, its enactments give room for elasticity of administration and incorporate early laws and customs. But the Statute Book is looked upon as a covenant between the new race of rulers and the people and their descendants. It is a Chinese idea that revived sanctions attach themselves to the laws with the providential decree which determines the arrival and establishment of a new dynasty. The present body of enactments is called "The Laws of the Great Pure Dynasty." Changes made in the Statute Book during the lifetime of a dynasty are almost like loosening the foundation-stones upon which its power rests. The Prince Regent and his Council doubtless think that with the co-operation of the people a disturbing and unprecedented change may be faced, that might otherwise jeopardise the ruling line. The question faces us—How far will the Government be able to enforce its penal code upon the villages and sweep into the new Courts of Justice forms of lawlessness that have been dealt with in the villages by the elders themselves for scores of generations? The village elders are really magistrates chosen by the heads of the groups of families in which they live, without the intervention of either a Lord Chancellor or Lord Lieutenants of the Counties, and they sometimes inflict death sentences. There are no trials by torture under this *patria potestas*, but the method of capital punishment is sometimes cruel. My impression is that village justice which arises from the all but absolute power of the parent for life or death over children and descendants, is better than that of the official Courts. If I were a Chinaman I should prefer trial by a bench of great uncles and a grandfather to trial in some of the yamens into which I have had glimpses. The new penal code and the new Court, presided over by a competent judge, may involve changes that will be slow in reaching the villages and pushing out the old customs. The two changes mean sooner or later the abolition of the trials of foreigners in their own Consular Courts, a procedure which has long been a grievance to the Chinese.

In a country of enormous territory and with a population of four hundred million people, a score of Provincial Assemblies, with more than a thousand District Councils, may be necessary to secure adequate representation. It looks at first as though a promiscuous multitude of bodies might aggravate local differences and sow the seeds of many Home Rule movements. Such a result is not probable. If the different parts of the country are allowed a reasonable degree of autonomy it will be found that the Chinese are too proud of the unity of the Empire to put it in peril. Immemorial use

and custom secures to them rights and powers that in the countries of Europe can only be gained by large measures of devolution. It is to be hoped that the deliberations of these bodies will give strength and self-consistency to the aims of the awakening democracy and abate the antipathies which sometimes divide men of different provinces. The success of this large but eminently conservative experiment in Constitutional Government will depend to no small extent upon continuity in the administration at Peking. Clanship with its amiable characteristics often makes against efficiency. Some of the early joint-stock enterprises in China were wrecked because the native managers were almost compelled to put into positions of trust sons, nephews, and scions of associated families. Peking Government in the past has been prone to the same weakness. For the time being all but unlimited power is reserved to the Sovereign. In theory he might disband a Peking Parliament, twenty Provincial Assemblies, and a congeries of District Councils. But there is little in the changes now in progress to provoke either palace revolutions or popular risings. The day of the eunuchs is over, and as to the country at large it is difficult to find any one who is not indirectly represented under the new system.—Yours, etc., S.

Communications.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF A LIBERAL GOVERNMENT IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is difficult to describe the sensation of relief with which the Prime Minister's speech at the Albert Hall has been received in Ireland. The political situation of a fortnight ago was perhaps the most critical that this country has faced for thirty years. The Irish Party was confronted with an outburst of hostility for their attitude of benevolent neutrality towards the Liberals, and the weakening of the Irish Party at the present juncture would be the beginning of the end of the constitutional agitation that has been the great safeguard of our national conduct in the present generation. The past four years have been years of bitter disappointment for the Irish people, and had the Liberal leader failed to send a message of hope in his declaration of the issues of the coming struggle, support for further Parliamentary effort would have crumbled away. It must appear strange to Englishmen that prejudice against the Government has in Ireland been growing in intensity from day to day. The official Irish administration has included a Viceroy whose personal position in the esteem of the natives of our race makes them now sharers in his sorrows, as he has so honestly labored to lighten theirs. Mr. Bryce was recognised as a sympathetic friend, and the unselfish efforts of Mr. Birrell for the betterment of the country might elsewhere have won for him a position as idol of the people, yet a fortnight ago our almost universal sentiment was that we would be glad to rid ourselves of these rulers, come what come could. A consideration of the causes of this sentiment may do something to ameliorate the conditions of government during the interval that must in any event elapse before we are entrusted with the right to govern ourselves.

If the position of an anti-Irish Minister in Dublin Castle is one of difficulty, the position there of a Minister in sympathy with the people must be utterly heartbreaking. The coercionist is always surrounded by friendly members of the ascendancy, who serve him loyally, and who are in complete accord with his policy. He is doing their work, and they in return place at his disposal their resources, social and material. Far different is the lot of the Liberal Chief Secretary. Though he is endeavoring to act as far as possible in accord with Irish opinion, he is cut off from intercourse (save of the most formal character) with the leaders of opinion in Ireland. He can, indeed, ascertain whether a given policy will in the main be regarded as satisfactory or unsatisfactory. But in the thousand little details that make government either acceptable or intolerable, a Liberal Minister receives no assistance from the one great

division of Irish sentiment, while he is subjected to most unfair criticism from the other. His difficulties do not end there.

During the Tory *régime* there are but two parties known in Ireland, separated by natural lines of cleavage. They are the Irish Nationalists, differing occasionally among themselves on minor details, but on the main issue unanimous in favor of government of Ireland by the inhabitants of Ireland. On the other hand, there are the anti-Irish colonists, who in spite of small divergences of opinion are united in favor of governing Ireland by a resident, privileged ascendancy, supported by an English Ministry at Westminster. There is no other division of parties that counts for anything. The difference of these two is further accentuated in that the political division between them corresponds to the division of races and creeds.

The inhabitants of the country are divided between these two camps, and so long as the unsettled question is there as a subject of contention, they will continue to be so divided. The two armies include all the best intellect of the country that is given to public life. Neither has the monopoly of genius. The pity is that, while the cause of strife remains, the genius is given up to party that might serve the nation.

Upon the resignation of Mr. Balfour's Cabinet four years ago, we Irishmen were surprised to learn that there existed among us a third party. None of its members had been previously known in active political life; but many of them were known as disappointed applicants for favors from the Tory administration. The Unionist government of Ireland was openly based on the spoils system. No salaried office, administrative or judicial, was allotted to any applicant who could not produce a satisfactory receipt for monies spent and services rendered in the Unionist cause. We hoped that the end of this infamous system had come when Mr. Balfour left office, and we learnt with indignation that this new party of obscurities, calling themselves "Irish Liberals," were arranging a continuance of the Tammany system, under the "friendly" Government of Campbell-Bannerman.

They succeeded in this arrangement, and they debased the standard of honesty in public life in Ireland, until their example has become a menace to the propriety of conduct of local bodies in the selection of their officers. The intervention of this third party is perhaps the greatest of all the difficulties the Chief Secretary has to contend with. He cannot personally know the merits or demerits of those who come forward to offer assistance. He can only seek the best counsel he can procure, and if the Tories are hostile and the Irish refuse advice, he has to take the assurances of these mercenaries one for another.

At first glance it may be said that the blame of this regrettable state of affairs must be borne in part at least by the Irish Party. Believing this, I suggested shortly after the arrival of Mr. Bryce that the unquestionable sincerity of the then Prime Minister and of the Chief Secretary would justify a relaxation of the attitude of Irishmen towards the Administration. I thought that it might be permissible for Nationalists to open up friendly relations with the Irish Minister and convey to him informally such matters as might enable him to ascertain true Irish sentiment. The answers to my suggestion were, to my mind, conclusive. In the first place, the Liberal Government had for the time being ceased to proclaim Home Rule as its Irish policy. This involved a continuance of the Unionist policy of controlling the country by a resident clique, and it was no part of the Nationalist scheme to assist in such a performance. Furthermore, there was the question, who were the persons who might tender advice? The members of the Irish Party, even were they men of affairs, would be practically debarred. No Englishman can appreciate the influence that the Irish Party has so deservedly won by its unalterable refusal to allow members of the party to have hand, act, or part in seeking to influence Ministerial patronage. This collection of men, mostly of humble rank, is subject to the infirmities and open to the criticism applicable to all human societies. Their enemies find many topics of abuse, but whatever individual exceptions there may have been from time to time, the party as a party stands without rival in

the unselfishness with which the men who compose it refuse to seek reward in patronage either for themselves or for their friends. As long as the smallest taint of political reward affects the question of preferment in Ireland, no Irish member can discuss the matter with an English Minister, who, however friendly, must be left to blunder for himself.

If the Irish members may not speak, the rank and file of their supporters are necessarily condemned to silence also. No man can be of any real use in public life in Ireland unless his motives are above suspicion. Under present circumstances, holding intercourse with any Castle official implies the negation of Nationalist principles, and meddling with the allotment of office implies in the mind of the people a mean engagement to render party services to the Government in the expectation of reward. Though the difficulties are great, it seems to me desirable that, at the risk of misunderstanding, an effort should be made to end the present system of patronage in Ireland that has rendered the Government so hateful. It would be a great misfortune that self-government should be undertaken by a people imbued by disgraceful example with the idea that no man should be admitted to the public service unless he be subservient to the controllers of the ruling clique. Public efficiency requires that a State that pays for the best men should always command the services of the best, and no honest man believes that personal genius comes and goes according as political parties wax and wane. Politics should not be permitted to make or mar the professional career of any honest man. It is absurd that one of the highest character and ability should be refused advancement that he has won by merit, because he honestly states that he is opposed to the Government, while an obscure mediocrity is given a position for which he is unfit, provided that he dishonestly professes to approve of the policy of the Executive.

There is no one in Ireland who does not regret, above all else, the position of contempt to which the taint of politics has reduced the administration of the law. Successive Governments have competed with one another in their efforts to represent to the people that the control of the dispensation of justice is part of the warfare of politics. To end this, one should be willing to risk much. It needs no statute, with or without the consent of the House of Lords, to extend to the selection of higher officers in the Civil Service in Ireland the impartial methods by which the junior clerks are chosen. It needs no statute to enable the Ministry to repudiate the system of preferment for political services or for political subscriptions. It needs only courage to dignify the administration of justice by an example of justice in the selection of its instruments, by the appointment of the most worthy, though he be a political opponent. If advice is needed it should be sought from those who will stand personally unbiassed in the giving of it. When these conditions are fulfilled, Nationalists will be enabled, without risking the esteem of their countrymen, to give, as far as he will accept it, assistance to a Minister who wishes to befriend their country.

Another result of repudiation of the spoils system would be the opening for the first time of a career for talent among Irishmen. In the lower grades of the Civil Service, where competition regulates selection, Irishmen win about sixty per cent. of the posts. In the higher grades of the public service, and in the judiciary, where appointments are regulated by politics regardless of merit, native Irishmen obtain a little less than ten per cent. of the prizes, and those who do win, win by such means as forfeit all public confidence. Jobbery among the Tories is, to some extent, mitigated in so far as the Irish ascendancy includes many men of the highest training with an aptitude for public affairs. These men are honestly engaged in defending what they believe to be their natural privileges. They stand for some principles, and when we have self-government, they will be most useful and influential citizens. There is no such party allied to Liberalism in Ireland. The natural party of progress in this country is the Nationalist Party. No other army held the field against the forces of the ascendancy in the many dark years of the last quarter of a century. Nationalist talent refuses to engage in the public service while suspicion of jobbery affects it. For Liberal intrigue there then remains an organisation openly founded and conducted for the appropriation of patronage, a body without talent and with-

out principle. The members of this association of political adventurers can be of no service to the Liberal Government, and the principles of Liberalism forbid the maintenance of such a band to prey upon the country. We Irishmen feel that having borne our share of the battle of the last General Election, we should not have been handed over to the camp followers of the army of our allies.

Party feeling runs high now, and will be more bitter when the Home Rule measure is introduced. The Unionists are utilising the scandals of the past four years on the pretence that such public misconduct is a foretaste of Home Rule. Everyone in this country is aware that the only effective protest against jobbery was made by Irish Nationalists, and that our national demand is for equal opportunities all round. If we are selfish to the extent that equal opportunity will admit us for the first time to compete for the highest prizes, we at least desire to exclude from the contest no man with ability to serve our country, whether he marches in the Tory ranks, or poses beneath the title of an "Irish Liberal." Now that Home Rule is once more inscribed upon the Liberal banner, we are free to assist the Chief Secretary, and for a time "to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas," provided that he appreciates that the Irish ideals of public life demand impartial honesty and fair play.—Yours, &c.,

A. M. SULLIVAN.

Altona House, Dublin,
December 20th, 1909.

Letters to the Editor.

THE JUDGMENT ON ADMISSION TO THE SACRAMENT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The Bishop of Birmingham, in a letter to the "Times" on the judicial decision requiring the admission to the Holy Communion of one who has married his deceased wife's sister, makes assumptions which, though they appear to him axiomatic, are to me, and I venture to say to an increasing number of thoughtful men, untrue and disastrous. Let me take two points out of many.

1. It appears to the Bishop "intolerable" that the Parliament of this Christian nation and the Courts established by it should decide upon such a case. Let me set against this the words of a highly esteemed divine, Dr. Bigg, late Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, in the remarkable volume of his sermons just edited by the Dean of Christ Church. In the sermon on the words of our Lord, "Who made me a judge or divider over you?" (P. 236), Dr. Bigg says: "It has been asked, what is the relation of Church and State? *They are the same thing—that is the answer.*" It is evident that to the Professor, and to those who think with him, there can be nothing contrary to Christian principle in the nation, which is both Church and State, deciding by its supreme Parliament and judicature "All causes, ecclesiastical as well as civil."

2. The Bishop assumes that the Church is a sect marked off from the general community by special ordinances and practices, so as to "unchurch" all the rest, their brother-Christians included. Such a sect, he says, was founded by Christ—when and where he omits to say—and that He gave it legislative and disciplinary powers over its members. I believe that this, as applied to a state of things in which we have many bodies of Christian worshippers, and in which the Christian spirit is diffused throughout the community, is untrue and unchristian, and is felt to be so more and more. The Bishop says that things have changed since the sixteenth century; and the change seems to him to mean the narrowing-down of the Church to such a sect as I have just described. This he looks upon as progress; and he has set up a Church Reform Society to hasten this change. I agree with him that the world has changed; but I believe the change in Christian conviction to be in the contrary direction to that which he asserts. We judge men now, not by sectarian rules and dogmas, about which Christ said

nothing, but by that which was the essence of his life and teaching, justice, and mercy, and truth. This is the standard to which every English judge tries to conform; it is the standard by which we shall all be judged; it is the standard adopted by our Prayer-book, which tells us that the true worship is righteousness and holiness of life. Holding to this conviction, we have a right to feel that the moral system embodied in English law, and interpreted by English judges, is infinitely preferable (because infinitely more Christian) to any law set up by the clericists and their adherents, whether in former ages or our own. Our present system is the happy inheritance of our country; and we have a right to feel that, in acting upon it, we are in harmony with the Bible, the Prayer-book, and the best interests of the nation.—Yours, &c.,

W. M. FREMANTLE.

Deanery, Ripon,

December 16th, 1909.

SCARING CAPITAL ABROAD.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your strong, but not too strong, protest against the wicked attempt to undermine national credit for party ends comes none too soon: it ought to have been made long ago, and echoed with gravity and force by every responsible statesman and by every self-respecting journal. Even if it were true that British capital is timidly taking wings abroad, a patriotic statesman would hesitate to speak of it in public, lest he should help to swell a panic in a sphere where the very breath of panic is disastrous. A criminal prosecution would be the only proper treatment for such an act of treason as the deliberate creation of such a panic.

As you properly point out, Lord Rothschild and Lord Revelstoke speak as the heads of firms which stand to gain by the effect of a panic which will lead investors to buy the foreign securities in which they deal. The majority of stockbrokers are Tories, and for that reason very ready to believe any charge against the wicked Radical; while they, too, will profit if investors take to transferring their holdings, for there is a commission to be earned on every transfer. We need not believe that either the great financiers or the smaller fry do not honestly suppose what they are saying to be true, for, as you have pointed out, it *is* in a measure true—they have themselves helped to verify their own prophecies. We know how easily men are biassed by their own interests, and blinded by their prejudices. But we expect the big men to rise above these mists.

If they are to prove their contention (and what abominable wickedness it would be to launch such a panic without being sure of their facts!) they must demonstrate three things:—

1. That British trade and industry have been seriously crippled during the last four years, and especially since last April, by withdrawals of capital. The test of this, and the only test, is to be found in the Board of Trade Returns.

2. That British investment abroad has not only increased during the last four years (a reasonable increase would only prove that we were prosperous and had money to spare to lend to our neighbors), but has increased at an alarming and unprecedented rate, while at the same time our trade has been diminishing and that of our rivals increasing. It is notorious that the rate of increase of British investments abroad has been much slower in the last four years than in the ten years preceding.

3. That the British investor not only thinks, but has reason for thinking, that his capital will be less safe under the British Government than under the Governments of those countries to which exported capital mainly goes. Those countries are the South American Republics, China, the Russian Empire, Australia (land of Labor Governments), and South Africa (where we have "handed over a conquered country to a disloyal enemy"!).

It is obvious that none of these three contentions has been, or can be, established. Until they are established, those who repeat this parrot cry are convicted of an offence which is none the less criminal because there is no law against it. But their vague assertions have undoubtedly, as you have pointed out, affected the minds of the old-maidish type of investors. I received not long ago a letter

from a Conservative friend, a man of some means but of no business experience, who had undertaken a certain obligation from which he now finds it necessary to withdraw. He explained that owing to the insecurity created by this wicked Radical Government he had been forced to transfer all his capital from British to foreign concerns, with (as he complained) the inevitable result that his income was largely reduced! Of course, he attributed the reduction entirely to the Government; he saw neither the stupidity nor the unpatriotic character of his own action. It is upon this kind of mind that the irresponsible clamor of the Press and the politicians has been working.

Until this election I have never cast a vote. If I had a thousand votes, I should cast them all for Liberal, Labor, or Nationalist candidates—for any candidates who are opposed to the present action of the Lords. And my reasons are, not love of the Budget, about which I don't know very much, but (1) indignation at the wickedness of the attack on national credit for party purposes; (2) disgust at the way in which rancor and acrimony against Germany are being deliberately stirred up for party purposes—like Lord Cromer, I fear the Germans; I think the fortunes of this nation may soon be imperilled by the hostility of Germany; and for that reason I will not vote for a party which uses this subject in such a way and at such a time; and (3) profound disillusionment in regard to the House of Lords. I am a Conservative by temperament, and have always believed in the House of Lords, because it seemed to me, despite its obvious defects as a legislative body, to stand for that respect for tradition, that loyalty to constitutional usage, which has been the greatest strength of English political life. And now I find them light-heartedly wrecking the Constitution because they are in a hurry to bring about a fiscal revolution. My vote must go for the Constitution.—Yours, &c.,

A MUGWUMP.

December 22nd, 1909.

HOME RULE AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Justice, like mercy, is twice blessed. England would benefit by the concession of Home Rule to Ireland, and men by that of the suffrage to women. These two claims are so analogous that it seems unnatural when those who see the justice of the one fail to sympathise with the other. That this is often the case arises possibly as much from ignorance as from our tendency to perceive and resent injustice to ourselves more than injustice to others. Opponents do not always know that Nationalists demand merely the management for Ireland of her own internal affairs, and that the suffragists ask for women only one-seventh of the voting power of the country, and that, by the by, through indirect representation by men.

Anyone wishing to understand why women so persistently seek enfranchisement, should read Lady McLaren's pamphlet entitled: "Better and Happier." Her statement is clear and practical, and quite free from the sentimentality that often marks the anti-suffragists' pronouncements. The title of the pamphlet is taken from a speech of the Home Secretary, the Right Hon. Herbert J. Gladstone, in the House of Commons, February 28th, 1908: "I believe that the country would be made better and happier by the admission of women to the franchise."

In a speech at the Dublin Mansion House on the 15th inst., Mr. John Redmond speaks hopefully of the Nationalist prospects in the present political juncture. He believes that the House of Lords is the chief if not the only obstacle in the way of Home Rule. The people of the dominant island, if no longer enthusiastic for it, are not now opposed to its being granted. And so the Irish leader says the Irish Party will support the Liberals.

In the same issue of the Dublin "Freeman's Journal," which reports above, are some columns headed: "Votes for Women," being an account of a deputation to Mr. John Redmond of ladies representing the Irish Franchise League. He received them most courteously, and complimented them on the moderation, point, and great ability with which they put forward their views. He did not think any man of his acquaintance could have spoken better. Though much impressed, however, by their representations, he could not

promise them what they asked, that the National Party would make women's suffrage a party question. The overwhelming majority of them, he said, had voted in favor of women's enfranchisement, and had done so since the party came into existence thirty years ago. He himself had voted for women's suffrage, and later against it, and now refrains from voting on the question. He strongly reprobated the treatment of suffragist agitators as common criminals, instead of as political prisoners. For addressing his constituents in a manner distasteful to the Government, he had been subjected to hardships and indignities with the lowest convicts, and he sees no difference between his grievance and that of the women who are similarly treated for advocating their cause.

Forty years ago, in America, a colored gentleman, an ardent woman suffragist, told me that his own son had said to him: "Let us colored men get the vote first, and then we can help the women." To which the father had replied: "I would not trust you." And American women are still knocking at the door of the American Constitution, and get no special assistance from the colored men who have gained an entrance.

Let us hope that whichever cause triumphs first, Nationalism or Women's Suffrage, will try to further the other.

Both are entirely independent, and ready to accept fair dealing from either Liberals or Conservatives.

But some of us would rather that the People's Party, the Party of Progress, should atone—so far as atonement is possible—for their frequent betrayals of Ireland's faith in them, and for their late barbarous treatment of women.—Yours, &c.,

D. W., AN IRISHWOMAN.

December 21st, 1909.

HEREDITY AND GREAT FAMILIES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The writer of your interesting article on "Great Families" decries very severely the potency of heredity—"such semi-magical conceptions as heredity." His theory is that a view of life or a style of art handed down with deliberate intention in a family counts for practically everything, and inherited characteristics, physical or other, for practically nothing in the continuance of prominent families. The Bachs were a school of music, the Medici a family of bankers, and it was the principles of the school and the firm, not the family genius, which were transmitted from generation to generation. As for the Medici, "ask what inscrutable force of genius it was which descended . . . and the answer of the realist is in two words—the Medici millions."

The realist here would do well to study heredity where its working can be observed with minuteness and quite unqualified by the influence of family ideas or possessions. My business obliges me to concern myself somewhat with questions affecting the breeding of horses, cattle, and other animals—animals the compass of whose life gives man a complete command over their breeding through the course of several generations. Does your realist know that where quality has to be produced for the very realistic purpose of earning £ s. d. heredity is the dominant factor in the industry of breeding, the factor rigidly observed and placed above all others by men who go, not upon theory, but upon proved experience? The case of "Eclipse," whose descendants won 82 out of 127 Derbys, is a simpler and more remarkable one than that of the Medici; and there is no commoner phenomenon in horse-breeding than the transmission by what is known as a "forcible" sire of some characteristic or "caste-mark" like the Hapsburg lip, such as a peculiar ear, or turn of the foot, or streak of color in the mane, through many generations. I have before me as I write the pedigree for seven generations of a horse which is being recommended for purchase for stud purposes, and the thing most relied on in his favor is that in his pedigree (which includes 111 ancestors) the blood of a certain famous sire, dead a hundred years, whom he is supposed to resemble, occurs a certain number of times.

Instead of heredity being over-estimated in man-breeding, in my opinion it is not at all estimated enough.

It is, I believe, one of the scientific studies of the future whether for the historian, the statesman, or the "eugenic" philosopher.—Yours, &c.,

Dublin, December 15th, 1909.

G.

CAN PROTECTION CURE UNEMPLOYMENT?

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your article on December 4th, you seem to allow that Protectionists are right in saying that, if imports are stopped by tariffs, the goods intended for export might still be made, but instead of exchanging against foreign goods, they will exchange against the home-made goods that have been produced to take the place of the imports.

May I ask whether the following answer to the Protectionist (given to me by a business man who is a Free Trader) is correct, and if so, whether it does not justify the Free Trade position that to stop imports cannot increase employment?

If an English merchant buys £100 worth of goods in Germany, it at once encourages a foreign merchant, with £100 to spend, to purchase goods in England, because the action of the rate of exchange and the bank rate make it profitable for him to do so. Two quite separate sums of £100, one in England and one in Germany, are thus brought into action.

On the other hand, if the English merchant spends his £100 in England, no second £100 is necessarily employed in consequence.

In neither case, therefore, is there more demand in England, or more employment, than is produced by a purchasing power of £100.

If this is correct, a point which seems to require further explanation is why there is a difference in the method of exchange in the case of transactions where two different countries are involved, and transactions within the same country.—Yours, &c.,

H.

December 18th, 1909.

[There is no difference in the method of exchange in the two cases. Goods are bought and paid for by goods, whether the two sides of the transaction are contracted within the same national area or not. In either case each side of the transaction requires the employment of capital and labor. Other things equal, domestic trade is more advantageous for a country than foreign trade, for both gains from exchange are kept in the country. But when a tariff operates, other things are unequal: the political interference has damaged the process of exchange.—ED., *NATION*.]

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your issue of the 4th instant, you quote the Protectionist reply to the contention that reduced imports result in less employment in export trades.

You rightly quote the argument only as far as it goes in Protectionist hands. The Tariff Reformer is ever careful to avoid pushing his arguments to lengths at which they might appear absurd.

Of course, as you say, when articles formerly imported are made at home, the articles formerly exported to pay for them are still produced, the only difference being that "instead of exchanging against foreign goods, they will exchange against the home-made goods that have been substituted for the former by the tariffs." Home production for export is thus simply converted into home production for home consumption, and home production of goods formerly imported remains a clear gain of employment. If before this re-arrangement there is already full employment—

But that is a merely academic point, which it is not necessary to discuss.

Paradoxically enough, the argument applies to both countries concerned. Our exports to our rival having ceased, these goods are now made by him within his frontiers; and the goods formerly exported by him to us in exchange for them do not cease to be manufactured, but are exchanged

within his frontiers for his own new manufacture, our former export, which is thus a clear gain to him in employment.

Thus may we cheerfully cast aside any fear of injuring the foreigner by Tariff Reform, in the knowledge that it does in the fullest sense mean "work for all." The higher the tariff, the more effectually will it reduce, not only our own, but the foreigner's unemployment.—Yours, &c.,

E. W. D.

H.M. Dockyard, Malta,

December 9th, 1909.

MAKING THE FOREIGNER PAY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Parker makes out "that a tariff on manufactured goods will cost two millions to collect and only give half-a-million to the Exchequer." The answer is, how is it that all other nations continue such an absurd practice, and how is it that America succeeds in raising forty-five million pounds a year by import taxation on things which the poor do not buy? How is it that America, by doing this, can allow tea, coffee, and raw cocoa to come in free, whilst we are obliged to tax them heavily?

If we leave out twenty-three millions of re-exported goods, it leaves 120 millions of manufactured goods still imported. If we made half of these ourselves, we should gain £7,200,000 by internal taxation at 12 per cent. We might fairly say that the Government would get £3,500,000 and that the rest went to local taxation. It must also be allowed that at least thirty million pounds would be paid in wages to our own people which are now paid to foreigners, and the money would be spent among our own shopkeepers instead of among foreign.

On the sixty millions still imported £7,200,000 would be paid to our own Government, the average 12 per cent. duty being regulated so as to give a preference to the other parts of the Empire. This makes £10,700,000 in revenue to our Government, besides helping local taxation. Of only eleven kinds of agricultural produce, almost the whole of which our soil and climate are very suitable for producing, we import yearly 180 million pounds' worth, although we have millions of acres of good land untouched by the plough, and producing very little, in comparison to what they might produce if Free Traders did not insist that it is better for us to buy all we can of agricultural and manufactured goods from abroad, produced by labor abroad, so long as it is supposed to be a little cheaper to do so.

If we only produced one quarter of the amount at home, it would mean £5,400,000 from internal taxation and millions in wages and profit for our agriculturalists. If the Government only got two millions of this, the rest would go to help local taxation. The 135 million pounds worth still imported, even at an average (including Imperial preference) of 5 per cent. would give the Government £6,750,000. The Government would get roughly nineteen millions and a-half, and local taxation would be considerably helped. I can see no reason why the extra amount for collection should come to more than half-a-million, even if it came to so much.

Mr. Haywood quotes one American Senator against trusts, but we have trusts in this country, and the American Beef Trust, which is a foreigners' trust, rules the price of beef in this country according even to that eminent Free Trade paper, the "Westminster Gazette."

Even the American Senator tells us "that the American manufacturers are enabled by a tariff to pay American wages and so retain the home market against the foreigner paying lower wages." From this it appears quite clear that if the tariff was removed, down would come American wages. In other words, it proves that cheap merchandise means cheap men and cheap women.

Mr. Grimshaw tells me "that an assumption is not the same thing as a fact." This was unnecessary as I was quite aware of it. I have, however, quoted facts against what is called Free Trade, such as taxing the poor heavily and letting off the rich, taxing our own people and letting off the foreigners, to which he has not even attempted to make a reply. The decision at the coming Election rests entirely in the hands of the people. Will they look back at the lessons of history and remember that all nations must be ready to defend their commerce and liberty? Will they vote

for fair play for themselves and prosperity and continued power for their race and Empire, or will they vote for sentimental weakness and the almost certainty of becoming the conscript dependents of a stronger Power? This is the question British men and British women have to ask themselves, and the strongest warnings have been given to them over and over again by all sorts and kinds of people from our greatest Socialist to our greatest soldier.—Yours, &c.,

ROWLAND HUNT.

December 20th, 1909.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In this controversy on Free Trade and Protection we hear a great deal of the benefit to the manufacturer and, to a less extent, of the benefit to the workman; but nothing at all about the consumer, who is by far the largest class, and supplies the money by which the others live.

A passage in Mr. Hunt's last letter to you puts this matter in a very interesting form to the consumer. He says, quoting from Mr. Carnegie, "that the Americans, because of their large home market, could, and did, send their goods abroad at *less than the cost price*." If so, as no man can carry on any business at a loss, it is clear the home consumer is taxed to pay the manufacturer's profit. If society were on a Socialist basis, though protective duties might be unwise, there would be little or no injustice in them, as then the profits would be applied for the benefit of all; but where one set of people pay the cost, and another, much smaller, set pocket the profit, Protection, so-called, is sheer robbery.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD TAYLOR.

25, Kenilworth Road,
St. Leonards-on-Sea,
December 18th, 1909.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—One point in connection with Mr. Rowland Hunt's suggestion that the foreigner can be made to pay the tax no one seems to have noted. When an English firm buys goods abroad, it does not go to the first firm it sees and say "send us on a few tons of so and so—at your own price, of course, my dear sir." A capable merchant goes from one firm to another, obtains in the open competition of the whole world (which we alone command), the best price for the best article—and not till then completes his bargain. If he does his work right, at the close of his bargain he has got his article at the lowest profit for the seller that the seller will take. No intelligent man will suggest that the addition of an equal expense to all the foreign manufactured goods at the English port will cause a variation in the price they will accept. All will add the cost of the duty, and charge the extra cost thereby caused to the English purchaser—their minimum profit will still be their minimum profit, unless it happens to be a minimum percentage, in which case, of course, it will grow in proportion to the tax. Mr. Hunt will perhaps reply that he has not added an extra duty to all manufactured goods, but only to those of the foreigner. "Now," says he, "I have handicapped the foreigner against the Englishman, and he must pay the tax, and still bring in goods, or lose his trade to the Englishman." Mr. Hunt here ignores the fact that the foreign manufacturers A, B, C, and D had competed, that A had obtained the order, and hence, presumably (if the English merchant knew his business), B, C, and D had reached the point at which they had rather lose the business than lower prices. The assumption that the man who—under the same conditions—has beaten them, will still have up his sleeve the modest 10 per cent (not, be it noted, on his profits, but on the whole bulk order) proposed from Birmingham, is a laughable example of Tariff Reform reasoning.—Yours, &c.,

RONALD F. WALKER.

Yorks. 99 Club,
December 14th, 1909.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE PEERS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The campaign of the Peers has been productive of abusive statement intolerable to our self-respect and sense of veracity. As a flagrant example of the discreditable

tactics pursued, I would call your attention to a passage in Earl Cawdor's speech at Leeds. I quote from the "Times." The noble lord, in painting in lurid colors the threatened despotism of the House of Commons, when uncontrolled by an operative House of Lords, said:—

"But what was the limit of power of a Government under such conditions? It was absolutely limitless. Now Parliament was restricted by the Septennial Act; but what was to prevent a free, independent Government from repealing that Act and sitting for fourteen or even twenty-one years?"

This statement can only be taken in two ways. It is either a deliberate misrepresentation of the Prime Minister's statement at the Albert Hall in favor of quadrennial and quinquennial Parliaments, or was made in unpardonable ignorance of it. And this is the spokesman of a class which arrogates to itself power to decide vital political issues.—Yours, &c.,

H. J. M.

December 20th, 1909.

Poetry.

PRINCE ADAM.

PRINCE ADAM left the couch, and with his thought
He paced the outer world: his thought was Eve;
Last night they watched a star, and now, to him
Eve was a star withdrawn, for she had gone
Veiled with reserve and with a look more strange
Than when the woman first looked on the man.
Prince Adam paced the morning, and his mind
Was tempted to division. Adam said:
"Lo, as the Worlds, each Soul has its own course
And Being from Being is ever separate:
The Shaping Word said also—Course and Form
And Separateness. Old Chaos in me cries
Against the pains God has imposed on her."

He said:

"Have pride instead of sorrow, pride in thy thought,
Pride in the pain thy thought has given thee."

The deer

Brought back her swiftness, and he saw the trees
That had her grace. Pain moved in Adam's heart.
Alone he paced the morning, under skies
Still darkened with a sense of God withdrawn.

PADRAIC COLUM.

IN MEMORIAM.

A. I. G.

Once he sprang to the challenge of May,
Once he breasted the hill,
Once he loved the wind and the day,—
His spirit loves them still.

God gave him courage and strength of frame,
And joy in a friendly strife;
God set in his face like quivering flame
Pulsing and bountiful life.

Now the glow of his eyes is blind;
The ring of his voice is fled,
Caught up like thistledown on the wind,
On the wind caught up—and dead.

The life that blossomed so full and true
Is robbed of its fresh delight,
As the leaves of a chestnut avenue
Drop dead in a frosty night.

Once he sprang to the challenge of May,
Once he breasted the hill,
Once he loved the wind and the day,—
His spirit loves them still.

T.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

INSTEAD of our usual weekly selection of new books we print this week a list of the more notable English books published during the past year. The guiding principle has been to include only books that are of some permanent value as contributions to the subjects with which they deal.

BIOGRAPHY.

"A Memoir of the Right Hon. William Edward Hartpole Lecky." By His Wife. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz." (Murray. 3 vols. 36s. net.)

"The Life and Letters of James Wolfe." By Beckles Willson. (Heinemann. 18s. net.)

"The Autobiography of Sir Henry M. Stanley." Edited by Lady Stanley. (Sampson Low. 21s. net.)

"The Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan." By Walter Sichel. (Constable. 2 vols. 31s. 6d. net.)

"Marie Antoinette." By H. Belloc. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

"The Maid of France: Being the Story of the Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc." By Andrew Lang. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

"Oxford Lectures on Poetry." By A. C. Bradley. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

"The Springs of Helicon: A Study in the Progress of English Poetry from Chaucer to Milton." By J. W. Mac-kail. (Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.)

"The Man Shakespeare and His Tragical Life-Story." By Frank Harris. (Palmer. 7s. 6d. net.)

"A Literary History of Rome from the Origins to the Close of the Golden Age." By J. Wight Duff. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Letters of John Ruskin, 1827-1889." Edited by E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn. (Allen. 2 vols. 25s. net.)

"Essays in Freedom." By H. W. Nevins. (Duckworth. 6s.)

"Scenes and Portraits." By Frederic Manning. (Murray. 6s.)

"The Moral System of Dante's Inferno." By W. H. V. Reade. (Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Romantic Movement in English Poetry." By Arthur Symonds. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

"George Bernard Shaw." By G. K. Chesterton. (Lane. 5s. net.)

"Revaluations: Historical and Ideal." By Alfred W. Benn. (Watts. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Homer and the Iliad." By M. Stawell. (Dent. 10s. 6d. net.)

DRAMA.

"Plays: The Silver Box, Joy, and Strife." By John Galsworthy. (Duckworth. 6s.)

"Three Plays: The Marrying of Anne Leete, The Voysey Inheritance, and Waste." By Granville Barker. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 5s. net.)

"The Tragedy of Nan, and Other Plays." By John Masefield. (Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Seven Short Plays." By Lady Gregory. (Maunsell. 3s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

"Tono-Bungay." By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"Fraternity." By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"The Glimpse." By Arnold Bennett. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

"Frank Burnet." By Dorothy V. Horace Smith. (Murray. 6s.)

"Sir Guy and Lady Rannard." By H. N. Dickinson. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"It Never Can Happen Again." By William de Morgan. (Heinemann. 2 vols. 10s.)

"The Column of Dust." By Evelyn Underhill. (Methuen. 6s.)

HISTORY.

"The Cambridge Modern History." Vol. VI., "The Eighteenth Century"; and Vol. XI., "The Growth of Nationalities." (Cambridge University Press. 16s. net each.)

"The Last Years of the Protectorate, 1656-1658." By Professor C. H. Firth. (Longmans. 2 Vols. 24s. net.)

"Garibaldi and the Thousand." By G. M. Trevelyan. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Ancient Greek Historians." By Professor J. B. Bury. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Rise of Louis Napoleon." By F. A. Simpson. (Murray. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Ireland under the Stuarts and During the Interregnum." By Richard Bagwell. (Longmans. 2 Vols. 28s. net.)

"The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire." By T. R. Glover. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Bourbon Restoration." By Major J. R. Hall. (Alston Rivers. 21s. net.)

"Nelson and Other Naval Studies." By J. R. Thursfield. (Murray. 12s. net.)

"The Hanoverian Queens of England." Vol. I. By A. D. Greenwood. (Bell. 10s. 6d. net.)

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

"The Meaning of Truth." By William James. (Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.)

"A Pluralistic Universe." By William James. (Longmans. 5s. 6d. net.)

"The Eternal Values." By Hugo Münsterberg. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas." By Professor Edward Westermarck. (Macmillan. 14s. net.)

"Studies in Mystical Religion." By Rufus M. Jones. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)

"Christianity at the Cross-Roads." By George Tyrrell. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

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TRAVEL.

"Trans-Himalaya: Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet." By Sven Hedin. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 30s. net.)

"The Heart of the Antarctic." By E. H. Shackleton. (Heinemann. 2 vols. 30s. net.)

Reviews.

THE PRENTICE AUTOCRAT.*

It is not an easy task to write a biography of Louis Napoleon. It is a much harder task to read one. Of the man few of us know much. His youth to all but the specialist is a vague legend. But of the usurper and the man of Sedan we have all of us a fixed and detailed conception. To read a record of his adventurous and generous youth without seeing on every page the silhouette which Victor Hugo traced so indelibly on the tablets of our memory is an almost impossible feat of mental gymnastics. The pretender must, after all, have been what the Emperor became. We are apt to read his record backwards, to interpret the motive by the achievement, and to discount the brave hope by the ultimate disaster. Against this tendency Mr. Simpson's history of the pretender's early struggles is an interesting and presumably conscious protest. The book ends with Louis Napoleon's election as President. The reader who chooses to glide from chapter to chapter without reminding himself too often of the volume which is to follow, will experience, against his own will, a singular revulsion of feeling. For this story of struggle has in it the romance of all achievements of the individual will. Be the end however little admirable, the courage and the perseverance which compelled success have in them the attraction of all striving. To censure the ambitions of Louis Napoleon would be to pass upon him an utterly unhistorical judgment. He was, like all the millions who called for him and enthroned him, the victim of the Napoleonic legend. It haunted the brain of his generation. It obsessed men who only remembered that their fathers had staggered home with the Grand Army. It inspired multitudes who were wholly disinterested. It would have been a miracle had it not also inspired this young man who incarnated the tradition in his person, and hoped, so soon as he could write his own name, one day to profit by its restoration. He was an Imperialist because he was the average sensual man of his generation. He was a pretender because he was born the son of a Buonaparte and a Beauharnais.

It is a curiously external biography which Mr. Simpson has written for us with the aid of an ample mass of documentary material, some of it as yet unpublished. He makes but little attempt to trace for us the inner life of his hero. To the problem how there evolved from the self-seeking yet generous and chivalrous exile the coldly ruthless autocrat of the early Empire, he has not in this volume addressed himself. On the other hand he has set himself to describe with much detail the curious alternation of wild adventure and methodical propaganda which made up what one might call the professional life of the exile. There is little difficulty in understanding either aspect of the man of destiny. The psychological difficulty is to understand their combination in a single character. One passes easily enough from the scanty records of the first adventure in Italy, when the two Napoleon brothers commanded, apparently with some distinction, bands of Carbonari in the raid on the Papal States, to the fuller narrative of the astonishing appearance of the pretender at Strasburg. Both exploits suggest a spirited youth, daring, imaginative, hypnotised by a historic tradition, but disposed to rely in a characteristically French way rather on audacity and improvisation than on long calculations and elaborate sapping and mining. The descent on Boulogne and the brilliant escape from Louis Philippe's prison at Ham are altogether in the same vein. The adventurer of these plots and escapades is a familiar figure, not uncommon in real life, tediously common in the world of romance.

More interesting, because more uncommon, is the business-like Napoleon who worked in the intervals of these gallant moments at the journeyman tasks of a pretender's trade with an assiduity and tact worthy of a clever salesman who creates a demand for an artificial product by skilful and unremitting advertisement. Of all the pretenders and exiles who have found a refuge in Switzerland, who but he has ever succeeded in converting an asylum into

a base of operations by making himself a popular and valuable honorary citizen? What pretender before him or after him, anxious to appeal to the sympathies of the military caste, has attempted to reach it by writing competent and in some respects original books on military science? It wanted some industry to write the books; he completed it by the minute care which he took to circulate free copies with flattering letters from his own hand among influential officers. His contemporaries, who read of the wild descent upon Boulogne, a plot into which, with all the aid of Mr. Simpson's researches, one cannot read the elements of a possible success, must have dismissed him as a hare-brained conspirator. But no sooner was he shut up in his prison at Ham than the indomitable and methodical will asserted itself. He worked incessantly, now at provincial journalism, now at chemical studies, and for three long years at his history of artillery. He defeated the oblivion of captivity and made his cell a platform. At one moment he contrived to lead the protectionist interest, and forced every farmer and sugar-refiner concerned with the beet industry to circulate a singularly specious and effective pamphlet, which subtly linked the fortunes of a powerful trade with the Napoleonic idea. He followed up that success by winning amid the growing economic distress the sympathy of democrats and half-conscious Socialists for his schemes for dealing with unemployment. His scientific researches had just enough merit to gain the notice of the Academy. The Napoleonic legend would have grown in spite of him and without his conscious prompting. A reaction amid a spirited people after the humiliation of 1815 was inevitable. The fumbling foreign policy of Louis Philippe and the humiliations which Palmerston delighted to inflict upon an enfeebled monarchy conspired to foster it. The King himself acknowledged its growth, and sought to turn it to his own advantage when he brought back the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena. But it was the skill and industry of Napoleon's nephew, which succeeded, without a party, without a Press, and almost without allies, in concentrating this vague tradition in his own person.

It is in this cold and methodical work that the clue to the real Napoleon is to be sought. If he seemed in his adventures to display another side, the truth is probably that this also was calculated. He knew that, in dealing with the French character, to rely on the effect of an audacious improvisation is not to be rash; it is to make a shrewd and almost cautious calculation. Nor was his first appearance as a conspirator at Strasburg by any means the foolish and reckless adventure for which most of his contemporaries mistook it. The story, as Mr. Simpson tells it, suggests a plot which might, but for one mistake and a few strokes of bad luck, have brought immediate success. Louis Napoleon had shown considerable skill in winning to his side influential officers in that garrison town. He had only to show himself to receive the instant adhesion of the little Corporal's own artillery regiment, the Fourth. The other artillery regiment, the Third, was hardly less enthusiastic, and for some minutes he seemed to have won the remaining battalion of infantry. Had he cared to follow a purely military plan and to use the guns of the regiments which joined him to overawe the waverers, it seems probable that he could permanently have held the town which for some hours was actually in his hands. A stupider man would have succeeded where he failed. For it was a certain exaltation of mind, call it vanity or call it idealism, which caused him to reject the obvious plan of using the guns when he had won the gunners. He was determined that there should be no bloodshed. He wanted the town to rally to him, and for that purpose actually sent out his artillerymen to distribute proclamations in the streets. And finally, instead of surrounding or threatening the barracks of the one regiment which wavered, he preferred to leave his forces behind him and to march almost unescorted into its courtyard. He might have used heavy guns. He preferred to trust to the magic of the name he bore. The convincing evidence which Mr. Simpson has got together inclines one to think that even this audacious procedure was not so rash as in the sequel it appeared. The infantry did for one glorious moment capitulate to his name. The catastrophe came only when a clever, if unscrupulously "loyal," officer rushed forward to announce that this young man who was posing as Louis Napoleon was, in fact, only the nephew of a certain

* "The Rise of Louis Napoleon." By F. A. Simpson. With unpublished documents and illustrations. John Murray. 12s. 6d. net.

artillery officer well known to him personally. It seems probable that the artillery would never have allowed an indubitable Napoleon to be arrested by Orleanist officers. It acquiesced only because the real Napoleon had been denounced as an impostor. The "mad descent on Strasburg," which the officially-controlled French Press of the day ridiculed as a boyish escapade, was a rather brilliant performance which came within easy reach of success, and failed only because Louis Napoleon was, in reality, too much the idealist. What would have happened next if Alsace had been won as the basis for a Napoleonic movement, one can only speculate. The chances are that Louis Philippe would have collapsed as feebly in 1836 as he did in 1848.

Mr. Simpson has succeeded in writing an interesting record of an adventurous career. He has spent immense pains in mastering the bibliography of his subject, and he has used the British diplomatic material to which he had access with great effect. His bias is clearly friendly to his hero, but there is no instance, we think, in which he allows it to mislead him in handling a serious question of disputed facts. Adequate as a political biography, the book has two serious limitations. It does not present an intimate human picture of Louis Napoleon the man. Nor does it attempt to investigate very fully the movement of opinion in France which rendered possible his success. But, in spite of these omissions, it is at once a readable narrative, and a valuable contribution to an obscure chapter in recent history.

SIR HUBERT PARRY ON BACH.*

SIR HUBERT PARRY'S long-expected book on Bach will be a boon or a disappointment to the reader, according to the degree of his own knowledge of Bach. Let it be said at once that if the volume be taken solely on the basis of what it sets out to do, it is excellent. Spitta's huge "Life" is, of course, the foundation of all later Bach criticism of this type. But Spitta's book is unwieldy, overgrown, and often dull. In Sir Hubert Parry's study the reader will find practically all the essential historical information that Spitta could give him, phrased in much more readable terms, and with a constant stream of criticism of the highest quality in the particular order to which it belongs. The book is the product of ripe scholarship, and of a life-long study of Bach by a mind that is in many ways peculiarly fitted to understand him. The purely technical criticism is, of course, most valuable; one would not expect less from so accomplished a musician as Sir Hubert Parry. But, although the bulk of the volume is devoted to technical elucidation, it contains a great deal of criticism of the vital kind that only comes when a personality of some depth is stirred by loving communion with one of the great souls of art. There is no one, student or expert, who will not be the better for reading such chapters as that upon the "Matthew Passion," or the final summing up of Bach as man and artist.

The book is thus peculiarly opportune, for we need a book in English that shall kindle enthusiasm for Bach in the mind of the average reader, giving him a glow that will send him to look at the music of this mightiest of masters at first hand. It is a book that one could have praised practically without reserve ten or fifteen years ago. If one commends it with some reservations to-day it is because during the last few years, thanks mainly to the two remarkable books of Albert Schweitzer and André Pirro, we have learned a host of new things about Bach, of which there is not a hint to be gathered from Sir Hubert Parry's volume. In reading it, indeed, solid and trustworthy as we recognise it to be, one has rather a shamed sense of the relative backwardness of English musical history and criticism. Our best men too often seem to begin where the French and Germans leave off—to be satisfied with the known results of old research, instead of making fresh research of their own. Sir Hubert Parry's book, for example, for all its learning and its sound sense, only looks like a piece of first-class amateur work—something like Lord Rosebery's history—by the side of so brilliant and original a performance as that of Pirro, who has the nervous

temperament and restlessly inquiring brain of the true critic—the mind that does not merely exhibit its theme from all standpoints like a well-informed mineralogist turning a piece of rock over and over in his hand, but darts flame-like through the subject, illuminating as it pierces. In Pirro, and again in Schweitzer, we have perpetually new lights flashed upon Bach. Pirro, in particular, delves more thoroughly than Sir Hubert Parry does into the sources of Bach's earliest impressions, and the music that he must have had the opportunity of studying—a much larger list than has hitherto been supposed—and again, at the end of his book, in a chapter or two of most illuminative psychological analysis, brings us nearer than anyone else has done to the real Bach as we should have found him to be, could we have spent a week with him and heard him talk. But the real value of the books of Pirro and Schweitzer is that they tell us a great deal that was never suspected before of the inmost secrets of Bach's musical nature, and not only make Bach himself better known to us, but throw a new light on the aesthetics of music in general.

Every writer, from Spitta onwards, has noticed examples of musical realism in Bach; but they have all regarded them—or affected to regard them—as the passing aberrations or diversions of a great man, who really had a soul above this kind of thing. The reason was that most of the writing upon Bach was done by men who disliked Wagner and Liszt and Berlioz and the modern type of "poetic" musician in general, and who, fighting what they thought to be a kind of Antichrist in art, believed, or tried to believe, that in Bach they had the purest type of the musician who wrote music for music's sake alone, uncontaminated by any of the poetical and pictorial fancies of the moderns. Schweitzer and Pirro have knocked that pretty theory most effectually on the head. They have showed that Bach's bias towards realism was congenital and inveterate—that he indulged in "word-painting," for example, to an extent without parallel in the music of to-day. But they have shown us more than this. Bach's mind seems to have been curiously of a piece in that concrete things incessantly suggested abstract ideas or inward moods to him, and *vice versa*; and he made his music reflect most faithfully every correspondence of this kind that occurred to him. Further, so bent was he on "illustrating" in music in the most rigidly pictorial way that he would time after time use the same musical formula for the same word or idea. Let us take one or two examples of these three methods of working. He first of all suggests the external concepts of "high" and "low," as other composers have done, by high or low notes, and motion up or down by ascending or descending themes. That is realism in its simplest form. But, unlike later realists, Bach correlates with the outward, objective thing a whole series of things that are purely subjective. Thus moods of elation or of depression are to him the mental equivalents of the physical acts of going up or down. So he gives us a whole series of ascending themes to words that express "mounting" states of mind, as it were—such as pride, courage, strength, resolution—and descending themes to words that express "declining" states of mind—such as prostration, adoration, depression, discouragement, grief at sin, humility, poverty, fatigue, and illness. For the two sets of concepts, internal and external, he will use the same musical symbols. To represent the physical concept of "surrounding," again, he adopts the realistic device of a circling or undulating theme. A crown or a garland suggests the same idea to him, so for this, too, he uses the same kind of theme. But the correspondence goes still further; for when he comes to the word "considering," he uses the same curving musical symbol once more—his notion of "considering" being that of looking round on all sides. Again, a word of purely external signification that suggests something twisted will have an appropriately twisted theme. Then come the subjective applications of the theme—the same disordered melodic outline is used to express a frame of mind like anxiety or confusion, or to depict the wiles of Satan. Careful study of the vocal works of Bach, and especially of the cantatas, has revealed a host of these curious symbols, and, in short, a mental constitution that was incessantly bent on "illustrating" and "singing" to the utmost. Sir Hubert Parry, following the

* "Johann Sebastian Bach." By Sir C. Hubert H. Parry. Putnam's. 12s. 6d. net.

older line of criticism, merely notes an isolated instance or two of Bach's realism, and disposes of it summarily as being merely "curious" or "quaint." He has apparently no idea of the vast network of symbolism that runs through Bach's whole music like the veins through our bodies—nor, it may be said in passing, of the many foreshadowings of such a symbolism in the music of Bach's predecessors. The existence of the system in Bach is conclusively shown by Schweitzer and Pirro by hundreds of quotations in musical type. Pirro, too, gives an exceptionally interesting proof of the justice of his deductions. Spitta conjectured that the music of the first chorus in the cantata "Lobet Gott in seinen Reichen" was originally written for other words—on the ground that the melodic outline does not quite fit the words to which it is now applied. Pirro shows that this was really so, and that the earlier text was that of the chorus "Froher Tag" in a cantata performed in 1732 to celebrate the enlargement of St. Thomas's School in Leipzig. When these earlier words are written beneath the music, the melodic outlines are seen at once to constitute the usual symbols employed by Bach for words of certain kinds.

The results so far established by this research are not only highly interesting in themselves, but bear important results. It should be possible to prove other uses, hitherto unsuspected, by Bach of old material for new works, as Pirro has done in the case just cited. Further, the whole psychological outlook upon music that is thus revealed is of the utmost consequence to all future theories of musical aesthetics. Apart from this, the new research illuminates Bach's work for us in two ways. It shows us, in the first place, that there was much more sense than the older critics imagined in Bach's methods of adapting old music to new texts. A connection between the two sets of words—one of them perhaps secular and the other sacred—is not always obvious at once; but if we look below the bare superficial meanings of them to the symbolism that they had in Bach's mind, a good many of the hitherto inexplicable features of the music disappear. In the "Christmas Oratorio," for example, he uses afresh a quantity of the music of an earlier cantata, "The Choice of Hercules." It is admitted that the old music suits the new words quite well in many cases; but it was always contended that certain curving figures in the bass in the aria "Prepare thyself, Zion"—which represented the serpents in the Hercules cantata—had no meaning in their new environment. Pirro shows that Bach, like the pietists of his day, was wholly familiar with the conception of Jesus crushing the serpent, and it is certain that the retention of a "serpent" motive in an aria announcing the coming of the Saviour was a perfectly natural thing to him. In the second place, we have now the key to a number of Bach's instrumental works, and so understand the better how to play them. The clue to the mood that prompted a purely instrumental piece is given at one time by its being founded on certain symbolic phrases the significance of which we have learned from the vocal works, at another by the fact that Bach selected such and such an instrumental movement to preface a particular cantata. The whole problem of Bach's mind and art has indeed been moved into a new plane during the last few years; and the lack of all mention of this in Sir Hubert Parry's book is a grave defect. Had it, in addition to its own excellences, given the English reader the main results of this newest Bach research, it would have been a study of exceptional value. As it is, one can best commend it by saying that it represents the criticism of a generation or so ago at its finest.

E. N.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BISHOP.*

It is certainly remarkable that the life of Bishop Horsley has never been written. Most people know three things about him, and they are of a kind to stimulate a desire to know more. One is, of course, his tremendous battle with Dr. Priestley, a battle that has been compared—though the comparison is unfair to Priestley—to the encounter

between Bentley and Collins. The second is his famous *obiter dictum* that the people had nothing to do with the laws, except to obey them. The third is the profound impression he made in the House of Lords when preaching on the death of Louis XVI., a sermon that struck such solemnity into his hearers that they rose and stood in silent reverence during his peroration. The cynical may reflect that it was not difficult to excite emotion and awe in such a congregation on such a subject at such a time. Certainly the sentence quoted by Mr. Jebb from the sermon would hardly of itself explain the success of the performance. We know, however, from De Quincey that his reputation as a pulpit orator stood remarkably high. But though Bishop Horsley is distinguished from the crowd of Bishops who are known only to diligent students of Church history, by the character of his excursions into politics and debate, his biography has never been written, and Mr. Jebb has conceived a happy idea in collecting and preserving some of the more important facts of the life of his great-grandfather. The book is a sketch rather than a life, but Mr. Jebb explains that the material for such a work is unfortunately very scanty, so that we may be thankful for this memoir of an interesting and striking personality.

An eighteenth-century bishop was never a bishop only. According to his tastes he combined his pastoral duties with pleasure or with scholarship. Some cases fall outside these two categories, such as the case of Bishop Watson of Llandaff, who, not liking the look of his diocese, gave himself up to planting trees and other agricultural pursuits in Westmoreland. He was bishop for thirty-four years, but during the whole of that time he never lived in his diocese, preferring to play the grand seigneur at his country seat. He gave a delightful and sympathetic account of what he called his retirement "from public life," a very different thing, we need hardly say, from retirement from his see, and of his building the palace on the banks of Windermere, where he spent the emoluments of Llandaff for the thirty years of life that remained to him. Bishop Horsley's own diversions were intellectual. He had made a reputation early as a mathematician, as is shown by his appointment as Secretary of the Royal Society in 1773. He was one of the first members of the Essex Head Club, founded by Dr. Johnson; he was a friend of Thurlow, who sent him a treatise on the Aeolian digamma, and he was consulted by Windham on Plato, balloons, the penetrability of matter, and the theory of motion. Canon Overton puts him in the same rank as Bishop Butler, and he was generally recognised by his generation as by far the ablest of the speakers and writers that the Church possessed. He had what the eighteenth century liked and admired particularly, a genius for polemics. In his great encounter with the President of the Royal Society, he was worsted, and he and his friends had to secede. But his more famous controversy with Dr. Priestley over "the corruptions of Christianity," which lasted for several years, brought him great renown, among his admirers being Coleridge and Gibbon. The discussion was treated by contemporaries as a very important public event, and Horsley was regarded as having won a signal victory for the Church, well calculated to arrest a certain drift to Unitarianism that had alarmed the bishops. Thurlow, not much of a practising churchman, said of Horsley's performance that "those who defended the Church ought to be supported by the Church," and gave him a prebendary's stall at Gloucester. This was the beginning of a warm friendship between them, a friendship so cordial that Horsley once asked Thurlow to come and hear him preach. "No," replied the Lord Chancellor, "I hear you talk nonsense enough in the House where I can contradict you and do; but I'll be damned if I come and listen to you where I can't."

Horsley, like Blomfield, was one of the reforming bishops. He set himself to correct some of the abuses of the Church, and among others the abuse of non-residence. Not that Horsley pushed his principles on this point to an unreasonable degree. "I am well aware," he said in one of his charges as Bishop of Rochester, "that many non-residents are engaged in various ways in promoting the general cause of Christianity, and are perhaps doing better service than if they confined themselves to the ordinary labors of the ministry in a country parish. But I will show no connivance to the non-residence of the younger

* "A Great Bishop of One Hundred Years Ago: Being a Sketch of the Life of Samuel Horsley, LL.D., formerly Bishop of St. David's, Rochester, St. Asaph, and Dean of Westminster." By Heneage Horsley Jebb, M.A. Arnold. 5s. net.

clergy who absent themselves from their parishes for no better purpose than 'to study men' in that manner in which that delightful study is usually pursued by them." It would be strange indeed if the bishop had allowed himself to take too harsh a view of this practice, for it was only on his translation from St. David's to Rochester that he thought it necessary to give up the living of Newington, and, as Mr. Jebb points out, he had been himself at one and the same time Rector of Newington, Rector of Albany, lecturer of St. Martin, domestic chaplain of the Bishop of London, and prebendary of St. Paul's. We do not know whether he would have thought that in accepting the offer of a private tutorship to Lord Guernsey, which involved his residence at Oxford for some years with his pupil, at the time he was Rector of Newington, he was "promoting the general cause of Christianity" more effectively than he could have done in remaining in his own parish. He was perhaps absolved from too nice a self-examination on this point by the form of his attack on the abuses of non-residence. For his main argument was, not that rectors should always live in their parishes, but that they should see that their curates were efficient and well paid.

Another question on which he felt strongly was the observance of Sunday. The Church was much less indulgent in this regard at the end of the eighteenth century than it had been in the days of Archbishop Cornwallis, whose Sunday routs provoked the intervention and rebuke of George the Third. It was indeed at this time that Sunday began to get on the nerves and consciences of the governing class. Wilberforce considered Percival's conduct in arranging for Parliament to open on Tuesday rather than on Monday almost the most important event of a generation in which war was incessant and the misery of the poor was unspeakable. A more striking reform was that which substituted Tuesday for Easter Monday as the opening day of the Newmarket Races. In the old times the villages on the route used to turn out on Easter Sunday to watch the procession of rich revellers and their gay colors and equipment. Bishop Blomfield had tried hard, when Vicar of Chesterfield, to reform the habits of the aristocracy in this respect, and Bishop Howley addressed the Duke of York on the subject, though without success, for the Duke replied that though it was true that he travelled to the races on Sunday, he always had a Bible and Prayer Book in the carriage. For the changed tone of the aristocracy about Sunday, Wilberforce and his friends had to thank the French Revolution, which scared the upper classes into decorum and gravity. The Annual Register of 1798 described this effect in a naïve passage, which ended thus: "It was a wonder to the lower orders, throughout all parts of England, to see the avenues to the churches filled with carriages. This novel appearance prompted the simple country people to inquire what was the matter." This new zeal was skilfully employed for the defeat of Stanhope's Toleration Bill in 1789, and Horsley helped to overthrow it by the argument that if the barbarous punishments that still survived for those who did not steadily observe Sunday were relaxed, "watermen would ply upon the Thames and hackney coachmen in the streets upon the Lord's day as upon any other under the express sanction of the law."

Horsley was a very vigorous politician with very pronounced views. He was one of the small minority that voted against the Peace of Amiens. On religious questions he cannot be said to have been much in advance of his Church, for, though in common with most of the bishops, he supported the Catholic Relief Bill, he resisted the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and he opposed Catholic emancipation. He was an ardent supporter of the crusade against the Slave Trade. On domestic politics he was an uncompromising Tory, and voted and spoke for Pitt's measures of coercion. It was during the debates on one of these Bills that he made his famous declaration about the relation of the people to the laws. Lauderdale retorted that such an expression would not have surprised him if it had come from the lips of an Eastern mufti. Horsley rejoined with admirable dialectical effect: "My Lords, the noble Earl is mistaken; the maxim is not calculated for the meridian of Constantinople; the miserable inhabitants under that dismal sky have no law, my Lords, to study

or to obey; they have only to obey the changeable will, caprice, or whim of their tyrant." He then went on to contrast with this the state of England, where law was equal and known and liable to no sudden change or perversion. It is difficult to know which to admire more: the audacity of a speaker who could draw that picture in the very act of supporting a series of measures that destroyed all the guarantees of equal law, or the solemn make-believe of a Chamber which could listen to it. Another very interesting passage quoted by Mr. Jebb occurs in an eloquent speech against the Slave Trade, in which Horsley, dealing with the argument that there was not much to choose between the lot of the negro in the West Indies and the English peasant, drew an idyllic picture which the English peasant might have had some difficulty in recognising. But most of Horsley's speeches—and they are very eloquent speeches—were concerned either with what we may describe as domestic or with the foreign policy of the Church. He was first and foremost a great Churchman, and if he represents in his scholarship and attainments the Church of his time at its best, he represents not less truly her bondage to the atmosphere of a class and her absolute separation from the life and interest of the poor.

A SCOTTISH LAWYER.*

THE writer of these Memorials, a book which should be in the hands of every Scotsman, was a notable figure in the Edinburgh of the first half of the last century. A distinguished lawyer and man of letters, he was, says a contemporary, one of the most popular men north of the Tweed. His life (1779-1854) covered an important period of the history of his country—a period whose representative men he knew intimately, and in which he played an honorable part. The Memorials, which appeared two years after his death, took rank at once as a classic; and the new edition, to which his grandson, Mr. H. A. Cockburn, contributes an introduction, and which is illustrated by twelve portraits reproduced in color from paintings by Raeburn, supplies a want of long standing. To some still living it will recall the attack made on the book by Brougham, in the "Law Magazine" (1856) and the exposure of the ex-Chancellor by Alexander Russel, of the "Scotsman," and by the "Edinburgh Review."

Henry Cockburn (Solicitor-General for Scotland 1830; raised to the Bench 1834) was one of the brilliant group of Whig lawyers—a group to which Scotland owes a debt of gratitude not easily exaggerated—who, impatient of the Dundas despotism, threw themselves into the reform movement at a time when to be a Reformer meant professional and social ostracism; and, associated by family with the old, by conviction and sympathy with the new order, formed a link between two sharply conflicting worlds. The Toryism of the day was singularly destitute of ideal elements. In Scotland, at least, it seldom implied anything except a dislike of popular institutions; and even this—history, it seems, is repeating itself—chiefly on grounds of personal advantage: historical and constitutional Toryism was rare. Its distinctive quality was fear—a fear which was so extreme and so general as to deprive brave men of courage and wise men of sense. "We were a' mad, sir," Francis Horner's father used to say when reminded that he was one of the jury that convicted Muir. Nations, like individuals, are liable to fits of insanity; we have seen the same phenomenon, happily on a smaller scale, in the Teutophobia of our own day. Then the French were the enemy:—

"Everything rang, and was connected, with the Revolution in France; which, for above twenty years, was, or was made, the all in all. Everything, not this or that thing, but literally everything, was soaked in this one event. . . . Jacobinism was a term denoting everything alarming and hateful, and every political objector was a Jacobin. No innovation, whether practical or speculative, consequently no political or economical reformer, and no religious dissenter, from the Irish Papist to our own native Protestant Seceder, could escape from this fatal word."

The preservation of the *status quo*, as such, was the aim of the courts and of the legislature: to suggest the possibility

* "Memorials of His Time." By Henry Cockburn. New Edition. T. N. Foulis. 6s. net.

of its improvement was the unpardonable sin. Lord Braxfield's memorable charge in a sedition trial (1793) may be quoted:—

"Two things must be attended to that require no proof: First, that the British Constitution is the best that ever was since the creation of the world, and it is not possible to make it better. . . . What right had they (the non-voters) to representation? He could tell them that the Parliament would never listen to their petition. How could they think it? A Government in every country should be just like a corporation: and in this country it was made up of the landed interest, which alone has a right to be represented. As for the rabble, who have nothing but personal property, what hold has the nation on them? What security for the payment of their taxes? They may pack up all their property on their backs, and leave the country in the twinkling of an eye; but landed property cannot be removed."

Such was the temper of the administration. There was neither public opinion nor popular representation. The self-electing town councils returned the burgh members; the 1,500 or 2,000 freeholders who possessed the county franchise were easily controlled by Dundas, who, personally amiable, and well calculated by talent and manner to make despotism popular, "was the absolute dictator of Scotland, and had means of rewarding submission and of suppressing opposition beyond what were ever exercised in modern times by one person in any portion of the empire." A written test was imposed upon suspects. It was offered in 1793 to the future Lord Corehouse by no less a person than David Hume, the nephew of the historian, then Professor of Scots Law. It was refused; but the young advocate found it expedient to leave the bar for the time being. The issue of political trials was as foregone a conclusion as had been the case under the Stewarts. Braxfield, the Lord Justice Clerk, was "the Jeffreys of Scotland": "indelible iniquities" is the term applied by Cockburn to the trials of 1793-4. Sedition, punishable in England by fine and imprisonment, was dealt with in Scotland by transportation; and words and acts adjudged in Scotland to be sedition were in England, severe as the Government was, not held to be sedition at all. Trial by jury was a farce. Jurymen were sent to the court at the discretion of the Sheriff of their county; and when they got there they were picked for their duty by the presiding judge. "Hoot! just gie me Josie Norrie (the clerk) and a gude jury, and I'll do for the fellow," was the answer of Braxfield to suggested or anticipated doubts. Some of his colleagues, if less savage, were more ridiculous. A more grotesque figure than that of Eskgrave could not be found.

"I heard him, in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offence thus: 'And not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propell the le-thall weapon through the belly-band of his regimental breeches, which were his Majesty's.'"

On another occasion, in sentencing certain persons to death on a charge of hamesucken, he first gave them the etymology of that term; then, having reminded them that they had attacked the house and its inhabitants and robbed them, he came to his climax—"All this you did; and God preserve us! joost when they was setten doon to their denner!" Others, in spite of their oddities, were men of character and ability. Hermand, famous alike for his piety and his potations, could criticise a speech of the future Lord Eldon on a Scottish entail case—"Sir, it's delightful! I could listen to it for ever! But, sir, it's the greatest nonsense! It may do very well for an English Chancellor, but it would disgrace a clerk with us"; and, when a diminutive midshipman, who had accidentally killed his assailant in a street row, at Greenock, was brought up before him on a charge of murder, he indignantly refused "to try a child."

The General Assembly was divided between the Moderates and the Evangelicals, or "High fliers." Politically the former were for the most part Tories, the latter Whigs; for which reason perhaps these rather than those possessed the sympathies of Cockburn, who was before all things a good Whig. But he was influenced by higher than political motives. The supremacy of the Moderates, he thought, meant decadence.

"The descent of the Scotch clergy throughout the last half of the eighteenth century was steady and marked. Not that there were no distinguished men among them; but they were not many, and they were always decreasing. Mouldering in their parishes was their general doom. And the descent proceeded with always increasing velocity. . . . Until Chalmers

and his consequences arose, the theological philosophy and eloquence of the Church seemed to be worn out. And no wonder. Nothing can inspire religious duty or animation but religion. A new Presbyterian revolution was approaching which brought out new men, and new dangers, and new popularity, with a necessary elevation of those who shone in it. But about this time the old thing was dead."

The Disruption does not come into the period covered by the Memorials, which ends with 1830; but Cockburn's admiration for the Fathers of the Free Church of Scotland is well known. It did credit no less to his head than to his heart. The standpoint of Gallio has rather the appearance than the reality of statesmanship. Religion is too powerful a force, individual and social, to be ignored by the civil power; the wise ruler is he who foresees, guides, and utilises the enthusiasm of the ruled. For this, sympathy and comprehension are needed. Had Cockburn's attitude to religion been that of the Government of Peel in 1843, or that of Mr. Balfour in 1904, in the one case the break-up of the National Church, in the other a flagrant and mischievous miscarriage of justice would have been avoided. The cynicism of the politician and the pedantry of the lawyer were equally foreign to him: his kindliness and good sense kept him clear of either shoal. The nature of the man is reflected in his book, which, in Russel's words, is "as admirable in its accuracy of narrative as in the genial humor and skilled expression which have gained it a place in the public heart, and will continue for generations to keep the memory of its author fresh and clear."

NOVELS OF MARRIAGE.*

THOSE of our novelists who are well qualified to guide the public through the mazes of "the marriage question," seem to develop a fine sense of strategy in their perilous calling. The public is always ready to enter the enticing maze and follow its baffling windings, on the stipulation that these will merge, finally, in the straight highway of accepted righteousness. This, however, is not necessarily part of the novelists' plan, and, like Mr. Thomas Hardy, they take a malicious pleasure in introducing to our notice characters, virtuous or otherwise, who emerge in happiness from the maze with partners other than those with whom they entered it. The novelists, irritated by the ingenuous demand of their audience for conformity at all costs, are almost perversely fond of discussing difficult cases in matrimonial ethics, and of proving that compulsory virtue is worth nothing. But the struggle to wrest from a British jury a verdict of acquittal does not always make for the integrity of a novelist's art.

We feel this in the case of Mr. Marriott's clever and ingenious novel, "The Intruding Angel." The Cornish hero, Richard Noy, a refined and intellectual man of business, unhappily falls in love with and marries Miss Pauline Roby, a young lady from Lancashire, who is the very pattern of conventional ideals in feelings, morals, and conduct. This lady, who has "no settled belief about anything, but only rules of etiquette about externals," feels that the absence of the spiritual bond in marriage is of no consequence so long as her husband is "good to her" in material ways, and regards "the lover's devotion in a husband as rather silly and slightly improper." After a given period Richard Noy discovers that he and his wife are "married but not united: they touched only at the circumference of their lives"; and the problem to be expounded is what is the relative gravity of the forces that make for the permanency or the disintegration of their social bond. Mr. Marriott, acutely alive to the obstacles placed on a frank treatment of his subject, retaliates by loading the dice. Richard Noy meets the grave, cool, and serious-minded Mrs. Ormiston, who is nursing an invalid husband whose death is near at hand, and he realises that she is the one woman in the world for him; she on her part discovers the same thing. The man and woman agree, however, that their intimacy must be kept within the bounds of a spiritual friendship, and the essential thesis would seem to be an analysis of the emotional strain developed in such a situation, following the aphorism of Bishop Butler: "Things are what they are, and the con-

* "The Intruding Angel." By Charles Marriott. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

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sequences of them will be what they will be; why then should we desire to be deceived?" For purposes of his own, however, Mr. Marriott keeps Richard and Mrs. Ormiston calmly marking time, both acting as angels of pity and forbearance to their respective spouses, while the doll-like Pauline is seen succumbing to the wiles of a degenerate and parasitic young man called Lindsay. Now we humbly submit that the episode of Pauline's convenient infidelity, however ingenious, is untrue to her type of character. Pauline, conventionally proper in all her ideas, is in love with her comfortable surroundings, her charming house, her smart furniture, and her fashionable wardrobe. She accepts her husband, too, in her shallow, soulless fashion, and she would have stuck too tightly to her place in society to jeopardise it for the sake of a corrupt young man who has nothing of value to offer her in exchange. Mr. Marriott's ingenious plea is that Pauline had been "taken unawares. . . . Flattered and flustered, and, for all she knew, compromised, between fear and anxiety to get rid of Lindsay without discovery, her yielding was hardly a matter of will. . . . She had not meant to betray Richard, and, evidently, in her opinion, the absence of passion was in itself an excuse." This may appear clever, but it is exceedingly thin. The more we scrutinise the episode, the more clearly we perceive that once the brilliant idea of putting the Philistines technically, as well as spiritually, in the wrong, has flashed on the author, the less has he been able to resist the temptation to solve the problem of securing his hero's and heroine's happiness by artistically illegitimate means. Lindsay's contemptible figure has been created solely for this end—that by sinning with him Pauline and all her suburban gods of external propriety should be put out of court. And, of course, so far as the worldly verdict is concerned, Richard has already won his case. It is only a matter of Richard's divorcing his erring wife, and of Mrs. Ormiston's invalid husband dying, for the hero and heroine to be free, and then no one can say them nay.

You cannot, however, load your dice with impunity. The tricky manœuvre which puts Richard in the right destroys our interest in the position. Mr. Marriott has placed himself in the dilemma of trying in the same breath to play to the gallery and to the select few, and the compromise he adopts is unsatisfactory. Should Richard divorce his wife, the story is at an abrupt end; should he forgive her, he will be given no further opportunity of escape. Another ingenious situation is therefore created. Pauline has a baby, and it is demonstrated that the child is not Richard's. Richard, of course, again behaves with the utmost charity and forbearance, though he declines to live with Pauline, and it is only then that Mr. Marriott feels that his hero has accumulated sufficient capital in virtue to enable him to follow his inclinations. Mr. Ormiston dies, precisely at the right moment, and after the delay that decency demands, Richard and Mrs. Ormiston leave together, *en route* for Paris, divorce proceedings being foreshadowed on the last page. Now if "The Intruding Angel" as an artistic dish leaves a perplexing aftertaste, it is due to the fact that the cookery is bound to be sophisticated. Richard is not a man: he is a bundle of special pleadings put together to support a thesis.

In "The Agency Column," Mrs. Dawson Scott, whose patient and restrained work in fiction has, we are glad to see, received general recognition since the appearance of "The Story of Anna Beames," promises better than she performs. The suggestiveness of life is certainly conveyed in her thoughtful pages, but also its discursiveness and inconsequence. And this, we imagine, springs from the spiritual theme she has chosen to handle being deficient in drama. The problem presented to us is, again, a marriage that leads to the bitterness and alienation of both husband and wife, but in the case of Colonel and Mrs. Morgan there seems no conclusion to be drawn except that they were spiritually unmade from the first, and that in consequence "the pair are like blind children stumbling over a stony road, and unable either of them to help or direct the other." Colonel Morgan is an honest, everyday kind of man, of proven courage and probity, but dry and bleak, narrow in his intellectual outlook and arid in his sympathies. He has had a bitter love disappointment in youth, and has chosen Frances, a beautiful and idealistic girl of nine-

teen, for a union of suitability and convenience. But he has failed to wake her love. Little by little he has slipped into being the companion of some dreary years of moderate discord, a companion of whom she has become utterly weary. The subtle selfishness of the woman's idealist nature is well indicated by her failure to win the love of her little daughter, Madge. She lives for herself, restless and unhappy, chafing openly or in secret against the loveless conditions of her life, and it is impossible to see how her marriage could have developed in her true spiritual happiness.

In the early stages of her story, Mrs. Dawson Scott holds our attention, and the social background, in which move the cheery and competent figures of Frances's sister, Mrs. Field, and her jolly husband, Tom, who twenty years ago have chosen poverty and a love match, is most actual. But with the introduction of Theodore Higham, the ardent youth of Jewish extraction, who falls in love with Frances, and attempts to rescue her from her environment, a certain haziness steals over the story. An exceeding sharpness of dissection is called for in the exact shades of feeling of the three people concerned, and the author, if she will forgive the suggestion, would appear to be writing without any direct contact with her characters. The scenes of Frances's dismissal of her lover, and of her own retreat, with her child, to her father's country house, Trenowan, bring on the stage several sets of characters who have nothing to do with the essential situation. It is here that the author fails in artistic co-ordination of the parts of her novel, rather than in any weakness of handling. And though the critic can lay his finger on no apparent falsity or insincerity in the treatment, the situation seems disappointing in the sequel, through the drama itself dragging on lamely to a finish without a solution.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

As an introduction to the facsimile edition of the four Shakespeare folios, published by Messrs. Methuen, the same publishers have issued a handsome volume called "The Shakespeare Folios and Quartos: A Study in the Bibliography of Shakespeare's Plays, 1594-1685," by Mr. A. W. Pollard. The object of the work is to show that the Elizabethan printers and publishers of Shakespeare were not as bad as they have been painted, and that "the pirated editions are few and clearly distinguishable from the honest ones, and they have left no trace whatever on our present texts." Mr. Pollard combats the view held by Mr. Sidney Lee and other Shakespearean scholars that the text of the First Folio is based upon earlier pirated texts, modified by more or less perfect transcripts which had passed into private hands, the editing being done clumsily and without care. Mr. Pollard's theory is that there is no necessity for postulating the existence of such private transcripts and that the arrangement of the plays in the First Folio, far from being haphazard, is due to a careful editorial plan. The editors, he thinks, took less interest in plays that had been already printed, and placed the unprinted plays in all the important positions—the new plays being placed at the beginning and end of each section and the old "hidden away in the middle." The Histories were arranged in the chronological order of the kings, but the arrangement of the Tragedies gives Mr. Pollard more trouble to explain. His discussion of the editorial methods of Heminges and Condell may seem rather fanciful, but deserves the consideration of textual critics. More important is his marshalling of his general arguments regarding the care taken by editors of Folios and Quartos alike, and his classification of the Quartos into good and bad. He has in this carried the criticism of Shakespeare's text a step forward and opened up several interesting questions. The chapter called "The Quartos of 1619" deserves especial notice. It contains fresh materials of great value, brought to light by the labors of both Mr. Pollard and Mr. W. W. Greg, regarding the dates on some of the quartos. The book is illustrated by reproductions of the title-pages of Quartos and Folios, and gives a mass of other bibliographical information. Mr. Pollard is to

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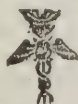
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* * *

"THE OLD TESTAMENT IN THE LIGHT OF THE RELIGION OF BABYLONIA AND ASSYRIA," by J. Evans Thomas, B.D. (Black, 3s. 6d.), is intended to present to the ordinary reader a fairly comprehensive idea of the recent discoveries made on the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates. It is also intended to show the extent to which the Old Testament writers were indebted to the Babylonians and Assyrians. In the Biblical stories of the creation, the fall of man, the Sabbath, the deluge, the tower of Babel, we find ourselves amidst a circle of ideas which present many similarities to the ideas of the Assyrians and Babylonians. The resemblances are in many cases so striking that we are compelled to regard these ancient Semitic conceptions as having a common origin. Even the laws of Moses have a new light shed upon them by the ancient code of Hammurabi, which long preceded it in time. It is probable that many of the festivals in the ancient Hebrew calendar are of Babylonian origin. The Babylonian ritual and the internal arrangements of the Babylonian temples present many points of similarity to the Hebrew temples and forms of worship; and Professor Sayce goes so far as to say that the Temple of Solomon was little more than a reproduction of the Babylonian sanctuary. When we examine the sacred literature of the Babylonians we find that it resembles the psalms and prophetic books of the Old Testament:—

"Dissolve my sin," cries the Babylonian worshipper, "my iniquity, my transgression, and my offence.
Forgive my transgression, accept my supplication.
Secure my deliverance, and let me be loved and carefully tended.
Guide my footsteps in the light, that among men I may gloriously seek my way."

Mr. Thomas has done a very useful piece of work in his little volume, and it is to be hoped that his book will be widely read.

* * *

"LETTERS FROM THE PENINSULA, 1808-1812," by Lieut.-General Sir William Warre, edited by his nephew, Dr. Edmond Warre (Murray, 10s. 6d. net), can hardly be said to add much of interest to what has already been written about Wellington's campaigns in Spain and Portugal. But the contemporary account of stirring events by one who has taken an active part in them has nearly always a value and a freshness denied to even the most conscientious of later chroniclers. For this reason the letters written by Sir William Warre to his parents are well worth publishing. They do not form a connected narrative of events in the Peninsula, but this gap is filled in by Dr. Warre's brief introductions to each chapter. The author of the letters was born at Oporto, and his knowledge of Portuguese helped to secure him the post of A.D.C., first to General Ferguson, and after that officer's return to England, to Marshal Beresford. He was appointed to organise the Portuguese troops, helped to raise the armed peasantry in the province of Minho, and was present at the battles of Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, and Salamanca. In 1813 he was appointed lieutenant-colonel in the English Army and resigned his Portuguese commission. The letters show a great admiration for Marshal Beresford, whom the writer praises for his "unremitted exertions and Herculean labor," and defends against the charge of severity. Though mainly concerned with military operations, their chief interest for most readers will lie in the side-lights they throw upon the mind of the camp and the attitude of Portuguese, Spaniards, and Englishmen towards one another.

* * *

THE misdeeds of sundry past directors and trustees of the National Gallery have constantly been proclaimed—their good works less constantly. For the sake of fairness, therefore, we welcome such a volume as "The National Gallery Lewis Bequest" (Allen, 5s.), compiled by Mr. M. W. Brockwell, which shows the judgment and taste exercised in the administration of, at any rate, one pecuniary gift for the purchase of pictures. The Lewis Fund of £10,000 was bequeathed in 1863, and is a long way the

oldest of such private bequests. If it had been used for nothing else, the acquirement of the works by Alfred Stevens, which are now at Millbank, would alone have sufficed to make the donor's name remembered with gratitude; but the representative character of the purchases is shown in the list (with biographical notices of the painters) here published. The latter part of the book includes an appendix, with tables, showing the relative importance of the National Gallery in regard to Italian pictures, to other European galleries. The main result of these tables is to prove that in the quantity of such pictures the National Gallery is second to the Siena Gallery alone, while a qualitative analysis reveals our Gallery as easily first. In the matter of Italian pictures in private collections, also, we still enjoy a more than comfortable lead, notwithstanding the recent energetic purchasing by agents of American millionaires. Mr. Brockwell deserves well of the connoisseurs of this country, and his book should serve as an appeal to their patriotism to preserve a fine heritage of art treasures, if not to augment it.

* * *

MR. HERBERT PRESTON-THOMAS'S "The Work and Play of a Government Inspector" (Blackwood, 10s. 6d. net) gives us the reminiscences of a cultivated and humorous civil servant who has done good service in his profession and also found time to do journalistic work and to make his appearance as an author. He gained a place in the Privy Council Office when Charles Greville was retiring, and his successor, Sir Arthur Helps, was not yet appointed. Of both of these, as well as of Palmerston, Mr. Preston-Thomas tells some good anecdotes, though those culled during his later experience as Inspector of Workhouses are the best in the volume. The following is new to us and well worth quoting: A mother, imbued with orthodox opinions as to future punishment, came quite seriously to a lady responsible for the Sunday School in order to complain that her child was taught that there was "No 'ell.'" The explanation was found in the fact that the children had been singing a carol with the chorus—

"No-el, No-el,
Born is the King of Israel."

Mr. Preston-Thomas's administration as a Workhouse Inspector seems to have been guided by what are generally classed as "C. O. S." principles, mitigated in some degree by a fund of natural kindness.

* * *

It is no disparagement to Mr. Stewart Dick's writing to say that it is of subsidiary interest to Mrs. Allingham's pictures in "The Cottage Homes of England" (Arnold, 21s. net). He shows a knowledge both of the English countryside and of the best that has been written about it, and he gives an admirable account of the evolution of the cottage from its beginnings to the time of its artistic splendor in Tudor and Stuart days. There is besides a chapter on old village life and its festivities. Mrs. Allingham is so well known as a painter of English cottages and country that nothing needs to be said in praise of her pictures. Mr. Dick points out that in the sixty or more illustrations to this volume there is not a single dark or lowering sky. "The old twisted beams could be made to look grim and terrible, the building unutterably sad in its decay. But her pictures have always a green and smiling old age." This cheerfulness, as well as the artist's evident sympathy, makes "The Cottage Homes of England" one of the pleasantest color-books of the season.

* * *

THE Clarendon Press issues the two last volumes of Mr. J. C. Smith's edition of Spenser's "Poetical Works." These contain the "Faerie Queen," the text of which, as now presented, is based upon a fresh collation of the Quartos of 1590 and 1596 and the Folio of 1609. The whole text of the 1596 Quarto is given, as in every case where Mr. Smith adopts another reading he places the variant of 1596 in the notes. The differences between the Quartos are nearly always trifling, but Mr. Smith has recorded them with punctilious exactness. The volumes are printed in an excellent type, and this edition of Spenser is one to delight the book-lover



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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accom-
panied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts
no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE centenary of Gladstone's birth was honored on Wednesday, not merely in London, where a Bulgarian deputation laid a costly silver wreath on his grave in Westminster Abbey, but in the many countries, great and small, which rank him as one of their greatest citizens. These celebrations took place in Athens, where the Director of the Museum referred to him as "the Aristides of Christianity," in Philippopolis, in Belgrade, in Rome, in New York, and in Cape Town. Probably the best description of Gladstone's career is that addressed to him by members of his own University: "You have so lived and wrought that you have kept the soul alive in England."

* * *

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has issued a manifesto from his retirement at Highbury, which, though in style a pale shadow of the old Chamberlain vigor, puts the tactical case for Unionism with some skill. It passes over the Revolution of the Lords with the evasive sentence that the Budget was still dependent on the people's vote, and that therefore their action lay within the duty of a Second Chamber. It says no word on the structure of the Protectionist Budget or on the gross inconsistencies of the earlier and the later forms, but it states without disguise that the Lords have been used as a mere instrument for replacing a Free Trade by a Protectionist Government, and adds that this is Tariff Reform's last chance. "If," says Mr. Chamberlain, "we throw away this opportunity I do not think that any other will come to us and we shall have lost altogether the chance that is now ours." As minor reasons for turning out the Government he enumerates Home Rule, naval defence,

and the question of Single Chamber or Double Chamber government.

* * *

MR. BALFOUR has made one or two meagre contributions to the campaign. In a letter to Mr. H. S. Foster he disavows Mr. Chamberlain's second Protectionist Budget, and harks back to the first with the remark that the "proportionate contribution" of the working classes is not to be increased by Tariff Reform. This, of course, is as meaningless a pledge as Lord Rothschild's private guarantee of the Buckinghamshire pensions for which, in his public capacity, he refuses to find the money; but it is in point-blank contradiction to Mr. Chamberlain's inclusion of bacon and maize, and the dropping in the "Birmingham Post" Budget of all suggestion as to the remission of breakfast table duties. At Haddington, Mr. Balfour, in a brief and toneless speech, declared Socialism to be a leading point of the campaign, said that in the maintenance of the Navy the Government had not redeemed their pledges by their policy, repeated his somnambulist talk as to the obsolescence of Cobdenism, but was, as usual, honest enough to declare that the "whole difficulty" of unemployment—which had now become chronic—could not be solved by "Tariff Reform." It could only be "diminished." As to the issue of the election, said Mr. Balfour, "we mean to win—sooner or later."

* * *

MR. CHURCHILL's election address, which was issued on Wednesday, states the points of the election with electric vigor, singular breadth of thought, and much suggestiveness of phrasing. If the claims of the Lords were allowed, that body must become master of the State, exercising an authority transmitted from generation to generation. Thus England would have a Constitution less broad and free than France, or the United States, or any of our self-governing Colonies. British democracy had done nothing to deserve such a loss of power, involving, as it did, the draining of all virtue from the people's vote. The people could be trusted to pursue the gradual processes of democratic development already begun. The alternatives were a violent backward movement or a harmonious forward evolution. Protection meant the instant organisation of trusts, with its correlative of public corruption, the prostration of Parliament before the power of wealth, and the disappearance of the hope of "a free and balanced society" kept "clean and healthy by recurrence to simple truths and first principles." Mr. Churchill outlined the Government's remedy for unemployment, which he defined as trade-organisation and insurance, while on international policy he thought that peace would ensue so long as nations were being "woven together by the silent and tireless forces of civilisation."

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SIR EDWARD GREY, speaking at Salisbury on Tuesday, charged the Tories with being interested in the maintenance of the merely "one-sided veto" of the Lords, a veto exercised by men absolutely without credit or historic or personal responsibility for what they did. Sir Edward inclined to an elective Second Chamber, which could do no worse than produce the deadlock

that existed to-day. But the present House, like a bad umpire at cricket, never gave a decision against its own side or for its opponents. A proposal to "reform" the House of Lords by self-election was worthless, for it could only create a "body of superior persons." Reform of the House of Lords, according to Lord Curzon, was to appear on every Tory election address, "but so," added Sir Edward caustically, "did Old Age Pensions." The issue of the election was a vote of confidence either in the House of Commons or in the House of Lords.

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SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, one of the most moderate and also the most learned of English public men, contributed to the "Times" of Tuesday a powerful and caustic survey of the action of the Lords. He warned them that, in "putting the British Constitution in the melting-pot," they had invited Australia, Canada, and South Africa to call for fresh changes in it, and said that in their claim of a legal right to throw out a Money Bill they were no more justified than the King would be if, without reference to Parliament, he were to cede the Isle of Wight to the Republic of San Marino, or if the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council declared that in future it would pay no regard to the decisions of any English Court. "Once," he added, "in a fit of folly the rulers of this nation did act on their strict rights and taxed the American colonies. The answer was a strictly illegal proceeding called the Declaration of Independence. It was ultimately justified by success." He insisted that the spirit of the debate in the Lords showed ignorance and even levity. "Many of the Lords," he said, "discussed the Budget as if they were on the second reading of it in the House of Commons. Some said they disliked it on this or that point, and cheerfully overlooked the existence of any constitutional question at all. Indeed, the average attitude of the majority might be summed up after this fashion: It's a bad Budget, very bad—yes, a d—d bad Budget, and why shouldn't we throw it out? and, by George, we will, and be d—d to Lloyd George into the bargain! and who dares to say we can't?"

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RECURRING to the vital case of the Harcourt Budget of 1894, he quoted Lord Salisbury's bitter analysis of the actual representative strength of the trifling majority in the House of Commons which carried that measure. Lord Salisbury then showed that a turn of 150 votes in the country would have been enough to throw out the Finance Bill. In the face of that fact, Lord Salisbury argued strongly against rejection. Yet the Finance Bill of 1909, which was thrown out, passed the House of Commons by twelve times the majority that the Harcourt Budget possessed. As for Lord Curzon's claim that it was the business of the House of Lords to say when a Parliament has lasted long enough, it could not be reconciled with Parliamentary Government, while the assertion of a right of appeal to the electorate was really an attempt to control finance, because in no other way could the Lords bring about a dissolution. Lord Curzon, replying to Sir Frederick on Thursday, suggested that Lord Salisbury had declined to recommend rejection of the 1894 Budget because the Government of the day was "only in its second year of office," a precise reaffirmation of the claim of the Peers to determine the life of a Liberal Government as soon as they think it safe to do so.

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SPEAKING at Boston on Thursday night, Lord Wiltoughby de Broke was asked, "Who gave Old Age Pen-

sions?" He replied, "We gave them," and then proceeded to speak with gross discourtesy of Mr. Ure. At Evesham, Lord Clinton, declaring that you must "tax the capitalist as little as possible," and being asked whether he would "put it all on labor," replied that he would put it neither on capital nor on labor, but on the foreigner. On Tuesday night, Lord Salisbury claimed for the Lords that they were not "waiters on providence," and did not trim their sails to passing breezes, but were "independent" (*i.e.*, of the people), and could thus "consider the wishes and views of the country." Again, Lord Tennyson suggested that they had thrown out the Budget in the interests of Tariff Reform, its only alternative. Finally, "The Voice" dealt with great effect with Mr. Walter Long, who had stated in the Strand that "the people already paid very heavy taxes on food."

"The Voice: Not so much as we did four years ago.

"Mr. Long: How much less?

"The Voice: Sixpence less on tea, a halfpenny less on sugar.

"Mr. Long: Supposing your view is correct——

"The Voice: It is correct.

"Mr. Long (tartly): Let's be civil."

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LORD ROTHSCHILD, speaking in Whitechapel to a gathering of Jews, but declaring that he talked "as an Englishman to Englishmen," again showed his extreme aversion from the payment of taxes. He stated that the Jews fled from Russia to escape bureaucracy, and that it was "a similar bureaucracy that the Liberal Government want to impose on this country." That is to say they ask Lord Rothschild, the rich Jew, to submit to a valuation of his land and to make a statement as to his income, in common with the Gentile farmers of Buckinghamshire and the Jew shopkeepers of Whitechapel. If Lord Rothschild does not like these conditions, he is open to return to his ancestral home. But he will not take many of his co-religionists with him.

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THERE has been much discussion in the German Press over the later phases of the negotiations for an Anglo-German rapprochement. The Pan-German element, which distrusted Herr Bethmann-Hollweg from the first, has been circulating reports, calculated to alarm, to the effect that the British success in obtaining the Lynch concession in Turkey was a prelude to a wholesale surrender of German interests in the Near East, which was itself part of a yet more sinister bargain to arrest the growth of the German Navy. The official denials are careful to state that the desire to reach a rapprochement exists. The most definite accounts of what is going on are to be found in the "Frankfurter Zeitung" and the "Standard," which state that negotiations, which are likely to be protracted, are in progress to reach an understanding (1) in regard to a number of minor African questions, (2) touching all Near Eastern questions, from the Bosphorus to the Persian Gulf, and, finally, in regard (3) to armaments. There can, it is said, be no modification of the Naval Law, which governs construction up to 1917, but after that date the two Governments may exchange information as to their intentions.

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THE mysterious crisis of two weeks ago, when Hilmi Pasha's Government was almost upset for granting a monopoly of the river navigation of Mesopotamia to the English Lynch Company, has at last produced its natural consequence. Hilmi Pasha has resigned his post as Grand Vizier, advancing no explanation more convincing than a desire for rest—perhaps the last foible which this avid worker would be likely to enter-

tain. His post was offered to Marshal Mahmud Chefheth Pasha, the soldier who led the Committee's army in April, and still rules Constantinople under a mild form of martial law. On his refusal, Hakki Bey, who long resided as a Consular official in England, was summoned from Rome. The Cabinet, when formed, is likely to reflect even more decidedly the predominance of the Committee (now an open party) in the Chamber. We know as yet too little of the real meaning of this crisis to pronounce a decided judgment, but it is said that Hilmi Pasha has fallen because of his complacency under English pressure in the matter of this unpopular concession. A disquieting feature of the Turkish situation is the unrest caused in Macedonia by proposals to deport large numbers of Bulgarians, and to undertake a systematic plan of Moslem colonisation.

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THERE is at last some improvement in the internal chaos in Greece. The Military League, after some dramatic scenes in the Chamber, has been induced by the King's mediation to throw over its nominee, the Minister of War, Colonel Lapathiokis, who had made himself particularly obnoxious to the Constitutional parties. The Athenian students have indeed manifested their displeasure with this surrender. But the Press and the trade guilds, which were some weeks ago on the side of the officers, seem to have recovered their independence. On the other hand, the rival Constitutional groups in the Chamber are as far as ever from uniting against a menace which threatens the whole Parliamentary system. It is too soon to say whether the improvement is likely to be permanent. The Military League was threatening to move regiments on Athens only a week ago. If it still commands the army, it may at any moment recover the ground it has lost. A general election might bring back a more vigorous Chamber, but, in view of the determination of the Cretans to use such an opening in order to defy Turkey by sending deputies to Athens, that means of salvation is the last which could prudently be used.

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THE Indian Congress movement has not recovered from the dissensions which broke out two years ago at Surab, and its meetings this Christmas seem to have been depressing and uncomfortable. The President-Elect, Sir Pherozeshah Mehta, one of the ablest and most universally respected men in the Moderate ranks, had resigned at the last moment, apparently because other leaders wished to extend a certain measure of tolerance towards the less irreconcilable extremists. The attendance was thin. The proceedings were occupied mainly with a severe destructive criticism of the regulations by which the Indian Government is giving effect to Lord Morley's Reform Scheme, chiefly because of the policy they embody (explicitly avowed in the original "Simla" scheme) of excluding the educated "Baboo" element as far as possible, and also because of their exaggeration of the principle of Mohammedan minority representation. These defects (and they are real and serious defects) bulk for the moment so largely in the minds of Hindoo politicians as almost to destroy the tempered welcome originally bestowed on the scheme by the Moderates.

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MEANWHILE, the exclusion of Indians from the Transvaal continues to evoke intense feeling. It is evident that our failure to encourage and conciliate Moderate Nationalism is having the inevitable effect of reinforcing the wildest tendencies of the terrorists. The Indian police (whose revelations must be received with

reserve) claim to have discovered a wide-spread conspiracy behind the murder of Mr. Jackson in the Deccan. Anglo-Indian sentiment (if the "Times" may be taken as its mouthpiece) is calling for wholesale deportations, for the quartering of "punitive police" in the villages, and for such a manipulation of the Courts that none of the accused shall escape on "legal technicalities."

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THE Hungarian Cabinet crisis, which has lingered through various phases since midsummer, has at last reached a stage which has permitted the Crown to ask Dr. Lukacs, a capable financier and a politician free from party ties, to form a Cabinet. It is not as yet known whether he will turn mainly to the more moderate Kossuthist group or to the followers of the individually sympathetic, yet more extreme, M. de Justh. The latter is pledged to the creation of a separate Hungarian Bank, a concession which the Crown is not likely to grant; but he is, on the other hand, better disposed towards the subject races, and more likely to favor an honest scheme of universal suffrage. At bottom, Hungarian politics turn for the moment on finance, with their pivot in Paris. It is necessary to raise a loan of 20 millions sterling, and neither Vienna nor Berlin is in a lending mood.

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It is not quite certain that the German Government will have the approval of the commercial community in its present complacency towards the Franco-German commercial group which proposes to develop the mineral resources of Morocco. A complicated bargain, in which Messrs. Schneider on the one hand and Messrs. Krupp on the other had a share, to develop the iron-ore fields, not merely of Morocco but also of Algeria, preceded the diplomatic understanding. But, in the meanwhile, an exclusively German firm, the Mannesmann Brothers, had obtained from Muley Hafid, while still an unrecognised pretender, in return for a loan of £15,000, a concession to exploit no less than 600 mineral claims in Morocco, which are said to be worth at least £10,000,000. A monopoly on this vast scale would seem to conflict with the Act of Algeciras. Herr von Schoen, on behalf of the German Government, shrinks from giving diplomatic support to the Mannesmann claim against the Franco-German Union des Mines Marocaines, and suggests a reference to arbitration. Herr Ballin, on behalf of the Hamburg shippers, has entered a vigorous protest, on the ground that Hamburg no longer makes all its old profits on the carriage of Swedish ore.

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WE regret to record the death of Earl Percy, the heir of the Duke of Northumberland, at Paris, on Thursday, at the age of thirty-eight. The loss is a serious one to the Conservative Party, already bare to the bone of men of even average capacity for governing. Lord Percy had no genius, but he had great talent for Parliamentary speech, and special powers of application to foreign affairs, which he handled with far greater discretion than Lord Curzon. He spoke, not indeed with distinction, but with the effect which a master of facts produces in the House of Commons, especially when he deals with little known subjects. Had he lived he would almost certainly, in the course of time, have succeeded Lord Lansdowne as Foreign Secretary in some future Tory and Protectionist Government.—The death of Mr. Hirst Hollowell, on Sunday, at the age of fifty-eight, bereaved Nonconformity of one of its most direct and vigorous controversialists. Matthew Arnold would probably have said that Mr. Hollowell represented the dissidence of Dissent more than its culture, but controversy gained greatly by the service of so clear a mind and so honest a pen.

Politics and Affairs.

THE APPEAL TO THE MODERATE MAN.

THE cause of the peers is fated to be linked with the false and hypocritical notions of public policy which dictated their original breach of the Constitution. That insidious act, as Sir Frederick Pollock shows in a masterly letter to the "Times," had no other aim, and if it succeeds, can have no other effect, than to make the House of Lords supreme not only in legislation but in finance. Only by withholding supply could the Lords force a dissolution. Only by forcing a dissolution could they hope to bring a hated Government to the ground. Having achieved that result, they have not dared to allege in the face of the electorate the pleas on which alone they overthrew the Budget, for then the monstrous disproportion between their deed and the excuses for it would have appeared in the sight of all men. Accordingly, their false speeches and falser posters cover every point in the Budget save the taxes on wealth they have sworn to extirpate from it. The latter, indeed, contrive to suggest the really colossal lie that a financial plan aimed especially at saving labor at the cost—a very reasonable cost—of luxury, oppresses it in respect of the very imposts which the Lords passed without a murmur, and would have doubled with joy if thereby they could have saved their rents and monopolies.

Still more urgent is it for the Constitution-breakers to conceal the character, as well as the motives, of their act. So, with the whine of a bullying tramp, they call on "moderate" men to rally to their support, and promise that if only they are allowed to roll the House of Commons in the dust, they will promptly set about the business of "reforming" themselves. Thus speak most criminals when they are found out; let them off this once, and they will produce the most dazzling effects of virtue. With them, as with the House of Lords, the first business of the judge is to examine the true character of the offender, and when that has been probed to the bottom, to protect the community from his unreformed and unrepentant self. Even if the plea of reform were honest, it would be at once a condemnation of what the Lords had done and an invitation to the Liberal Party to proceed without delay or compunction to its necessary business of destroying their veto. It means, if it means anything, that an hereditary House cannot defend its act of war on the representative one; that, as it well knows, common right and reason and fairness disabled it from drumming up its most ignorant, obscure, and idle members to destroy a sacred privilege of the Commons. So let this body be speedily huddled out of sight, and something presentable put before the people's eyes, something suggesting the deed, not of self-regarding folly, but of impartial statesmanship. Then, perhaps, when Hyde has slipped his skin of palpable mischief, and Jekyll appears merely attired in the hypocrite's conventional garb, the old offence may be condoned, and a career of fresh licence opened up.

To this task, forsooth, is to be summoned the "moderate" man, the person disposed to take calm views

of the whole field of politics. We should have said that he had already intervened with some effect in the controversy—through the "Quarterly" and "Edinburgh," in the persons of the Archbishop of York, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord St. Aldwyn, Lord James of Hereford, Sir Frederick Pollock, and Mr. Arthur Elliot—and that the case for the Lords had withered in his hands. And we may well ask on what other side he could act than on that of the Liberal Party? Does he, for example, desire that the Constitution should maintain and develop the existing balance of its powers? Then, in the full flood of democracy, he will not think it wise to put the representative House at the mercy of the non-representative. Does he apprehend conscription, and an embittered and dangerous controversy with Germany, leading to war in a not distant future? Then he will avoid the party that openly preaches the one and steadily tends to the other. Does he think that our limited Monarchy is well served by the present party system, and that the Lords will seriously, perhaps fatally, weaken it by destroying one of those parties? He will then know where to use his influence in the present crisis. Does he think it inadvisable to give the people the impression of gross selfishness and repellent make-believe in their rulers? Then he will treat the Lords as they deserve. Does he think that Free Trade best serves the purpose of a great importing community, depending on foreign sources for two-thirds of its food supplies? Then he will avoid the extreme social danger of forcing on Protection through the destruction of a Free Trade Budget and a Free Trade Ministry by the House of Lords. Does he generally think it at once unscrupulous and reckless to use the tyrant's device of a *plébiscite* against the representative form of government, and to follow it up by a deliberately confused appeal on almost every public question but that which moved the Lords to their action? Then he will conceive it to be a far lesser evil to put back the House of Lords into the place which so good an observer as Bagehot assigned to it in the 'seventies, than to make it impossible for any Liberal Prime Minister to accept the King's invitation to form a Ministry.

Still more concerned will the moderate man be to vote with the Liberals if he rightly surveys the precise and imminent dangers of the situation. It is quite useless to disguise the fact that the Lords have brought us within hailing distance of Revolution. Probably the people do not see it; it is not the genius of our race to divine difficulties until they stare us in the face. But suppose the Liberals and Labor Party are defeated. It is a most unlikely hypothesis, but it should be entertained. The Government would then resign. The Protectionist and Peers' Party would have two Budgets to consider. The first would be the present Budget minus the land taxes. The second, immediately following it, must carry with it swingeing taxes on the people's food, for there would be no time to lay an elaborate tariff on manufactured goods. Thus an enraged and deceived community would find their bread snatched from their mouths by the same force that had at once shielded its own monopoly and destroyed their political power. The quicker the reaction from such a policy the

better; and the longer it was delayed the more extreme its form must be. All this while, the defeated party would be an irreconcilable force. All the new taxes it would treat as essentially unconstitutional in origin and character. It would agitate the question of powers incessantly; calling for the restitution of the stolen authority of the House of Commons, and eventually creating a force that would sweep the Peer-Protectionist Ministry away and a good deal of worthless constitutional *débris* with them.

Or let us take a second hypothesis—that the Government are returned by a small majority. The Peers might then pass the Budget, and if they did not, a plainly forcible method would doubtless be approved by the Crown. But the Government might or might not prevail on the King to overbear the Peers' resistance to the destruction of the absolute veto. The Crown would thus be placed in an odious position. One party would ask it to disregard a popular mandate, the other to fulfil it. If it decided for the Peers, it would place itself in antagonism to the party that was bound to win in the end, and whose acceptance of the Monarchy is one of its strongest supports. If it decided for the People, it must become the subject of attack by the classes with whom the private life of the King is necessarily spent. In the one case he would be charged with acting too soon, in the other with going too slow; with one set of critics the complaint would be that the Monarchy had disregarded its past, with the other that it had taken no thought for its future.

Every one can divine the deep confusion, the bitter controversy, the embarrassing situations, which would arise from the new attitude that the Monarchy might be driven to adopt to one or other of the parties which, until the later interventions of the Lords, exercised practically an equality of opportunity in the competition for power. No one can tell what immediate form such a new relation of political forces would take, though the end can be predicted with certainty. Are these consequences desirable? Does the moderate man, in particular, desire them? Does he think that when the monstrous usurpation of the Lords is seen in its true proportions, and men realise that it has stripped the land almost bare of constitutional law, the resulting storm will be easily mastered? If not, it is clear that he, no less than every type of progressive politician, should aim at the one satisfactory issue of the General Election, the return to power of the Liberals and their Labor and Irish allies, by a majority which public opinion would recognise as sufficient for the double purpose of passing the Budget and ending the absolute veto of the House of Lords. All the crockery that the Lords have smashed cannot be mended; progress in future will not, in any case, be as orderly as in the days before the aristocracy broke bounds. But if every friend of progress thinks that he has British freedom in his personal charge, and is wrought to the pitch of putting it well in front of his average workaday partisanship, we shall, at least, save our politics from being violently twisted out of their course by a gang of revolutionists, one-half of whom are plotting for power and the other half for plunder.

THE SOCIAL PROGRAMME OF LIBERALISM

It is an old charge that Liberal policy is merely negative. There was a time when it contained a certain truth, but it was never less true than it is to-day. It is a fact that on two great points the Liberal of to-day is opposing change. On the constitutional side Liberalism is now the conservative force. It is conservative in that nobler and more generous sense in which Burke ranks as the greatest of conservatives. It is conservative in that it adheres to the spirit of the Constitution, and stands by the natural order of its development. It is conservative in opposition to the reckless reaction which tramples on tradition and defies the honorable understandings of generations. It is conservative again on the fiscal question. It stands by the victory won, under the leadership of Cobden and Bright, by common sense and the feeling for the general good. It recognises that the Free Trade principle is not only the best in itself for a great industrial nation, but is deeply rooted in our economic structure by the events of sixty years and by the special directions into which it has led British enterprise. On both counts the men of historical sense, the more philosophic conservatives who seek a slow and secure social growth firmly rooted in the past, begin to rank themselves on the Liberal side.

But while we hold to the elements of liberty that our fathers won, we are not dead to the miseries, the injustice, the waste, the tragedy of existing social circumstances. We can hurl back the taunts of the Tariff Reformer in his teeth. He has his "positive" policy, he boasts, that is to cure unemployment, redeem poverty, leave wealth untaxed, and make the foreigner pay for all. "Positive enough," we reply, positively wrong, positively fallacious, in some cases positive quackery. The Budget, says the Tariff Reformer, will do nothing for unemployment. The answer is given by Mr. Lloyd George and is reinforced in the stirring election address of Mr. Winston Churchill. We have now a policy clearly thought out in its broad outline for dealing with the worst evils of poverty. We do not pretend that it is a cure-all. We are aware that at some points it is experimental, and at other points palliative. But we claim that it takes every side of poverty into account, that it looks all round the question and fastens on every point of attack, and that it holds the field as the best ameliorative scheme that has yet been brought within reach of practical legislation in this land. Some of the leading features of the scheme were outlined in *THE NATION* eighteen months ago. Some have since been enforced and elucidated by the Reports of the Poor Law Commission, and especially by the Minority. Some are frankly inspired by German experience. We are not ashamed to learn from Germany. But when Mr. Churchill goes there for a lesson he picks up not the bad and reactionary ideas, the conscription and the Protectionism that are imposed by the autocracy or the Junkers, and that our autocrats and Junkers, our Milners and Curzons, would fain import. He picks out those elements of enlightened statecraft, those methods of advancing towards a true solidarity, which the German Government has learnt in its own despite from the Social Democrats whom it despises and once persecuted.

The campaign against poverty is not wholly in the future. It is no matter of mere promise. Its elements are already in being. Liberal legislation has already dealt with the aged, and the Budget provides the basis for the completion of the pension scheme by the removal of the pauper disqualification. It has begun to deal with the children, not only by the Children's Charter, but by medical inspection and care for the underfed child. On this must follow some provision for deserted wives and widows left with children. We must recognise that for them there is a sound and much-needed application of a principle which is too often misapplied, that the sphere of woman is the home. The home is certainly the sphere of the mother with young children, and if we are in earnest with this doctrine, we must cap it by admitting that in tending her children well and bringing them up to be healthy and capable workers, she is performing a public service, and deserves a form of public help.

But what of unemployment? Here, at least, says the Tariff Reformer, "we have a policy. We may be wrong. But at least we hold out a hope. What is your policy and what hope do you give?" The reply is given by Mr. Churchill in two words "Organisation and Insurance." The beginning of organisation is the national system of Labor Exchanges, which is no vague promise, but is actually in process of establishment. The Exchanges will, in the first place, minimise frictional waste by providing a link between every man who needs employment and every employer who can take on an additional man. That in itself is not to be despised. It will save thousands of industrious men the heart-breaking tramp in search of delusive openings. But what is far more than this, it will provide the bases of further organisation. It will give us the first complete registry of unemployment, and the first certain means of distinguishing the wastrel and the idler from the genuine searcher for work. It will crystallise the problem and define the responsibilities of the public. Next, what do we propose to do for the thousands who remain unemployed? We will point to three distinct remedies which are, or will be, the immediate purpose of the Liberal Government to take in hand. There is, first, the systematic organisation of public work, municipal and national, in such a manner as to adjust the maximum of public to the minimum periods of private employment. A valuable beginning in this direction was made last winter by the Local Government Board, in connection with municipal construction. But, secondly, and beyond this, is the organisation of public industries under the Development Act, which will provide considerable openings for unskilled labor on afforestation, road-making, and land reclamation. Thirdly, and especially for the more skilled men who cannot be bandied about from one form of work to another, there is the provision of a State-aided insurance, to give backing to the efforts already made in this direction by the trade unions. On all these issues Tariff Reform has no positive policy.

Behind it all lies the question of the land, which the Budget for the first time assails by the only sound

methods of fair valuation, taxation on real market value, and the absorption of a moderate portion of the unearned increment. Superior to all European nations in our fiscal system, we lag far behind them in our system of land tenure. Where they have a landed peasantry as the backbone of their working population, we have the landless laborer who, more for want of prospect in his own home and in his own industry than for any other economic reason, is rapidly drifting away into the towns, increasing the labor congestion, crowding the labor market, and aggravating the trouble of unemployment. We mean to staunch this flow of the best blood of the countryside. We have done a little by the Small Holdings Act, but we can make a serious beginning when once we have rendered possible the acquisition of land by public bodies on reasonable economic terms.

This is our social programme. It means the end of the system of land monopoly on the one side and of unorganised industrial competition on the other. It means the end of the system which has given to the prosperous wealth beyond the dreams of avarice and has left the mass of the people at the mercy of every blast of industrial misfortune. That is why the Lords have placed themselves resolutely in our way, and staked their very existence on the defeat of the joint forces of Liberalism and Labor. More than ever the political question is now a social question. Is the community to be free to reform itself, to utilise all the vast material resources of modern science for the alleviation of human misery, or to be enslaved to liquor monopoly, land monopoly, and the feudal privileges of the Lords?

THE ALLIES.

It may be melancholy to think of a great political fighter deprived of power; but, in our view, it is far sadder to find him deprived of the ability to see himself, and the facts, and his creed, as a man of average honesty and clear insight sees them. Mr. Chamberlain is at the end of his career. He cannot hope to witness Protection established in this country. But if he cherished this dream, to what failure and ignominy would he consign every phase of his public life which preceded its close! In his pallid and dreary manifesto to the electors, he tells us that, "without inconsistency," he and we can change from Free Trade to Protection. He informs us that it is well within the powers of the Second Chamber to destroy a Budget, to overthrow a party, to force a Dissolution, to change the fiscal system of these islands. The fiscal system he casts off is that which he pursued through nine-tenths of his activities as a public man. The party he would destroy was his own, representing the most sincere and generous convictions he ever entertained. The Budget he denounces is framed exactly and literally on the lines which he commended on a score of public platforms and in the height and the most vivid passages of his career. The House that has throttled it he condemned for every one of the vices and arrogant assumptions that are the ground of the people's indictment against it.

From the retreat, which, unfortunately, he can never leave, he has sent out a score of messages, each contradicting the other. In one breath he has told us that Protection has not raised the prices of food in Germany above those which prevail in these islands—a statement of whose baselessness Mr. Bernstein furnishes a dozen pertinent and most modern instances in another column of *THE NATION*. In another, he has suggested that he has changed nothing in his earlier, as compared with his later, scheme of Protection, whereas in the one case he has brought into account the food of a whole people—the Irish—and in the other has exempted it; has changed his plan from a pretended transfer of food taxes to a positive addition to them; has offered the Colonies a free entry for their foodstuffs, and has then shifted his plan to a Protectionist duty on them, only lower than that which he proposes for foreign sources of supply. Having created this unprincipled and unmeaning tangle of policies, devoid of a plan that will hold water for a single week of the controversy, unable to answer his critics, to reconcile his self-contradictions, or to defend his false prophecies, he goes blindly forward with the pretence that the Colonies are with him, when he knows that not one unit of British Government within the Empire has ever looked at the preposterous plan he set out in the columns of the "*Birmingham Post*." It is all in the order of things that Mr. Chamberlain's *soi-disant* leader should disown him, and should hark back to the original and less offensive Birmingham scheme, while he, in a kind of belated honesty, abandons it and declares for still more cruel penalties on labor than those he originally devised for it.

Thus these two men act, countering each other, pretending to work with each other, condemning each other to a common and shameful impotence. Mr. Balfour uses Mr. Chamberlain as an electioneering asset, the only one he possesses. Mr. Chamberlain uses Mr. Balfour to keep Protection and Toryism together. The partner who can alone succeed to power does not believe in Protection. The partner who believes, or thinks he believes, in Protection can never attain power. Mr. Balfour knows that the first Chamberlain tariff, with its balance of remissions and fresh taxes, will yield him no revenue worth speaking of. Mr. Chamberlain knows that his proposal to tax Colonial food kills preferences. Yet each man consents to play a hypocritical game of assent to an ever-shifting series of propositions, not one of which has ever been thought out. Mr. Chamberlain falsifies his Radical past in order to give Protection, as he says, its last chance with the electorate, thus stripping every shred of legality from the back of the Lords. Mr. Balfour falsifies his Conservatism, because he has not the common honesty and strength of mind to say that he thinks Protection an imposture, and that it is no business of the Conservative party to destroy the customs and traditions on which the Constitution rests. These men, drifting from deep to deep, offer themselves to the people. They are fit allies. One ruined the Liberal, the other the Tory Party. One betrayed democracy, the other Constitutionalism. In their unreal union, and real division, we discern at once the key to the politics

of the last six years, which has in turn imperilled the fiscal and the governing system of the realm.

THE INEVITABLE DUKE.

ROMAN augurs counted it a prodigy when the dumb ox spake, and to our contemporary politicians there is something portentous in the speeches of a Duke. Whether he speaks well or badly, the wonder is that he should speak at all. The most hesitating speech, the simplest letter, implies a certain effort of mind, and it is contrary to high-born nature to take so much trouble as that implies. When a man is accustomed to assistance in everything, even in putting on his shirt, it needs a certain heroism to face alone even a friendly audience or a blank sheet of note-paper. A private secretary can coach up the facts for the speech, he can even draft the outline of the letter. But when the Duke speaks, his mind revolves in splendid isolation, confronting fate. Carlyle used to commend the aristocracy for what he called their "cheerful stoicism," and we also can gratefully appreciate the stoicism and the cheerfulness required by a Duke when he makes his utterance and reads it in the papers next day.

From the first it has been an open question which of our liege-lords has supplied us with the finest examples of aristocratic eloquence and reasoning. One after another in turn has brought a new joy to the Peers' enemies and a fresh confusion to all who, for one reason or another, are attempting their defence. Never have public utterances been so carefully advertised by opponents, or hurried by supporters into such hasty oblivion. The speeches of the Dukes alone would have wrecked any cause, and we doubt if all the eloquence of Government orators has done so much to vindicate the Constitution as some little revealing phrase of a peer addressing his tenants for their good. But one of the latest of these utterances ranks among the best, and there is hardly a Peer in the legislature who could have surpassed the Duke of Sutherland's Christmas greeting to his vassals and retainers. Addressing his employes and pensioners, this owner of over a million and a quarter acres of our country, and of one of the most splendid palaces in Europe, thus begins:—

"I cannot resist the feeling at this crisis that I ought to draw the attention of those who receive wages and pensions on these estates to the present political situation, and how it may affect all those who receive all these wages and pensions."

That is the introduction. Its apologetic tone is something like the Bishop of Salisbury's, who writes to Canon Morrice that he "desires to leave Churchmen free to exercise their franchise according to their conscience, without imputation of disloyalty to the Church," but regrets that on this occasion he is obliged to give them a lead. His reason for interference with the votes which Churchmen might be disposed to give in the cause of the people, is that "the declarations of Cabinet Ministers have lifted discussion into the region of principle"—a reason that sounds very noble indeed till we

discover the region of principle to be nothing but the old, old questions of the Lords, Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, and undenominational education, and begin to suspect that the Bishop is an inveterate old Tory war-horse, scenting the battle from afar, and masking his partizanship under this fine name or that. True, the good Bishop foresees revolution, or a series of revolutions, instead of progress on lines "slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent." We should receive this admonition with meekness did it not come from a member of a House which has just defied all precedent and violently abrogated the Constitution.

But to return from this elevated region of principle to the mere temporal Peer. He, at all events, leaves principles alone and keeps his eye on his pocket. He will refer "only to that portion of this controversy that will have an immediate and direct bearing on the management and welfare of these estates." The Duke proceeds to give the alternative policies so plainly that the humblest of his dependents can only misunderstand the issue at his peril. On the one side he puts Tariff Reform, which, he says, must increase employment by putting taxes on finished foreign manufactures. "All raw material," he adds, "would of course come in free," and yet from £16,000,000 to £20,000,000 a year would be got from "the foreigner." And, besides providing employment, Tariff Reform would also provide for the defence of the country, a Preference with the Colonies, &c. There is a fine, careless rapture about that " &c."

On the other side the Duke of Sutherland sets the Budget, which, he maintains, would reduce employment by increased income-tax, death duties, and a super-tax on the very wealthy. Then, having called to his retainers to look on this picture and on that, he concludes with the gentle fervor of an apostolic Epistle:—

"I have written this to you, as so much trouble is being taken to deceive you on this question. Nothing would give me greater sorrow than being forcibly compelled to reduce wages and pensions."

In these pastoral sentences lies the whole purport of the letter. It is bad enough that the Duke, who as President of the Tariff Reform League should know something about Tariff Reform, represents it in a shape which we must charitably hope was unintentionally deceptive; for, except the League's President, there is hardly a Tariff Reformer left who talks of taxing only finished foreign manufactures, and, except the President, there is hardly one so ignorant as to imply that the money can be raised without taxing food. It is bad enough for a Duke who poses as an economist to assume that the work of the country depends upon the expenditure of the rich upon their luxuries, and that the rich are trying to dodge the new taxes only for the sake of the dependents that those luxuries employ. But all this slipshod politics and forced logic is better than the threat, hardly veiled with decency, that, unless his employés and pensioners vote for the House of Lords, the Duke will turn them out to starve.

The day after the Duke's letter appeared, the "Manchester Guardian" mentioned a case which it had carefully investigated. A woman bought a bottle of whisky for 3s 3d., and the publican who sold it took

her name and address, saying she would get 5d. back if the Tories came in. As a woman has no vote, she was expected to win over her husband by an impudent bribe. We can only suppose that this method of corrupting the electorate was authorised by liquor directors, many of whom sit in the House of Lords. Such a device ought to come under the Corrupt Practices Act, but, in our opinion, the Duke's method is equally corrupt, only meaner and more pitiless. The Duke of Buccleuch, who stands second among the owners of our land, began by cutting off a guinea subscription to a cricket club, but the Duke of Sutherland goes one better. He holds the threat of starvation over the heads of his workpeople and pensioners if he is "forcibly compelled" by the Budget to reduce that stately consumption of the wealth produced by others which Mr. Lloyd George has defined as the landlord's sole function and chief pride. To us there may be something ridiculous as well as odious in such a threat. But we cannot expect the unfortunate families, whose livelihood depends on the caprice of an enormously wealthy man, to recognise the humor of it. To them the alternative between selling their conscience and risking destitution is a terrible reality, and the only retort of Liberalism is to see to it that no Duke or other human being in this kingdom shall, by reason of his possessions, retain so malign an authority over another man's soul.

FROM ARMED TRUCE TO ARRANGEMENT.

DIPLOMACY is, of all the methods of human intercourse, the most conservative and the least likely to adopt a novel or original procedure. When the force of circumstances does induce it to strike out a comparatively new method, its tendency is to repeat it once and again with a patient confidence in the value of any expedient which has succeeded. The process by which we reached an *entente cordiale* with France was faithfully followed in our dealings with Russia, despite the fact that in that case the psychological conditions which governed the approach were totally different and much less hopeful. There is no longer a doubt that a serious effort is being made, with equal good will on both sides, to arrange a *rapprochement* with Germany, and once more diplomacy has had resort to the well-tried method. One by one the few controversies of detail which might give rise to friction are being removed, and the expectation is that the result will necessarily be, as was the case in our dealings with France, a state, if not of cordiality, at least of confidence, appeasement, and assured friendliness. For our part, we do not find the analogy altogether convincing. Our disputes with France in Egypt, and to a less extent in Morocco, were not merely the symptoms of the mistrust which had prevailed for a quarter of a century. They were its causes. The quarrel over our position on the Nile in all its many phases, from the bombardment of Alexandria down to the occupation of Fashoda, was the explanation, and practically the sole explanation, of all the recriminations, the pinpricks, the naval scares, and the Press polemics which had embittered our relations. Our difficulties with Germany, on the contrary, have been

singularly elusive. It is possible, by looking carefully over the map of Africa, to find a variety of little differences which it is pleasant and useful to clear up. But not one of them, even in the angrier moments of our late discords, had ever led to a degree of friction which could be called uncomfortable, still less risky. It is also possible to find in the Bagdad Railway a ground for common action, and to use it to demonstrate our desire for co-operation in a way which ought, if we are careful to respect Turkish susceptibilities and interests, to advance the trade of both countries, while conferring great benefits upon a derelict but potentially wealthy region.

But these questions are not the causes of our estrangement, and it would be extravagant to expect that their settlement could greatly modify the central problem. Statements made by the "Frankfurter Zeitung" and the "Standard," which have an air of probability, have told us what we may at the best expect. By a series of detailed arrangements we shall reach a basis of agreement in all the affairs of Africa and the Near East. But there can be no modification in the German Naval Law. The laying down of four "Dreadnoughts" annually will continue up to 1912. But equally there will be no thought of increasing the modest provision of two great ships annually up to 1917, and thereafter the two Governments may agree to consult each other before fixing their building programmes. It would be a mistake to minimise even this measure of agreement. It should banish uncertainty. It should put an end to scares based on the suspicion of secret building and unavowed ambitions. It might cause the decay of the popular hostility from sheer inanition. It might bring about all over Europe a state of confidence and a belief that peace was assured for a long and certain period, which would be the best guarantee of its own permanence. But the fact would remain that we were still living under an armed peace, that our resources were still being squandered in armaments, and that Europe avoided war only by achieving an equipoise of forces. A recognised balance of power is incomparably preferable to a frenzied and uncertain competition. But it is none the less a handicap to progress, a burden upon the shoulders of the working-class, an incitement to revolt from below, and a temptation to intrigue from above.

There would remain, as we read the European situation, two factors making for unrest which such an arrangement as this would not at once remove. There is, first of all, the permanent weakness of France, aware, year by year, that the forty millions of her population are faced across the frontier by a race of sixty millions, whose numbers and resources are constantly growing. The suggestion, which Mr. Blatchford put so crudely and with so grotesque a show of altruism, that it is our duty to undertake the defence of France, only approaches practical politics if we assume that Germany contemplates a wanton attack on a good neighbor. Such an enterprise would obviously be a menace to Europe, and an offence to our common civilisation. But this is an academic question; Germany has no interest, no motive, to tempt her to so crazy an adventure. But have we

treated it as if it were merely academic? Those who have followed recent controversies, who have read the "Temps," or the books of such semi-official authors as M. Tardieu and M. Mévil, cannot but fear lest an only nominally secret convention has bound us now for several years to render military and naval aid to France in the event of a German attack. Assuming such a convention as the real basis of our policy, it is clear that our present military resources are unequal to the strain which such an obligation would put upon them. We might be bound on paper to land only 100,000 men to assist the French armies, but when the test came, if ever it should come, we could not at any price afford to allow the war to be decided against our ally. If such a convention exists, it is the only argument for conscription which could count. The other difficulty, which no arrangement with Germany on the present basis would remove, is her determination to have a fleet strong enough, not, of course, to overcome our own, but at least to oppose to ours a resistance sufficiently formidable to make us chary of forcing a conflict. Such a navy would be useless for aggression. But it would introduce into diplomacy a factor new to us, and unwelcome to those who reckon that we must enter every negotiation with a fleet behind us that is not merely superior to any other, but so overwhelmingly superior as to make a conflict unthinkable.

Such factors as these we take to be in their nature unalterable. The relative weakness of France is as permanent as the determination of the German ruling class to free itself from the naval weakness which it felt to be a handicap to its diplomacy. But the relative weakness of any Power is not a sufficient explanation for pressure of the kind to which France has been subjected of late years. The peculiarity in the situation of France is that while she is relatively weak as a military Power she is enormously powerful in the domain of finance. She can, by her ability to lend, buy the support of Russia, contract a formidable partnership with England, and open up to exploitation such coveted fields as Morocco, with its rich mineral resources. The rattling of the German sabre is an answer to the clink of the French money bags. One must remember that French financial policy is sharply controlled by her Foreign Office, and has been used deliberately and persistently for a generation as a means of combating German ascendancy. When we talk of "defending" France, it is well to remember that it is not so much the cottage of the French peasant that is in danger, as the millions controlled by the French banks which have been used in every quarter of the globe as a formidable political engine. If French finance ceased to be political, the numerical weakness of her armies would no longer tempt the aggressor. He would have nothing to fear from peace; and nothing to gain from war. In the naval question the solution once more is to be found, we believe, simply in robbing naval warfare of its worst menace. By making merchantmen immune from capture, we should counter the only serious argument which makes a great navy a necessity. The political financier and the commerce-destroyer are the worst enemies of peace, for they alone provide an adequate motive for the resort to force and the accumulation of armaments.

Life and Letters.

THE MORAL OF THE HOARDINGS.

FROM time immemorial a General Election has been, for the English masses, that magic moment which is called in the Mohammedan calendar The Night of Power. For this once in the dreary waste of years the day laborer feels that his voice is inspired, that the Djinns do his bidding, and the powers of earth and sea await the favor of his command. It is for him the evening of Cinderella's ball, and he lays aside his hod and pickaxe to go dancing with a prince for partner. The highest in the land are competing for a month on end to find him entertainment. For him they balance their periods, sharpen their quips, and inflate their preorations. The hoardings are the visible sign of his importance. The distant and stupendous persons who govern an Empire have invaded his alley, paste brush in hand, as it were, to decorate his walls for him. They do it with a royal condescension. By a tacit understanding they conspire in his presence to make each other familiar, human, and even ludicrous. The festivity might, when one comes to think of it, have been arranged on quite another plan. Each side might have set its wits to work to render its own leaders formidable and portentous in the popular imagination. One can, for example, conceive of Tory cartoons in which Lord Curzon would have appeared in Viceregal state, seated, as at some Delhi Durbar, upon a symbolic elephant, to which the chiefs of the democratic Opposition did homage. Mr. Balfour might figure as some shadowy Demogorgon spinning the dark ambiguities of destiny in some metaphysical cave on the world's edge, while Lord Lansdowne, a more definite but still alarming figure of Fate, slit the thin-spun thread of legislative ghosts. In fact, neither party attempts in this way to impress public opinion. The hoardings represent an impartial attempt, sedulously prosecuted by both sides, to render all the nation's leaders, occasionally sinister, but nearly always ridiculous. One might almost conceive it to be a revolt of the electors against the assumptions of elected persons, the revenge of the weary-footed Roman legionary at his general's triumph. It is a purely Anglo-Saxon development of representative government. Visit a French town at election time, and you will find on the walls nothing but promises and rhetoric in prose. We alone are sufficiently docile, sufficiently sedate to indulge with impunity in a systematic campaign of ridicule against our rulers.

There is in this election no single personal figure who dominates the hoardings in caricature. The Budget is the centre of the fight and the Budget is the work of one man. Yet the Conservative caricaturist is singularly shy of handling the figure of the Chancellor. His instructions have clearly been to attempt the pathetic, to "talk unemployment" in colored presentments of gaunt working-men and starving families. He has obeyed the word of order with commendable skill. If those cartoons of the desperate workless laborer with the sunken jaw and the clean hands that tell of idle days had been designed by the Labor Party, they would have made a direct and immediate impression. They fail only by their patent insincerity. One thinks regretfully of other elections in which there figured the Grand Old Man with his symbolic axe, and Mr. Chamberlain disguised, as Sir F. C. Gould used to see him, in the familiar fur of Brer Fox. There is nothing in the personality either of Mr. Asquith or of Mr. Balfour which lends itself to such direct and successful handling as that. Both of them are intellects, and neither logic nor sophistry can be rendered on the hoardings. The real hero of this campaign is the Duke. He is a singularly impersonal figure, for of all the little band there is not a man whose visage or deportment is familiar to the masses. Not a Duke of them all has emerged from the almost anonymous obscurity of greatness since the last of the notable Argylls argued with Huxley and anathematised Gladstone. We know them only as rent-receivers, and the patrons of Tariff Reform. But the very obscurity of

the type has been the caricaturist's opportunity. He revels in coronets and ermine, spends himself in garters and court hose, and fits within these gorgeous trappings the insignificant figure which represents the mere hereditary principle. His simplest efforts are, perhaps, his happiest. The conception of the joyful peer dancing a wild jig to the legend "Tariff Reform means happier Dukes," goes straight to the essential issues of this contest, though the execution is hardly worthy of the idea.

There is a direct and visible moral, too, in the portrait of a peer consulting his constituents—in a mirror. Lord Lansdowne, in white overalls on a cricket field as the unfair umpire who never gives his own side out, contributes happily to a just rendering of the situation. But of all these Liberal official cartoons the wittiest and the most original is certainly the sketch of the two Dukes in coronet and ermine, who remark to the elusive figure of Mr. Lloyd George seated on a flying machine, "Hi! There! That's our air." There is the same moral in the "Morning Leader's" cartoon of a Duke who extends his ill-developed arms in an effort to keep the crowd of laborers and farmers behind him "off the land." There is a more elaborate, but still effective, parable in the picture of the working man staggering under a load of taxes, who attempts to lift them on to a ducal motor car, only to be told by the noble owner that it will spoil the cushions. The "Leader's" cartoons, for all their roughness and their wilful ugliness in execution, are often particularly happy in their conception. We like its vision of the peer surrounded by the flood tide of democratic indignation, who exclaims as his throne of privilege floats past him, "I was given to understand that someone was going to dam the consequences."

The hoardings are interesting, not merely for what they reveal, but also for what they conceal. The democratic case is at least presented with a commendable directness. The veto, the new taxes, the struggle against the land monopoly, they are all on the walls in bold designs and pictorial arguments. Some of the symbolism is trite and obvious, much of it is fresh and telling. But this may be said fairly of it all—it does present, with perfect sincerity, the arguments by which the popular cause is defended on the platform and in the Press. The Tory case, on the other hand, has passed through a deliberate and very significant process of selection. We have not seen on the hoardings a single cartoon which attempts any general defence of an unrepresentative Upper House. The Dukes figure only in their opponents' cartoons. For any symbolic rendering of Lord Curzon's whole-hearted exaltation of the aristocratic principle, one looks in vain. From any attempt to glorify or render sympathetic the receiver of ground rents, or the beneficiaries of unearned increments, the party of monopoly has weakly shrunk. There are a few efforts to depict the Socialist bogey, and one or two conspicuous attempts to make the most of the foreign competitor and the dumper. But the whole pictorial talent of the Opposition's artists has been employed in "talking unemployment." One could ask for no more eloquent admission that the brief which the Opposition has accepted is, in its own judgment, unpopular and all but indefensible.

When the documents of this constitutional crisis come to be collected, there is one moral which the critical historian will find obvious in them all. Whatever may be the relative temperature which the struggle has engendered, however far it departs from the normal lines of our party warfare, there is not in any of these cartoons a hint of the passions which in other countries master the cartoonist's pencil in revolutionary epochs. The fun and the humor are invariably good-natured and almost gentle. Of savage satire there is not a trace. Of the anger which heats the blood there is not a symptom. It is all the temperate chaff of two parties which allow the tacit recognition of the common ground between them to limit and control their warfare. One has only to think of the wild outbreak of caricature and satire which marked the few free weeks of the Russian revolution to perceive how gentle and forbear-

ing our own efforts really are. It is the fun of a pantomime compared with the grim and ghastly humors of an inferno. There are some accidental reasons which explain the comparative tameness and forbearance of the English caricaturist. He works invariably for a party or for a party newspaper. He must produce only what will appeal to the conventional mind of the man of middle views. Limited by these conditions, he never develops the daring of his French and German, not to mention his Russian, colleagues. They are individual pencils, free to doubt of everything, to satirise everything, to render hateful and grim not only the party foe, but, if so they please, society or mankind itself. Our own cartoonists are free to doubt of one-half of the accepted conventions, but of no more than one-half. If the limitation makes for suavity and good nature, it does not make for boldness or for fire. But more important is the absence of any sincere and overmastering anger or fear. The Conservative cartoonist may think that what he calls "Socialism" is going to restrict the luxuries of his paymasters, but he does not really think that it is going to submerge civilisation or establish a reign of terror. The motive to powerful work is absent. The Liberal cartoonist is probably at heart rather amused than alarmed by the pretensions of the Upper House. He is secure in his vision of the ultimate popular triumph, and the result is that his pencil does not burn the paper on which it works, as though he were a Russian artist, himself just liberated from prison and expecting to witness his brother's hanging on the day after to-morrow. Our political art, in short, is essentially the art of comfort and safety. It lacks the stimulus of physical fear and violent anger. It abhors excess. It succeeds by happy quips and kindly thrusts which inflict no wounds. It is an aid to argument rather than a call to arms.

THE ART OF SPENDING.

We in this country have something to learn from the Americans. We are not for the moment thinking of their democratic spirit, their political institutions, their social frankness and equalitarian ways, of their peculiar brand of humor, or of their improvements in the English language and their economies in spelling. We have before us an example of a way of scattering money broadcast which Dukes might read and perpend. We confess with shame that we read in the papers the name of Mr. George F. Kessler for the first time—with shame, for he is, it appears, already famous. "In America he is known as the champagne king," not, we gather from the context for the quality of his vintages, but because he poureth out champagne like water. He was, we learn from the "Daily Telegraph," the host of the "famous" gondola dinner at the Savoy Hotel four years ago. We did not know it was famous, and we should not have thought that gondolas were good to eat. But, however that may be, he has eclipsed himself. He has given a "North Pole" dinner at a cost of £60 a head for thirty-four guests. Expense, one might say carelessly, was no object. But, on the contrary, expense is clearly the main object. To spend £2,000 on a dinner requires genius. It is not to be achieved by every man who has £2,000 to waste. It was, indeed, eked out by the inclusion of "costly" presents to the guests—guests at dinners of this type expect a perquisite—and by gifts to a hospital—such a show is not complete without the philanthropic trail over it. There were only seventeen courses, and a large part of the money seems to have been run through in devising polar scenery and dressing up the waiters as Esquimaux. In the humbler ranks of life we keep amusements of this kind for our children's parties. The millionaires, poor souls, having melted down all the interests of grown-up life into gold, have to fall back on the make-belief of babies. They appear perfectly satisfied with their games, however silly, provided they cost a great deal. For, after all, to show that you have money that you can literally fling away upon the utterly nonsensical has advertising value.

There is in the end that one element of reality in the tinsel.

Well, it may be asked, what concern is it of ours? If Mr. George F. Kessler likes to dress up waiters like Esquimaux, and if his guests like to take "costly presents" from him, why should they not enjoy themselves as they please? If our Dukes imbibed some of that spirit of glorious extravagance, perhaps they would give up writing mean letters to their pensioners. We would rather dine with Mr. George F. Kessler at his £2,000 banquet than share the repast to be paid for, when the Budget has gone through, with the sixpences which a certain noble Duke intends to screw out of the pensions, amount unspecified, which he has hitherto allowed to his aged working folk. In all seriousness, we would suggest to Mr. Kessler, for his next essay, a "Budget" dinner to which Dukes and all who have docked poor peoples' pensions should be invited. Mr. George F. Kessler will show the Duke of Sutherland that he does not know what spending money is. So, before we say a word against our American guest, let us protest that, as compared with "our old aristocracy" in this the latest—could we but say the last—phase of its existence, he is a shining light and a beacon set upon a lofty hill.

But there is another side to the question. We are not all Dukes, and most of us succeed in paying away yearly a substantial proportion of our income without "taking it out" of our servants, or docking our old nurse of sixpence out of the few shillings that we are able to spare for her. Most of us, moreover, below the rank of Duke, if we did anything so unspeakably mean, would not be so incredibly foolish as to brag of it. We do not need Mr. George F. Kessler's lesson in the art of spending. There is such an art. As Ruskin tried to teach us, it is perhaps the highest and most difficult of arts. In a sense, it includes all others, and contains within it the true principles of social economy. We do not think that Mr. George F. Kessler, though he has advanced beyond the Duke of Sutherland, has advanced far in this art. We will mention only one very crude and obvious criticism. About a stone's-throw from the Savoy Hotel Mr. Kessler's guests might have detected a number of objects, dim, drab, dirty objects, drifting about the Embankment, loitering under Waterloo Bridge, huddling together for warmth when the wind blew, and perhaps sinking on to the stone steps leading up to the bridge for an occasional sleep. At a certain hour, unless the practice has changed recently, they might have observed numbers of these objects erect upon two legs, and revealing themselves as having once been men and women, drifting off with more appearance of purpose in the direction of one of the philanthropic shelters where soup is provided gratis or in return for a small task. "And a wicked waste of money too," we imagine any economist among them saying. "After all these years of the Charity Organisation Society have not people learnt to do better with their money than that?" Well, we do not advocate indiscriminate alms-giving. On the whole, we think it, perhaps, the worst way but one of spending money, but that one is the childish extravagance of a "North Pole" dinner. Had Mr. Kessler taken his 2,000 sovereigns in a bag and presented one a-piece to each homeless waif that he could find in the streets that night, it would have been a very foolish and wasteful thing to do. But it is possible that one sovereign out of the 2,000 might have saved a man or woman from ruin, from disease, or even from death. The £2,000 might have at least contributed to the temporary happiness of one individual, instead of ministering to the brainless extravagance of a silly set. The superstition that luxury of this kind has its uses, and helps to "give employment," dies hard. We fancy that the chief use to which the new type of millionaire will find that it is being put, is that of making the world at large probe more deeply into questions of the value of wealth, the social function that it serves, the uses and the calibre of a class that takes its amusement after this fashion. One thing is certain. If the possession of vast wealth and power were normally to issue in such a blend of meanness with arrogance as our "aristocracy" has displayed to an

astonished world in these last months, or alternatively in such senseless follies as Mr. Kessler's dinners—if these things were normal, and not exceptional—the vast fortunes of to-day would not be tolerated. There would long ere now have been social upheavals which might have been futile and vain, but would, at least, have expressed the general sense of the need of some regulating principle, however dim, in the use and enjoyment of the vast resources which success in the modern world places in the hands of the favored.

"A NATION ONCE AGAIN."

WHEN from time to time the sick body of Ireland is dragged out of prison for medical inspection, the diagnosis of the learned takes various forms. "It was the suppression of her trade that weakened her first," says one. "Her blood has been unduly thinned by emigration," says another. "Parasites have sapped her strength," says a third. "Owing to the strife of part-colored corpuscles in her system, she has no constitution," says a fourth. "It's all her own silly obstinacy," say the rest, and back she goes to her cell, or to further "treatment" in the prison hospital.

All the doctors are in some sense right. The outward aspects of that long disease, the life of Ireland, have been what they describe. England did suppress her trade; she has reduced her population by more than half; she has sucked her blood, and engendered parties that maintain a perpetual strife in her system. Ireland, obstinate in her hunger-strike, neither forgets nor is conciliated. But if we would detect the ultimate causes of her sickness, we must go deeper than it is the business of doctors and politicians to look. For it is in the very depths of personality that Ireland has suffered wrong. Certainly, she has been deprived of her trade, her land, and her people; but it is not merely the restoration of these that will heal her sickness. It is not merely freedom from alien law, and the right to direct her own affairs, that she now demands—she, the Suffragette of nations. Her demand is for the right to personality, and the restoration of her own soul.

What she has lost since the English invasion may be seen even more clearly in her literature than in such a book as Mrs. Green's history of her commercial ruin. Take such a summary, for instance, as "The Dublin Book of Irish Verse," now collected by Mr. John Cooke for Messrs. Hodges & Figgis, of Dublin. It is a good collection, carefully edited, and, as a rule, wisely chosen, though, among the living poets, the very best examples of their verse have not been given, perhaps for reasons of copyright. It is modelled on Mr. Quiller-Couch's "Oxford Book of Verse," and to the Irish people it is meant to be of equal service. We only wish it could be so, but how melancholy, how accusing is the difference! In the first place, the Dublin Book is shorter than the Oxford by some 340 poems, and yet it is too long. Much would have been gained by omission, for there is much that does not reach a very high level, and in poetry especially, as in everything but love and rage, the half is always greater than the whole. They asked Grania, Dermid's lover, which was the best of jewels, and she replied, "The knife." It is a word to be remembered by men, women, and writers.

The Irish editor may plead that he had to make his selection over a much smaller space of time; and that, to be sure, is true, but, again, how melancholy, how accusing is the plea! The Oxford Book can go back six hundred, almost seven hundred years, for lyrics that are still comprehensible to every Englishman without much trouble. In them he finds a language being slowly built up out of various elements, but founded on one powerful basis. It is still uncouth, unmelodious, and a little cumbersome, like the original Low-Dutch stock of men who imported it with them; but it is his own language, and in it he can see, already forming like radiant crystals, all those secondary meanings,

those associations, those subtleties of light which are of necessity and for ever hidden from the foreigner's eyes. At least four centuries ago the English language was already a fine instrument for poetic expression, and every generation has further developed its capacity, either for verse or prose. It is part of the English people; baby after baby has sucked it in; and a race that has not similarly secreted and imbibed its own language can but remain half-deaf and half-dumb, no matter with what skill it may contribute to the Babel of a *table-d'hôte*.

Literature is the expression of a national soul, and only in a nation's own language is expression possible. By imposing their language upon Ireland, the English cut out Ireland's tongue, not for love, like the mermaid's in the story, but for hatred. To begin his selection the Dublin editor cannot go back more than a hundred-and-fifty years. Instead of opening his book of national verse with "Sumer is icumen in," as the Oxford Book opens, he gives us on the first page, "When lovely Woman stoops to folly." Here is no germ, no growth, no development, no mother's milk. Instead of some unknown singer, stumbling, as it were, through woods and country lanes, towards the dim vision of poetry, we have Goldsmith and Sheridan tripping at ease along the pavements of the town, while they discourse in artificial accents upon the best way of wringing a lover's bosom or toasting the sex as a whole.

It is not that Goldsmith was a bad poet. Taken in his order among the English poets of the eighteenth century, he holds a high place secure. But he hardly represents the national literature of Ireland at all. He chiefly illustrates that irony of fate which imposed a foreign language upon a sensitive and deeply poetic people, just at the time when that language had taken its most unsensitive and prosaic form. As this Dublin Book shows, it was only in the eighteenth century that the Irish adopted English as their literary instrument, and then it was only under the compulsion either of penalty or genteel fashion. At no other period could the English tongue have wrought greater mischief. The most insincere and rhetorical form that the language has ever taken became established throughout the country as the standard of literary elegance, and the Irish poets, almost as incapable as Germans of judging what was really good or bad in these foreign expressions, stuck persistently to its conventional graces. What wretched stuff Burns wrote when he attempted English, how chilly, and stilted, and poor! But Burns had inherited a genuine language of his own, and could use it for everything of value that he composed. Irish poets had no language of their own that they could use, and for over a century they struggled vainly with a foreign medium, chilly, stilted, and poor. The result was that immense accumulation of facile and jejune verse, out of which the Dublin Book's editor has tried to winnow everything that is marked by distinction. In the history of the most lyrical of races there are few things more pathetic than this little heap of savings.

We call the Irish the most lyrical of races on the strength of evidence that any Englishman may test for himself—the evidence of the history of Irish poetry, as told by scholars like Dr. Joyce, or of the translations from the Irish poems themselves, as made by scholar-poets like Ferguson, Dr. Sigerson, Dr. Douglas Hyde, and Lady Gregory. Though literature can never be transferred into another language, these are things that even an Englishman can partly appreciate, and they are enough to show that deep-running quality of lyrical mood and expression. Take only the song called "The Brow of Nevin," the mountain that rises over Castlebar in County Mayo. Or, as that is long to quote, take three verses already known to all lovers of poetry; first, one verse from a "Love-song of Connacht," in Dr. Hyde's translation:—

"My love, oh! she is my love, the woman who is most for destroying me; dearer is she from making me ill than the woman who would be for making me well. She is my treasure, oh, she is my treasure, the woman of the grey eye, she is like the rose, a woman who would not place a hand beneath my head, a woman who would not go with me for gold."

And then two verses from the noble poem, known in the South of Ireland and in Aran as "The Grief of a Girl's Heart"; Lady Gregory's version gives them thus:—

"It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods; and that you may be without a mate until you find me. . . .

"You have taken the east from me; you have taken the west from me; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me; and my fear is great that you have taken God from me!"

Even under the trammels of foreign speech and rhetorical diction that lyrical spirit burst out from time to time in last century's Ireland. We hear it in Moore when he sang his best—when he sang "Oft in the stilly night," "She is far from the land," and a few other songs. We hear it in Ferguson's "Lament of Deirdra" ("The lions of the hill are gone"); in some songs of exile, like Boucicault's "I'm very happy where I am"; in Arthur O'Shaughnessy's ode ("We are the music-makers"); and in some of the street songs, such as "I wish I were on yonder hill," the national ballad with the refrain "Gone, boys—gone," "The West's Awake," and a few others, down to the ballads in honor of the Irish Brigade in the Boer War. Throughout the miseries of last century the best inspiration of the lyrical spirit inevitably arose from patriotic sorrow or rage, and for that cause, Mangan's "Dark Rosaleen" may stand as the noblest poem composed by an Irishman during four generations.

But long since Mangan's pitiful death, just after the Famine time, there came a new note, a new power into the work of Irish poets who use the English language. It would be hard to say exactly where it was heard first; perhaps in Standish O'Grady's solemn address to Ireland, beginning, "I give my heart to thee, O mother-land." But for the moment we cannot date that poem, and in any case it was soon followed by the work of younger men—such poets, we mean, as William Yeats, George Russell ("A. E."), Lionel Johnson, Alice Milligan, John Synge, Anna MacManus, Padraic Colum, James Stephens, and about half-a-dozen more. By no means of equal magnitude, and sometimes opposed to each other in their courses, these poets have one quality in common: all use English verse and the English language with mastery, and not as natives of another land working in a foreign medium, nor yet as the Irish writers who clung to eighteenth-century thought and expression long after Wordsworth and his contemporaries had shaken them off.

One peculiar result is that very nearly half this Dublin Book is occupied with the work of poets still living, or alive within the last ten years. Even more remarkable is it that to these Irish poets English poetic literature owes its only important movement since the early days of Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne. How, then, are we to describe them? Not one of them would endure to be called English; even to call them Anglo-Irish implies a certain slight; and yet they are not Irish, for we believe that, with the exception of Douglas Hyde, none of them have used the Irish language at all familiarly for their verse. One of the chief problems before Ireland at this moment lies in the question what her literary language is to be. Possibly the poets, having now become masters of an instrument, will continue to use English, or some Irish variety of it, such as Lady Gregory uses in her translations, and Mr. Yeats in some of his prose. Or, perhaps, the very perfection of the instrument will kill the art, as often happens. Or there is the chance that, as in Bohemia, the native language may be so revived as to become the whole country's mother-tongue again. To England that would be an irreparable loss, for English literature would then lose the twilight vision and the wistfulness, "the tender voice calling 'Away,'" "the heart-break over fallen things," which "A. E." identifies with Dana. But whatever the loss to other people, a country that would be a nation once again has only herself to consider, and her choice, however difficult, will have national personality as its single aim.

ON PLAYING CARDS.

THERE are few things pleasanter than picking up one's cards at an old-fashioned game of whist. The dealer turns up the trump card on the table, and then comes the leisurely arrangement of the alternate suits of red and black in the proper order of the têtes and pips. The turning up of the trump card, and the leaving it uncovered till the first trick is played is of the essence of the old, delightful game. The selection of the trumps should surely be the work of destiny, not of any human agent, as when Archbishop Howley, playing whist with his chaplains, chose his own strong suit, or as in the new, fantastic game of bridge, where the whole question is in a state of irritating suspense and doubt for some time after the picking up of the cards, too often to be followed by the declaration of spades, and the consequent throwing down of the hand. The mention of bridge touches a sore spot for the few remaining lovers of the incomparable game. In a restless generation the sufferings of the conservative minority are rarely apprehended with any degree of sympathy, but they must always appeal strongly to the truly humane mind. The present writer for one can never regard bridge as anything else than a violent perversion, in the interests of gambling, of the best game in the world. It altogether lacks the repose, the simplicity, the continuity of the older game, the qualities so essential to a good game, which whist possessed in such an eminent degree. The arbitrary variation in the value of the suits is peculiarly irritating to a whist player. Bridge surely can never become such an abiding source of human solace as the whist known to Mrs. Battle and the Dowagers with whom Mr. Pickwick played at Bath. In English literature whist holds a high affectionate place; if when bridge has run its inevitable course it is found to have left any mark at all, its connotation will be wholly bad.

There are still out-of-the-way corners of the land where the old game is played. The writer remembers, in a remote Yorkshire valley, four old farmers who met regularly for their rubber once or twice a week. One thing only troubled their enjoyment of the game, and that was, that with all their efforts they could never succeed in remembering to whom the deal rightfully belonged. The device they finally adopted was that the dealer should wear a nightcap, which was handed on with the cards to each player in turn. One sees the scene even now; the winter night outside with the world "happed up wi' snaw," as in that country we used to say, and within, the four old neighbors, with the dealer nightcap-crowned, in the cheerful warmth, and the silence broken only by the ticking of the grandfather's clock, at peace in the ease and abandonment of the game.

Cards, indeed, make their appeal to all sorts and conditions of men—from the rag-and-bone man to the Summus Pontifex. They have been a favorite solace of many ecclesiastics—Popes, and even canonised Saints. Picquet must have lightened the fatigues of journeying for many an old country bishop going about his diocese in bad weather over impassable roads in seventeenth century France. Leo X. is said to have practised "bluffing," and St. Francis de Sales sometimes to have cheated at cards. One hopes, indeed, that the present Pontiff, amid so many cares and scandals (as he thinks, for instance, of the death of Ferrer, and of Leopold, faring forth on his long journey, fortified with the Apostolic blessing, and laden with baskets of human hands), can find a brief forgetfulness in the "tresette" he so loved as Patriarch of Venice, and as a humble parish priest. "Tresette" belongs to some simple presbytery of the Veneto, far from these grisly things. The name suggests a fire of roaring logs, and chestnuts, and white wine. For humbler people in quiet places, cards often pleasantly fill up the long candle-light leisure of winter evenings. Round the green meadow of the card table, a summer in the midst of winter, the strife and rumor of the world is still. What a picture of intimate and careless ease is called up by the words of the old dame in the play of "Gammer Gurton's Needle"—

"What, Diccon, come nere, ye be no stranger,
We be fast set at trump, man, hard by the fire."

This play was published in 1551, and it rejoices one to think that such scenes of quiet human enjoyment were going on all through the hangings, and burnings, and bowellings of that atrocious time. The sixteenth century "trump" is probably the same game as our whist. It was also called "ruff," and to this day trumping is spoken of as "ruffing."

These lines must not be taken as an apology for "bumble puppy," but the writer believes that whist was killed by becoming too scientific—there passed away from it the breathless excitement felt by the old uncertain players, the sense of adventure with which, as third player, they played their highest card, the literal "triumph" with which they produced the last hoarded trumps. They played badly, often, no doubt, but they played with an absorbed interest and a keen enjoyment. One has heard an Italian lady, when her Knave was swallowed up by the next player's Queen, exclaim "Mio Dio," with the accent of one who beholds the catastrophe of Messina. This was doubtless southern, but English people played with the same intentness.

Sarah Battle delighted, it will be remembered, in the "imagery" of the game. She denied the right of chess to knights and castles. "Those hard-head contests can in no instance ally with the fancy. They reject form and color. A pencil and a slate (she used to say) were the proper arena for such combatants." In France the "imagery" of the cards is more romantic than with us. The court cards (they used sometimes, by the way, to be spoken of as "coat cards") all bear the names of kings and knights and ladies of romance. These have varied from time to time, but the names that have survived are Charles, Cæsar, Alexander, David, for the Kings; Judith, Rachel, Argine, Pallas, for the Queens; La Hire, Hector, Lancelot, Hogier, for the Knaves. The writer confesses his ignorance as to who Argine was. Hogier is, of course, the Dane, and La Hire the Squire of Jeanne the Maid. These honorable names show the injustice of the aspersion cast on the Order of Knaves by the familiar rhyme:—

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them all away."

"Knave" is, of course, the German "Knabe," the noble, knightly boy attending on the King and Queen. Chaucer speaks, by the way, of a "knave-child," and a "maid-child."

The marks of the suits have varied greatly since the introduction of cards into Europe. There existed in the fifteenth century cards with the truly delightful signs of Hares, Parroquets, Pinks, and Columbines, though these were never very widely used. The German signs are Bells, Leaves, Hearts, and Acorns. In Italy, until the sixteenth century, as in Spain till the present day, the signs used were Swords, Cups, Clubs, and Money—Spade, Coppe, Bastoni, Danari; or in Spanish, Espadas, Copas, Bastor, Oros. Our "Clubs" and "Spades" are the names for the suits of "Bastoni" and "Spade," affixed to the marks of the French cards. The "Trèfle," trefoil, clover, was originally the "Fleur." In Italy it is still called "Fiore."

There were many names for the different cards, and much lore about them, known to the old leisured players. To give one instance mentioned by Charles Lamb. He speaks of "the pretty antic habits, like heralds in a procession—the gay triumph-assuring scarlets—the contrasting deadly-killing sables—the 'hoary majesty of spades'—Pam in his glory." "Pam" is an old name for the Knave of Clubs. Old-fashioned players always called the Four of Clubs "the devil's bed-post." "Hob Collingwood" is said to have been a North-country name for the Four of Hearts, though the writer has never heard it. At modern bridge parties one never hears such old sayings as "there's luck under the deuce, but none under the tray." The very terms "deuce" and "tray" survive but faintly, and are ready to vanish away. The writer remembers an old lady with whom the expression "Deuce and Tray" was a continual exclamation. "Deuce and Tray!" she would cry out, "I've lost my snuff-box." It appears improbable that any quaint superstition, any

fanciful imagery, any leisurely proverbial wisdom will ever gather round the game of bridge, which seems a pastime more suited to hard and mercenary spirits than to the "Utopian Rabelaisian Christians" of whom Elia writes.

Short Studies.

A HOME-MADE RELIGION.

SUSAN STAPLETON was the daughter of a country doctor who practised at Haling, in the Eastern Midlands. She was now about five-and-forty years old. Her father died twenty-five years ago, and her mother had died ten years earlier. After her father's death she found she could no longer remain in Haling. Its associations were painful, and she was obliged to economise. She went to her old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Barfield, of Lower Hatch Farm, about two miles from Haling, and the visit, which at first was to be for a month, had been lengthened, until it was clear that unless anything quite unforeseen happened she would end her days there. She had plenty to do, although she did not encroach on Mrs. Barfield's domain of poultry and butter. She looked after the linen, kept Mr. Barfield's accounts, and did part of the cooking, at which she was an expert.

Lower Hatch Farm was at the end of a narrow lane, which expanded into three or four acres of idle, grassy field or meadow, in which stood three or four big elms. At the side was a large pond, in which geese and ducks disported themselves. The silence of this remote corner of the earth, save for the natural noises belonging to it, was almost complete. Miss Stapleton had a quick ear, and with a south-west wind could distinguish the mill half a mile below. The music of the brook falling on the overshot wheel and escaping into the mill-pond rose and fell, at one moment distinct and at the next dying down to nothing. At night, when the mill was not working, she could just hear the water tumbling over the weir. Strange to say, considering this was the first half of the last century, she slept with her windows open.

Miss Stapleton read few books besides her Bible. This she read thoroughly and believed unhesitatingly. It never entered her head to inquire if it was true. There the Gospel was, like the blessed sun and rain. The sun was hot in summer and ripened the corn; the rain quenched the thirst of the fields. She did not ask whence the sun drew his heat, nor how the rain was stored in the clouds. She made for the New Testament a background out of materials which lay near the farm. Capernaum Lake and Haling Mere, for example, were curiously *shot* in her mind, one with the other, like some woven fabric of diverse but related colors. Nothing in the New Testament was foreign to the fields at Lower Hatch. At times one might almost see Jesus kneeling on the hill at the end of the Mere and praying *Our Father*.

One evening just before harvest time Miss Stapleton was walking home from Haling. The footpath led through two cornfields, and she thought of our Lord and of the disciples plucking the ears of corn. The picture was wonderfully bright. She saw herself behind Him, and yet edging as near as possible, so that she might not miss a word. He stopped and looked towards the west, over the motionless wheat, and shaded His eyes from the rays of the sun near to its setting. The vision reappeared in all its splendor and beauty every harvest-time when she went through those fields. Nor was it wholly confined to that season, but whenever she sat on one of the stiles, although it might be a still, gloomy day in November, and a wet fog hung low, she could plainly discern the sun and the ripening corn and her Master.

Haling Mere, Lower Hatch Farm, the harvest fields, and her dreams of Jesus had something to do, in Miss Stapleton's mind, with religion, although she could not define what it was. When she lived with them no evil came near her.

Miss Stapleton was not only contented, she was

happy, at the farm. If ever she went away from it, she rejoiced like a child to return. Her heart beat freely again when she was back in her own bedroom. At last she was obliged to go to town on some legal business, which kept her there three or four days, including a Sunday. She did not know a soul in London, and she put up at an hotel at which Mr. Barfield had stayed years ago. He went with her, but was obliged to go back the same day, for it was haytime, and everybody was very busy. She could not rest, and went out. She was bewildered, giddy, and hardly knew what she was doing. The few people whom she now and then met in Lower Hatch Lane were distinct persons, and had personal errands. Here in the streets there was no personality. She beheld a mass of humanity, driven like dust by a desert storm. The place seemed mad. Her head began to turn, and she wondered which was the real world, Lower Hatch or Oxford Street.

She seldom thought of death at home, and it never weighed upon her. When she did think of it, she imagined herself dying in her own bedroom, looking sunward across the front garden and the farmyard. The voice of the mill or the weir would come to her pillow, the last sound she would hear in this world. In that dingy hotel, confused and deafened, death laid hold of her with a grip like that of a nightmare.

She had a New Testament in her bag, and before she went down to breakfast the next morning she read about Jesus walking by the sea of Galilee and calling Simon and Andrew, James and John. She did not know what to make of it. *They straightway left their nets and followed Him.* It could never have been. She looked out of the window. Where was Capernaum? How could she pray "Thy kingdom come"? As already noticed, in the common acceptance of the word, she did not doubt. But London contradicted the gospels, and belief had fled.

On Sunday she went to chapel and found a large and fashionable congregation. The preacher was eloquent, and his sermon was an attempt to prove the necessary existence of God. He evidently succeeded to the satisfaction of his hearers, and everybody who listened was much comforted. But Miss Stapleton could not comprehend a single sentence. She said to herself that perhaps she was not a Christian. Perhaps it required more brains than she possessed to be one. The preacher not only did not help her in any way, but afflicted her. She was troubled to find that she was totally unmoved by an exposition of her faith from an eminent minister of God's word.

She went back to Lower Hatch next Saturday morning, and lay in her own bed that night and listened to the weir before she fell asleep. Gradually, although it took a long time, she came to herself. Without internal argument, Capernaum and Jesus were restored to her, and she was at peace.

MARK RUTHERFORD.

Art.

A PASTEL PORTRAITIST.

In the year 1720 there came to Paris a Venetian lady, Rosalba Carriera by name, bringing with her the materials for the then newly perfected art of painting in pastels. A Continental reputation had preceded her, and Paris, or the *beau monde* of Paris, but lately awakened from the stately lethargy of the Louis Quatorze era, welcomed her with open arms, plied her with commissions, *fêted* and lionised her. When, after a short stay, she turned her back upon the city and went elsewhere, she left behind her the abiding memory of a gracious personality and a new fashion in portraiture—the pastel fashion. Now, pastel was a medium for which certain French artists were waiting, and when it came to them with Rosalba's prettily Italian, insipidly inoffensive creations as its example, they seized upon it with avidity. It would be wrong to suggest that it ever

dispossessed oil-painting in France. Oil-painting pursued unbrokenly the course of its eighteenth-century development, and for the majority of French artists the use of pastel was merely additional to that of oil colors, a pleasant excursion into an intrinsically attractive medium. Nevertheless, its introduction was of profound importance. Though but few specialists in it made their mark, and the sum of their achievements is comparatively meagre, it gave the opportunity to at least one great French artist, Maurice Quentin de La Tour. And, through La Tour, Boucher, and one or two others, it did for the French monarchy what Van Dyck had done for the Stuarts, and Velasquez for the royal house of Spain. Our knowledge of Louis Quinze and his patient Queen and his successive mistresses and the entire Court would be infinitely less complete but for the pastel portraits that have come down to us; the portraits of King and Consort, of the de Mailly, the Pompadour, the du Barry, of the garish throng who constituted French society, the only society that mattered in those days, when the other France, the submerged France, had hardly yet begun to dream of revolution. In the words of Mr. Haldane Macfall's preface to his admirably-written volume on the French Pastellists,* a volume that contains some of the finest color reproductions of pastels that we have ever seen, "it was a strange, a romantic, and an airily sinning France" that the airy pastel came to interpret, and its powers of interpretation were little less than extraordinary. It was as if an age, a state of society, containing elements so frail and friable, could only be immortalised rightly in art through a medium whose one reproach was its friability. The next age—even when the Terror was but an ugly memory, and France had again called a King to be over her—had no use for pastel. Its popularity lasted just as long as the kingly traditions of the Grand Monarch, and no longer. In 1810 three francs were bid for La Tour's portrait of Rousseau, and twenty-four francs for Chardin's Portrait of Himself in pastels.

Among the artists who took seriously to pastel, La Tour is easily supreme. Almost from the first he adopted the new and fashionable medium as that peculiarly suited to his genius, and it was largely his amazing success that led to the foundation of a school of artists who were chiefly pastellists, and prompted the use of pastel by some of the first oil painters of the day. There was Perroneau, the unhappy wanderer over the face of the continent, who portrayed Madame Valade, and a host of other society leaders, with more than average merit, though Diderot described him bitterly as "amongst the poor devils who do not deserve altogether a line of writing!" There were Lundberg, a Swede, who got behind the character of Boucher with a rare skill in the pastel portrait of the latter artist, which is now in the Louvre; Liotard, the Genevan, with a native eye for the main chance, whose fine gifts, both for pastelling and picture-dealing, were recognised by the connoisseurs of this country; Boze, Le Châlier, and others. Boucher, who abandoned himself to a reckless output of Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses, who painted the froth of the age as if it were the age itself, was drawn temperamentally to pastel, and where he went in this direction, Jean Honoré Fragonard followed later. Even Chardin has left a pastel portrait of Madame Chardin, which is Rembrandt-like in its exquisite mobility, and would be enough to discover his genius were that not already discovered. Yet La Tour triumphed over all of them in popularity, and it is to Chardin alone that he yields in solid merit, if, indeed, he yields to any contemporary artist in France. For La Tour, though he sought his subjects in a flippant atmosphere, in a Court whose courtliness was often the reverse of courteous, in a society whose deepest emotions were superficial, and Chardin his in the lowly cabins of the poor, was no flippant painter; nor was his scrupulous truth as far removed from Chardin's sincerity as might be thought. He would seem to have recognised that even the society of the French capital was not all polished surface, and to have had the will and the ability to probe its character as few others could or cared to try. La Tour belongs to the Intellectuals who were to make the new France. He is of the company of Voltaire. As artist,

* "The French Pastellists of the Eighteenth Century." By Haldane Macfall. Edited by T. Leman Hare. With 52 illustrations. Macmillan. 42s. net.

he caught and held such beauty and fragrance as belonged to an airy social world. As intellectual, he "saw too deep even into superficial souls, to be content with skill of hand in painting their mere fripperies of adornment, their powder and paint and patches and smile—he painted the frippery of their character. Yet his searching ken sees deeper here and there than his frail model thought, and behind the face of trivial charm we may see a haunting hint of sadness and disillusion even while the lips smile their set smile."

To La Tour came all the wonderful humanities of this wonderful, light-souled age—a procession of princes, courtiers, soldiers and worldly abbés, dukes, duchesses, countesses, and mere mesdames and demoiselles, all striving for the honor of immortality by his little sticks of colored chalk. To him came, too, Madame Favart, the great actress who sent Paris and a French marshal crazy, and La Camargo, the celebrated dancer, and the singer, Marie Fel, who was afterwards to join her life to his own, and Voltaire, the satiric firebrand, and homely Chardin, with the round horn spectacles, and others who, if they were in society, were not of it. They came to him in fear and trembling, lest he should refuse them; for La Tour, having found his power, used it, and would paint none but those he chose. Even towards Royalty he showed a fine democratic contempt when it came to a matter of their sitting for their portraits. When Madame La Pompadour, the most powerful of royal mistresses that ever usurped a queen's place, sent her brother, Marigny, to La Tour, the latter returned the message, "Tell Madame that I am not going to paint her before the whole town." The Pompadour could have clapped him into the Bastille for less; as it was, and because she had, with all her faults of unscrupulous ambition and merciless statcraft, a nice taste in art, and was ever a firm friend to artists and writers, she only sent Marigny again and again, till at length the first sitting was arranged. The trouble, however, did not end here. La Tour had stipulated that during the sittings he should not be interrupted by anyone, and when on the first day the King himself walked in, the painter walked out, and refused to come back again until he was assured that the offence would not be repeated.

Owing to this and other misunderstandings, the huge pastel portrait was not finished for three years. Neither does the story of its painting even end peacefully, for La Tour proceeded to quarrel about the price of it, setting it down at 48,000 livres. It was Chardin who prevailed on him to accept half of that sum—Chardin, whose own bourgeois pictures, as they were then considered, never fetched more than the most modest bourgeois prices! In this and other matters Chardin gave good advice to the more popular painter, who was a Goya for waywardness and irritability, and the record of the sincere friendship that existed between the two men helps to sweeten a half sincere epoch. The picture of La Pompadour, now in the Louvre, is La Tour's accredited masterpiece in pastel. But one is sometimes inclined to wonder how far this honorable estimate of its merits is due to its unusual size, and whether, after all, the power of La Tour is not better realised in some of his smaller works, in those heads and shoulders of pretty women and brave men that combine in so marked a degree the sentiment of a light poetry and the value of artistic construction.

La Tour died in 1788, his last days darkened by insanity, and with him seems to have died the school of pastelists that he vivified. The art that Rosalba brought to Paris was, as it were, an exotic rose that would bloom only in the gay sunshine of eighteenth-century monarchy, and when the revolution broke overhead dispersed its petals to the winds. The pastelists were literally swept out of existence by the storm of '89. Their works, La Tour's amongst the rest, went for rubbish prices. Their vitality, as a school, was snowed under. The classicists in art who followed those troubled days had no use for pastel—not, at least, for pastel as a separate art of creating beauty. And, though in the hands of Millet, Israels, Lhermitte and others we have seen the colored chalk put to charming modern uses, it has never seemed so much at home in, so perfectly adapted to, its subjects as it was when La Tour handled it for the spattering of a rainbow beauty upon an unworthy world.

Present-Day Problems.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF "CONVERSION."

IN his new volume of narrative studies, "Broken Earthenware" (Hodder & Stoughton), Mr. Harold Begbie discusses one of the deepest problems of applied psychology. He read Professor William James's remarkable volume on "The Varieties of Religious Experience," and went down into a London slum to test and verify the Harvard philosopher's observations. His papers give the actual records of some of the "broken earthenware," the shards of cracked and soiled human crockery, he picked up on this deplorable rubbish-heap. These stories are told with the novelist's practised skill, and with vivid picturesqueness, and a realism that is redeemed from repulsiveness by the eloquent purity of the author's style. As a collection of authentic human documents the volume is of absorbing interest; a piece of pathological investigation, scientific in its keen analysis, but irradiated by a poetical imagination and a glow of sympathetic emotion. And, in a way, it is pioneer work, since it points to a fresh and fruitful method of handling social problems. On the one hand we have had the student in his library tabulating data and statistics, and conducting *a priori* researches into the causes of want, misery, and crime; on the other side, the writer of fiction and the descriptive journalist are content to give merely graphic pictures of the results. Mr. Begbie shows them a new use for their talents. The literary observer might do for the economist and the sociologist what the explorer does for the scientific geographer. He might give him the material to support or disprove his hypothesis, and establish or refute the theory by an examination of the facts. It is valuable to have Professor James's speculations on the philosophy of conversion applied to actual cases of "saved" drunkards and criminals drawn up from the depths of London slumdom.

Mr. Begbie's pictures of these vessels of grace are terribly graphic. The Potter's Thumb seems to have slipped badly in making this shattered earthenware. All the specimens are of the worst types known to our civilisation, if civilisation it can be called; for these creatures are really savage animals, rooting in the slime and garbage at the base of our social fabric. Horrible they are in their degradation and brutality, bestial and loathsome some of them in their outward aspect; yet they have minds, and capacity for affection, and, as it turns out, souls that can be "saved," traits and qualities that are often attractive when the grime of the pit has been washed away. There is the Puncher, the ferocious prize fighter, the terror of the slum public-houses:—

"His face is pale, with that almost transparent pallor of the red-haired; the expression is weary, heavy, and careworn; the features are small, delicate, and regular; one cannot believe that the light-colored eyes have been hammered, and the small, almost girlish, mouth rattled with blows. The man might be a poet; the last *rôle* one would ascribe to him would be that of the Ring."

A more poignant sketch is that of the man who was known as Old Born Drunk, the street newspaper hawker who had never since childhood been quite sober. Here is the impression he made upon the Salvation Army officer by whom he was "saved":—

"The vileness of his clothing and the unhealthy appearance of his flesh did not strike the adjutant till afterwards. Her whole attention was held in a kind of horror by the aspect of the man's eyes. They were terrible with soullessness. She racks her brain in vain to find words to describe them. She returns again and again to the word stupefied. This is the word that least fails to misrepresent what no language can describe. Stupefied! Not weakness, not feebleness, not cunning, not depravity; but stupor. They were the eyes of a man neither living nor dead; they were the eyes of nothing that had ever lived or could ever die—the eyes of eternal, stillborn stupor."

Then there is the criminal who began going to prison at the age of nine, and at thirty-four had spent half his life in gaol; the Copper Basher, a ferocious ruffian who devoted himself to assaults on the police; and the Lowest of the Low, a drunkard, thief, and bully, who lived on the earnings of fallen women.

These degraded wretches, when Mr. Begbie made their acquaintance, had been rescued by the Salvation Army. The book is a pæan in its praise. Thanks to its officers, and more particularly one young woman, known, not undeservedly, as the angel-adjutant, the Puncher and his companions in depravity had become sober, clean living, hard working persons consumed with "a passion for souls." The transformation is amazing. I do not wonder that Mr. Begbie is carried away when he surveys the process by which creatures almost below the level of normal humanity, ravaged by alcoholism, sensuality, and brutishness, are turned into respectable members of society. In all the cases "conversion" came suddenly, as it were by the blinding flash of some powerful light streamed into (or streamed from) the sinner's consciousness. It was the new version of the old miracle, the miracle of St. Paul, of Pascal, of Bunyan, and of many others, a miracle as old as Christianity, and, indeed, as old as Buddhism, and probably older still. This "call," this feeling of regeneration, of receiving grace, of "experiencing religion," is not the less impressive because it is familiar. How shall we explain the psychology of that condition in which the percipient seems to be born anew, and, in Professor James's words, "amid tremendous emotional excitement or perturbation of the senses, a complete division is established in the twinkling of an eye between the old life and the new," so that the sinner's evil habits fall from him like a garment, the drunkard shrinks from the taste of liquor, the sensualist becomes chaste? Professor James does not explain it; nor can Mr. Begbie. Only he insists that religion alone, and apparently religion of the sensationalist, emotional, Salvation Army type can generate the requisite atmosphere. General Booth's miracles are only faint copies of those familiar in the history of all Christian and Mahometan revivalist sects and movements. They have been performed over and over again when Methodism has developed a spasm of energy, they were capped by Moody and Sankey, and they were achieved on a large scale and in very strange circumstances by the Mahdi in the Sudan. "Conversion," it seems clear, comes from an emotional stimulus working on a temperament more or less neurotic, touched with the abnormality perhaps of genius, perhaps of degeneracy, perhaps of hysteria, perhaps—like all Mr. Begbie's cases but one—of drink. He is surely wrong in declaring religion is the only exciting cause. Patriotism will often produce the same effect. Has he read the records of Japan? Or the story of Germany in the Napoleonic war? Or the veracious chronicle of Mlle. Boule-de-Suif? I do not mean to be flippant in referring to this last example. It was a true instance of conversion, though religion had nothing to do with it. And Mr. Begbie is on insecure ground when he issues a challenge to science. Let science perform the miracles of the "Army," he says. Science has done them, as Mr. Begbie will see if he looks at the writings of those who have studied suggestion in the schools of Nancy and the Salpêtrière. Any modern text book on hypnotism will furnish him with scores of cases of criminals and degenerates who have been turned by suggestion to habits of decency, order, and honest living. If this treatment of moral and mental disorders has not been regularly practised, it is because it is so uncertain in its results. It does not appear capable of being applied to humanity at large. Most of Charcot's successes were obtained with hysterical women. Most of General Booth's, if we may judge from Mr. Begbie's record, are wrought on men diseased by drink and debauchery. In such cases the emotional stimulus has peculiar psychic effects; and I see no reason why treatment by conversion should not be studied as scientifically and dispassionately as treatment by hypnotic suggestion. I think the conclusion will be that the one is as limited in its curative application as the other; but both may be valuable remedies for certain intractable and obscure diseases, moral and physical. We may believe in miracles; but we ought not to expect them.

SIDNEY LOW.

[Mr. Low's article raises many interesting problems, which our readers may wish to discuss.—ED., NATION.]

Letters from Abroad.

HOW GERMAN WORKERS LIVE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The biggest of the German trade unions, the German Metal Workers' Union (Deutscher Metallarbeiter Verband), a society numbering about 700,000 members, has just issued a very valuable publication which may also interest English readers. The contents are indicated by the title: "320 Haushaltungs-Rechnungen von Metallarbeitern"—"320 Household Budgets of Metalworkers." One of the remarkable features of the German trade unions is their statistical work. They have imbued their members with a high sense of the importance of statistical information, and educated them to very active co-operation in such work. Their literature teems with statistical inquiries of every kind.

The present investigation of the Metal Workers' Union was decided on at the end of 1907, when the union considered the question of graduated contributions. It was thought valuable for a just solution of this question to have as a basis a trustworthy picture of the income and expenditure of the different sorts of wage-earners embraced by the union. 400 householding lists and books were sent out to forty-one local branches of the union, and of these no less than eighty per cent. came back in a fit state for tabulation and comparison. Of the other twenty per cent. the great majority could not be kept for the whole prescribed period of one year because of loss or change of work, migration, and similar reasons. The 320 serviceable lists represent localities of the most different type—big and small towns, progressive and retrograde centres, northern and southern districts, and workers of every description (turners and fitters, moulders and founders, smiths and furnacemen, engravers and goldsmiths, fine instrument makers and brassworkers). The yearly income of the household ranges from 1,019 marks (or shillings) to 3,356 marks; the average yearly income being 1,856 marks, made up of the following sources:—

From Wages of the legal head of the household (husband or father)	1,485 marks
" Earnings of other members of the family	179 "
" Outside contributions, sick pay, &c.	56 "
" Other sources	136 "
	<hr/>
	1,856 marks

The average size of the household was 4·91 persons; the composition of the 320 households 760 persons over and 812 persons under fifteen years of age. With one exception the household had a husband and wife as its head. The average number of hours worked by the legal head of the household was 2,670, the average number of working days lost by unemployment was 32·9, by sickness 27·2. From this it will be seen that the households belonged to the best employed workers of their respective sections. Altogether sixty-four households had an income of less than 1,200 marks the year, or 3s. 3d. a day.

Now, how have the incomes been spent? The lists confirm the old experience that the lower the income the higher the relative expenditure on nourishment. Of the incomes of less than 1,200 marks, 49·29 per cent.; of those between 2,000 and 2,500 marks, only 45·77 per cent. were spent on food. The percentage of the expenditure for luxuries in eating and drinking were almost equal, and equal also was the percentage of the expenditure in contributions to political and industrial unions and for insurance fees. It is interesting to learn that alcoholic drinks accounted for a comparatively small item in the expenditure. The consumption of beer is calculated at 62 litres for the year, whilst the yearly average for the whole population of the Empire is 117 litres per head. This shows that the organised workers are the most thoughtful of their class; that organisation leads to temperance.

I pass over other interesting details and come to

the principal question of food. There we arrive at the following averages per head :—

	per year.	per week.
Meat ...	25.1 kilogrammes*	0.48 kilogrammes*
Butter ...	6.4	0.12
Flour ...	13.53	0.26
Bread ...	160.06	3.08
Sugar ...	12.63	0.24
Potatoes ...	128.95	2.48
Milk ...	115 litres	2.2 litres
Eggs ...	103	2

* 2 lbs. 3¼ ozs.

This is far, very far, behind the figures regarded as necessary by food hygienists, and also very far below the standard fixed in the Imperial Navy for the feeding of the bluejackets, whose work is hardly more exacting than that of the metal workers. Here is a comparison of the daily consumption in grammes (15.43 grains).

	Bluejackets	Metalworkers
Meat ...	335	68.8
Butter and Lard ...	65	17.5
Flour ...	71	37.0
Bread ...	750	438.5
Sugar ...	49	34.6
Potatoes ...	430	353.3

Even if it is considered that the figures for the metal workers include the consumption of young people and children, their food compares most unfavorably with that of the naval men. It approaches the latter most nearly in the item of potatoes and least in the item of animal food. When you analyse the foods of the different classes of workers, you arrive, of course, at the worst scale in the section of the lowest-paid workers. The consumption of meat was :—

Lowest class of workers...	21.6 kilogrammes per year.
Highest " " "	27.8 " " "

but of potatoes :—

Lowest class of workers...	135.5 kilogrammes per year.
Highest " " "	108.8 " " "

I must leave it to the British workman to compare these figures with his own consumption. But it is an established fact that he consumes more meat, butter, sugar, and similar food than his German brother.

Not that the German money wages are so much lower than those of Great Britain. The German trade unions have succeeded in raising the wages of almost all the sections of the German workers by considerable percentages. The statistics of the agencies for the workers' insurances offer many opportunities for comparison. Since 1903 the accident unions composed only of employers have based their records on wages actually paid, and since the compensations to the injured workers are calculated accordingly, they are in no way interested in exaggerating these sums. Well, the figures for the metal trader show that, from 1903 to 1907, the wages rose on the average 17.88 per cent. On this reckoning the workers ought to be better off than they are.

But they are not. An unseen hand stole into their pockets and abstracted much, if not all, of the surplus earnings. Putting the prices of the last ten years at 100, we have had to pay in 1908 in Berlin :—

Rye (the bread-flour of the workers) ...	126
Wheat ...	122
Potatoes ...	127
Second-class Butter ...	120
Lard ...	133

Only potatoes show any great fluctuation in the prices, the average of the nine years from 1900 to 1908 having been 108.6. In the case of the other articles the prices rise almost without interruption, while they bounded up after 1906, when the new tariff actually came into force.

This rise of the prices, which is to a large degree artificial, has made the fight of the German worker for a betterment of his lot like a reverse run on a moving platform. He has marched bravely forward, but the ground under his feet was moving the other way. As he looks around him, he sees that, in spite of all his exertions, he has, in fact, advanced very little. Nay, the weaker sections have rather been driven back.—Yours, &c.,

Schöneberg, Berlin,

December 26th, 1909.

Communications.

AUSTRALIA AND THE REJECTION OF THE BUDGET.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You will be interested to learn by the mails to hand from Australia what the people there think of the rejection of the Budget by the House of Lords. If the Tory Party seriously believes that it represents Colonial opinion and has Colonial sympathy, a glance at Australian papers received this week will cause a rude awakening. The latest New Zealand files to hand are dated November 19th, and as the telegram announcing Lord Lansdowne's motion arrived on the night of the 18th, New Zealand Press opinion upon this move is not yet available in England, but the trend of comments upon the Budget debate has left no doubt that the Dominion will be quite as emphatic as the Commonwealth in condemning the Peers' attack upon the Constitution.

From Australia comes a strenuous chorus of disapproval, quite overwhelming the few timid voices raised in excuse or extenuation of the action of the Lords. In New South Wales there are two important morning papers, the Sydney "Morning Herald" and the Sydney "Daily Telegraph." Both condemn the Lords utterly. In Victoria the great organs of opinion are the "Age" and the "Argus." The former—Protectionist though it be; indeed, it is the great champion of Protection in Australia—puts fiscalism on one side, and is scathing in its denunciation of the Peers' attack upon the rights of the people. The "Argus"—Conservative and Free Trade—contents itself with a non-committal article in which it speaks of the gravity of the step contemplated by Lord Lansdowne. More than any other paper in Australia, the "Argus" represents such reactionary Conservatism as can be found in the Commonwealth, and yet it has not, so far, ventured openly to defend the Peers.

Going now to South Australia we find both the morning papers, the "Register" and the "Advertiser," equally strong in their protests. The "Advertiser," it may be remarked, is a keen advocate of Protection, while the "Register" has Free Trade leanings.

Western Australia is in tune with the sister States. The "West Australian," the only metropolitan morning paper, in spite of its more or less Conservative sympathies, is as vigorous in denouncing the Lords as is the "Kalgoorlie Miner," the more Radical organ of the goldfields.

Thus in four States, containing nearly five-sixths of the population of the Commonwealth, all the important papers but one condemn the Lords, and that one dares not come into the open and justify them.

From Queensland the only two papers to hand of later date than November 18th are the Brisbane "Courier" and the Brisbane "Daily Mail," both strongly opposed to labor and to land values taxation. They both make excuse for the Budget being "referred to the people." Queensland, however, differs from the other States, in having large provincial papers and a Labor Press, which, far more than in the other States, represent public opinion; and their views are not yet available.

The only paper I have seen from little Tasmania with its 200,000 people is the Hobart "Mercury," which is quite amusingly vigorous in its championship of every form of privilege. It loves the House of Lords, but, while maintaining that the Peers are constitutionally within their rights, it shrewdly adds: "The controversy is rendered much more bitter than it otherwise would be by the foolish action of the Preferentists and Protectionists, who want it (the Budget) rejected in order that they may have a chance to bring in their fanciful schemes for making the foreigner pay the taxes, and at the same time give employment by keeping out foreign goods."

The extracts given below from the other papers mentioned will show that the Australian public are not willing to see the British Constitution, upon which their own Constitutions are modelled, violated in party interests, and that they quite understand the motives which urge the Lords on to revolution.

The "Daily Telegraph" (Sydney) says :—

"Probably the Asquith Government will be helped in the fight by the stubbornness of the Lords, and their arrogant assumption

of superiority . . . the deluded conceit of its importance which a long spell of Tory Government up to 1906 gave the hereditary and nominee House."

The Sydney "Morning Herald" says:—

"Were the claim of the Lords in this matter once admitted, it would mean that they who have their rights and their privileges by the accident of birth, and not by any will of the people, would be supreme over Commons and King. The whole machinery of Government would be paralysed unless the Lords had their liking. They could force a referendum on any question, and thus the cause of progress which stumbles forward now with leaden feet would be irretrievably ruined. The Lords would be the dictators, no matter what Government might be in office. Ministers would have responsibility, the Lords would have the power, and the Commons would be a mere addendum to the legislative machine. . . . They (the Peers) have discussed and criticised Finance Bills, they have claimed the right of rejection, but they have never ventured on the experiment. Why is it that by a side wind they are venturing now? It is because their profits, which they have gained not by their own exertions but by the exertions of the whole community, are to render up to the community some return, they are to pay something approaching a fair share of the cost of the protection which the laws and the navy and the army afford them. They, too, see a chance of substituting a tariff, a protective tariff, for the present system of Free Trade, and with that tariff they hope that they will gain by their agricultural lands becoming more valuable. . . . When the Liberal Government renews its lease of power, its first step after passing the Budget will be to introduce legislation which will deprive the Lords of all their present power."

The Melbourne "Age" says:—

"To a reactionary *coup d'état* the answer must come from the democracy. The issue once raised must end in nothing short of the destruction of the class veto. . . . Mr. Lloyd George's Budget, with its historic land tax clauses and its scheme of far-reaching social reforms, touching the life of the masses at its very root, has struck the imagination of the country as no legislation has done since the Reform Bill. In its spirit and practical effects it would reinforce the influences which were fighting for the health and progress of the race. It has shown an overwhelming feeling as to the crushing monopoly of the land. . . . The land taxes are not only just, but, as Sir Edward Grey argued at Leeds, they are carefully hedged round so as to impose no burden upon trade, industry or enterprise, and they have been framed in such a way as not to imperil the security of capital; they are not exorbitant and not retrospective."

The Adelaide "Advertiser" says:—

"In the mere fact of the extraordinary number of Peers assembled at Westminster to destroy the Budget may be seen a striking illustration of one of the Liberal Party's grievances. The Lords' veto, like that of Australian Legislative Councils, but even more emphatically, is a party veto. It is practically never put in force against Conservative legislation. If the Tories send up a measure from the House of Commons, it is assumed to be all right. Few of the Peers trouble to attend, and still fewer make any pretence of considering the Bills they are expected to pass. A Conservative Government may legislate without a 'mandate,' but it never occurs to the Lords that before they give their concurrence an appeal should be made to the constituencies. . . . A non-elective Chamber, which virtually represents only one party in the State, and is never fully awake unless the class interests it is most concerned to protect appear to be in danger, is an anomaly in this democratic age, and must be 'mended or ended.'"

The South Australian "Register" says:—

"Mr. Lloyd George looks facts in the face, and knows no fear, and splendid audacity always accompanies his faith and far-sightedness. The bigger the task, the better he likes it. He has not only the eye for the big occasion, and the courage which rises to it; he has also the instinct for the mighty foe."

The "West Australian" says:—

"What revision or review did the House of Lords accord to the measures of the last Salisbury and Balfour Administrations? Was there any attempt by the Peers to act as national watchdogs when these Administrations were in power? Their legislation, on the contrary, has only to face serious criticism in the House of Commons. But immediately the present Liberal Government assumed office a career of consistent and deliberate obstruction was opened. Soon a mangled heap of slaughtered innocents lay where the legislation asked by the people should have stood. . . . In such circumstances people naturally inquire—What is the use of the electors returning a Liberal Government to power? All that is vital to their policy is emasculated or destroyed by the House of Lords, and the Conservative Party is made ever legislatively supreme, no matter how the House of Commons is constituted by the people. . . . For the great British nation to accept this position would be a confession of utter impotence, and of decline from a high estate which is almost unthinkable."

The "Kalgoorlie Miner" says:—

"The House of Lords, the hereditary chamber, the representatives of property and not of the people, choose so to reject what they affect to look upon as an upheaval, the end of all things; whereas it may prove but the beginning of all good things. Should they enforce their threat, then we shall see what we shall see; and possibly one of those things we shall see will be the end of the House of Lords in its present constitution, or at least a curtailment of its present powers."

Yours, &c.,

C. H. CHOMLEY.

Letters to the Editor.

IRISH LIBERALS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It seems to me that my friend, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, whose letter you published last week, has not followed with appreciation the course of events in Ireland, but particularly in Ulster, during the last nine years. The question that he raises is historical as well as political. Previously to 1885 there were three parties in Ireland—namely, the Nationalists, the Presbyterian Liberals of Ulster, and the Tories, who were mainly drawn from the ranks of the Church of Ireland. In Ulster, the Liberals, with the assistance of the Nationalists, were always able to return from four to six or seven members of Parliament, but in 1885 Mr. Parnell broke the informal alliance that existed between them and the Nationalists, with the result that Irish Liberalism was completely wiped out. In the election of that year, eighty-five Nationalists and eighteen Tories (including the two members for Trinity College) were returned from the whole of Ireland. Mr. Gladstone then made Home Rule one of the official items of the Liberal programme, and the bulk of the Irish Liberals, following Lord Hartington, became Liberal Unionists, and finally were merged, for the time, in the Tory Party. In the election of 1886, eighty-five Nationalists again were returned and eighteen Tories. The latter represented the whole of the Protestant population of Ireland, with the exception of a few thousands (or perhaps hundreds) of Protestants, who in 1886, at the suggestion of Mr. Parnell, formed the Protestant Home Rule Association. The result, then, of Mr. Gladstone's action in 1886 was that a solid phalanx of Catholics became arrayed in a demand for Home Rule against an almost solid phalanx of Protestants. This unfortunate situation was paraded before the English electors in 1892, 1895, and 1900, and undoubtedly it has delayed the ultimate solution of the problem. It, however, is, and always was, the earnest hope of all Nationalists that the Protestants of the North of Ireland would sooner or later reach the light, and that they would realise that the demand for self-government was a great democratic, and not a mere sectional, question.

In the long years that have passed since the introduction of the first Home Rule Bill, a marvellous change has taken place in Ulster. The cut-throat Unionism of the Belfast rioters of 1886 was followed by the more deliberate, though scarcely less ferocious, Unionism of the Ulster Convention of 1892. Then came the Unionist compromise which was embodied in the Local Government Act of 1898. During those fourteen years an almost imperceptible change was coming over the feelings of Protestant Ulster. The first outward sign of that change was observable as long ago as 1900, when Mr. T. W. Russell, who had been a member of Lord Salisbury's administration, was opposed in South Tyrone by a local Conservative landlord. In 1902 a by-election took place in East Down, when Mr. James Wood was returned as an "Independent Unionist" against the official Unionist candidate. In 1903, Mr. Mitchell, another "Independent Unionist," was returned for North Fermanagh, and in 1905 Mr. Walker, a Labor candidate, almost succeeded in defeating the Unionist candidate in North Belfast, which had always hitherto been a Tory stronghold.

Mr. Sullivan says that on the resignation of Mr. Balfour's Cabinet in 1905 Irishmen were surprised to learn that there existed amongst them a third party. I am afraid that Mr. Sullivan has not been a very close observer of political events in this country when he suggests that this third party sprang into existence, as it were, in a single night four years ago. He forgets that the Dunravenite movement, which originated in 1902, was symptomatic of a strong undercurrent of feeling amongst the Protestant gentry, which is still gathering force. The most recent evidence of the strength of this movement is the selection last week of Mr. Leslie, a member of an old County Monaghan family, as the Nationalist candidate for the city of Derry. In 1900 a Land and Labor organisation was formed in the counties of Antrim and Down, and it was almost entirely Protestant in its personnel, and was entirely

democratic in its constitution. By a natural process of evolution, it developed in 1905 into the Ulster Liberal Association, the members of which were not bound to adopt Unionism as part of their political creed.

But that is not the whole story. In July, 1902, the Orange body, which always was the mainstay of Toryism in Ireland, became disintegrated, and the Independent Orange Institution was formed, a body whose constitution was really based on democratic principles. The first visible result of the work of this new organisation was the return of Mr. Tom Sloan, in August, 1902, as the independent member for South Belfast, his unsuccessful opponent being Mr. Dunbar Buller, who represented the old Tory gang. At the same time the Labor movement was making great progress in Belfast, in spite of the efforts of the Tory wire-pullers, and the Protestant artisans of that city now realise that bread and butter politics is of more importance than the claptrap of Unionist scaremongers. All these various forces effected very considerable results in the election of 1906. Mr. Glendinning, the Liberal candidate, succeeded in wresting North Antrim from Mr. William Moore, K.C., the pride and hope of the Irish Tories, and Colonel Verschoyle, another Liberal, almost succeeded in defeating the Hon. Robert O'Neill in Mid Antrim. Mr. Sloan defeated with contumely Lord Arthur Hill in South Belfast. In West Belfast Mr. Devlin gained a foothold in the northern capital for Nationalism, whilst in North Belfast Mr. Walker, the Labor candidate, was within three hundred votes of defeating Sir Daniel Dixon. In South Derry Dr. Keightley, the Liberal candidate, was in a minority of less than one hundred, and North Tyrone and South Tyrone were retained by Mr. T. W. Russell and Serjeant Dodd respectively. Altogether twelve seats were fought by Liberal and Labor candidates, who polled a total vote of 38,215, against 11,962 polled for the Tories—a very remarkable result. The elections that take place in January will, it is confidently expected, show even more remarkable results. In all probability the official Unionist members, who now number only seventeen, will be further reduced in number to twelve, or at the most fourteen.

I do not see, as Mr. Sullivan apparently does, any cause for regret in this revival of democratic feeling amongst the Protestants of Ulster. To me it represents the break-up of the Tory gang that has held Ireland in thrall for the last hundred years. It shows that the "Nonconformists" of Ireland are coming into line with their fellow-countrymen, as they did in 1798, and that they can no longer be deluded by the bogies with which they were frightened in 1886 and 1892. I agree that "the natural party of progress in Ireland is the Nationalist party," and I agree, also, that "no other army held the field against the forces of ascendancy in the many dark years of the last quarter of a century"; but if the democracy of Ulster is again taking its proper place on the side of progress, I see no reason why it should be discouraged in doing so. Mr. Sullivan has all the Celtic impatience with compromise and all the Celtic insistence upon abstract perfection. It was, however, in the nature of things, impossible to hope that any large body of Irish Unionists would proceed to march straight from the ranks of Unionism into those of Nationalism. As I have shown, however, a great advance has been made since 1900, and it is showing a deplorable ignorance or disregard of events for anyone to suggest that the democratic wave of opinion which is passing over Ulster has originated with a number of "disappointed applicants for favors from the Tory administration."

As the result proved, Home Rule was not possible in 1886, nor yet in 1893. It first became possible in 1906, and in 1910 it has reached the region of probability. In this matter it is hard to distinguish between cause and effect; but, whether it is attributable to cause or to effect, it is plain that the phenomenon in Ireland of which Mr. Sullivan so bitterly complains is intimately connected with the success which the question of Home Rule has achieved. No Nationalist believes that Home Rule means Rome Rule, nor does any Nationalist desire to see maintained for ever the irreconcilable attitude which the Ulster Protestants adopted in 1886. The events of the last nine years have proved that the Irish Presbyterians and Methodists, at any rate, are no longer irreconcilable, but that, on the contrary, they are preparing to take their share in the work of the

social and industrial regeneration which the granting of Home Rule will render possible.

I do not think that it is necessary to discuss the minor question which Mr. Sullivan has raised—namely, the distribution of patronage in Ireland during the last four years. It is probably true that during that time some injustice has taken place in the giving away of the loaves and fishes, but the reason of that is not hard to seek. The Irish party could not take any part in the distribution of Governmental patronage. The Liberal Government, being in sympathy with the aspirations of Ireland, had no desire to confer favors upon the old ascendancy party. In the result, Mr. Bryce and Mr. Birrell were, I suppose, obliged to take into their confidence the prominent members of the new organisations. It is only fair to add that the responsible leaders of the Irish movement and the Nationalist Press of Ireland have never uttered a word of complaint as to that course of conduct. So far as I know, both Chief Secretaries would have been only too glad to have been assisted by the advice of the Irish party; but, of course, that was not possible under the circumstances.—Yours, &c.,

W. J. JOHNSTON.

32, Elgin Road, Dublin,
December 27th, 1909.

THE CREATION OF PEERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your Unionist contemporary, the "Standard," has warned the working men electors that a Unionist victory would bring them something much more solid than the prolonged and disturbing constitutional struggle which must be the sequel of a Radical success.

As it does not require an extravagant or over-sanguine calculation to make us conclude that the Liberal Party are going to succeed at the coming elections, it may be useful to point out, in anticipation, what the constitutional course will probably be immediately after the election. It need not be the "prolonged struggle" predicted by the "Standard," but a very short and decisive struggle.

Assuming that the old principle of redress before supply is followed, we may expect that the first move of the Liberal Party will be to pass through the Commons and send up to the Lords a Bill to carry into effect the Campbell-Bannerman Resolution of limiting the veto of the House of Lords. The question at once arises, How is this to be done? This question was argued in Parliament, and definitely settled, in 1832, and a constitutional precedent was then established.

In 1831 the Reform Bill was rejected by the House of Lords by a majority of forty-one, and in March, 1832, it was again passed by the House of Commons. The Whig leaders intimated that Peers would be created to make a majority in the House of Lords. The Duke of Wellington, speaking in the House of Lords on behalf of the Tory Party, denounced the threat of creating Peers as "an unconstitutional exercise of the prerogative." This speech is to be found in Hansard of May, 1832.

On May 17th, 1832, Earl Grey, the Prime Minister, answered the Duke of Wellington, and the following sentences in his speech admirably express the constitutional principle which was then finally decided: "I ask what would be the consequences if we were to suppose that such a prerogative did not exist, or could not be constitutionally exercised? The Commons have a control over the power of the Crown, by the privilege, in extreme cases, of refusing the supplies; and the Crown has, by means of its power to dissolve the House of Commons, a control upon any violent and rash proceedings on the part of the Commons; but if a majority of this House is to have the power, whenever they please, of opposing the declared and decided wishes both of the Crown and the people, without any means of modifying that power, then this country is placed entirely under the influence of an uncontrolled oligarchy. I say that, if a majority in this House should have the power of acting adversely to the Crown and the Commons, and was determined to exercise that power, without being liable to check or control, the Constitution is completely altered, and the Government of this country is not a limited monarchy: it is no longer, my Lords, the Crown, the Lords, and the Commons, but a House

of Lords—a separate oligarchy—governing absolutely the others.”—Hansard, Deb. 3rd, Ser. XII., 1,006.

On the same day Earl Grey and Lord Brougham waited on the King, and obtained the following document: “The King grants permission to Earl Grey, and to his Chancellor, Lord Brougham, to create such a number of Peers as will be sufficient to ensure the passing of the Reform Bill—first calling up Peers’ eldest sons.—William, R., Windsor, May 17th, 1832.”—(Roebuck, Hist. of the Whig Ministry, II., 331-33.)

On the following day, May 18th, the King wrote to Earl Grey: “His Majesty authorises Earl Grey, if any obstacle should arise during the further progress of the Bill, to submit to him a creation of Peers to such extent as shall be necessary to enable him to carry the Bill,” &c.—(Earl Grey’s Corr., II., 434.)

As to the classes from whom the new Peers were to be selected, Lord Brougham’s own words are interesting: “When I went to Windsor with Lord Grey, I had a list of eighty creations, framed upon the principles of making the least possible permanent addition to our House and to the aristocracy, by calling up Peers’ eldest sons—by choosing men without any families—by taking Scotch and Irish Peers.”—(Lord Brougham, Political Philosophy, III., 308.)

It may be safely said that no man has lived in the present generation who was more familiar with the history and the working of Parliament than Sir T. Erskine May. His view of this constitutional question is as follows: “It must not be forgotten that, although Parliament is said to be dissolved, a dissolution extends, in fact, no further than to the Commons. The Peers are not affected by it, except as to a small number of Scotch representative Peers. So far, therefore, as the House of Lords is concerned, a creation of Peers by the Crown, on extraordinary occasions, is the only equivalent which the Constitution has provided, for the change and renovation of the House of Commons by a dissolution. In no other way can the opinion of the House of Lords be brought into harmony with those of the people. . . . Should the emergency be such as to demand it, it cannot be pronounced unconstitutional.”—(May, Const. Hist., I., 315.)

“The Commons may be overborne by a dissolution—the Lords by a threatened creation of Peers—the Crown by withholding supplies; and all alike must bow to the popular will when constitutionally expressed.”—(*ib.*, p. 316.)

One of the latest and soundest authorities on constitutional questions is the “English Constitutional History,” by Taswell-Langmead. I quote from the fifth edition, printed in 1896, the comment on the struggle of 1831-32: “The constitutional position of the Lords with regard to legislation of which they disapprove, but which is supported by the Ministers of the Crown, the House of Commons, and the people, may be said to have been definitely settled by the result of the memorable struggle with the Upper House in 1831 and 1832 on the passing of the Reform Bill. After sixteen Peers had been created to assist the progress of the measure, the continued opposition of the House of Lords was at length overcome by the private persuasions of the King, and the knowledge that he had consented to his Ministers’ request for power to create a sufficient number of Peers to ensure a majority.”—(Taswell-Langmead, English Constitutional Hist., p. 597.)

Yours, &c.,
LXX.

December 30th, 1909.

BALZAC ON FREE TRADE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It would be difficult to find any subject of human interest on which Balzac failed to comment in the course of his “Comédie Humaine,” and few of his prophecies have remained unfulfilled.

Nothing could be more remarkable than the passages—written eighty years ago—in which he explodes the Protectionist fallacy, and predicts for the country which should adopt a Free Trade policy the very course of development which did, in fact, subsequently fall to the lot of Great Britain. It is true that Balzac pleaded for the adoption of such a policy by his own country; but perhaps she was troubled by the raging, tearing propaganda of fiscal re-

formers, who were going to make her the greatest and richest country in the world. However that may be, the still, small voice of Honoré de Balzac fell on unheeding ears, as sometimes happens with the voice of those who are “merely” thinkers.

The leading motive of “Le Médecin de Campagne,” published in 1831-32, is the successful organisation of agriculture and village industries under the benevolent despotism of a village doctor, who, by the local application of more scientific methods, replaces poverty, sickness, and despair by health and prosperity.

Dr. Benassis stimulates the country-side to the doing of all that it can best do for itself, but in making his policy clear he says:—

“In commerce encouragement does not mean ‘Protection.’ A really wise policy may aim at making a country independent of foreign supplies, but not by resorting to the pitiable shifts of tariffs or prohibitions. Industries must work out their own salvation; competition is the life of trade. A protected industry sinks into slumber. . . .

“The country upon which all the others will come to depend for their supplies will be that land which shall promulgate Free Trade, and thus become conscious of a power to produce its manufactures more economically than those of its competitors.”

Dr. Benassis then succinctly expounds the whole theory of international exchanges in the following illustration:—

“On the other side of the mountain they find it impossible to use wheeled ploughs, because the soil is not deep enough. Now, if the Mayor of the Commune had taken it into his head to follow our steps [*i.e.*, by growing corn], he must have been the ruin of his district. I urged them to plant vineyards. This they did, and had an excellent vintage last year. Their wine exchanges for our corn.”

Thus does this writer—who had proclaimed the evolutionary view of race development whilst the greatest biologists of his day were still denouncing it—pack an economic treatise on Free Trade and Protection into a few sentences.

What would have been the history of France had she adopted Balzac’s policy of State and Communal aid to agriculture and Free Trade with the world?—Yours, &c.,

S. D. S.

December 29th, 1909.

FORCIBLE FEEDING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read Mr. Brailsford’s remarks about “forcible feeding” in your last issue, and, as I am honestly unable to understand his exact position, I beg your permission to ask him the following question:—

Supposing he admitted that the women suffragists were justly imprisoned, would he then consider it right to feed them forcibly in case of a persistent refusal to eat?

If he answers Yes, he is admitting that, apart from their imprisonment, he has nothing to complain of; that is, his grievance is really about the causes or conditions of their imprisonment, and not at all (except through mere confusion of thought) about their forcible feeding.

If he answers No—*i.e.*, that forcible feeding would be wrong even if the imprisonment were right—he is logically bound to adopt one of these two alternative positions:—

(a) That a prisoner justly imprisoned should be released *because*, and solely *because*, he or she refuses to eat. I emphasise the “because,” for, the imprisonment being *ex hypothesi* just, there can be no ground for the release except the refusal. This would be to let a second offence cancel the punishment for the first.

(b) That a prisoner should be deliberately allowed to commit suicide.

The State treats an attempt at suicide as an offence even on the part of the ordinary free citizen, and punishes anyone who connives at it. In permitting a prisoner to starve herself to death, the State would itself be deliberately conniving at this same offence on the part of one in its own care.

If Mr. Brailsford has a real complaint against the forcible feeding of women suffragists, as distinct from their imprisonment, he must accept one or other of these alter-

natives, (a) or (b). Which does he? Or what possible third alternative can he suggest?

I hope he will not allow his sense of the indignity involved in such feeding (which those who differ from him in other respects can feel as keenly as he) to divert him from the logical issue.

It is certainly a horrible thing, but the question is, who is to blame for it?—Yours, &c.,

J. A. SALTER.

8, Sydney Street, S.W.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The claim of privilege for political offenders has arisen because prison treatment has been brutal, and one hopes that nobody, or at least nobody outside a prison, now wishes to brutalise "ordinary criminals," whether refractory or not. The suffragist prisoners are most brutally treated, and it is evident that other women and men must be brutally treated too, without publicity, without the support of influential friends, admiring crowds and money, and without the consolation that imprisonment with all it involves is voluntarily and deliberately undergone for the sake of an idea. I have heard that girls under sentence for child murder "have to be" forcibly fed. If this is true, and if they are deranged in mind, as is likely, why are they in prison? Or if they are sane and in despair, is this the approved method of help? When a prisoner breaks the window or knocks about the tin pans, is it usual to put her in handcuffs for twelve hours, or to leave her in a dirty punishment cell till she faints? Is it true that, as an authority said to Miss Marsh, they "always break the spirit of refractory prisoners"?

These are methods of barbarism, and it is horrible that want of sympathy with a conspicuous party should make decent people condone them now, when it is impossible not to be aware of them. The sentences on Miss Marsh, Miss Clarkson, and Miss Neilans are savage. Miss Neilans is imprisoned for three months for discoloring some paper. The law and prison treatment seem to be quite out of touch with modern understanding of human nature, and, after all, even a voluntary prisoner is entitled to be treated according to reason. Surely it is not possible that these things will be allowed to go on.

I am sorry to learn from Mr. Brailsford's letter that one of the small Superstitions is still alive, a wretched little creature with one eye and the forehead of a spider monkey, whose name is "A Reform Bill is necessarily the work of the last Session of a Parliament." If it should recur, would you, sir, kindly utter the words, "Right Honourable Walter Runciman, Cabinet Minister"? As it has the greatest respect for authority, it will at once turn green and run into one of the caverns of black basalt which surround the office of THE NATION for the imprisonment of the enemies of mankind. Mr. Runciman did, on October 19th, say to a deputation that he thought the Bill ought to be brought in early in the new Parliament. This is clearly not only possible, but necessary, if the subject is such a large one as adult suffrage. If, when the Act came into operation, there were a few years of adult suffrage bye-elections to begin with, the timid would have time to find out gradually that the new electors were of the same color, the same nationalities, the same classes, the same political parties, the same religious opinions, and the same homes as the old ones.—Yours, &c.,

R. NASH.

42, Well Walk, Hampstead.

[This correspondence must now close.—ED., NATION.]

THE FALSITY OF THE PLEBISCITE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The following speech, delivered by the late Jules Grévy before the National Assembly on the 19th November, 1873, seems appropriate to the occasion:—

"Le plébiscite n'est qu'une fausse déférence pour la souveraineté nationale. La masse des électeurs ne peut ni comprendre ni résoudre les questions si ardues et si complexes qu'on voudrait lui poser. Il y a des démocrates de deux espèces: il y a ceux du gouvernement direct par les

masses, et il y a ceux qui admettent le principe de la représentation. Je suis de ces derniers. Je trouve que la masse d'un peuple arrivé à l'état de lumières où sont parvenues les nations modernes n'est point assez éclairée pour résoudre elle-même de telles questions (interruptions et rumeurs). Alors, messieurs les interrupteurs, que faites-vous ici? Pourquoi ne renvoyez-vous pas devant la nation la discussion et le vote de vos projets ordinaires? Pourquoi ne pratiquez-vous pas franchement le principe du gouvernement direct? Si le peuple est capable de statuer sur les grandes questions de gouvernement, à plus forte raison l'est-il de discuter les lois ordinaires que vous votez. Réunissez donc le peuple sur la place publique et laissez-lui le soin de se gouverner lui-même. Nous connaissons, nous, une autre manifestation de la volonté nationale; c'est la représentation, qui, seule, rend possible, dans les grandes nations, le gouvernement du pays par le pays, mais qui a cet autre avantage de remettre la direction des affaires publiques à l'élite des citoyens, mandataires des autres; c'est le grand principe moderne de la représentation, c'est le principe libéral et parlementaire; l'autre n'est qu'apparence et déception."

—Yours, &c.,

J. L. BALBI.

December 27th, 1909.

MAKING THE FOREIGNER PAY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Rowland Hunt infers in his letter that the tariff of the United States subjects to duty only those articles which the poor do not buy, and he instances three commodities—tea, coffee, and raw cocoa—to prove his statement. As a matter of fact, the articles he mentions are the only three (and cocoa is only free in its crude state) which can be said to be used by the masses of the people, and which are on the free list. Every other commodity or article that is necessary for every-day life for the people themselves is subject to very considerable and heavy duties, and it only needs to instance a few to prove that such is the case.

Wearing apparel	50 per cent. to 60 per cent.
Woollen wearing apparel ...	60 per cent. and 44 cents (1/10) per lb.
Woollen underwear	60 " " " 44 " " "
Blankets	30 per cent. to 40 per cent. and 22 " " " "
Crockery	60 per cent.
Matches	6 cents gross boxes of 100 matches.
Paper	35 per cent.
Fish, canned	30 per cent.
Vegetables, canned	40 per cent.
Vegetables, fresh	25 per cent.
Oatmeal flour	1 cent lb.
Wheaten flour	25 per cent.
Salt	7 to 11 cents per 100 lb.
Pickles	40 per cent
Bacon	4 cents per lb.
Fresh beef	1½ cents per lb.
Eggs	5 cents per doz.
Lard	1½ cents per lb.

Mr. Hunt fails to distinguish between the fact that in this country duties are levied for the purpose of revenue only, and that the greatest part of the duties paid go into the Exchequer, whereas in the United States the duties levied are for the purpose of Protection, and the amount paid direct to the Treasury does not form more than a small proportion of what the consumer in that country is called upon to pay. It is indisputable that in no country in the world is the consumer so heavily taxed, for the benefit of the few of the richer classes, as in the United States.

Mr. Hunt's mode of calculating the benefits which would accrue if Tariff Reform were introduced into this country is, like similar calculations made by Tariff Reformers, based on pure theory. He takes no account of the fact that our exports of manufactured goods far exceed our imports of manufactured articles, and he assumes that the three hundred millions of such manufactured goods now exported would not be interfered with.

Mr. Hunt's advice that the people of this country should look back at the lessons of history is one that should be taken, and the reader of history would then ascertain the deplorable state in which the masses of the people were under the protective regime. They would find that wages were reduced all over the country, that the greatest distress pre-

vailed, and that in large towns many were without visible means of existence. In Leeds alone there were 2,000 such families, and one-fifth of the town's population was dependent for existence on the poor rates.

Finally, Mr. Hunt refers to the warnings that have been given to the British men and British women on the question, and those men and women cannot do better than take note of the warning given to them by Mr. Chamberlain some years ago, when he said:—

"I can conceive it to be just possible, although it is very improbable, that, under the sting of great suffering, and deceived by misrepresentations, the working classes might be ready to try strange remedies, and might be foolish enough to submit for a time to a proposal to tax the food of the country; but one thing I am certain of, if this course is ever taken, and if the depression were to continue or to recur, it would be the signal for a state of things more dangerous and more disastrous than anything which has been seen since the repeal of the Corn Laws."

Yours, &c.,
S. R.

December 29th, 1909.

[This correspondence must now close.—ED., NATION.]

"THE BLUE BIRD."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your critic of Maeterlinck's play, "The Blue Bird," seems to have missed much of the secret of its charm, and once again one recognises that the most beautiful things in life do not appeal to every spectator. The play is a dream, and a dream would cease to be a dream if it were not inconsequent, intangible, illogical. It would lose that perfect incompleteness that makes one able to enjoy it without deep moral earnestness.

The lesson of man's conquest of nature is gently hidden by the unsatisfactory episode of the rebellious forest. The relations of the dog and the cat are shown much more by the natural state of enmity in which they live than by the faithfulness of the dog and the treachery of the cat to man.

The mysteries of life and death are indicated more beautifully than any reasoned argument could do it. These are at the back of every child's mind, and are either ignored or despised or respected by their elders. M. Maeterlinck gives no explanation; he only shows which way the answers lie. His play is not instead of teaching, but it throws a new light on the old familiar truths. Let us be thankful for the spiritual meaning so delicately indicated for those who have eyes to see, and let us be neither surprised nor offended that the curtain falls without the whole being made clear.—Yours, &c.,

M. L. B.

December 29th, 1909.

FOOD TAXES, WIDOWS, AND PENSIONERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the conflicting issues of the General Election now before us it is of vital importance to consider that great army of voiceless and honorable women, I mean the widows of England, who, in silence and with patience, endure the trials and adversities of life and bring up their children, God alone knows how, on a pittance obtained either from the small estate left them by their husbands or which by their own efforts they are able to obtain by odd jobs.

From the summary tables of the Registrar-General of the 1901 Census, it appears that there are no less than 1,246,407 widows in England and Wales, more than one-fifth of the total married women in those two countries, and it is of the utmost importance to consider what the effect of any increase in the cost of living must be to these the weakest, the most lonely, and the most sorrowful of his Majesty's subjects.

Admittedly any further taxation of food must inevitably raise its cost, and what compensating advantages can any system of Tariff Reform give to these poor women to compensate them for this increased burden which it is proposed to place on them? Unless an immediate benefit equivalent at least to the burden thus thrust upon them is secured to them, it will be a disgrace to the manhood of England if, for whatever ulterior advantage they may receive, they add any additional privation to this honorable class of English womanhood.

This is not the only question to be considered in this connection:—

From the report of the Poor Law Commission it appears that, in 1908, there were only 77,705 widows in receipt of relief (both indoor and outdoor relief). Just imagine that, only 77,705 out of 1,246,407; and of these 33,066 were not able-bodied. The figures given are as follows:—

OUTDOOR RELIEF.

Able-bodied Widows 32,973
Children ... 92,344, or an average of 2·8 for each widow.

INDOOR RELIEF.

Ages.	Able-bodied in health.	Temporarily sick.	Not able-bodied.
20-44	662	761	334
45-59	1,056	1,907	1,697
60	48	231	28,140
Total	1,766	2,899	30,167

Total Indoor Relief ... 34,832
Total Outdoor Relief ... 32,973

77,705

When one considers these figures, one cannot refuse one's homage to these women, who exhibit such resource, independence, and all the sterling qualities of citizenship at its best, in avoiding the taint of pauperism, that only the small number of 1,766 able-bodied in the year given had recourse to indoor relief, and of the 32,973 receiving outdoor relief they have each three children to feed, clothe, and bring up as citizens.

I would also instance a further class who would be grievously affected by any increase in the cost of food, and that is the old age pensioners. I have not the exact number by me, but there are at least between 600,000 and 700,000 of these, and I would ask upon what conceivable principle can it be just to increase the cost of food of these poor aged people, who cannot possibly reap any compensating advantage. An increase of 3d. a week in the cost of food would, to these people, be the equivalent to an income tax of at least 1s. in the £ on the pension received from them by the State.

I have ventured to deal with this matter at some, but, I trust, not disproportionate, length, in the hopes that the elector will think, not once, but twice and three times, before he does anything to add to the burden already borne, and patiently and silently borne, by the aged, the fatherless, and the widow.—Yours, &c.,

A. W. FINDLAY.

Langholm, 101, Bulwer Road, Leytonstone.

Poetry.

NEW YEAR VERSES.

I.

W. E. GLADSTONE: BORN DECEMBER 29TH, 1809.

It is a hundred years
Since the chimes of New Year morn
Idly broke on the ears
Of a little child new-born,
Whose voice, in the fulness of time,
Ringing a New Year chime
In the ear of England, should pierce,
Through the stupor of doubts and fears,
And the riot of scorn and sin,
To the heart of England, crying
That the Year of old feuds was dying,
And the Year of new hope come in.

II.

What dost thou bring, New Year? Triumph or trial,
Foisson or famine, flowers or weeds?—
"I am the moving shadow on the dial;
You are the garden, and the seeds."

C. H. HERFORD.

Reviews.

THE IDEAS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

"A REVOLUTION" (said Mazzini) "is the passing of an idea into practice." The remark is deeply true of all Revolutions which are worthy of the name. Some of them, of course, are mere changes of masters or of parties. Others, again, like the English Revolution of 1688, or the French Revolution of July, 1830, are little more than a vindication of earlier principles of government against the reactionary attempts of monarchs. They imply no forward reach, but rather a return to accepted usages. The outbreak in France in 1789 was of a very different order. It was neither a *pronunciamiento*, nor a reversion to type. It baffled the calculations of statesmen and the rules of the party game. It was a Revolution because it sought to carry into practice ideas fermenting in the brains both of thinkers and of peasants.

Prince Kropotkin is well suited to the task of telling again a story that has been told full often. He approaches it from a novel standpoint. He is a distinguished thinker, but he can feel with the peasants. He has perforce long resided in the West, but he has the experience born of contact with the beginnings of Revolution in Russia. These circumstances, which invest the book with a peculiar interest, have their own perils. His hatred of Russian autocracy is apt to color his judgments on the far milder rule of Louis XVI.; and his memory of Muscovite serfdom tinges his description of the agrarian abuses of the *ancien régime*. Macaulay remarked that historians who essay the description of comparatively recent events incur a danger which almost counterbalances the interest of their theme. Their story lives because it treats of institutions and parties still among us; but it tends to be, and is chiefly used as, a repertory of partisan arguments. What was notoriously the case in Macaulay's great work, is so here. Prince Kropotkin intended his narrative to be impartial; but at times it sinks almost to the level of a pamphlet against the Tsardom.

The author unduly depreciates the old monarchy. Louis XVI. and his reforming efforts receive short shrift at his hands. The King is condemned as a stupid, heartless, hypocritical being, whose efforts for reform, always a mockery, were abandoned at the first plausible excuse. This is to misread the character of Louis XVI., whose weakness, though inexcusable at times, resulted from his very limited understanding, his distrust of himself, and the almost monastic seclusion in which he had been kept during the reign of Louis XV. Having no experience of public affairs, he encountered a situation of unequalled difficulty. Moreover, his Queen was often his evil genius, especially in her endeavor to secure the fall of Turgot, a man whom the author summarily dismisses as a middle-class pedant. Further, the difficulties arising from the opposition of the Parliaments to the royal reforms were really serious; but a reader who is not aware of the facts would gather from this work that the King and Parliaments, as well as the cowardly middle-classes, were more or less in a league to keep the people out of their rights. This is surely a Muscovite reading of events. It is generally recognised now that the position of the peasants markedly improved during the years 1774-1788, and that the Revolution resulted largely from their rising spirit. They were certainly far better off than the serfs of Spain, Naples, and Prussia; and Prince Kropotkin should have suggested reasons for the outbreak taking place in France rather than among those down-trodden peoples.

Briefly, we think, they were these. The pulse of thought beat far more quickly in the French populace, partly because of the writings of Rousseau, Mably, and others, but also because their troops had fought side by side with the soldiers of Washington, and on their return home spread the story of the founding of the United States. Now, people do not move until some gleam of hope beckons them on. France alone saw the gleam. Temporary and local circumstances also helped to bring about the *débâcle* in the spring of 1789. The previous summer had been a time of drought, broken by most destructive hailstorms; the

winter of 1788-89 was of unusual severity, damaging the mulberry trees of the central districts; and it was followed by a dry season which lowered the streams and left many of the corn-mills idle. The stories of the so-called *pacte de famine*, to which Prince Kropotkin lends too ready credence, may be explained partly on this natural basis, partly on the fear or credulity of the many, on which selfish speculators profitably traded. It is now recognised that there was a sufficiency of corn in France itself in 1789; but much of it could not be ground into flour; and in many localities the populace refused to let it be sent away to Paris or other large towns. Hence the bread riots which play so large a part in the history of that year.

The book improves when we approach the outbreaks of 1789. Prince Kropotkin does well to remind us that the *jacqueries* of that year were not due in the main to the capture of the Bastille by the Parisians. Of course, the imitative instinct is strong, especially among the French; and the popular triumph in Paris gave zest to the agrarian revolts; but it is well to point out that the outbreaks began long before July, 1789. He also holds strong ground, as against the National Assembly, when he indicts that body for its timidity in dealing with the agrarian abuses. The so-called "St. Bartholomew of privileges" (August 4th, 1789) was a thrilling occasion for the Liberal nobles and their backers; but that "orgy," as Mirabeau termed it, was, after all, little more than a declaration of war against Feudalism, soon patched up by a half-hearted compromise on the questions of tithe and peasant proprietorship. There is something to be said for the plan of maintaining all that was tenable in the old system. It was especially hard on the *curés* to sweep away tithes without any compensation whatever; and the same may be said of some of the feudal proprietary rights in question. But it was certainly the height of folly loudly to proclaim the abolition of Feudalism and then to fix thirty years' purchase as the quota for the buying out of the feudal lords outright. Here we have one of the chief reasons why the Revolution did not "consolidate." It was not (as Carlyle whimsically held) because the constitution "would not march," but because the peasantry had their appetites whetted and then were put off with half a meal. The author harps perhaps too strongly on the agrarian *motif* when he terms the Legislative Assembly of 1791-2 reactionary because it did not decree absolute manhood suffrage and sweep away without indemnity all the relics of Feudalism. Somewhat strained, too, is his contention that the Revolution subsided after 1793 because the Convention tackled these questions. There were several other influences working to the same end, namely, the warping influence of a semi-military despotism on democracy, the successes gained over neighboring Powers, the rise of the old national questions, sheer weariness after four years of turmoil, and disgust at the needless ferocity of the leaders of 1793-4.

On these wider questions Prince Kropotkin has little to say; and his narrative is weak in regard to the personality of the chief actors in the Revolution. It is at its best in dealing with the agrarian questions at stake. Their influence has never been so incisively described. His volume has benefited from the advice of French scholars. A notable instance is the long note of M. Guillaume on pp. 137-9. We can therefore pardon Prince Kropotkin the exaggerations or errors that disfigure his pages. They are numerous—as when he says that "the mass of the people, flayed without mercy, had come to the point of not being able to produce its own food on the rich soil and in the productive climate of France"; or when he vaguely suggests a comparison between the English movements of 1648, 1688, and that of France in 1789-93; or, again, when he accuses England of using all possible means to bring about a relentless war against France in 1793 (an Anglophobe legend long since exploded); in fine, his persistent glorification of the men of the street and his undue depreciation of rulers, statesmen, and Assemblies.

We forget all this and more when we peruse the hopeful "Conclusion," gemmed with sentences like this—"A reform is always a compromise with the past, but the progress accomplished by Revolutions is always a promise of future progress." We must add, however, that this progress depends on a due understanding of the follies and blunders of the French Revolutionists, which wrecked their cause, and

* "The French Revolution (1789-1793)." By P. A. Kropotkin. Translated from the French by N. F. Dryhurst. Heinemann. 6s.

will wreck that of their would-be imitators, unless they behave with more wisdom and self-restraint. Such wisdom will scarcely be gained from this volume, which is a panegyric of the popular movements of 1789-94 rather than a judicial examination. "The people! Always the people," exclaims Prince Kropotkin. Be it so. But the example of the years 1793-4 is not altogether encouraging, if the "popular communism" which the author praises has to be consolidated under the rule of an "Imperial juggler." We can only hope that the Russian people, to whom he points as the leaders in the next great onward move of mankind, will see in the French Revolution not only a beacon of hope, but a lighthouse warning off from rocks and quicksands.

THE CULTS OF THE GREEK STATES.*

THIS is an excellent work. Dr. Farnell refers in his preface to the five volumes into which the work has grown, not one volume is too large, though the whole is larger by two volumes than it was at first projected to be. With its publication what the author terms "the self-imposed task," which has occupied his "intervals of leisure throughout twenty years, is at last completed." Had Gibbon allowed himself to say in a preface to his history—though his theme was the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, yet it was not greater than the Greek Cults—what he has said in his autobiography he would have confessed, as Dr. Farnell has done, that his task was "self-imposed"; but he would have added that unoccupied leisure was nigh to madness, for the state of a man who tried to live without any "self-imposed task," was only to be described as a form of *dementia*. It is only the men who so fill their memories of leisure that redeem their moments from prosaic commonplace. Dr. Farnell, who is here more prosaic than Gibbon, does not say on this point all he might have said; but he does better than if he had tried to imitate the inimitable. With a proper knowledge of his own limitations and powers he yet fulfils the promise of his opening volume, and brings the work to a respect-worthy conclusion.

In effect, he says, there are subjects between which he selects, and of those he specifies as omitted there are three:—

(a) The worship;

(b) The cults of the dead;

(c) The various ideas thereto attaching; though there is a peculiarity of phrasing which co-ordinates (c) with (b).

Here let me say quite frankly that Dr. Farnell seems to have confused his own limitations with those necessary to his subject. The function of the book is simply, as stated in the title, to interpret the cults of the Greek States, while the relation which existed between art and religion in Greece is a favorite one with our author. His book, therefore, tends to become what the Germans call a real *Geschichte* of Greek art, rather than an account of Greek religion. The two subjects of "hero worship" and "the cults of the dead," are ideas so intimately and so organically related as to be inseparable even in thought. If Greece has any philosophic sense and significance for later ages, they are due to the cults of the dead, or the doctrine of immortality which has a special relation to the future and to the continued life of man; and, according to Plato, not only was man immortal, but he worshipped the deities because they were worshipful and they continued to live in the life because in the thought of man. To speak with a modern poet, they lived in "the faith of human reason," because they were conceived as higher than the highest of human beings, not simply in physical qualities, but in moral. And so we need the two beliefs treated fully before we can see Greek religion as it really lived.

In this work we find the cults of the Greek States clearly conceived, yet what is needed is far more a discussion touching the relation of the religion to the States, as well as to the ideas that went to make up the religion, than an account of the way in which religion is an institution, created of man for the culture of his own spirit and the need of society. This needs to be clearly stated because it is one of the points where Greek religion, as such, profoundly in-

fluenced Christianity and the Christian Church. This religion must be conceived as distinct from the Christian as well as the Greek State. Unless we so conceive it we fall into the greatest of all difficulties as regards the idea of the State or the religion. And unless this be done, we cannot have any philosophy of religion nor any discussion of the comparative work of Greek religion.

If we turn to this volume we find that it contains an excellent sample of the way in which, in past volumes, Greek religion has been handled. At least there are two Deities here treated in detail, Hermes and Dionusos. The first of these is Hermes. Dr. Farnell thinks he has evidence that Hermes was not a native Greek deity, but an adopted and adapted god. One of the evidences is connected with a name given to him, and it is significant, not only of the elevation of Greek religion, but also of the fastidiousness of the Greek spirit which naturally avoided anything that suggested uncleanness, whether in God or in man. The word is *φάλης*, which is held here to be related to *φαλλός*. One of the things that most astonishes every visitor to India is the presence of the Phallic symbol especially in connection with the worship of a deity so great and so austere as Siva. I do not think that Siva can be identified with "the reproductive energy of nature." To understand him and his association with so grotesque a symbol we must recall how the late Professor Monier Williams, when he inquired why water was poured upon the symbol, was told that the water signified the need of some element to cool the heat or keep down the agitation of the god. It is because I do not believe that "Phallic" worship, as practised at any rate in modern India, is connected with a Divine being, that I hold it insignificant, or, at least, unconnected with "the reproductive energies of nature." This is only one Greek name given to Hermes, but evidently from Acts XIV., 12, where Barnabas was identified with Zeus and Paul with Hermes, Zeus and Hermes stood together, though in connections that make for their similarity, and though they are similar, yet it is under conditions that speak of Zeus as native to the Greek, while the other deity is alien. On the other hand Dionusos is a Greek god with a host of epithets which are described as belonging to him through his cult. The really significant name which is given to Dionusos is a name that is confined to Megara, and is not said to signify any living tradition of ancestral descent.

I greatly regret that more cannot be spoken in praise of this work, which is genuinely learned without being ostentatious in its learning. If I cannot speak as frankly as I would like, it is not through any desire to depreciate a book which is throughout good. If Farnell had distinguished properly between the State and the religion he would have done a good turn, and would have placed himself in a better position to deal with men in society; in other words, he would have had a clearer notion of religion which was to be criticised through itself, and not through men gathered together, whether in a college or in a society called a State.

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

SOME ERRORS OF A THEORIST.*

It is a point of curious significance that whereas the Imperialist strain which Mr. Chamberlain injected into his Protectionist movement six years ago has dwindled into impotence among the fighting forces of his party, the few "economists" who have enlisted in his cause have joined because they wished to "save the Empire." The bacillus of Imperialism appears to find a particularly favorable nidus in certain sorts of academic brain. Professor Shield Nicholson is the latest victim. In this volume, mainly a commentary upon certain portions of the "Wealth of Nations," we trace the intellectual wanderings which have brought him to the conclusion that it may be desirable to bind the Empire by a Customs union and a protective tariff. That Adam Smith, whom most men have regarded as the great gospel of Free Trade, should here be pressed into protective service, may seem strange at first. But to those familiar with the type of academic mind, it will be recog-

* "The Cults of the Greek States." Vol. V. By Lewis Richard Farnell, D.Litt. Oxford University Press. 18s. 6d. net.

* "A Project of Empire." By J. Shield Nicholson. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

nised as natural enough. The deeper and more detailed study of any subject disposes such students to convert exceptions into rules, and to correct the popular estimate by placing some neglected doctrine in the place of first importance. Now in the liberal and occasionally loose exposition of the principles of free exchange by the great economist, there are certain passages of qualification. Adam Smith did allow that defence was more than opulence, and that for defensive purposes some sacrifice of perfect liberty might justly be required. When a home trade in competition with a foreign trade was subjected to special taxes, import duties might be put on to balance them. The principle of retaliation also receives from him a strictly limited assent. None of these concessions, however, contravenes the economic validity of Free Trade logic.

Professor Nicholson cannot really extract authority for his main position from these sources. It is to Smith's argument in favor of the superior advantages of home employment of capital that he directs himself. He persuades himself that Smith would have been willing to prevent invasions of our markets in certain eventualities by means of a protective tariff. "Adam Smith, looking always to facts, makes it an essential condition for the retention of capital in the home country that it should obtain equal, or very nearly equal, profits as compared with employment elsewhere. . . . If, then, by a small duty the home market can be retained for our own workmen—if the small duty gives enough profit to retain the capital—the duty would, on his principles, be an advantage, unless it can be shown that the capital, if displaced, would find at least equally advantageous employment at home in something else."

Professor Nicholson intimates that Adam Smith had no principle wherewith to decide whether or not a tariff can increase the volume of employment of capital and labor, and for his part he insists that what is needed is a Royal Commission to study the facts. This, in effect, is a frank abandonment of the theory of exchange on which Free Trade takes its stand. Admitting, as he does, that Adam Smith did in fact reject all the proposals of Protection in his time as injurious to the people both in their capacity of consumers and producers, Professor Nicholson urges that these positions are not binding upon our time, that they need "the verification of experience, and from generation to generation experience changes or may change." "In this demonstration no repetition of postulates and axioms can dispense with the appeal to experience."

Now we deny that this rightly represents the attitude of Adam Smith towards the principles of free exchange. He would not, consistently with the main trend of his thought, have admitted that postulates and axioms and the play of logic were incompetent to dispose of such a fallacy as that Protection can increase the volume of employment in a country. Professor Nicholson may hold this, but if he does, we would invite him to show, by illustration, how a Royal Commission can possibly by any appeal to facts test the issue.

He makes a good deal of play with the statement that Smith's objection against tariff duties was fear of creating monopoly, and suggests that, if it could be shown that such an effect would not ensue, Smith might have sanctioned Protection of home markets. No doubt there are passages in which Smith allows that import duties might be used for revenue, without urging the necessity of corresponding excise, but to give away the entire Free Trade position upon the strength of a few qualifying passages of this kind is an abuse of intelligent criticism.

However, we are not concerned to defend the absolute logical integrity of Adam Smith. The curious thing is that Professor Nicholson should choose so intricate a manner to unfold his own Imperialist proposals.

What he is "after" is succinctly expressed in his concluding paragraph—"Imperial defence, to which every nation, or dominion, or commonwealth contributes its share; a system of representation by which every responsible constituent of the empire has a voice in the control of the concerns of the whole; an immense internal market for every part of the produce of all the constituents; a Customs Union and a common policy in commercial relations with other countries; a policy adverse to every kind of monopoly, and favorable to everything that increases the revenue and the

prosperity of the great body of the people throughout the empire."

If Professor Nicholson had made any intelligent study of public opinion in the colonies, he would know that Free Trade within the empire was nowhere entertained as a possibility, that no single colony was to be scared or argued into withdrawing the protection of their manufactures against the competition of British goods, that neither Canada, nor Australasia, nor South Africa would hand over their national defences to a central Army and Navy, would limit their control of their fiscal arrangements, or would undertake the vast responsibilities of governing and defending our great "unfree" empire. Imperial federation of this sort is definitely killed. All this might have been learned from a careful reading of the Report of the last Colonial Conference, supplemented by such account of the negotiations for Imperial Defence as have been published this year.

The notion that any such Imperial Customs Union, with the necessary tariff against foreign goods, would fail to foster "monopolies" in this country, or would increase the aggregate revenue and prosperity of our people, is not particularly plausible, even when put forward under the protecting aegis of Adam Smith.

A CITY OF ITALY.*

THE strong attraction which the Italian Renaissance still has for all thoughtful people is explained when we remember that we are still to-day living in Renaissance ideas, and continuing the line of thought which the Renaissance initiated. We feel the same liveliness of interest in the original Italian movement that a river, if a river were conscious and self-analytical, might be expected to feel in its own natal source. Moreover, in days like these, when culture has become such a concentrated and laborious affair, and when all the realm of knowledge has been parcelled out among specialists and experts, who from time to time administer to us in small dry doses the results of their highly scientific investigations, but who naturally resent the intrusion of unlicensed outsiders into their own private domain, in such days as these it is, to say the least, not strange that we should turn longing eyes to a time when knowledge was free, when the delight of the mind in the exercise of its own faculties was the incentive and the inspiration, when men thought less of the find than of the search, when, as if from a mountain top, the first thinkers looked out over the landscape of the future, bathed in dew and light, all fresh and untrodden, before yet the Professor had claimed his lot in it, and dug himself in, and put up his "trespassers will be prosecuted." It has been argued that the Renaissance itself was not very deep in knowledge, that "science is indebted to it," as the encyclopædias say, for no discoveries of first-rate magnitude. Nevertheless, it made the discovery that thinking and investigating were sources of excitement and felicity, and was not that discovery the father of all future ones? Any man with a grain of mental vitality in him would rather, we take it, discover for himself that a duck can swim than be professorially instructed in the whole contents of modern science. It is the mind's activity that counts, not what the mind's activity brings in. If we could but forget all we have learnt, then we might have the joy of learning it all over again. But alas! we cannot forget.

So, grown old and disillusioned, with much petty knowledge stored in our tired old brains, we look back with a regretful interest at that golden intellectual youth of ours among the hills of Italy. We look first and most at Florence, of course, for Florence was as much the source and centre of the new intellectualism as Athens had been of the old. The lead Florence took and kept in every department of science, literature, and art, she took and kept by right of her keener and quicker intellectual sensibility. To science, literature, and art, she first gave the aim and tendency that was necessary to their development as instruments of an intellectualised civilisation. Florence, in a word, adapted art and letters to the conditions of modern life.

* "Bologna: Its History, Antiquities, and Art." By Edith E. Coulson James. Frowde. 12s. net.

A COMFORTABLE OLD AGE AND HOW TO SECURE IT.

VERY many have their capital invested in ordinary high-class securities yielding such a low rate of interest that their incomes are quite inadequate to their requirements. Few are aware that by selling these securities and using the capital to purchase an annuity they may increase their incomes from two to eight-fold, according to the purchaser's present age and state of health.

For example, £1,000 invested in the ordinary way in gilt-edged securities will yield perhaps £30 per annum. Invested in an annuity, a male aged 45 would draw annually £67 4s.; at age 60, £97, and at 80, £213 5s.

An annuity with a sound life assurance company has the supreme advantage of absolute safety. Professor de Morgan, the great mathematician, affirmed: "There is nothing in the commercial world which approaches even remotely the security of a well-established life office," and Mr. W. Schooling says in "Life Assurance Explained," "The position of an assurance company is much more stable than that of a bank." Why, then, pinch yourself on a mere three per cent., or, worse still, risk both capital and income, and invite worry and anxiety, in an attempt to obtain 4½ or 5 per cent. by investing in stocks or second grade bonds, when you may with the very best security obtain 6, 10, 15, or 20 per cent. of the amount of your capital annually for the rest of your life?

If you have not considered the matter you naturally ask how it is possible to give such large returns. It is the result of co-operation. If you knew when your life would end, you could spend part of your capital and all of your interest each year, so that at your death your capital would be exhausted. For lack of such fore-knowledge, you cannot safely adopt this method. You can, however, obtain the equivalent result by co-operating with others through the medium of a well-established life assurance company, thus getting the benefit of average duration of life, with the assurance that should you live to extreme old age your income never fails.

Having decided on this method of providing for a comfortable old age free from the vexatious cares and worries of uncertain investments, it only remains to select a company which best meets your requirements.

The insurance editor of the "Daily Telegraph" recently gave the following good advice on this question:—

"The rate of interest that can be earned upon the funds of a life office is the main factor in settling terms for annuitants which a life assurance company can give. The Colonial companies are able to earn a substantially higher rate of interest upon their funds, and see the way clear to keep on earning a higher rate of interest in the future than English and Scottish societies. Consequently, the Colonial offices can afford to give better terms to annuitants than English and Scottish companies.

"I frequently have to explain to correspondents the pros and cons of Colonial offices for annuities, and perhaps, therefore, it is well to put on record this opinion on the subject, because, the security being first-class, it is to the advantage of annuitants to obtain the superior terms which the Colonial offices are in a position to give."

There is no company to which the above remarks can be more appropriately applied than to the Sun Life of Canada. It has £6,000,000 of well-invested funds earn-

ing £5 10s. per cent. per annum, and gives its annuitants the advantage of this high rate. The result is that the Sun of Canada pays a higher rate to annuitants than any other company doing business in Great Britain.

This statement can be easily verified by consulting any standard work of reference on the subject.

The Sun of Canada was established over forty years ago, and confines itself strictly to life and annuity business. It has for many years transacted a successful business in the United Kingdom, where it has steadily grown in favour as its merits have become better known. In Canada, its home field, where it is best known, it has in volume of new business surpassed all other Canadian companies. Its annual new business is exceeded by very few companies in the British Empire.

For the special protection of policy-holders and annuitants in Great Britain and Ireland, the Sun Life of Canada has made a voluntary permanent deposit of £100,000 in the Bank of Scotland, in the names of the Right Hon. the Earl of Albemarle and the Right Hon. Sir Charles Dalrymple, Bart., P.C., as trustees for the faithful performance of all its obligations in the United Kingdom.

The following shews the amount required to purchase an annuity of £100 per annum, payable half-yearly, in the Sun Life of Canada, in comparison with other British offices:—

MALES.		Age	Age	Age
		55	65	75
SUN OF CANADA	£1,214	£895	£613	
Average of other British Offices	£1,307	£956	£635	
FEMALES.				
SUN OF CANADA	£1,335	£992	£669	
Average of other British Offices	£1,441	£1,071	£701	

In addition to giving a larger return than other companies, the Sun of Canada pays the stamp duty amounting to £5 on each £1,000 of purchase-money, in many companies paid by the purchaser.

The company has adopted the equitable system of granting larger annuities where the health of the annuitant is slightly impaired. When the impairment is of a more serious nature, the amount of the annuity is correspondingly increased. Rates for these will be quoted on application.

Many persons are deterred from purchasing annuities because of the loss of capital that would result from early death. To obviate this objection the Sun of Canada issues annuity bonds guaranteeing that should death occur before the annuity payments equal the amount invested the difference will be returned to the annuitants' legal representatives on proof of death.

Deferred annuities to begin at some fixed date in the future may be purchased at greatly reduced rates, and may be paid for in a single payment or by annual or half-yearly instalments, either with or without return of premiums in case of death before the first payment of the annuity becomes due.

Survivorship, joint life, and all other forms of annuities are granted by this company.

The chief office of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada is 93, Queen Victoria Street; manager, J. F. Junkin. Full particulars will be sent free to any enquirer. The date of birth should be given.—[ADVT.]

And yet an Italy that was all Florence would be but a meagre and uninteresting affair. So much that enriches life, so many thoughts and aspirations we could ill afford to let die, were housed in other cities! In Padua and Bologna scholarship had struck root, in lonely Perugia were treasured the pure relics of medieval sanctity, in Naples and the South the old childish, wide-eyed paganism still pleasantly survived, among her grey lagoons Venice darkened and glowed in all the voluptuous splendor of Oriental color. The chief Italian cities seem like a cluster of precious stones, each flashing with its own light, Florence, the white diamond of intellectualism, shining in the midst of them.

It is of one of these cities that Miss James writes. Like all the others, Bologna has its own history, its own charm and interest, its own individuality. This individuality Miss James has disengaged with much skill and precision. She calls her work a "slight sketch"; but it is more than that. If not exhaustive, it is essentially suggestive. The chapters on art, on history, on archæology, on literature, are based on wide reading and a careful examination on the spot of the best authorities. Occasionally we are tempted to think that the author has yielded a little to the inclination we all have slightly to overrate the importance of a subject to which we have devoted years of attention. We doubt if an entirely dispassionate critic would rate Bolognese painting quite as highly as Miss James is inclined to rate it. Nevertheless, on this subject as on others, she writes with a thorough knowledge of the latest critical researches, and in several particulars, notably in her vindication of the merit of Jacopo degli Avanzi, in which she avails herself of the light thrown by Mr. Perkins on that artist's work, she performs a useful service in counteracting the inadequate but still prevalent estimate of Crowe and Cavalcaselle. The book, in short, is the fruit of much study, careful investigation, and no slight literary ability, and may quite confidently be commended, not only to visitors to Bologna, but to all who wish for a succinct but not superficial history of the city.

TALES OF OVERSEAS.*

MRS. MEYNELL, in her thoughtful essay, "Decivilised," took to task the provincial, overseas, American or colonial for promising "the world a literature, an art, that shall be new because his forest is untracked and his town just built." She spoke of the "young nations with withered traditions" born into "an inclination for things mentally inexpensive, nations for whom there is no future, since the infection of commonness once begun in the many, what dulness in their future!" From "the infection of commonness," which modern civilisation has spread all over the globe, it is true that literature can gain no advantage. Purity and beauty of style are qualities that wake no response in democracies that seek inspiration in the cheap novelette and joy in the gramophone. More serious is the lack, both in supply and demand, of original matter in communities whose experience of life, at least, lies often out of the track of routine. It seems that an unconventional life does not heed unconventional types of minds. The Colonies offer scant encouragement to writers to look at life with a fresh eye, and these last are compelled to hawk their wares in London, with but a shadowy chance of attracting the attention of English people, whose sympathies rarely carry beyond the radius of their own affairs. It is for these, as well as for other reasons, that we welcome the two volumes before us, "The Trader" and "Tropical Tales," both of which reveal the unconventional horizon of writers who, irked by the cramping routine of the daily duties and distractions of town life, have wandered far from the centre. It is interesting to note the contrast in the attitude of the man and the woman wanderer. Miss Dolf Wyllarde, whose talent is indeed not seen to such advantage in her short stories as in "The Story of Eden" and "Uriah the Hittite," is fond of showing us heroines who, under the hardened mask of women who are fighting for their own hand, conceal a nervous

intensity of unsatisfied feminine feeling. The absence of the sheltering warmth of home life, while developing in them a frank *camaraderie* with the men with whom they are thrown together, naturally intensifies their desire for social happiness. Unlike the women of a luxurious society, if they are hard without, they are soft within. Women whose inexperience or girlish innocence has been taken advantage of by men who scheme to play on feminine weakness are prominent in Miss Wyllarde's works. Perhaps the cleverest study in "Tropical Tales" is the first, which closes with the passionate relief of a girl when she hears of the death of a man whose memory she hates for the pain and fear it has brought her. "There was a brief episode in her life which she would have given anything to wipe out—and, behold, it was done for her! He was gone—she might breathe freely again." Another clever tale is "On the Plains" which recounts how the new manager in a Jamaican sugar factory, when summoned to his child's deathbed, cannot leave it in an hour of crisis, and how his wife cannot fathom his masculine sense of duty. Interesting, also, is the last sketch, "Across the Pastures," which makes clear under what scheme of household arrangements it is that the tropical portions of the Empire see the steady increase of a snuff and butter colored population. The colored woman's point of view is well brought out here, and it would be interesting to know what proportion of Englishwomen would sympathise with her.

Less critical in outlook is Mr. Cecil Ross Johnson's "The Trader," a story of overseas experiences, agreeable in its masculine impersonality and breadth. While the author has nothing of the artistic skill that distinguishes the pages of Mr. Conrad, his tone is free from the drum-beating of Mr. Kipling's school. His hero, Carteret, is an Englishman of good traditions, who emigrates to Australia, and, after some years of painful experiences of Queensland droughts and a straitened livelihood in bush townships, joins a fellow rolling-stone, Burdan, in setting up a trading station on the coast of British New Guinea, in the Torres Straits. The part of the coast selected for the venture is Danger Bay, a district where the natives are still savage and warlike, and one, consequently, shunned by the white traders, who are not to be found within a hundred miles on either side. The narrative gives lively pictures of tragedy and comedy in the life of the dozen white men settled within a few hundred miles, such as Curtin and Wayne, the Resident Magistrates, who each administer a district; Polk, the ruffianly ex-mate of "a Yankee floating hell"; Hendrickson, the trader on the Fly River, whose half-caste daughter, Anna, unluckily the one who bakes the better bread, elopes with an amorous pearler; and Smith, who is maimed in the most hideous fashion by the explosion of a dynamite charge. The pages on the death of this unfortunate man, who lies in agony imploring his mate to put him out of his misery, and the agonising debate of his two haggard-faced watchers, in whom conservative instinct fights a battle with humaner reason, bite deep into the memory. Excellent is the sketch of Curtin, the Magistrate, with his half-bitter, half-wistful look, a man who is eating his heart out at his lonely post, Daru, to which it is impossible to bring a white woman. Curtin is engaged to a girl at home, and has no prospects of an exchange or a pension, and a couple of months elapse between each mail. The chapter entitled "I Take a Few Passengers," which describes Carteret's cruise with some dangerous scallywags from Thursday Island to the mouth of the Mambare River, with an inland excursion to a new goldfield, is full of capital touches. A mutiny is quelled on board more by luck than by management, and the passengers develop so many feuds between themselves that Carteret is left to sail the ketch in peace. Typical is the trader's *rencontre* with the little cockney, Thornton, a New Guinea official, who turns up in the nick of time to rescue Carteret when he has been down five days with fever and dysentery, left alone in the bush, his carriers having gone on to the station in search of help and food. Thornton's practical philosophy is so typical of the cynical spirit in which the white traders and planters face life that we select a passage, in which tragedy and comedy are nicely blended:—

I realised that I was alive, and apparently going to live. "For God's sake move me," I said.

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"I'm going to. You want washing."

It was undeniable.

"I feel as if I wanted burning. How long have I been here?"

"Five days, as far as I can make out. 'Ave some stew?"

Afterwards they washed me; also they burned my bunk, my blanket, and my clothes. Thornton had brought a spare fly with him, and I used that. The next day Darkey dressed me, and I got up and sat outside, and began to move about. Thornton helped me to a log.

"Ow do you feel now?"

"Much better, thanks. I'm quite over it now."

He was staring in my face.

"Lord, but you look bad, Carteret. Your eyes are 'alf-way through your 'ead. And the 'ollowness of your cheeks makes the 'eight of your nose look 'igher than what it is."

"It strikes me I've had a rather near shave."

"Very near, I should say. I've 'ad seven men die of dysentery in the last few months. I've got 'em all buried in a row at the bottom of the garden. I'll show you their graves when you come down, if you like."

"Thank you very much."

"I buried 'em all myself. The men in the camp liked to see their mates buried all proper when there was a Government officer about, though when they are alone they don't bother much. Like all Australians, they 'aven't much sentiment, but they are good-'earted. So I buried 'em myself, all seven—and I made up a different prayer for each," he added, with a modest pride.

"Indeed?"

"It's a fact, Carteret. With two of them there was a chap in the camp gave me a 'and. 'E'd been a parson of sorts, they said—chapel, I believe. 'E could make up blooming fine prayers, too, and no mistake, but too long—with tags of the real service thrown in, all about 'dirt to dirt and ashes to ashes.' 'E wanted to boss the show through, but I wouldn't 'ave that, I being the magistrate." He spat reflectively. "I've got 'im there too."

"Dead, also?"

"'E was the fourth. There was another chap that I recognised I 'ad been shipmates with once. Funny meeting 'im like that, wasn't it? And another chap, they said, was the son of a lord."

Carteret gets away from the Mambare River as soon as possible, and sails for Danger Bay, only to find that in his absence the station has been rushed by the natives, looted, and burned to the ground. The boys have been wiped out, and Burdan is a prisoner in the hands of the Karo men—reserved for torture. It is evident, from many signs, that the author is not here writing of things he has himself known, though probably of things recounted to him. Carteret's subsequent experiences, his landing alone, his killing his partner, Burdan, when bound to the stake, with a well-directed shot, and his subsequent madness, all this is the work of the author's imagination, not convincing us, but serving to wind up some chapters in the life of a rolling-stone, singularly fresh and living in actuality and in atmospheric truth.

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advantage, and thought he had succeeded, but Lady Hester said that "the very muleteers and servants thought him a fool." Lady Hester Stanhope, though overbearing, impatient and unpractical, was a woman of no ordinary gifts. Her later years were lonely and unhappy. She felt that she had thrown her talent away, that her ambitions had not been realised. Mrs. Roundell's book fails to present her in an adequate light.

* * *

In a volume called "The Dauphines of France" (Stanley Paul, 16s. net), Frank Hamel gives us fifteen biographical sketches of the wives of the French Dauphins. Fourteen of these ladies had an undisputed right to the title of Dauphine; the fifteenth, Marguerite of Austria, was repudiated by Charles VIII., and used the title only by courtesy. The author reminds us that, in spite of the pomp and glitter by which it was surrounded, the position of Dauphine was not in most cases one to be envied. Two of them, Mary Stuart and Marie-Antoinette, died on the scaffold, several others witnessed scenes of insecurity and danger, while only six became queens of France. As a general rule they were children when they came to France, ignorant of the country and with only a slight knowledge of the language, and unable to hold their own in the game of intrigue into which they were drawn. One of the happiest, as well as one of the most thoughtless and frivolous of them all, was Marie-Adelaide of Savoy, Duchess of Burgundy. Her high spirits and charm of manner won the affection both of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon, and though many of her escapades caused a storm of disapproval, her irrepressible gaiety soon brought her back to favor. "Frank Hamel" shows a good knowledge of French history, and her narrative is clear and simple. Her book covers a period of more than five hundred years, and a full account of the fifteen Dauphines is impossible in four hundred pages. But, if she has not fully succeeded in her aim "to produce in every case a finished study of life and character," she has at least written a readable volume which compares favorably with most Court biographies of the present day.

* * *

As a memorial of the late Professor Hastie, a Lectureship bearing his name has been founded in Glasgow University, and the first course of lectures was given last spring by Dr. Macmillan. They have now been published under the title of "The Aberdeen Doctors" (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.), and make an interesting contribution to Scottish ecclesiastical history. The Aberdeen Doctors were a group of six theologians—three of them professors in the University, and the remaining three ministers in the city—who during the bitter controversies of the seventeenth century endeavored to exercise a moderating influence, and held views not unlike those of the Latitudinarian school in the English Church. "The point to emphasise," says Dr. Macmillan, "is that the Aberdeen Doctors had freed themselves from the influence of the confessional theology, which was narrowing down into a vain and narrow scholasticism. . . . They took up the questions that were the source of strife in an independent fashion, brought the light of thought, of reason, of history, and of free inquiry, to bear upon them, and came to conclusions which were naturally displeasing to both parties, but which were much nearer to the truth." Dr. Macmillan examines the views held by the members of the group in regard to Church Government, Doctrine, and Worship, and ends by a discussion of the problem of Church union, as it presents itself to-day. His book shows courage in grappling with fundamental problems, and should awaken interest in a group of scholars who, although they left but little mark upon the Church, deserve more attention than they have hitherto received.

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(II)

Violet Hunt

THE MONTH

Editorial

SOCIAL PARASITISM

J. A. Hobson

THE CONTENDING FORCES

Professor L. T. Hobhouse

REVIEW

R. A. Scott-James

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prominent in this connection, and one or two were carried there against their will. The one prominent point of similarity in their records at the Holy City is that they were, one and all, compelled to make open profession of the Mohammedan faith, and this, in most cases, involved the concealment of their nationalities. Only one instance is recorded of a European having entered Mecca and returning alive without abjuring either country or creed, and he afterwards owned that his terror of discovery prevented him from making observations. The Meccans enjoy a grim reputation for their treatment of infidels caught in their midst, and it still remains to be seen whether the opening of the Hejaz railway, linking up Constantinople with Mecca, will make the latter any more accessible to Christian tourists. To those who love the adventurous deeds of history we can commend no better book than this anthology of pilgrims to a still strange place.

* * *

WE have received from Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. a most admirable satirical pamphlet, called "The Dook's Doomsday Book" (6d.), which is the wittiest and most entertaining presentment of the case against the Peers we have seen. It is so full of good drawing and good writing that we might quote it at any page for the amusement of our readers. We take quite at random these political "recipes":—

THE WELSH RABBIT.

"Take one good heart, a prime tongue, a sense of justice and a sense of humor; sprinkle with pepper, add a seasoning of ginger, some milk of human kindness, and plenty of Cream of Tartar. As soon as it simmers, serve hot—and strong."

THE BALFOUR JELLY.

"Take a thin slice of cold tongue, soak it in butter and vinegar, stir it up with a supercilious manner; add a seasoning of real brains, and the soft backbone of an eel; put over a slow fire till lukewarm; then stir in Tariff Reform, Protection, Free Trade, stale bread (taxed), and fresh meat (untaxed), with other such mixed notions and half beliefs minced very small. Season with philosophic doubt and bitter herbs. This should be turned out (at Election time) and kept in a cool place."

DOOKS STEW.

"Take a large rent-roll, stuff with unearned increment and hereditary rights, add a full tablespoonful of sauce, some superior capers, and several nice pieces of invective. Boil in the usual way; then mix with it a juicy stake in the country, a large veto, a good Budget cut up into slices, and a British Constitution chopped into fragments. These will fill the pot, and will soon boil over. Dish it immediately, and serve up at a General Election. This will be found an excellent way of treating what is too tough for ordinary cooking."

THE HEREDITARY GOOSE—HOW TO COOK IT.

"Use votes liberally, and, as soon as the goose is well basted, give it a good turn before the burning indignation of the country; it will be done brown in no time, and can then be taken down."

Or this from "Who's Who Among the Lords":—

"BORROWMORE, 5TH EARL OF.—Ivan, Frederic, Moses, Miguel, Louis, Oscar Schmidt, A.B.C., B.U.S.T., N.W., P.I.P., R.S.O. Purely English ancestry. Would have held several lucrative offices, but was never asked to. Notable athlete at College; created the highest record for running up bills; continued to go the pace, and at length, to crown his career, ran right through his ancestral estates. His legislative powers are, nevertheless, as good as ever, and, out of sympathy for the People, he came home from Monte Carlo at the risk of being summoned by his tailor, in order to vote against the Budget. Address: Formerly resided on his family property; is now living on his wits and cannot be located."

The Week in the City.

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THOUGH interrupted by the Christmas holidays, business of all kinds has been active enough, and a generally cheerful spirit has been abroad both in Lombard Street and Capel Court. Lombard Street has, as usual at this season, been chiefly busied with providing itself with the fifteen to twenty millions of artificial credit that it and the rest of the financial

world required at the end of the year, largely for the purpose of decorating balance-sheets with a fine show of "cash in hand." This credit it creates by taking securities to the Bank of England, borrowing the necessary millions from it, and leaving them with it to the credit of the various borrowers. Since a deposit at the Bank is considered as good as cash, the necessary cash is thus easily forthcoming, and the system is prettily elastic and economical. A spell of cheap money is looked for when this annual pressure is over, but after that the outlook is universally dubious.

BROADENING SPECULATION.

Stock markets have shown remarkable strength, in spite of holiday interruptions, inactive business, and a big account to be settled and dear money to finance it with. Members are looking forward to active business and buoyant markets in 1910, and, apart from political and other accidents, there seems to be no reason why these flattering hopes should not be realised. The City is a little afraid that a Radical victory would interfere with their programme, but, though it would almost certainly cause dulness for a few days—owing to the ingrained prejudice which produces the weakness that it fears—probably enough the investing and speculating classes would very soon discover that the world was going round much as usual, and would shortly return to a saner frame of mind. Business in the speculative markets has shown signs of broadening, with a strong demand for West African mining shares, which are said by their supporters to be going to be the leading market in the New Year. It seems likely enough that the public will rush in to discount the possibilities of this field, which are genuine enough up to a point, and will discount them, as usual, much too fast, and then feel aggrieved because it has paid too high prices for shares which it finds difficult to dispose of except at a loss.

LOANMONGERS BUSY.

Amongst the markets of older standing, investment securities of all kinds, home, Colonial, and foreign, have been drained nearly bare of stock, and might look like higher prices were it not for the probability, which amounts almost to certainty, that loan issuing is going to be on a vast scale, and that investors will have plenty of opportunities for supplying themselves with any variety of stock that they may happen to require. The Baghdad Railway and its finance are already the subject of oracular telegrams in the daily press; Hungary, Austria, Russia, and Bulgaria are practically known to want loans for various purposes; Germany is thought likely to continue its policy of meeting deficits by loans and making posterity pay, since the foreigner, in spite of the most scientific inducements of Protection, refuses to do so; Canada, the United States, and South America may be relied on to hold out appeals for fresh advances, and altogether it seems reasonable to expect that the lamentable exodus of British capital will go on at an accelerated pace, with its usual beneficial effect to British trade. Underwriters and financiers are looking forward to a busy year, and, as long as they do not overdo the business, and as long as the loan funds are well spent, and not wasted on armaments and other fripperies, there is good reason to wish them a successful one.

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE noblest utterance of the election is that of Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, who, in one of a brilliant series of letters, writes these burning words on the bread tax. They should be posted all over the land, for they are a model of the best and simplest English, and a child can read and understand them.

"A tax on bread is the cruellest tax on earth. The poorer the man and the larger his family, the harder it presses upon him. It is a hunger tax that some poor people will pay at every meal. It is a tax on old people and on little children. It is a tax on the strength of England to make it weaker, and it is a tax on the poor of England to make them poorer. I would rather die than vote for such a tax."

The meanest utterance (but one) of the election is that of Lord Rosebery, ex-Liberal Prime Minister, ex-Home Ruler, and ex-Constitutionalist, who writes to a gentleman in Devonshire, with "natural pain and reluctance" that he is against the Government on three out of four electoral issues—Socialism, an "independent" Irish Parliament, and the reform of the House of Lords. With equal "pain and reluctance," we imagine, Lord Rosebery omits to mention the fourth issue on which he favors the Government, which is, we suppose, either the taxation of the people's bread or the theft of their liberties, or both.

* * *

Most of us know the method of the confidence trick. Its contrivers—there are usually two of them—approach their victim with a liberal display of flash coin and paper money. "You see," they say, "these notes and sovereigns. All are yours. Look at them, handle them. In return—just to show your confidence—hand us over your watch and purse." So say the political

tricksters. "Give us, first, your Government and its device for stopping unemployment. Hand over the Budget, with its taxes on the rich, because they merely descend to the poor. Hand over your House of Commons, which can't work without us, and your bauble of a Constitution, which was made for fogies. Hand over the right of taxation by your elected representatives. Now that you are about it, you might also lend us the right of Dissolution, which the King may exercise to-day, but which is really much safer with the House of Lords, especially after we have made it so strong that you will never any more want a mere common representative House again. And, if you will be so good as to let us tax most of what you eat, wear, and use, you shall have so much more wages to spend that you will have no difficulty in paying for them."

* * *

Is this an exaggeration? Let Lord Lansdowne's speech at Liverpool tell its own story. Admitting that the Lords killed the Budget because they wanted to "switch on" Protection and "switch off" Free Trade, he said that they had merely proposed "a clear, straightforward little amendment." That amendment (which was neither clear, nor straightforward, nor little) merely proposed to put an end to the House of Commons after it had lasted four years, which was as long as Mr. Asquith thought it should last. Claim I.—Power of Dissolution at any moment when the Lords think right. Lord Lansdowne went on to specify the powers which he considered should not be "handed over to the House of Commons and the Minister who controls the House of Commons." They were the direction of Indian, Imperial, and Colonial affairs, naval and military defence, finance, and general politics. Claim II.—The House of Lords to govern the Empire, to interfere not only with the Budget, but with the Army and Navy Estimates, and to be supreme in legislation.

* * *

LORD LANSDOWNE proceeded to say that these powers should, in his opinion, be wielded not by the present House of Lords, but by "a kind of inner House of Lords," consisting of (a) superior peers, (b) peers elected by peers, (c) peers nominated by the Government of the day. Claim III.—To destroy the established constitutional power of the Crown (see Professor Dicey—"The Law of the Constitution," p. 360), to create fresh peers, with a view of bringing the House of Lords into harmony with the House of Commons—i.e., to provide for the Lords a form of control similar to that which a General Election supplies for the House of Commons. Here, then, is stark, staring Revolution. Englishmen fought, and were right to fight, against such claims when the Crown preferred them. Are they going to take them lying down from Lord Lansdowne?

* * *

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking at the Queen's Hall and at Reading, gave a masterly and convincing exposition of the problem of unemployment as the Budget has worked it out. He pointed out (1) that, during the last fifty years, the returns showed that unemployment diminished with the growth of imports, (2) that, during the recent world-depression of trade, un-

employment in Protectionist countries, notably in the United States, had been far worse than in ours. In proof of this he gave some striking figures of unemployment in the State of New York. In that State in the month of May, 1908, thirty per cent. of the workmen making returns were out of employment. About the same period our maximum was ten per cent. Mr. George might have added that even in the succeeding month of June, that is to say, in the height of summer, the returns of unemployment for ninety-two trade unions in the State of New York were nineteen per cent.

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"HERE," concluded the Chancellor, "you are in this Protectionist paradise, where you have got Customs House officers lining the shores like cherubims, with the flaming sword of a scorching tariff to keep out every foreign-made article from the Garden of Eden; here, once you enter the Garden you find the serpents of hunger, want, unemployment, hissing in every glade." The Chancellor's third point was a rehearsal of the Budget's scientifically conceived plan for dealing with unemployment in the only possible way—namely, by the re-organisation of the labor market. The accredited machinery for that re-organisation is labor exchanges and insurance for unemployment. Thus the laborer acquires increased facility for following work when it comes, and for waiting until it comes. The total provision, under all the headings, for this purpose is a sum of nearly eighteen millions.

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THIS sum should be placarded in the largest figures during next week, all over the kingdom, for it is safe to say that no Government ever offered a people so large and well-founded a scheme of industrial security. Neither Protection nor Free Trade can cure unemployment, which arises from the huge, stagnant "reserves" of labor that modern industry collects and makes no effort to disperse. The machinery of labor exchanges should break up one part of this pool. That of averaging wages by means of State-aided insurance should break up another. The plan is as sound as, in our view, a considerable part of the experiments begun under the Unemployed Workmen's Act are unsound, and not a serious word has been written in its disparagement.

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THE full account of this provision was made out in Mr. Churchill's speech at Dundee, and we quote as follows:—

For unemployment insurances and labor exchanges, £1,500,000 a year.

Expenditure upon roads (all of which would go in labor, which would be pushed forward in times of bad trade and slacked off in times of good trade), £600,000 a year.

Development grants in aid of agricultural afforestation, and such-like schemes of colonising our own country, £900,000.

Old Age Pensions, nearly nine millions a year; the removal of the pauper disqualification, two millions more.

Invalidity, sickness, widows', and orphans' insurance—those great schemes which were to be started in conjunction with the friendly and benefit societies—four millions to begin with, but the amount would work up in future years as the scheme developed.

It is incredible that the workman can drop the substance of this magnificent plan—commended them by the responsible Minister who has worked it out—for the shadow of Protection.

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WILD and even wicked words are used by partisans on all sides, at all elections, but the palm for this kind

of language belongs to-day to Mr. Balfour, and will rest on his head. Speaking of the relations between Great Britain and Germany at Hanley on Tuesday, he declared that "amongst statesmen and diplomatists of the lesser Powers" there was "an absolute unanimity of opinion that a struggle sooner or later between this country and Germany is inevitable." He added that he did not agree with them, but said that this view sprang from disbelief in the "virility" of our people, an opinion of which his party is the daily and hourly propagandist. He added this disgraceful sentence. "I have known of Germans not connected with the Government, but men of position and character, men engaged in great affairs, who, if you talk to them about the adoption of Tariff Reform by Great Britain actually say, 'Do you suppose we should allow Great Britain to adopt Tariff Reform?' Such talk," he added, "makes my blood boil."

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THUS Mr. Balfour, whose blood never boiled at anything that kindled a generous heart, contrives (1) to stir up the coarse anti-German flame which Mr. Blatchford tried to light, (2) to reap all the party advantage that may be gathered from it, while (3) escaping any personal call to account. Meanwhile, we hope that Mr. Balfour will be required at every public meeting which he addresses to give his authority for such language. In our opinion it was never used. But even if this base coin be in circulation, no good citizen or high-minded man ever stoops to pick it up. Happily, the German Press has taken Mr. Balfour's language for what it is, a piece of gross electioneering, and of very frigid and calculated—boiling.

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THIS base speech—which the "Neue Freie Presse" roughly calls "the sickly scream of the desperately pressed politician"—was truthfully handled by the Prime Minister at Bath and Mr. Lloyd George at Peckham. Mr. Asquith, speaking with great weight and not less conspicuous contempt, declared it false to say that "the statesmen and diplomatists of the lesser Powers of Europe" unanimously believed an Anglo-German war to be inevitable. The Prime Minister's knowledge of the diplomacy of Europe, which was as "close and fresh" as Mr. Balfour's, enabled him to say that not a single Power, small or great, shaped its policy with a view to any such contingency. Nor was there any cause of quarrel between us and this "great and friendly nation." As to the suggestion that Germany would stop us from having Tariff Reform if we wanted it, he asked why public opinion should be enflamed and embittered by quoting such silly menaces. He gave "flat and absolute contradiction" to Mr. Balfour's statement that our naval supremacy was endangered. Not within the memory of living man were our shores and sea-power so safe. Mr. Lloyd George compared Mr. Balfour to the low type of American politician known as the "tail-twister," and said that we knew by the South African experience that men who talked of inevitable wars often made them.

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MEANWHILE, the worth of Mr. Balfour's Mr. Blatchford as a controversialist may be gathered from two examples. The first is his statement that the toast of "Am Tag"—to the day when the German fleet conquered the English—was drunk every night on German battleships. This statement Prince Henry of Prussia, Admiral of the German fleet, has declared to be a lie, and we have not yet observed that Mr. Blatchford has either withdrawn or reaffirmed it. The second example is his

statement that when he was in Germany he stood at "Krupptown" and "reflected that the German blood and iron works had recently taken on 28,000 new hands." On this Mr. Tuchmann quotes in the "Westminster Gazette" a letter from the Chairman of the Krupp Company saying that this number represents about the whole of the employes at Essen, that during the last three months there had been no additions to the staff, and that these numbers are what they practically were in 1906. A statement, giving almost exactly the same proportions in the number of the staff, though differing as to the totals, is supplied by Mr. John Leyland to the "Times." Mr. Tuchmann's letter was naturally refused insertion in the "Daily Mail," and the 28,000 new hands in Essen, Mr. Balfour's twenty-one or twenty-five German "Dreadnoughts" in 1912, and a few other frigid and calculated companions, still go the rounds.

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WE doubt whether it is worth the while of Ministers to touch so ignorant a writer as Mr. Blatchford, but Mr. McKenna, in a powerful speech at Portnewydd on Thursday night, convicted him of the following mis-statements, which he described as "grossly untrue": (1) That in two years' time Germany will have eleven Dreadnought docks to our three. We shall have sixteen and Germany nine. (2) That Rosyth will not be ready for seven years. It will be ready in six, or five. (3) That Germany has more fast destroyers than we, and can build them quicker. Both statements false. (4) That Germany can build twelve Dreadnoughts at a time, and has more slips for big-gun ships than we, and (5) that at any period, on any basis, she possesses, or will possess, a naval power comparable to our own. This is the really colossal falsity that underlies all these naval scares, by whomsoever engineered.

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THE two Archbishops have both issued what we suppose must be called manifestoes. The Archbishop of York, who spoke with force and ability on the constitutional issue, now suggests to Churchmen that they must also consider the "peril" or the "risk" of Welsh Dis-establishment, or of a new Education Bill. While one Archbishop puts forward the private interests of the Established Church, the other calls upon the people to avoid the exaggeration, bitterness, and untruthfulness which prevail at election times. All these things exist, especially when such issues as popular rule, the taxing power, war, and Protection arise. So long as the Church has nothing to say on the whole moral content of politics, the nation will pay little heed to the Primate's exhortations to avoid excitement in discussing it.

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THE elections to the new Indian Councils are nearing completion, and those of Bengal and Bombay have already met. The Mohammedans, as was inevitable, have everywhere returned much more than their proportionate share of the members. The other outstanding feature of the new Councils, particularly in Bengal, is the small number of "intellectuals" who have been returned, and the large number of landowners and local magnates. The reason is, of course, the restriction which required the local and district Councils to nominate only their own members. Anglo-Indian opinion is jubilant at the exclusion of the despised "baboo," and especially of the "lawyers," by this ingenious device. But experience may suggest quite another verdict. It is doubtful whether the country gentlemen who have been returned possess either the ability or the independence required for the transaction of affairs on a national scale. If

that is so, the Councils will lack prestige; the native members will not attempt to assert themselves or will make the effort without the necessary intelligence; outside the Councils the accepted Nationalist leaders are already contemptuous and critical. The total result may well be to maim the intention which Lord Morley had in mind. His scheme was admirable. It is the regulations grafted on it by Simla which threaten it.

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DR. DE LUKACS has failed, as he was expected to fail, in securing the co-operation of any of the Magyar parties in forming a Government. M. de Justh adhered firmly to his programme of economic independence for Hungary, which involves a separate tariff, a separate State Bank, and the right to raise Hungarian loans abroad. On these terms the Emperor-King refused to bargain. M. de Lukacs is however definitely named Prime Minister, and will doubtless succeed in forming a Cabinet of more or less respectable, but uninfluential, individuals. It is less certain that he will succeed in obtaining the supplies for two months, for which he has asked. A general election will be the next phase in the crisis, and this, on the still unreformed franchise, can end only in the return in uncertain proportions of the various Chauvinist groups, which really differ little in their separatist policy and their devotion to the ideal of Magyar racial ascendancy. Already the politicians of the extremer Justh group are talking eagerly of a sharp conflict with the Crown, in which the new Diet will assert itself by refusing supplies and recruits.

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THE Greek Kingdom has touched during the past week the lowest level of degradation which has fallen to its lot since its officers took to imitating the Young Turks. Smarting under the defeat inflicted on it through the dismissal of its nominee, the Minister of War, the Military League determined to avenge itself on the Chamber. Its preparations were simple. It confined the troops to barracks, and served out ammunition. It then sent its emissaries with an ultimatum to the leaders of the two Opposition parties, demanding that they should co-operate promptly in passing the Budget, and some 150 Bills which embody the League's programme. It next required of the Prime Minister the dismissal of four Greek Ministers in the more important European capitals. It wound up by exacting, as a compensation for the War Minister's retirement, the dismissal of the Minister of the Interior. Every one of these exactions was satisfied within the prescribed number of hours—the King meanwhile using his influence to prevent the Cabinet from escaping further humiliation by resigning in a body. The brutality of such proceedings is exceeded only by their childishness.

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IN the course of last session a Bill was passed setting up an Under Secretaryship for the department of the Post Office. This has now been excellently filled by the appointment of Sir Henry Norman. Sir Henry's special experience and skill in organisation well suit him to such work.—We much regret to record the death of Mr. William Earl Hodgson, a frequent contributor to THE NATION. Mr. Hodgson wrote well of many aspects of country life, and especially of the craft of fly-fishing, of which he was an acknowledged expert. He used a pen of much skill and point, and was an accurate student of the English language as well as an admirable writer of it.

Politics and Affairs.

WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR.

THE contest which begins next week draws the controversies of many years to a head. On the constitutional side it resumes a campaign which was begun, only to be broken by a premature truce, in 1884, which was declined when it should have been pressed in 1894, and which from 1906 to 1910 has come year by year to be more clearly recognised as a struggle for the life or death of political freedom in this country. The entire forces of reaction stand massed behind the House of Lords. The land monopoly, the liquor interest, the nervous selfishness of "property," the anti-foreign panic, the more bigoted forms of sacerdotalism, take shelter with one accord behind the irrational privileges of an hereditary order. On the other side, in spite of a certain amount of waste maintained by local and personal jealousies, the Progressive parties have drawn sensibly nearer together. On all hands it is realised that the crisis is national, and more than national; that its consequences will reverberate through the world, and that this month will see whether the traditional land of freedom, the Mother of Parliaments, having set an example that has been, and is being, copied directly or indirectly from end to end of the civilised earth, will remain faithful to herself, or will tamely let the heritage of centuries slip from a nerveless grasp. Let us attempt to review the heads of controversy which the electors have to decide.

First and foremost among them stands the question of a Free Parliament. Here we have no need to brush away sophistries. Lord Curzon and the bolder champions of the Lords have done that for us. The pretension of the Lords is clear and expressed. Their case is that an irresponsible hereditary body, placed above the necessity of consulting the electorate, is for that very reason impartial and clear-sighted. It can interpret the true will of the nation better than those which the nation elects to represent it. We, the people of England, are not fit to govern ourselves. We are to be governed by hereditary Curzonian autocrats and the Milners whom they select from the heads of the bureaucracy and choose to associate with themselves in the governing body. What precise functions they would leave to the House of Commons they have not yet deigned to tell us, but it is clear that the position of that House would be quite subordinate. It would be able to propose legislation and suggest financial measures, but its very existence is to be at the mercy of the Peers, who, by refusing supply, are to be able at any moment to compel a dissolution. The whole historic sequence which built up the structure of our freedom is to be reversed. As the House of Commons gained, first, the power of the purse, and through the purse the control of Ministries, and through the Ministry the predominant power in legislation, so now the Lords claim the purse-strings, and through the purse the control of Ministries, of legislation, and ultimately of the House of Commons itself. The issue is the broadest and simplest ever presented to a great popular constituency, and in face of this crisis

there can be only two parties. A vote for a Liberal, a Labor candidate, a Nationalist, or a Socialist, is on this occasion equally a vote for British freedom.

Second, and in full harmony with this dominant issue, comes the question of the Tariff. The pre-eminent caste, rallying round the privileges of the land, takes us back to the days of the Hungry 'Forties, and boldly demands the taxation of the food of the people and many of the materials and appliances of industry. Here, again, we are no longer dealing with Conservatism. The Conservative Party has long ceased to be Conservative, and become reactionary. The methods of that German Government which it professes to hate and fear are faithfully copied, and the burden of the ever-increasing cost of national administration is to be lifted from the shoulders of the rich and placed on the backs of the working-class. To this the workers are expected to assent, in the hope of securing more continuous employment, by protection against foreign competition. It is the vainest delusion, as argument and appeal to the statistical evidence of Protected countries have repeatedly shown. Such as it is, it is the one bribe that our would-be masters consent to dangle before the eyes of an electorate which they despise, and in the combat much will depend on the courage, on the real grasp of the logic of Free Trade, which our candidates can muster in meeting this particular appeal. Fortunately we have now on our side a definite constructive policy to show, not merely on paper and in the future, but taking its first practical shape in the Labor Exchanges which come into being next month. Free Trade finance can offer to the employer and workman the cheapest food and the cheapest materials in the world's market, and for the workman it adds a practical mechanism for reducing unemployment, and the definite promise of insurance against the risk that remains.

Thirdly, while the privileged class rallies round its land, the Budget for the first time leads a serious assault on the land monopoly. In advance of our foreign competitors in our fiscal system, we have long lagged behind them in the matter of land tenure. We have allowed our peasants to be expropriated. We have allowed the vast wealth of site values, created by the growth of population, to drain away into private hands. This is the price that we have paid for the persistence of aristocratic privilege. The work of Cobden, as Cobden knew, was only half done. He freed England from the tribute of the Corn Tax to the landlord. He did not succeed in liberating it from the tribute of an unjust rental. Successive Acts for the establishment of Small Holdings have merely nibbled at the problem. The Act of 1907 is the best, but it has served mainly to reveal the true nature of the difficulty. Valuation and taxation on true value are the two formulæ necessary to salvation. The question before the electors is whether urban land is to remain the treasure-house of the rich, and rural land their pleasure ground, or whether the land is to be at the disposal of the people—not through violent measures of spoliation, but by the fair insistence on equitable taxation and the pre-eminent rights of the community—whether in the towns it shall furnish its due quota to the cost of social progress, and in the rural

districts the means of livelihood to a vigorous rustic population.

Fourthly, the question before the electors is whether they shall be free to work out their own social salvation. The definite campaign against poverty has been instituted by the present Government, and the problem of the aged is in a fair way of solution. The problems of childhood, of helplessness, of sickness, of invalidity, of unemployment, lie in the immediate future, and the Budget provides the basis for a concerted series of legislative Acts aimed, no longer at the relief, but at the abolition, of the destitute. This great plan the Lords have brutally rejected, because some provision for it comes out of their own pockets. Posing as the enemies of unemployment, they refuse a way out for unemployment, just as, posing as patriots, they refuse to pay for "Dreadnoughts." We need but the free hand which the abolition of the Veto provides us, and we shall give to the working-classes a security such as no other nation has yet enjoyed.

Lastly, the question is between the ideal of peaceful industrialism and the reign of the soldier. More and more clearly the leading spirits on the opposite side are leaning to compulsory service, and the German panic, engineered at the moment for electoral purposes, will, if by a miracle it should succeed now, serve its turn later on in forcing the country to submit to German military discipline. In our opinion, Mr. Balfour, still the titular leader, should be strongly pressed for a definite declaration on this all-important point. There is none other that comes home so closely to every father and mother of sons throughout the land. They say that every country gets the government that it deserves. If the British people elect to surrender their political freedom, to let the Lords tax their food, to maintain the land monopoly, to leave the problem of poverty untouched, and to submit themselves and their sons to the yoke of conscription, then truly the day of their greatness is over, and they deserve the fate that awaits them.

THE GAME OF THE OPPOSITION.

For the old, old game of counting one's chickens before they are hatched the Unionist Press is substituting the new and more astute policy of discounting the chickens of their rivals before they are hatched. They apparently anticipate a victory for the people, and they are already going about to deprive that victory of its significance. The "Times" has discovered that Tariff Reform is, after all, a secondary matter. Tariffs can be imposed to-day and taken off to-morrow, but a real old crusted House of Lords is the slow growth of centuries. To produce the fine flower of a Curzon or a Duke of Sutherland is not the work of an Act of Parliament. It needs centuries of domination, generations of unchecked arrogance, long periods of family aggrandisement. Sir Wm. Anson, whom we imagine busily engaged in re-writing his Law of the Constitution, is already anticipating a second General Election. It is not enough for him that Mr. Asquith, having appealed in the most unmistakable terms ever used by a Prime Minister for a popular mandate on the constitutional issue, and having

declared for himself and his colleagues that he will not resume office without the requisite guarantee for the effective execution of that mandate, should obtain from the people the vote of confidence that he demands. This apparently unconscious champion of the *plébiscite* already demands a second election to compel the Lords to give their assent to the verdict of the first. If the second election were in preparation, we suppose that Sir W. Anson would begin preparations for it by demanding a third. Lastly, "Historicus," admitting with Sir W. Anson that there are precedents for over-riding the veto of the Lords by constitutional methods, announces his preference for the more forcible ways of 1832. Birmingham demonstrations—and shall we add Bristol riots?—rather than the threat to create peers were the true determining factors, according to this authority, in the victory of the first Reform Act. After the expected victory of the coming election, he will appeal from the House of Commons to the street. We are not sure that this ingenious gentleman has taken so prudent a course, from his own point of view, as that of the constitutional lawyer.

These tactics must be met with firmness from the outset. Fortunately, there is no doubt upon the main practical point. Mr. Asquith's worst enemies do not accuse him of obscurity, and he formulated the appeal of the Liberal Party to the electors with even more than his usual clearness. That appeal may be put in general terms in a single question. Are we to govern ourselves through the House of Commons, or are we to be governed by the House of Lords? If we are to continue to govern ourselves through the House of Commons, two guarantees become necessary. The first is that the veto of the Lords on finance, as set up for the first time on November 30th, shall be wholly swept away and the exclusive power of the House of Commons restored. The second is that the veto on legislation, tolerated until it has been pushed to the intolerable point, shall be reduced to such dimensions as will ensure the ultimate supremacy of the popular will. Both these guarantees will require legislation, and it is sanction from the people for such legislation that Mr. Asquith demands. A majority in his favor, be it great or small, will be a majority for the specified constitutional reconstruction.

But, our opponents remark, this legislation will itself require the consent of the House of Lords, and how is this to be obtained? When the necessary Bill is sent up to the Lords, they will, we are to suppose, reject it, and what then? Sir Wm. Anson would have us fall back on a second election. But to what end? If the Lords ignore the plain result of one election, why should they treat a second election any better? The question resolves itself into a contest between the House of Commons, backed, on the present hypothesis, by the people, fresh with all the authority of a popular mandate, and the irresponsible House. In case of absolute obduracy, there remains nothing for it but to put into force the weapons, cumbrous, but nevertheless sufficient, which the Constitution provides. "Historicus" seems to think that the creation of new Peers is an appeal to force. It is rather one of those ultimate devices of the Constitution by which the appeal to force may be

avoided. We do not believe for a moment that the Lords will force us to flood their benches with some hundreds of new Peers. But if anybody is offended by such creations, it need not be the mass of the people. It will just be the Peers themselves, whose social prestige, already lowered by their own public appearances, will be further diminished by the cheapening of the title. There is nothing in this cheapening to give us pause as democrats. We may have to create more Peers, but we scotch the peerage in doing so. Nor do we need any further popular mandate for the purpose. This election, if it gives us a majority, is our mandate.

It may be said that the power so to deal with the House of Lords will be withheld from the Liberal Government. In that case once again we know from Mr. Asquith's speech what the attitude of himself and his colleagues will be. They will decline to resume office. The Liberal Party goes into permanent Opposition until the Constitutional grievance is redressed. It is an alternative which we shall deeply regret. We only prefer it to the unreal tenure of power. Nor do we think that the days of Opposition would last long. Powerful forces are at work in the democracy. New hopes have been kindled, and have caught the imagination of the people. They will not cease from those demands which Mr. Lloyd George has helped them to formulate, and the time will come when they will renew their assault on political privilege and the land monopoly with redoubled vigor. Politics will become not less, but more, democratic, and though it may take us longer to make a beginning with social reform, we shall act more swiftly when the time comes.

There remains the possibility of compromise, of which "Historicus" hints. On the point of principle there can be no yielding. We shall tolerate, if we get our mandate, no "reform" of the House of Lords which would leave it as conservative and one-sided as ever, though a little more modern in appearance. Any changes that we can accept must be such as to secure the supremacy of the people—not in the insincere sense which enables a Second Chamber to wear down an attack by insisting on successive elections on every single measure that it dislikes, but in a sense which will at least hold the scale even between progress and reaction. If the Conservative leaders have any proposals to put forward in this sense, we have no doubt that they will be attentively considered. But any such proposals must accept the primary principle that the deliberate decision of the people, now to be expressed in the clear-cut issues presented by Mr. Asquith, must be taken as a definite and conclusive reply. The nation is not to be compelled to speak twice.

THE VINDICATION OF FREE TRADE.

A MORE triumphant vindication of Free Trade than the ordeal of the last two years could not have been devised. For the finances of the country have been subjected to the severest strain by a conjunction of economic misfortunes and the malicious devices of an unscrupulous political campaign. First came the waves of commercial depression set in motion by the financial collapse of the

great Protectionist nation of the West. Following close in the wake of the depression came bad harvests, shortening the supplies and raising the prices of food and of some of the raw materials of our staple manufactures. Though the sufferings of the working-classes were definitely worse in Protectionist countries like Germany and the United States than in this country, the unemployment and distress of our workers in the last two years have been eagerly exploited by our new Protectionists. In the misfortunes of their country, these "patriots" thought to find their opportunity. They have seized every chance to retard the recovery of trade, and to embarrass the public finance. The whole case for Tariff Reform has been built up on a malicious libelling of British trade. They have painted Britain as a doomed country, filled with decaying industries and unemployed workers, robbed of her foreign markets by abler and more enterprising nations, a mere dumping ground for the surplus goods of her more prosperous neighbors. No sane, well-informed business men, Lords Rothschild and Revelstoke inform us, will any longer look at English investments. Two years ago trade was threatened, now it is the foundations of property that are sapped! To this commercial and financial scare our Protectionists have added the infamous contrivance of a war panic. This wicked device was adopted for three reasons: first, to wear down Free Trade finance by a new demand for enormous expenditure on armaments; secondly, to divert the nation and the Government from a popular policy of social reform; and, lastly, to enforce the necessity of entrusting the guidance of the State to a party that believed in force alone.

A Free Trade that has survived all this foul weather may surely claim to be a sound conservative finance. For, in spite of all the campaign of lies, the steady revival of our foreign and domestic trade is bearing ample testimony to the ability of a Free Trade Budget to meet all the needs of our national expenditure. But, though the preservation of the State is the first object of Free Trade finance, it is not the only object. Our Budget is not only conservative, but progressive, finance. It has sown new seeds of taxation which will, in the years to come, yield a constant and a growing increase, securing for the first time to the public service some considerable share of the unearned wealth which flows in abundant streams from the toil of the workers and the needs of a growing population into the laps of the favored few. The valuation of land and the registration of super-wealth, which are the instruments of this progressive finance, are hated objects to our Protectionists, who rightly recognise in them the frustration of their dearest hopes. For it is hardly credible that a people who shall once have experienced the facility with which all ordinary increases of national expenditure can be met by recourse to these just and fruitful expedients, will ever be misled into the crooked path of food taxes.

The finance of the Budget is, however, not only conservative and progressive; it is directly productive. Mr. Asquith and Mr. George have, in their recent speeches, reinforced this aspect of their policy. The Budget is to be taken as inseparable from the Develop-

ment Bill, and both are organically related to the fuller scheme of industrial and social reform which Mr. Churchill in recent speeches has unfolded with so much eloquence and prescience. All the proposals for insurance against invalidity and unemployment, remedies for pauperism and destitution, and the expansive doctrine of the national standard of work and wages, as embodied in Wages Boards and other provisions against sweating, the whole of the new constructive policy connected with small holdings, and the development of neglected natural resources, the provision of ampler, better, cheaper transport—all this new social and industrial policy rests on the finance of the Budget. Hitherto Free Trade was too closely linked with *laissez faire*, a refusal of the State to take its share, along with individual enterprise, in the development of national trade and the provision of economic opportunities. The first steps in this new Liberal policy have already been taken in the Small Holdings Act, in Old Age Pensions, Wages Boards, Labor Exchanges. These are not mere promises, but actual achievements, and they commit and impel every future Liberal Government to enlargements of these constructive reforms.

Such is the evident, tangible case for our new Free Trade finance. What have our new Protectionists to offer in reply? A mere wilderness of contradictory speculative promises, as futile of fulfilment as the Old Age Pensions they kept dangling for fifteen years before a deluded electorate. Every day, as the election draws nearer, more and more responsible leaders are led to utter ever wilder extravagances as to the efficacy of this panacea. Out of the product of their gentle tariff they are willing to guarantee Old Age Pensions on a more liberal scale, freehold farms for all who want them, with cheap State credit for their working, an unemployed and a Poor Law policy at least as expensive as any we propose, and a naval and military equipment which will cost many millions a year more than we spend at present. All this is to be done without any of the "predatory" taxes upon land or licences or the monstrous super-taxes upon incomes or estates, and without increasing the existing burden of taxation for the workers. A trifling duty upon foreign foods, a little more upon foreign manufactured goods, grave Conservative statesmen have the effrontery to assure the electorate, will provide all the additional revenue required for the service of the country. We are to accept the assurance of Lord Milner that the foreigner will pay, of Lord Curzon that import duties will not increase the costs of production in our industries, while Mr. Balfour has been goaded to commit himself to the statement that by a tariff we can not only "increase the total of the income there is to distribute," but that "Tariff Reform, if reasonably carried out, will increase and greatly increase employment for the working classes of this country." What these gentlemen will not vouchsafe is any intelligible explanation of the actual processes by which these wonderful results are to be achieved. Mr. Churchill, using the best and latest official figures, has expressly challenged them to show how a tariff upon their proposed scale of charges can provide a sum even approaching the current requirements of the State. No

answer is vouchsafed, nothing but empty, rotund, dogmatic asseverations. To these, and to the lying placards which deface the hoardings, they apparently trust for deceiving the electorate. But their contempt for the working-class intelligence, even in London, is misjudged. Working-class voters will not tread delicately amid the mazes of economic problems concerning the incidence of taxes. But they will bring their rude instinctive judgment to bear upon the situation. Where they see this brave array of lords, landowners, brewers, and all the men of wealth and privilege, shouting for food taxes, and for a big army and navy to fight Germany, they will reckon up the business with sufficient accuracy. The working-classes will elect this House of Commons. Now there is not any one important working-class leader in this country, or any working-class organisation, that is not solid in its adhesion to the Budget and its rejection of Protection. This knowledge gives us confidence in the issue of the election.

THE CHARACTER OF THE INDIAN POLICE.

To most of our readers the evidence which Mr. Mackarness has furnished in two letters to prove that torture is still used by the Indian police must have seemed, were it not for the documents he cited, wildly improbable, or typical at the most only of some exceptionally backward region. Englishmen who eschew the excesses of patriotic self-praise are not prone as a rule to indulge in extravagant optimism about the merits and successes of our rule in India. The discontent of the educated classes is now a fact which no one can ignore; the lack of sympathy between rulers and ruled is generally admitted; our failure to undertake the work of elementary education is widely recognised and as widely deplored; the burden of armaments and the pressure of taxation have vexed and preoccupied generation after generation of governors and viceroys. But in most of our minds the belief that we have assured peace, banished internecine war, established regular justice, and built up a massive structure of order and law, figures as the justification for our original conquest and our continued rule. It rests on force, but force at least has brought such blessings as strength can give, security, discipline, and a civilised administration. A vast work remains to be done, but the foundation—such is the common view of educated and liberal minds—stands broad and firm, and the structure may, after this week, begin to rise visibly before us. That is not an uncritical optimism, but to even this chastened satisfaction the facts which Mr. Mackarness has cited are calculated to administer a shock. There is work enough for the teacher, the statesman and the economist to achieve; but they labor in vain if the basic and elementary functions of the police stand in need of civilisation. For our part, the revelations in these letters are not wholly a matter for surprise. Some ten years ago we chanced, in a cursory reading of an unimportant book of travels, upon one of those accidental illuminations which are apt to be so much more impressive than any deliberate

exposure. The writer, an English lady who had no interest in politics, and professed no sympathy for the natives, related quite casually how in camping among the hills her jewels were stolen. One of her servants was suspected, and in order to obtain a confession the Indian police resorted, apparently as a matter of course, to torture. Shocked and surprised, the lady questioned her Anglo-Indian friends, and was assured by them that in dealing with Indians it was unfortunately necessary to adopt Oriental methods. But it is quite superfluous to search for casual avowals. The defects of its police have been for generations well known to the Indian Government, and as frankly admitted. In 1832 a Select Committee found that the subordinate members of the Company's police were "corrupt, inefficient, and oppressive," and that their superiors exercised no adequate supervision. In 1855 it was necessary to appoint a Special Commission to deal with the flagrant scandal of torture in Madras. A fresh and comprehensive reform was attempted in 1861. But it was left to Lord Curzon to appoint the Commission which in 1903 signed the most pessimistic and comprehensive report of all.

There are few more candid and depressing documents in all the literature of blue-books than this Report. It is such an indictment as one might expect from a young revolutionary Government reporting on the abuses that had flourished under the despotism it had overthrown. One would have felt no surprise if one had come upon it in the Italian archives, and discovered that it was a report made to Cavour on the condition of Lombardy or the Papal States at the moment of their incorporation in the new kingdom of Italy. It is not an exposure of a few abuses, of certain defects in organisation, or of the backwardness of individual provinces. It is a comprehensive condemnation of the whole Indian police, men and officers alike, on grounds the most elementary which could be alleged. It begins by citing the opinion of the late Sir John Woodburn, that the police of the province of Bengal, which he governed in 1901, is in round terms "dishonest and tyrannical." It avows that this is the general opinion of officials and natives alike all over India, and it boldly adopts that opinion as its own. The rank and file are ignorant, underpaid, totally unfit for the detective duties which they are none the less set to perform, brutal in their handling of the people, and shamelessly and almost universally corrupt. Grade by grade it extends the same condemnation, with hardly a reserve, to the native officers. Every complainant must pay them a fee; more money is extorted as the investigation proceeds, whole villages are laid under tribute, and the pressure is kept up by threats of evil consequences to the victim and his women, and by "severe and degrading measures of restraint." The "illicit gains" of some police stations are described as "almost incredible." Charges, we are told, are "bolstered up by false evidence," and the people very naturally "dread the police," and avoid so far as possible all contact or co-operation with them. The few English officers are honest, and occasionally they are efficient. But they rarely know the vernacular; and in dealing with natives they are "not accessible or even courteous," and they are "too often inclined to support their subordinates in an

unreasonable manner." On the special question of the use of torture the Commission was a little less positive:—

Suspects and innocent persons are bullied and threatened into giving information they are supposed to possess. The police officer, owing to want of detective ability or to indolence, directs his efforts to procure confessions by improper inducement, by threats, and by moral pressure. Actual physical torture is now rarely resorted to; but it is easy, under the conditions of Indian society, and having regard to the character of the people, to exercise strong pressure and great cruelty without having recourse to such physical violence as leaves its traces on the body of the victim.

The evidence which Mr. Mackarness has produced inclines us to suspect that on this one point the Commission, so unsparing and so critical in all else, has understated the facts. What is serious is not so much that recent and cruel instances of the use of torture to procure confession have been brought to light. The grave evil is rather that when they were exposed by the independent judges of the highest courts in the land, the police authorities and the Executive set themselves to frustrate the investigation, and to whitewash the police. If, even in so grave a matter as this, the officials at the head of the police are disposed to "support their subordinates in an unreasonable manner," we lack guarantees against the occurrence of torture and the impunity of those who use it.

When the Police Commission reported in 1903, the political crisis had hardly begun. To-day it is obvious what part this uncivilised police must have had in aggravating the unrest when agitation became acute. To the average native of India the Government is not the impartial and honest Englishman at the head of the machine, the magistrate or collector, who reckons his subjects in fractions of a million. The Government is to him primarily the harsh and venal policeman, who levies bribes upon him, threatens his women, lays tribute on his village, fabricates evidence, and holds in reserve the weapons of degrading imprisonment and, in the last resort, of torture. The science, the power of organisation, the prestige, the personal honor, of his white rulers are so many assets which render the unworthy rule of the native subordinate possible, while they do not succeed in making it tolerable. When once the agitation had become formidable, it was on the eyes and ears of this police that the Anglo-Indian Government has had to rely for its information. By its evidence summary trials have been conducted, and on its information the leaders of the advanced parties have been deported untried. The Commission proposed many reforms in discipline, education, recruitment, and procedure. But it was left to its unofficial native member, the Maharaja of Darbhanga, to insist once more on the single indispensable reform which can alone give security for justice in India—the separation of the magistrature from the executive. So long as the magistrate in any degree directs this police, shares responsibility for its defects, and prepares the cases which he or his colleagues must judge, there can be no independent check either in criminal or in political cases upon the shortcomings of his venal and prejudiced subordinates.

In a crisis when the purity of the tribunals which have to try educated men for political crimes is all-important,

this reform ranks second only to the establishment of the beginnings of representative government. A failure in our judicial procedure may well contribute to a vindictive resentment which may set in motion a campaign of terrorism. The assassination of Mr. Jackson at Christmas has come nearer to causing a panic in Anglo-Indian opinion than any of the earlier crimes of the extremists. Yet there is for this outrage an explanation which makes it at least intelligible. Mr. Jackson, an official who combined executive with judicial duties, had to judge an Indian writer, Mr. Savarkar, accused of publishing seditious poems. He passed on him, a young man, the sentence of imprisonment for life, with the confiscation of all his goods. Had public opinion or his superiors intervened, the tragedy might have been averted. But Mr. Jackson was singled out for promotion. It was then that the friends of the young man whom he had condemned to a living death for a crime of opinion made their cruel and vengeful protest. How can we appeal with hope to moderate opinion in India to support order and civilisation against terrorism, unless we first take measures to separate the administration of justice from the associations of the police? There is no case for censure or recrimination. The system which our generation has inherited in India is the heirloom of a haphazard conquest, and the legacy of a long neglect. Lord Morley, with a bold and statesmanlike conception of his task, has hitherto fixed his attention on the larger and more obviously political aspects of the problem. Habit, prejudice, and the clog of finance stand in the way of this judicial reform. Already a beginning, and a very promising beginning, has been made in the work of freeing executive officers from judicial duties. The misfortune of Lord Morley's position is that swift reforms in a tangle so complicated are hardly possible, and that he inherits a task which inert predecessors too long neglected. But in the present temper of India the evils of swift action are less evident than the manifest disaster of delay. An autocracy, even if it must postpone the whole work of organic reform, has at least the power to anticipate some of the benefits of reconstruction, by a stern resolve to impose its will upon subordinates, and to punish officials who show a tenderness towards the worse abuses of an uncivilised police.

THE HUMBUG OF "TARIFF REFORM."

It is only possible to establish Protection by whispering into the ear of one class of producer a pledge which is at once broken by a pledge to another class, or, as Mr. Churchill well puts it, "by seeking to buy the vote of one district by selling the industry of another." In other words, it is a proposal, not to protect national production, but to protect some national industries and workers at the cost of others, and it is through the selection of protected businesses and the exclusion of sacrificed trades that the corrupt warfare of interests called "Tariff Reform" proceeds. We have just come across a concrete example of this falsehood which exposes in a flash the general working of the process. A few months ago a seat was won for Protection at Ber-

mondsey by a promise to tax leather, Bermondsey being a constituency where the leather trade flourishes. To-day, in addition to a second contest waged in Bermondsey, an electoral battle is being fought in Norwich, which has no leather trade, but has a large industry in boot-making. The Tory candidates at Norwich are "Tariff Reformers," who make the stock complaint that English markets are being "flooded with the manufactured goods of foreign nations." As it happens, the three special kinds of manufactured articles with which Norwich is "flooded" for its own good are leather, paper, and wire. As the "Eastern Daily Press" points out, the more sweeping the tide of importation the busier these Norwich industries become. Having been made unpleasantly aware of these facts, the Protectionist candidates proceed to qualify. "We fully recognise," they say, "the need for care and caution, especially in framing a tariff in the case of partly manufactured goods," and, they add, "proposals likely to prejudice any Norwich industries would be utterly inconsistent with the whole object of Tariff Reform."

In other words, these gentlemen propose to exempt imported paper, wire, and leather, especially leather, from all taxes, because they know that without this pledge thousands of Norwich operatives, moved by the commonest instincts of self-preservation, will vote against them. But when they say that the taxation of such articles is contrary to the whole object of Tariff Reform, they state what is not true. This will immediately appear should the result of the election be the return of two Protectionists for Norwich and one Protectionist for Bermondsey. In that case the coming Parliament will at least contain two members of the Tory Party pledged to exempt leather, and one member of the Tory Party pledged to tax it. The Bermondsey representative would at once be snowed under. The vote of one Norwich Protectionist would be neutralised by his Bermondsey colleague, and the general issue whether the leather trade or the boot trade should win would depend on the respective lobbying power of the two interests. Mr. Churchill, in his letter to the Liberal candidate for Leicester, shows that the 10 per cent. tax on leather for which the Bermondsey Protectionist votes, will mean an addition of £200,000 to the Leicester manufacturers' bill for cost of material, and 3s. a week on the wage of the average Leicester operative. Norwich can work out the corresponding sum for herself. We have no doubt that on hundreds of Tory platforms to-day one set of local Protectionists is thus giving away the case of another set. But when in one breath these deceivers of the people proclaim their intention to tax the foreigner, and in another propose the exemption of special industries dependent on foreign supplies, they show their knowledge of the fact that in truth it is the home industry which is taxed.

HOW IT STRIKES A CONTEMPORARY.

It is possible to-day, with the aid of canvassing results, to supplement the always uncertain guide of public meetings; to estimate "How the Election strikes a contemporary": the issues, the appeals, and counter-

appeals as they affect various classes of a mixed East-End constituency.

The first thing to notice is that here, as I expect elsewhere through London, the illusion of the reference of the Budget to the people has already vanished. The Conservatives never mention the Budget, and, so far as is possible, refuse all discussion of the House of Lords. "A Voice" sometimes brings them back to realities: but for his disconcerting influence their sole topics would be the weakness of the British Navy, the strength and determination of Germany, "Work for All," by a tariff in which taxes on imported motor-cars loom larger than taxes on bread: combined with roseate pictures of Germany and America as the working-man's paradise, and dolorous pictures of the decline and fall of Great Britain. Unfortunately for them, however, "voices" seem maliciously determined that they shall explain why the Lords threw out the Budget: and this is a difficult explanation, to a working-class audience.

Amongst the skilled artisans the tide is running full and strong against the Lords and in favor of the Finance Bill. Here opinion is certainly more solid, united, and enthusiastic against the Tories, even than it was four years ago. I doubt if the constitutional distinction between the rejection of a Finance Bill and the rejection of an ordinary Bill counts for very much. It is anti-Lord feeling in general: a kind of contemptuous anger against the hereditary Chamber. It is very far from content with the abolition or limitation of the "Veto." It wants to sweep the whole affair away—lock, stock, and barrel. It regards the Lords as the enemies of the people. This feeling must have been deep in the blood before this manifestation, for the Election is merely setting match to tinder. It does not in the least fear Single-Chamber Government. It will acquiesce in a Second Chamber so long as that Chamber is elective. But it will have nothing to do with an hereditary Second Chamber, and its only doubt is due to some uncertainty whether, as a matter of fact, the Liberals mean business in the matter.

All this feeling is, of course, greatly assisted by the utterances of Lord Curzon, Lord Milner, and others, in the claims they are making against the Commons. The defenders of the Lords have been a godsend to the lovers of progress.

A certain number of Conservatives, and more of the "doubtful" working-class voters, have come into the Liberal ranks on this Lords question. This reinforcement is not confined to the artisans, but includes also some of the middle classes. I find, for example, two foremen in a local factory who pronounce themselves keen Tariff Reformers, with faith undismayed, but who to-day are voting for the Budget and against the Lords. Here is a letter from another convinced Tariff Reformer:—

"Land taxation and the imposition of tariffs are two new and different principles of taxation; and it is quite possible for an elector to be in favor of both principles. My own belief is this: whichever party gets into power in 1910. Tariff Reform will come into operation within five years, unless some great international upheaval takes place in the meantime. On the other hand, land taxation and the reduction of the power of the Lords is the chance of a lifetime. Its 'opportuneness,' giving as it does the chance of establishing once and for all the power of the Democracy, makes it of such importance that it transcends all other considerations whatever."

With the unskilled laborer, amongst whom there is much unemployment, the constitutional question does not bulk so largely. He has been so accustomed to assume that neither Lords nor Commons can help him in the least, or, indeed, have any desire to help him, that he does not distinguish between the supremacy of the

one or the other. Here was the class which I thought might be gained by Tariff Reform, with its promise of more employment. But I find that any gain from such a promise is more than balanced by fear of the food taxes. I find here the same fundamental, persistent, immovable condemnation of a tax on bread. It is not produced by argument. It cannot be shaken by argument. It lies in the mind and conviction of the man, and especially of the woman, in a region beyond and behind argument. It is probably some inherited conviction, beaten into the fibre of the mind by the experience of Corn Law Days. Manipulate statistics as much as you please, promise to take off compensating taxes on sugar or tea or tobacco, assert that the foreigner pays: It is all no good. "You didn't ought to tax bread," remains as a kind of ultimate bedrock of belief.

That belief will always save England from so-called "Tariff Reform."

One great surprise to me has been the enormous popularity of the Old Age Pensions—the gratitude to the Government for the Old Age Pension system. I should have expected that in the country. I did not expect it in the towns where the chances of survival to seventy are so small, and where the pensioners who actually exist are lost among the crowd. This is not a selfish feeling, a personal satisfaction at a gift of income assured to the individual after the age of seventy. It is far more a general emotional sense that something good at last has come to the weak and helpless, that Government, for the first time in history, has really taken upon itself to look after those who have no other friends. The profound hatred of the Poor Law, of inspectors of all kinds, of Charity Organisation and all the apparatus of grudging and scrutinising aid, has made this boon more than usually popular. The universality of it is the feature that touches the imagination—that *every* old man or old woman over seventy without means of support shall receive it as of right is just the kind of liberality which the workman approves. He is always generous and reckless in charity. He goes surety for a friend and is sold up next day; he lends when he has nothing of his own; he gives when his own table is bare. Posters were issued from authority exhibiting a vision of a village scene with an old couple sitting outside the cottage door in the light of the setting sun. I ordered but a few of these, as I thought they would be more congruous with rural than with urban realities. I found that most of those who chose posters to exhibit—and our electors chose their own posters—wanted this particular picture. The spectacle, hanging in the windows of dingy, mean, narrow streets, overshadowed by the fumes of the factory, of this vision of a remote countryside and a tranquil ending to labor, excited feelings at once pathetic and triumphant.

I believe also that it is a real fact, and not mere idle flattery, that the bulk of the working-men are quite willing to spare the extra halfpenny they pay on tobacco, when they know that it goes to the Old Age Pension scheme. I have heard no complaints at all of the tobacco or whisky tax, nor have such been reported by canvassers. The Tory attempt to make rather ignoble capital out of these "burdens" has altogether failed.

The smaller traders are very largely in favor of Tariff Reform. That is one of the curiosities of this election: for they would seem to be the classes under any conditions least likely to benefit. But they are being very severely hit by competition amongst themselves and by competition with big business and co-operative concerns, and they seem to feel a vague idea that some kind of benefit might result from some kind of change. They are inclined to be afraid of developments along

"Socialistic" lines. So many of them fall back upon the general if inexplicable hope that "Better Times" may be given by a tariff, and some of the increased prosperity flow into their store.

The "Naval Scare" seems to have fallen absolutely flat. I am not aware of a vote that will be changed by it. If Mr. Blatchford had written out his terrors in any other paper but the "Daily Mail," he would have been listened to. But the combination of the two seems more than even the Socialists can stand, and his name is received to-day with groans. And the Naval Scare has been killed by the rejection of the Budget. The workmen openly scoff at a body of panic-mongers who first demand "Dreadnoughts," then refuse the money to pay for them, then demand more. They believe that if really the upper classes were as much afraid as they appear to be, they would have passed super tax, death duties, land taxes, and all the rest of them, sooner than let the "Dreadnoughts" be unbuilt. They cannot understand the parsimony and selfishness (as it appears to them) on the one hand, the wild call for endless expenditure on the other.

"Talk Unemployment" was the advice given by one of those frantic journalists who have been egging on the Tory Party to its destruction. "Talk Unemployment" is the advice which I would give to every speaker at every meeting during the next fortnight. The Government's national scheme for the settlement of the unemployed problem is far the most popular item in its whole policy. Explain the apparatus of alleviation as outlined in the Government programme—the Labor Exchanges for registering and finding work—the Development Grants adjusting remunerative Government work in times of scarcity—the insurance pay in the scheme. Explain how this may operate, in answer to the question, "What is a man to do who is willing to work, and can't find work, and doesn't want to fall to charity?" Explain that the Budget would have launched this scheme with three millions of money, and that money has been refused by the Lords. You will see a unanimous enthusiasm, you will find a new note of anger in the attitude towards the Lords: you will see the vague promises of Tariff Reform, smeared with the food tax, melting into air—into thin air. This, and the Pensions, and the promise of the sickness insurance, are responsible for a new attitude of the working people towards the governing authority—an attitude of gratitude, confidence, hope.

Villadom all round London will largely vote Tory, except where Nonconformity spreads enlightenment and a freer spirit, or where voters have repudiated the domination of the "Daily Telegraph" and the halfpenny yellow papers. I may be quite blind in my estimates, but I cannot see why any other part should go from us. Every morning I read the frantic ravings of the Tory Press, daily more shrill in screaming, like the prophets of Baal crying and cutting themselves with stones, leaping on the altars which they have made. Every afternoon in acres of poor streets, I find "no voice nor any that regarded." The Lords have committed suicide, and have dragged down the Tory Party with them to a common ruin. They have no case which can be stated to a working-class audience. They seem to be choked alike by their virtues and their vices. To-day I feel to their advocacy as Mr. Henry James felt to the Confederate States when he visited Richmond. Before I came I knew there was a cause which had lost. After I left I knew there was a cause which could never have won.

C. F. G. MASTERMAN.

A SURVEY OF THE CONSTITUENCIES.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN ROUND THEM.

ON the eve of a general election prophecy speaks with the tongues of Babel. From Highbury we learn that we are engaged in a fight in which Tariff Reform is certain to win; from Whittinghame that we are on the threshold of a fight in which Unionism must win—sooner or later. A bookish journal of indeterminate politics sees in its dreams a clear Unionist majority of at least a hundred. Other witnesses—and these of the most unspotted Toryism—predict either a milder cataclysm or else none at all. Some are even of opinion that the Opposition may come back still an Opposition. Others, while admitting that the Government may and probably will survive its plunge into the cauldron, hope to see it emerge as something less than a Government—that is, in a condition so maimed and crippled as to be at the mercy, not, indeed, of its foes, but of sectional groups of its friends. Seldom can conjecture have been at once so diversified and so lop-sided. It all hinges on the question of how many Liberal seats are to be lost, never for a moment on the counter-question of how many Tory seats are to be won. The polls, we may be sure, will adjust the balance on a more equitable principle.

In this election, it may be urged, the Opposition have nothing to lose, and you cannot unclothe the legs of a Highlander. No; but, failing the garment, you may hew off the limbs. All Oppositions, whether vigorous or feeble, have invariably suffered a certain amount of damage in general elections. Usually the factor is dismissed in advance, as one of no fixed value, or as otherwise negligible. Doubtless Mr. Gladstone had so dismissed it when, in his calculations for the election of 1892, he arrived, as Lord Morley has told us, at a comfortable Liberal majority of from eighty to a hundred. By the accepted canons of the prophetic game Mr. Gladstone was not only right but almost miraculously right. He gained eighty seats, and if only the process had stopped there his majority would have been ninety-two. Unfortunately the other side gained seats as well—as many as twenty-six—and owing to this unlooked-for check the rotund ninety-two dwindled into a meagre forty. The truth is that the other side, whether Liberal or Tory, always does win seats. Even at the last election, in the high flood of Liberal prosperity, the Unionists snatched fourteen such trophies from the victorious party. In 1895, a year of Liberal eclipse, the consolations of the vanquished included as many as twenty prizes wrested from the Tory victor. And in the abysmal Khaki election of 1900 the discomfited Liberals actually won almost as many seats as their assailants—for in that election, it will be remembered, the Government of the day were the attacking force. In the end the difference between the rival parties in seats lost and gained was only two, Mr. Chamberlain's captures numbering thirty-eight and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's thirty-six. As with Mr. Gladstone in 1892, so in 1900. Mr. Chamberlain had been counting only his own chickens. When these came to be hatched they were to yield "not an ordinary, but an overwhelming, majority." Up to a point the ambition was gratified, and all would have turned out as planned but for the intrusion of what one may call the law of electoral compensation.

Here, then, is a factor that must clearly be taken into account in any forecast of the election of 1910. A Minister was pointing out the other day that even if the Opposition won the hundred seats on which they had set their hearts they would still be in a minority of 150. So they would if this were a net win. If, on the other hand, the calculation is one-sided—and most of the estimates that have hitherto appeared have borne that appearance—then the true inference is that the Opposi-

tion are reckoning on being in a minority of nearer 200 than 150. Of course they will win a certain number of seats, and undoubtedly they will lose a certain number, equal, in all probability, to at least a fifth of their gains. A survey of their holdings in the expiring Parliament shows their tenure to be precarious in more than a score of instances, extending from Scotland to Devonshire. Seats are to be won by the Government, not only in the Glasgow district, but also in the East of Scotland, in several of the Northern Counties of England, including Yorkshire, Lancashire, Durham, and Northumberland, in the Western Counties, in London itself, and in one or two of the Home Counties. Possibly, too, Ireland may send some slight reinforcement to its enigmatic Liberal representation. Only in Wales can the Opposition say with certainty that they have all to win and nothing to lose.

Meanwhile, the signs everywhere seem to be pointing to a Liberal triumph so emphatic that the little less or the little more may fail to be of much account. An experienced observer recently predicted that the election would reveal a "rush" one way or the other, but probably in favor of the Government, or, rather, against the House of Lords. This was before that body had committed itself to the destruction of the Budget. Till then, feeling in the country had appeared to be poised rather tremulously between the rival parties. All that was wanted to tilt the balance was the slightest touch, certainly not such a jolt as that of which we are now witnessing the consequences. British conservatism might have reconciled itself to one innovation; it might even have acquiesced in Tariff Reform as an experiment. The capital error lay in the attempt at a double innovation—in the endeavor to carry a fiscal by a constitutional revolution. For there can be no doubt that the constitutional question now stands out as the master issue of the elections. Especially is this the case in the great urban centres. Next to the mercurial shifts and dodges with which the men who provoked the quarrel have sought to obscure their own action, the most striking feature of the struggle, to those who have been watching it at close quarters, has been the iron tenacity with which the mass of electors have insisted on keeping our titled contortionists to the point. Perhaps it is in the North that the wave of resentment has reached its height, more particularly in Yorkshire, though almost to an equal degree in Lancashire. South and West and East the wave beats more fitfully, yet still with a gathering momentum, which old electioneering hands can only compare to the roaring sluices of 1906. As in that fateful year, so again in 1910, Birmingham seems likely to serve the purpose in the Midlands of a Unionist breakwater. There our new revolutionaries "sit secure in their fastness and listen to the wind upon the hill till the waters abate." It is the one part of the country to which the Opposition are looking with unshaken confidence. Of London they are at once hopeful and fearful, but in Birmingham, as they imagine, they can put their trust without reserve. And, indeed, much may turn on the extent to which this Unionist Gibraltar proves to have enlisted the allegiance of its surrounding territory. Its captains predict that it will carry with it as many as seven counties.

Elsewhere such losses as the Government may suffer will be due, as Unionist prospectors agree, mainly to local or personal causes. It would be difficult to pick out a Liberal seat supposed to be in jeopardy and cite it as an example of the unpopularity of the Budget or the popularity of the Lords. A three-cornered fight, neglected organisation, a long tradition of Toryism, some exceptional depression of trade, a weak candidate—these are the sort of points on which stress is laid in most of the instances given by the Opposition of constituencies which they hope to capture. For the rest the sweep of the tide is plainly with the Government, and if any doubt lingers as to the result it is chiefly because of the far-reaching and sleepless enmity of the drink interest, reinforced in the rural districts by a system of feudal intimidation, which is being pushed in this election to unexampled extremes.

Life and Letters.

OUR LOST ROMANCE.

DURING the last few weeks the Peers have done the people a wrong more irreparable than the stoppage of supplies or the breaking of the Constitution. We are a romantic people. From earliest childhood we have been nurtured upon the chronicles of court and castle, the pageant of past ages has been wrought into our imagination by the glorious deeds and the majestic figures of noblemen who, by their pre-eminence in war and government, by their patronage of learning and commerce, appear as the saviours of their country. No equalitarian sentiments were allowed an entrance into this romantic history: it was undiluted hero-worship: princes, dukes, and lords by right divine and personal ascendancy moulded the destiny of the common people. The glamor of feudalism has never been expelled from our emotional system. The magnificent heritage of our poetic literature has gone to feed it: our popular theology, under the same lordly patronage, has planted the same feudal sentiments in Heaven and Hell, summoning the next world to support the inequalities of this. Think of all that Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, have done to inform and ennoble this romance. Nor has it lacked more spontaneous popular support. The heart and imagination of the people responded to the appeal of the court chroniclers and troubadours in their home-spun ballads and folk-tales. The drab life of our people has always cherished this relief. Gallant lords and gay ladies, decked in glorious sheen, emerging from their parks and pleasantries in visible magnificence, have always stirred our feelings. Shallow cynics have often derided the snobishness of this worship of rank: paradoxists have played with its prevalence by feigning that no one loves a lord like "your Radical." But if the essence of snobishness is, as Thackeray declares, "mean admiration of mean objects," the charge does not really lie. For the nobles we have fashioned for us from our chronicles, our drama, and our fiction, are not mean. They are great and radiant beings, stronger and braver than ourselves, their women more beautiful and better dressed, they are even wiser in counsel and more expressive in their speech. The disillusionising influence of education has doubtless gone some way to sow scepticism among the middle classes. Ouida's noble guardsmen and Disraeli's duchesses no longer ring true for the high-school girl of to-day. But for the masses the glamor still remains. Nay, there is some reason to believe that the new-found liberty of reading print has served among the town-bred workers to give fresh vigor to the romance of aristocracy. Two generations of "Bow Bells" and the "Family Herald," with their more recent congeners, have not wrought in vain: no rationalism, no Radicalism, no realism, has gone far to dispel the fascination of high life as it appears in the sumptuous setting of this novelette.

In rudely dispelling this protective atmosphere of romance, our lords do not, we fear, quite recognise the shock they are inflicting, or the new danger they incur. A sudden plunge from so elevated a romance into a realism so sober—or, shall we say, so sordid?—is at least a risky proceeding. Romance never claimed from the aristocracy a standard of conduct inhumanly high, or morals that were immaculate. On the contrary, our "barbarians" were always accorded a barbarian licence: it was even part of the enjoyment of the romance to attribute to them lapses or irregularities which among ordinary citizens were highly reprehensible. The tamest dog has left in him some kick against the shackles of "conventional morality": though he may not indulge in such recklessness or impropriety himself, he is not unwilling to acknowledge a class of "super-men" to whom these things are permitted. So we have always agreed that there are faults, vices, even crimes, which seem appropriate to the romance of aristocracy. The Duke of Cœur-de-Lion or the Marquis of Steyne might, nay, should, have mysterious blots upon his past; the Marquis

of Bagwig may keep his mistresses, not too openly, and be "none the worse," Lord Glenlivat or Lord Nozoo may gamble away the family estate over horses or cards, and it is a natural episode in the life of a member of this decorative order. The term "decorative," perhaps better than any other, describes the modern setting of the peerage in the popular imagination. We do not now seriously look for deeds of personal prowess, and though willing easily to accord them leadership in politics, we do not demand scientific statecraft. The consent of the people to the existence of a House of Lords, as to the retention of feudal landlordism throughout the country, has in modern times rested on this sentimental and traditional regard for a decorative fringe to the common life, something that should give color, leadership, and spectacle. To get this, they were prepared to sanction opulence and extravagance, without inquiring into "origin of income." Their noses kept close to the grindstone, the people have wanted to see some easy living, and some open-handed generosity. They liked to think of these bright beings, as of sporting dogs or pedigree mares, the families of ancient or imputed lineage, licensed to a life of sport, luxury, and pleasure. John Bull could afford to pay for this sort of thing, and he chose to do so, so long as he got his money's worth in sentimental enjoyment. If here and there among them was a "black Earl," or a spendthrift Marquis, the order did not really suffer in his estimation: secretly, he felt rather proud of the spirit which ran to such excess. That a Duke should bifurcate in his domestic life was quite allowable, provided it was not formally made public, and it is not long since "drunk as a lord" carried with it a distinct note of admiration.

One thing only these lords of romance must not do: they must not descend to the common level of reality. We love to think of them as scions of a fighting, hunting, gambling, sporting race. We are not particular about the origin of their illustrious house. We like to hear how in some dim earlier age some service of love or war rendered by ancestor or ancestress to an English monarch raised them to their high estate, though we readily condone the more sordid services to throne or party which in later and degenerate days form a more useful origin. Until the last few weeks the fabric of this romance was not seriously impaired. All of a sudden its owners have by their own reckless act brought it to ruin, and they stand to-day within its bare walls stripped of all the armor of illusions which served so well to maintain their power and privileges. While they stood upon their honorable pedestals, no one thought of looking at their feet of clay. Dim rumormight associate them with the ownership of city slums or village death-traps, the wealth they squandered might have continued to flow from taprooms, sweating factories, and the ill-requited toil of thousands of those whom we never really reckoned as their fellow men. They stood so high aloof from the world; even the underlings and agents of a Duke or Marquis were men of consequence who touched the sordid details of trade and industry through a chain of lesser men. All this intermediate support has now suddenly collapsed. The House of Lords debate showed us some eighty jug and bottle lords, directors and shareholders of breweries and distilleries, gathered round their chairmen to defend their right to batten on the degradation of the people. Several hundred rent-receivers gathered there confederate, to dodge their contribution to the upkeep of the State which had at any rate always served them well, some scores of financiers and rich manufacturers were voluble with sophistry to spare their well-filled purses at the expense of their customers or victims. What a lifting of the veil! These heroes of romance were all out for cash, it would appear, land speculators looting the public purse by supplying sites at inflated prices, driving hard bargains with little shopkeepers or agricultural laborers, speculators in "tied" houses, or "something in the City"—anything but the magnificent idlers we mistook them for. In this realistic attitude they took their stand, not for the privileges of their order, not for the right to feed the reverential spirit of an admiring multitude, but for hard cash. Had they

stopped there, all might not have been lost. Audacious orators among them might have saved at least some shreds of dignity for the Peers of England. In their House, at least, they stood in the collective glory of their sacred order. The commonalty were not yet made familiar with the very human nature of a lord. The full process of disillusionment began when peers by scores stood on the schoolroom platform airing their English undefiled before the amazed ears of tradesmen and artisans. Insolence, a mere bravado of defiance, might have been consistent with a certain dignity at least of bearing; argument, had they been able to sustain it, might at least have served some educative purpose. Had they left the setting of their case to their few trained statesmen, recovery had still been possible. But dozens of wild peers, making a free exhibition of their stable-talk and their Eton manners *coram populo*, bandying epithets with voices from a crowd, and getting their facts and arguments punctured by the shrewder wit of a bucolic hearer—this is surely the death-knell of our romance. Never again shall we utter with bated breath the name of a duke; a marquis will in future be little more than a man: and earls and barons will hardly be distinguishable from Dick or Harry. How completely the invaluable asset of romance has been squandered by these weeks of common selfishness may, we think, be tested by the instinctive grin which would appear on the face of the dullest citizen who was invited by Lord Salisbury to accept his description of the House of Lords as "an independent body—with a great sense of responsibility—doing its utmost to interpret and consider the wishes and views of the country."

THE BEATEN PATH.

WHEN the Oriental king foreboded woe to him who praises his friend, "rising up early and praising him," he revealed a fine insight into the essence of the early riser and the bore. The depreciation of others is at all hours welcome, since to hear of people no better than oneself flatters a pleasing sense of equality; but listening to another's superiority proclaimed before breakfast, when vitality is at its lowest, is an intolerable aggravation of the morning light. Indeed, the whole subject of friendship is rather repellent, at all events to the English nature. It is not merely that essayists have worn it threadbare as khaki, and through the vast commonplaces of Ciceronian Latin it has extended a tedium over our schools, until the very word is frigid. But talk about friendship is one of those things we instinctively avoid, just as no Englishman ever mentions love, except to his lover, without a certain shame. From which reserve the foreign philosopher argues an incapacity for emotion. But that interpretation is harsh; for the utterance of our emotion is only checked by an abhorrence of fuss and scene, and we are a peculiar people, if not, as some have supposed, a chosen race.

Certainly, Mill may have been right in thinking us in danger of stifling our feelings till they die, and if Bacon held that no receipt opens the heart like a true friend, it would seem that the dose in our climate is seldom taken strong enough. For it is a constricted organ that nods the British greeting after years of absence, or repeats a casual "Good luck!" on departure to the world's end. Yet here is Mr. Arthur Ransome collecting for Messrs. Jack a stalwart "Book of Friendship," and though some of it is from the Latin, and some from the French, and a line or two from the Chinese or Arabic, by far the greater part was written in our own reserved and unemotional tongue, and some of that part is true and profound in feeling. To be sure, Montaigne has surpassed all writers in that well-known outburst when, speaking of Steven de la Boetie, he suddenly rose above the limits of himself:—

"If a man urged me to tell wherefore I loved him" (so run a few of the familiar sentences) "I feel it cannot be expressed but by answering: Because it was he, because it was myself. . . . We sought one another before we had seen one another, and, by the reports we heard, I think by some secret ordinance of the

heavens, we embraced one another by our names. . . . Since it must continue so short a time, and began so late (for we were both grown men, and he some years older than myself), there was no time to be lost. . . . Our minds have jumped so unitedly together, they have with so fervent an affection considered of each other, and with like affection so discovered and sounded, even to the very bottom of each other's hearts, that I did not only know his as well as my own, but I would verily rather have trusted him concerning any matter of mine than myself. Let no man compare any of the other common friendships to this."

From one of which sentences the modern epigrammatist appears to have borrowed his final line:—

A truce, a truce to questioning:
"We two are friends" tells everything.
Yet if you must know, this is why:
Because he is he, and I am I.

But, supreme as Montaigne is, our English Sir Thomas Browne comes near below him:—

"I never yet cast a true affection on a woman," he says, "but I have loved my friend as I do virtue, my soul, my God. From hence methinks I do conceive how God loves man, what happiness there is in the love of God. . . . I love my friend before myself, and yet methinks I do not love him enough; some few months hence my multiplied affection will make me believe I have not loved him at all. When I am from him I am dead till I be with him; when I am with him, I am not satisfied, but would still be nearer him. . . . Another misery there is in affection, that whom we truly love like our own, we forget their looks, nor can our memory retain the idea of their faces; and it is no wonder, for they are ourselves, and our affection makes their looks our own."

Montaigne had also denied friendship with women, and Heine draws the distinction that friendship begins where love comes to an end. Aristotle had defined love in almost the same words as Browne uses for his friendship—a longing of the absent for the absent. Tolstoy, in "War and Peace," has noticed the peculiar difficulty we all have in recalling the looks of an object of love. Such parallels and repetitions seem to prove that the nature of friendship, as of love, remains almost unchanged from age to age of man's history.

And yet it is not so. There are very few Englishmen who would now care to write of friendship as Sir Thomas Browne wrote. To most of us it would appear excessive—too much like that parting of David and Jonathan, when, as we read, "they kissed each other and wept one with another, until David exceeded." The conception of the matter does, in fact, change, as Mr. Ransome points out in his introduction:—

"The rich old Hebrew interpretation, followed by the sterner Roman, has passed gradually through the Elizabethan heyday of witty good comradeship, the grave seventeenth century of Milton and Cowley, and the social seventeenth century of Congreve and Gay, the polite teaching of the periodical essayists, the solemn heartiness of Dr. Johnson, to the closer examination of Hazlitt, and so to the more spiritual friendships of Carlyle and Emerson, the essay of the latter seeming, perhaps more nearly than any other, to express the finely shaded companionship we share to-day."

How different is Emerson's tone from Sir Thomas Browne's desire to be always nearer his friend! In Emerson there is a certain aloofness, a deliberate distance kept, a careful defence of personality. As where he writes:—

"I hate, where I looked for a manly furtherance, or at least a manly resistance, to find a mush of concession. Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. . . . Why should we desecrate noble and beautiful souls by intruding on them? Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend? Why go to his house, or know his mother and brother and sisters? Leave this touching and clawing. Let him be to me a spirit. A message, a thought, a sincerity, a glance from him, I want, but not news, nor pottage.

How admirable is the dignity of such a conception! And admirable, too, in their degree are all the familiar sayings on friendship collected in this book—as the saying of the Preacher that, as iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend; or that of Blossius, who said he would even have burnt down the Capitol if his friend Tiberius Gracchus had bade him; or that of Bacon, how a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love; or that of Hazlitt, how he is little short of a hero, who per-

severes in thinking well of a friend who has become a butt for slander, and a by-word; or, conversely, that of Rossetti when he spoke of a calumniator as one of his most intimate enemies.

Nevertheless, in all this excellent discourse, the present writer misses something, nor throughout the whole book has he yet discovered a true fibre of the relation which, for him, has always been the root of the matter. No doubt, many others have fully explored it, but for the moment only two little sayings of Goethe's occur to his mind. One is in prose: "Die Arbeit macht den Gesellen"—"Work makes the comrade," or, if the other possible translation, that work makes the apprentice, be taken, let us turn to the more definite verse, which may be thus rendered:—

"That friend of friends I call the best
Who shares my warfare at my side;
But if he bids me pause and rest,
Silently out of his reach I glide."

There you have it; in simple truth, work makes the comrade, and warfare the friend, nor is there any other means under heaven by which the best of friendship can be secured. That is why Society that does no work has no comrades, and comfortable people who never fight no friends. It has been a commonplace with moralists, from Cicero downwards, that the basis of friendship is virtue. Yet between men who have stood side by side under fire there is a peculiar tie, though they may not share half a virtue between them; and among the Boys of the Old Brigade there lives an abiding affection, though "some are in the workhouse, some are in the gaol," as the East-End song boldly answers to the tender West-End inquiry as to where those Boys may be.

The bond of work in common is strong, even where nothing but the work is shared; and strong is the bond of common danger, even at a shilling a day. And stronger still is the friendship that springs from high and dangerous enterprise, such as that for which the two Athenian friends hid their swords in myrtle boughs. But the strongest bond of all unites those who maintain prolonged and persistent warfare for some deep and absorbing purpose, compared to which reputation and livelihood and life appear secondary affairs. By people thus united, the ordinary grounds of friendship given among philosophers, such as harmony, conformity, a clubbable nature, or virtue, are seen not to count for much. All passive and negative conditions are licked up and consumed by the living flame. In the strife for such a purpose, the barriers of custom, property, and education fall away, and among the servants of that purpose the accepted qualities of friendship are transfigured with a sudden brightness. Only those who are not with them are against them, and if anyone bids them pause and rest, they glide silently out of his reach.

THE SEA IN MUSIC.

IN simple and primitive societies it was at one time expected of a minstrel that he should be blind. Homer, to be sure, has become for modern criticism a composite and multitudinous personality. But one fact about him no scholar will abandon. Homer was undoubtedly blind—a proposition which must be interpreted in the light of modern knowledge to mean that all and each of him were blind. How else should he have built up his rhythms and his cadences, his resounding lines, his melodies that dance upon six feet? His case suggests an important reform in the education of modern musicians. It is, to be brief, that, at an early period of their spiritual development, they should all be blinded, painlessly, if possible, but still effectively. Eyes are useful in music for the purposes of study. But at the first sign of a real talent for composition, the regrettable, but indispensable, operation should be humanely performed. Delay it even for a year, and the most promising musician may be lured away by the pride of life, and the beckoning of a too interesting visual world. It

was the hearing of some of the work of M. Debussy the other day which suggested this painful conclusion. Let no one think these sentences hasty or unjust. M. Debussy was plainly visible when he conducted his symphonic suite, "The Sea," on an earlier occasion at the Queen's Hall. He is not blind. The result must have convinced every unprejudiced mind of the necessity of this drastic reform. M. Debussy has written three long movements about the sea, and he has written them with his eyes.

It was purely sensuous work, sensitive, strange, and very clever, but in its total rejection of every intellectual element in music so nearly wearisome that one's thoughts went straying as one listened. What sea, one asked, was it that Debussy was describing? It was no real sea at all, but more probably a seascape painted in a studio by some modern impressionist for a Paris Salon. It had waves and it had atmosphere. It had a changing sky. The dawn crept up across it, and the noonday sun lay over it, placid and cloudless and bright. It was, in short, the sea of the eyes, the sea which makes in us all a visual excitement, and sends us, if we have the skill, to our canvases and palettes. He had taken this visual sea, and tried to render it by little intricate rhythms and chromatic passages, to translate the world of sight painfully and elaborately into the world of sound.

The musician who tries to rival the painter by describing external things, is a magician who has thrown aside his wand to wield a quarter-staff. The relations of the two arts to the emotions which call forth their exercise are fundamentally different, and music has the incomparable advantage in its freedom and in its scope for the expression of personality. A painter has a subject which interests him—an expressive face, a landscape which reveals some rare and arresting play of light, a scaffolding in process of erection, like those amazing creations of Mr. Muirhead Bone's, where ropes and poles and heaps of ruin tell of the miracle of human energy. The scene has made in his mind a ferment, a powerful visual excitement. So far his experience does not differ from the musician's. Each is, no doubt, dependent, though in very different degrees, upon external stimulus. To the painter this is always something seen. To the musician it may be an event, a personal experience, an historic moment, or even some actual sound. The painter goes home, and his task is to render upon canvas not so much his own excitement as its cause. He selects, he emphasises, he idealises, and he adds the element of achievement and craftsmanship. But still his main business is to record in color and line, not his emotion, but the outward thing, which was its occasion. The musician, on the contrary, starts beyond his stimulus. He need not dally with it, nor seek to reproduce it. His business is entirely with the emotions and the audible excitement which it has stirred within him. He sings not battle, but the joy of battle; not death, but the terror and majesty of death; not the sea, but the mystery and grandeur of the sea. His medium, be it never so elaborate, is a development of song and dance, of rhythm and melody, of pure emotional expression, and not of the arts of reproduction and imitation. His impulse, once given to him, matters nothing to his hearer. The prattle of children, the stir of springtide woods, the riotous merriment of birds—all may excite him, but his work when it is finished will express only his sympathetic joy, his emotional reaction and response to these various incitements. It matters nothing to his hearers whether in fact it was child or bird or wood which gave him his starting point.

They say that the startling and emphatic phrase which opens Beethoven's Fifth Symphony had its origin in a knock upon his door. But who cares to ask whether the knocker really beat to that rhythm? What matters is the suggestion of surprise, and the development of the phrase until it comes to have a world-shaking significance, and to express the breaking of the outer world of force and destiny upon the seclusion of the soul. What matters even more is the smooth-flowing phrase, begotten of no external incentive whatever, in which the

soul appears to give its tranquil answer to the world. There is a movement in the Pastoral Symphony which Beethoven himself labelled "The Brook." It does not describe a brook. It renders rather the gentle flow of spirits which the monotonous murmur of a brook may occasion. If Beethoven had been impressed, as Strauss was, by the spectacle of a baby in its bath, he would not have tried to reproduce the noise of splashing water. He would have rendered his own humorous excitement in rollicking rhythms and truncated melodies. If he had been impressed, as Strauss was, by the sight of a flock of sheep, he would not have made his orchestra bleat for three minutes on end. One might wager that he would have written a figure to express the excitement of multitudinous motion and pattering feet.

The intelligent partisan of "absolute" music will complain, not that Debussy went down to the sea, watched the sun rise and the frolic of the waves, or heard the wind in rude argument with the waters. His complaint will be rather that Debussy stayed there, that he settled down as a painter might, with a camp-stool and an easel, and was content to try to reproduce in sound a sort of parallel to the sights which moved him. His sea, in consequence, is a literal and a purely external thing. It is the sea that tosses and undulates, that glints and darkens. It is that and nothing more.

A blind musician would have cared nothing for the sea as an independent object. He would have drawn from it, as Debussy does not, its emotional significance. He would have felt and rendered the excitement that comes from the wind and the salt spray upon one's cheeks. The sea, after all, is not mere water. It is a state of the skin. It is the scene of shipwrecks and battles. It is full of dead men's bones and the floating wrack of Empires. It is a call of the blood, a tradition from the past. It is not an inhuman, an external thing. Much more is it anti-human, at once enemy of life and yet to the brave the mother and lover of men. The painter may regard it as a mere phenomenon, the foreground of dawns, the mirror of noons. The musician, if he knows the limitations and the possibilities of his art, will see it rather as the most stupendous factor in the emotional life of mankind, the symbol of all its conflicts, the analogue of its perpetual warfare with a fluctuating, yet indomitable, world. He will hear, in short, what Sophocles long ago heard on the Ægean, when it brought into his mind "the turbid ebb and flow of human misery."

THE ROBIN.

WE spread some crumbs on a suburban lawn, and in a short time there came for them sparrows, starlings, tits, blackbirds, and the robin. Dowdy, tumultuous sparrows that snouted the crusts about as long as there were crusts, starlings that walked round and round and dragged at the tender side of a lump of fat, blackbirds that just looked in between two courses of worm, tits that demanded and got a cocoanut to swing upon—and the robin.

There is nothing plural or multitudinous about the robin. He is a bird alone and apart, never in winter condescending to the company of any other of his own or any feathered species. As we write, the great tits have the monopoly of the cocoanut. The bird that hangs there and takes plunges half out of sight for the woody white meat is magnificent in his blue-black setting to the Gladstone collar beneath the eye, in his saffron waistcoat opening to show a black stock within, and in his bright indigo back, shot at the edges with coppery green. But you could not in justice take his portrait without including also that of his mate waiting close below and pushing him from the cocoanut before he has quite finished his turn. But beyond them, on some upstanding mound in the newly turned garden, on the spade-handle, or the barrow-shaft, sits the familiar red-breasted robin. It is his garden. He sits in it

where he will. His man dug it while he watched, and he likes to spend a good deal of his time among the clods, the purpose of which he alone of all the birds understands. Every now and then he comes to the lawn and clears away the rabble gathered there at their ignoble feast. The sparrows eat for eating's sake, but the robin, when he has driven them away, merely pecks at the food for possession's sake. You can never say that you have seen the robin "on the feed." He is never pressed for time like a hen sparrow, that sits and gobbles as though for dear life; he never condescends to struggle with his food like a blackbird with a worm, or a thrush hammering out a snail; nor does he hunt a wall or minutely search a tree-trunk for grubs like a tit. As he dances about, intent, to all appearances, only upon the dance, his bold eye is aware of some morsel small enough to be eaten with decency, and in the midst of a figure he takes it, checking less than did Atalanta when she stooped in mid-course for a golden apple. Napoleon, von Moltke, Frederick the Great, Charlemagne, and the other conquerors, we may be sure, had the same kingly control of appetite. Our robin, at any rate, could not be the king he is without it. If he should go and guzzle like some common sparrow in a corner of the garden, in that instant the rabble would gain a footing from which even his imperiousness could not dislodge them.

We may be sure, too, that the robin owes his ascendancy over the other birds a good deal to his winter bachelordom. You cannot for ever keep in order your own flesh and blood. The most docile of wives would sometimes take the crumb before permission was accorded, or obey a command with less than perfect alacrity, an example that might be driven to almost any length by those revolutionary sparrows. So not even his spouse may be allowed within the four corners of the winter sphere of influence. She has somewhere or other her own sphere, which she rules with the same relentless vigilance. Or is it that some convention against nature has separated the robins, and that their impatience of other bird rights is the result of unhappiness? Is he in winter like a rogue elephant, his hand against everyone, because the world seems all out of joint? Cause and effect have no doubt alternating rôles in this, as well as other respects. Who shall say, for example, whether the unique coloring of the robin is the cause or the result of his aloofness among birds? The red of his breast is neither that of the chaffinch, the bullfinch, the carmine of the goldfinch's cheek, or the fire of the goldcrest. It is, of course, a thrush's red, for the robin belongs to that tribe. There is a little of it under the wing of the redwing, and something a little like it on the lower part of the red-start's breast. It may be that if you could separate out the colors of the nightingale, the back would be left greenish orange like the robin, and there would be obtained enough of the right kind of red to color his throat and chin. The first robin had a mere chin-fringe of red; his own sense of uniqueness started the race on the course that has made it now the most aloof and the most distinctly colored of all our birds.

In the invigorating days of autumn, our robin came little nearer than the other birds. He deemed it, however, much more important than they to keep us under view. He liked to see, or perhaps to smell, the brown earth as it was being turned over, and he would follow us or precede us as we went from one end of the garden to the other. That is the charming way with the robin. Wherever he is, round the house or far out in the woods, he is always on the look-out for some human friend. He nests as near to some path or frequented road as he can, so that he and his mate may see men go by. Perhaps they get a benefit more tangible than even the inspiring sight of our noble figures. We have heard of a pair that came and fetched a man with plaintive, beckoning cries, because a rat had broken into their nest. Often must our steps or the trail of our scent make nervous some marauder that would otherwise have found and eaten the young robins. The robin has even its own peculiar smell, perhaps moulded on its

perception of ours, a fascinating subject that we dare not pause to pursue.

When we first offered our robin a mealworm he seemed offended. Determined to begin with a very thin end of the wedge, we put it on the path and went away to our digging. The bird, knowing that we had put food for him, nevertheless came after us and sat on the wall as much as to say: "It isn't your grubs I want, but you." But he could not keep it up, and just had to go and get his grub, and then come back to the digging. Many a mealworm has he had since. First he came to the bird-table, and took them as we stood near, then he took them from the box while we held it in our hand. Lastly, he dispensed with all formality and took his food from the fingers, as all robins should. He knows the box, and he knows the whistle that always accompanies the offer of the delicacy. He comes to us wherever we happen to be, and, when we are not outside, he comes and looks into the windows to see where we are. Still, he does not come into the house after us, as did the robin to a friend, using the letter-box when the door was shut. Just now, in fact, our robin is rather shyer than he has been. When we had got him up to the last pitch of friendliness, the weather broke; the frost went out of the ground, bringing edible things to the top; gnats and small moths began to fly again, so that mealworms out of a tobacco box are no longer indispensable.

The white man must have his robin wherever he is. Oliver Wendell Holmes laments for the American because his robin, instead of being a domestic bird that feeds at the table, is "a great fidgety, jerky, whooping thrush." It is, indeed, no better than a fieldfare, gregarious, chattering, predatory, and migratory. The last word damns it worse than all the rest. The robin must share our climate cheerfully all the year round. He must cheer us on the darkest day with his tinkling song which is to that of the nightingale as the cold and greyiness of December are to the brilliance of May. If there were no robin we would choose in his place for domesticity the hedge sparrow, which sings just a little shivery winter song, evidently admires man at a distance, and could be induced to make close friends. On some other grounds we would go to the stone chat, as ruddy of breast, with the added glory of black head and white collar, an all-the-year-round bird that comes to the homestead in winter and will accept a winter pension. He would never, however, come to our suburb, and if he did, would not crack jokes at frost and snow like the robin. The stone chat seems to sit on one post with his shoulder feathers hunched round his neck, all through the dreary time till the gorse bushes are warm again. There is no bird for the winter garden, for the Christmas morning song, or for our Christmas cards but the robin.

He is our own particular robin. Always in the garden or ready to appear there at a moment's notice. We know that he is also the particular robin of several other gardens, or that he persuades each of the owners that he is that one's own particular Christmas guest. But he never comes flying from afar like the sparrows and starlings. He just appears on the nearest wall or on one of his favorite tree perches. He might as well rise out of the earth, so mysteriously does he incarnate. "You needn't call as though I was in the next parish," he seems to say. "I've been waiting here for the last half-hour." Towards evening he begins to get rather more distant. If he comes for food, it is with just a "tick" of his alarm note, and then, when a shade or two of twilight have fallen, he begs to be excused while he attends to some of his private affairs. He would not for worlds let you know where he sleeps. Most birds are shy about that, though we do know as a matter of fact where the sparrows have their crowded dormitory and where the blackbird sleeps fitfully. The robin retires far later than they. He is "tick-ticking" about after the lamps are lit, and in the dusk his olive green livery is nearly invisible. At last, the little moth-like shadow melts into the gloom and does not reappear. Somewhere or other, apart from the rest of the bird population we may be sure, the robin tucks his head under his wing and sleeps.

Art.

THE ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION.

STICKLERS for the artistic unity of a picture exhibition may find cause for complaint in the miscellaneous character of the works that are now on view at Burlington House. It may be urged that too many schools are represented; that the juxtaposition, say of the Italian rooms and the Dutch room, is calculated to spoil the average appetite for the latter, on the principle that it is difficult to be satisfied with a parlor when one has just come out of a palace; and that miscellanies are better left to the permanent collections. There is something to be said for this point of view, and in favor of making the Academy winter show the exposition of one man's work or that of one school, more especially since it is some years—if we except the somewhat unhappy experiment with the McCulloch collection—since this has been done. On the other hand, one must recognise that to fill half a dozen rooms with a really representative display of a single master, or even a single school, is a very difficult task; and that should the attempt fall short of completeness, the failure is a particularly dreary one. By giving one room and the best part of a second to Italian pictures, one to the Dutch, one to the late Sir E. J. Gregory, and the remainder to as good an assortment of British, Flemish, and French works as can be conveniently obtained, which is what the authorities have done in the present instance, the exhibition may lose in unity, but its educational value is hardly lessened, and its attractiveness is enhanced in the eyes of a variety-loving public.

The exhibition just opened is certainly an argument in favor of miscellaneousness. Whether by reason of special care having been devoted to its organisation, or of a spirit of rivalry engendered by the success of the loan exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, or by accident, the various sections are wonderfully complete and interesting. It is not that they are filled with world-famous masterpieces; we should be inclined to say that there are fewer of these than usual. However, the greatest works of a painter or a school are not as desirable in an exhibition of this kind as the typical works, and the latter are certainly not wanting in any one of the sections. Take the Italian rooms, for instance. The examples of the fifteenth and sixteenth century painting that are shown are mostly those which criticism has declared reputable rather than of the highest repute, and some of the greatest names in Italian art—Raphael, Michael Angelo, Piero della Francesca—are not represented at all. Yet there is not an insignificant picture on the walls of these rooms; and there are certain "features" that will make the exhibition memorable beyond its kind. Witness the illustration of artistic descent afforded by what may be called the Botticelli group. Of Sandro himself there is but one example, a very characteristic one, in Mr. R. H. Benson's "Virgin and Child." But, not far from this, is a rendering of the same subject by Botticini, a tondo which, despite the absence of that peculiar linearity which distinguishes the master, and the presence of an un-Botticellesque glory of color—the blaze of its gold and rich scarlet and ultramarine is one of the first things to catch the eye as one enters the room—has yet sufficient likeness to provoke comparison and arouse a fresh interest in one of Botticelli's less known followers. As in the "Assumption" by Botticelli in the National Gallery, which is notable for the beauty of its landscape background, and in the Botticini tondo the landscape is a conspicuous feature of the composition. Another work in which it is even more interesting to trace artistic descent from Botticelli is the "Virgin and Child, with St. John and Two Angels," of Raffaellino del Garbo, less colloquially known as Capponi. This artist was not a pupil of Botticelli, but only of Filippino Lippi, who worked in Sandro's *bottega*. Yet the influence of the master is unmistakable in type, in composi-

tion, and, to a certain degree, in color, the individuality of the painter being displayed chiefly in a suavity of sentiment that differs from Botticelli's tenderness, and allies him with Raphael or Bernardino Luini.

The last-named master is amply represented, principally by the series of small panels illustrating the history of three martyrs—SS. Sicinio, Martino, and Alesandro. Then we find an "Intercession" by Cosimo Rosselli, a "Susanna" by Lorenzo Lotto, two compositions and a man's portrait by John Bellini, and many "ascriptions" that are likely to employ critical tongues for some time to come. It may be a personal fancy, but it seemed to us that in the matter of ascriptions a greater care than usual had been exercised. Certainly it was a commendable cautiousness that declined to label Mr. George Bradley's "Judith and Holophernes," in the second gallery, even with the name of a school, for this extraordinary work combines with much of the sombreness and mystery of the Spanish school traces of Venetian coloring, and high lights dashed on with the bravura of a modern impressionist. It is one of the artistic puzzles of the exhibition. Mr. Laurie Frere's early Velasquez, "Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception," is another—in a different sense. For this picture is clearly one that is recorded by Justi as having been acquired at Seville at the beginning of the nineteenth century by J. Hookham Frere, the British Minister at Madrid, but which was pronounced "untraceable" by so painstaking a Velasquez student as Señor A. de Beruete, owing to its having recently passed out of the possession of the Frere family! Has it, then, returned again to Mr. Frere's family? It would appear so. As a work of art, it is perhaps more interesting than beautiful—a Murillo subject with all the hardness of Velasquez's first manner, instead of the vaporous softness of the younger artist's maturity—a curiously materialised Murillo. The later Venetian masters are well represented in this gallery by a modest-sized, but beautiful, "Entombment" by Tintoretto, a sketch of the Louvre "Susanna and the Elders" by Veronese, and three Titians, of which only one, "The Daughter of Herodias," is claimed to be other than hypothetical.

For the British School and for the best of the Van Dycks one must look to the third and fourth galleries. Here, again, the note struck is one of reputable average rather than startling brilliance, of the typical rather than the best. Recent Academy winter exhibitions have produced a deluge of Reynoldses, Romneys, Gainsboroughs, Turners, Hogarths, Raeburns; and, since the number of best is limited, and repetition is, if possible, to be avoided, one is not surprised to find here works by these masters that are content to do them justice and not much more. Of the twelve Reynoldses the most interesting, because the most intimate, examples are the small portrait of the painter, executed seemingly at an earlier age than either of the portraits in the National Gallery, and the unfinished study of the Countess Spencer and her daughter Georgiana, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire. The large picture of the Beaumont family, significant of the painter's real skill in grouping figures on a grand scale, is the most important Romney; the rich-colored Gainsborough "Landscape" in the fourth gallery makes more appeal than any of the large portraits, though one must not omit a reference to the imposing "Sir Charles Morgan"; a middle-period "Sheerness," and a last period Venetian picture are sufficient to quote of Turner; and, of Hogarth, "The Lady's Last Stake" is the best-known of three pictures that represent both the virtues and failings of his genius. The Raeburns are rather apart. There is the fine "Sir John Sinclair," which the catalogue informs us was painted about 1790, but which, according to Mr. James Caw, a well-known authority, should be dated five years later. The beautifully lighted portrait group of "Sir John and Lady Clerk" was painted in 1790, and it is only necessary to compare the two pictures to be convinced of the development in style that took place between these dates. The "Sir John Sinclair" is of a piece with Van Dyck's equestrian portrait of the Duke d'Arenberg, which hangs at the

far end of the large gallery, in the domain of heroic portraiture.

If it was not necessary to include John Russell, R.A., in the distinguished company of this room—he is represented by a portrait of Miss Chambers, which evidences a conscientious compromise between a Reynolds and a Romney—no one will quarrel with the portrait group by Jordaens, a Fleming who until a few years ago was totally neglected in this country. Even more typical of this painter is the magnificent "King of Twelfth Night," one of the "Epiphany" pictures that one finds in profusion in the Belgian galleries. Located in Gallery V., this particular example is one of a very miscellaneous collection indeed. It confronts an exquisite little Lancet, the "Portrait of a Little Girl," a less exquisite Greuze, and a Van Loo picture of the Pompadour, of meretricious brightness; its robustness is oddly at variance with the sentimentalities of a Vigée Le Brun and an Angelica Kauffmann; and Nathaniel Dance, represented by a portrait of Mrs. Wheeler, and George Barret are hardly less poignant contrasts to this sturdy follower of Rubens. Which reminds us that there are four Rubenses in the collection, though nothing of much note. The Dutch pictures, which include some German and Flemish, are housed mainly in the water-color room. We find here a brilliant Hals in the Portrait of Hille-Bobbe, the famous fish-wife of Haarlem; a "Portrait of a Man," ascribed to Rembrandt; a "Portrait of Jane Lane," by Sir Peter Lely, which is of historical interest; a very dainty interior group of "A Lady and Gentleman," by Terburg; a "River Scene," by Jan van Goyen, eloquent in its brown and grey harmonies, and suggestive of the power of a strictly limited palette; and a likely Hans Holbein in the portrait of Mrs. Anne Roper. We have no space for particularising the Tenierses and Wouvermans, van der Velde, van der Capelles, De Hooghes, Maesses, and others that stand for the big names in Dutch art; neither can we do more than refer in the briefest manner to the works of the late E. J. Gregory, which, in accordance with the custom followed by the Academy of so honoring its recently deceased members, have been gathered together in the Black and White room. We may say, however, that the vivacious handling of some of the artist's earlier efforts may surprise those who only remember him as the painstaking painter of precise *genre* at the Academy, the Institute, and elsewhere, and that the exhibition does justice to his undoubted skill as a water-colorist.

Letters from Abroad.

THE "INSURGENT" MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your Tory champions, in support of their argument for a tariff instead of a land tax, keep citing the United States as a country flourishing under Protectionism, and they imply that this prosperity is so pronounced that Protectionism must be permanent there.

Neither the so-called fact nor the implication is true. The contrary may be seen by the most cursory glance. Protectionism bears such evil fruits that a very active movement in the Republican Party—the party of Protection—threatens either strongly to modify the policy of that organisation and force marked changes in the law, or else to rend and destroy the organisation and make new party lines. This is known as the "insurgent" movement.

To make the matter clear, it should be explained that President Cleveland, the first Democratic President after the Civil War, struck the first heavy blow against what might be called modern Protectionism by a message to Congress in 1887. During the four years just preceding the war, the tariff had been cut very low—to about 19 per cent. It was a period of great industrial and commercial prosperity for the country. But the necessities

for extraordinary revenues during the life and death struggle of the Republic soon after brought heavy tariff duties, and the chief beneficiaries got control of the machinery of a party which could claim at the close of the war that it had put down the rebellion and had destroyed chattel slavery. By flapping the "old flag" and shaking the "bloody shirt," the Republican Party could carry presidential elections, and its managers could get what they liked at Washington. And what they liked chiefly were higher and higher tariffs.

But in 1884, in the arrogance of their power, these managers put up for the Presidency a man with a scandalous reputation in public affairs—James G. Blaine. He was beaten by a bolt of Republicans to the Democratic candidate, Grover Cleveland, who, largely owing to a factional quarrel in New York State, had been elected to the Governorship there by a very large vote the year before.

President Cleveland's most notable act in the White House was his brief, direct, and vigorous message to Congress against the high tariff. In doing this he courted the enmity of the small, but, at that time, powerful Protectionist wing of his party, which had its chief strength in coal and iron Pennsylvania, under the leadership of Samuel Randall and "Pig-Iron" Kelly. Despite the efforts of Randall and Kelly, the Mills' Bill, making the practically insignificant reduction of 4 per cent. in the tariff, was got through the House of Representatives, but was held up in the pro-tariff Republican Senate. Hard upon that came the national elections, and the Democrats, unable to get themselves into line in so short a time, lost both the House of Representatives and the Presidency, Mr. Cleveland being the nominee of his party for re-election.

The Protection rings and monopolies, again having the Presidency and both branches of Congress, repaid themselves for the scare Mr. Cleveland had given them. They passed the McKinley Bill, which sent the tariff a number of pegs higher. But this, instead of smothering the anti-tariff sentiment, only inflamed it; so that the Democratic Party lined up enthusiastically behind the tariff issue in the Presidential fight of 1892. The Radical, tariff-abolishing wing of that party showed the greatest educational activity in the history of the country, one feature being the circulation of one and a-quarter million copies of a cheap edition of my father's book, "Protection or Free Trade?"

Mr. Cleveland, now a third-time candidate for the Presidency, was elected triumphantly. The Democrats also carried the House in Congress, McKinley, father of the reprobated McKinley Bill, and many of the other Republicans active in the passage of that measure, being beaten, and Democrats sent from their districts.

But although the campaign had thus unmistakably been fought and won on the tariff issue, Mr. Cleveland, on taking office, deliberately chose to raise another question. After naming the members of his Cabinet, his first official act was to call a special session of Congress to amend the currency laws, which, he said, were the primary cause of the checked production and depression in business from which the country was at that time suffering, although the country itself had emphatically declared, by electing him, that the chief cause was the high tariff.

If Mr. Cleveland had studied the wishes of the Protection interests, he could not have acted more to their liking. The anti-tariff proposals had drawn and held his party together; the currency question immediately smashed it to flinders. The West was for silver; the East for gold. The tariff-reducing Wilson Bill, which the Democratic House, following the currency legislation, put through, was emasculated by the hold-over pro-tariff Senate. The country's attention had been shifted from the tariff to the currency, and the tariff interests could have their way. Under the currency and other stalking horses, they not only beat Mr. Bryan, who led the Democratic Party in three successive Presidential fights, but they put two new layers on top of the high McKinley wall—the Dingley Bill and the Payne Bill. The Payne Bill, however, was got through by a

trick, and in face of a serious insurrection in the Republican Party, for the day of protest had arrived.

The insurrectionists were mainly from the trans-Mississippi River country. They represented the great farmer element, which was beginning to realise how it was being fooled. It was being compelled by the tariff to pay more and more for clothes, machinery, and practically all the things it had to buy, while it got no benefit whatever. True, the tariff managers, with sublime impudence, went through the form of "protecting" the farmers, and for a long time actually did hoodwink them. High duties were put on wheat, corn, rye, oats, barley, potatoes, butter, eggs, milk, cattle, horses, hogs, wool, and everything else the farmer produced. They were told, and for a time appeared to believe, that but for such duties, foreign farm animals and produce would pour in and destroy them. Yet the fact was that, with the exception of wool, the United States had been a tremendous exporter of all these things. It has, since 1890, exported annually more than \$150,000,000 worth of wheat and flour alone.

But when the Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and other farmers through the great corn belt asked for a reduction of the tariff on the things that they had to buy, and found themselves tricked by the Payne Bill, which put the tariff further up, instead of down, the insurrection in their section of the Republican Party became indeed serious. They were not prepared actually to break away from the party, but a number of their representatives at Washington, at a special session of the new Congress—a session called by President Taft after his inauguration, to amend the tariff downward—entered upon an understanding with the Democratic caucus to change the rules of the House so as to take the Tsar-like power out of the hands of the Speaker—and, behind the Speaker, of the monopoly interests—and to vest that power in the House itself.

These insurgent votes, with the Democratic votes, would have overcome the Republican majority in that body. But the alert monopolies, seeing the menace to their rule, made reprisals. By exercise of their subtle craft, they induced most of the Democratic members from the cities of New York, Chicago, and Boston to desert when the balloting came, and to vote with the regular Republicans. In this way the House rules, which were, at bottom, for the use and benefit of the monopolies, were re-adopted, and things went on monopolywards as before.

But many signs indicate that this will continue only for a brief season. Collisions between the regulars and the insurgents have occurred in this new session over resolutions to institute an inquiry into the increasing cost of living. It is certain that there will be bitter fights this fall in the Republican primaries and at the polls over the tariff issue; while as sure signs are given that the Democratic members who sold the pass in the rules fight will be called to account by their aroused and angered party. The war on the monstrous American tariff is on.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY GEORGE, JUN.

Communications.

THE TROUBLES OF A SOCIALIST ELECTOR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The melancholy uncertainty of Free Trade Unionists as to how they should influence the coming election has a pathetic interest for me, as a Socialist, owing to the astonishing developments in Socialist tactics during the past few weeks.

My dilemma is this. I am a keen politician, holding a profound conviction of the necessity of Socialism as a cure for poverty. On the other hand, my confidence in the Socialist leaders has been rudely shaken in latter months. The Social Democratic Party has preached opposition to Liberals and Tories, or abstention from support of either party. Now, Mr. H. Quelch, at Northampton, has seem-

ingly reversed that policy, and some *modus vivendi* has been arrived at with the Liberals. The Social Democrats have usually argued that Liberal Governments and Tory Governments were equally bad; it was a case, as the Spaniards say, of "Los mismos ferros con diferentes collares." This intelligible but unintelligent policy has at last been abandoned, but no explanation has been offered.

Next, Mr. Robert Blatchford has produced his programme as a Cabinet Minister. This programme has earned the astonished approval of the Duchess of Somerset (another Socialist?) among other eminent persons. It demands £50,000,000 for the Navy, when poor Mr. Lloyd George cannot get enough for the eight that won't wait; a Compulsory Service Bill, which will cost another twelve millions; a Bill for military training of all schoolboys over ten years, which would involve an expenditure of at least three millions per annum; a large increase in Secret Service expenditure—say a million; Protection and an anti-foreign employment agitation. These suggestions would fasten on England an additional £75,000,000, at the lowest estimate, of unproductive expenditure. All this money would be an economic drain on the trade and resources of the country.

The argument for compulsory service is apparently founded upon some ocular comparison between the well-fed appearance of soldiers and the miserable state of unemployed workmen. This line of reasoning is worth developing. The Duchess of Somerset's footmen look much more prosperous than unemployed workmen. Why not a "compulsory service as footmen Bill," compelling all working men to serve two years as footmen, so as to teach them obedience and civility, two qualities in which the working classes are seriously deficient?

The "Clarion" has vigorously denounced any *rapprochement* between the Liberals and Socialists. Will my friend, Mr. Grayson, tell me why it is a crime to support the Budget, but not a crime to stand on Lord Northcliffe's paper platform? My nominal leader, the only one for whom I have any political respect, Mr. H. M. Hyndman, has attacked the Budget as a sham. His "panic" exhibition, in 1908, when he competed with Mr. Blatchford in working up a Jingo unrest, was as bad as Mr. Blatchford's. Mr. Hyndman also regards the anti-Lords campaign as a dishonest move to confuse the issue.

The Labor Party and the I.L.P. afford me no refuge. I belong to the Fourth Estate, and, therefore, I am that scorned person in those parties—"a middle-class intellectual." I am useful as a subscriber to election funds, perhaps, judging by the appeals for subscriptions lying before me on the table; but, otherwise, the place assigned me is outside the gates which lead to the sacrosanct council chamber of Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, and Mr. A. Henderson. In any event, the atmosphere of such a council chamber would hardly suit one who is proud of a somewhat independent spirit.

The Socialists urge me not to aid the Liberals. Yet I cannot join in the quartet, playing in varying notes from fortissimo to dolce, of Jingoists and conscriptionists like Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Hyndman, Mr. Quelch, and Mr. Victor Grayson.

The I.L.P. would permit me to help them on the admirable principle of "Heads we win; tails you lose"; but that is a bargain into which my self-respect and sense of self-preservation forbid me to enter.

Ah! but there is the Fabian Castle [The Fabian Society has gone straight against the Lords.—*Ed., NATION*], that stronghold of intellectuals. Alas! this castle is a castle in the air. What remains of the Fabian Society has become a branch of the Women's Social and Political Union. The resourceful energies of the male section of the Fabian Society have been swallowed up in the Committee to Break up the Poor Law. Neither of those movements can command a support which was gladly given in the better days of the Fabian Society. The husk of the Fabian Society is a remainder of some interesting hard nuts, just as the ruins of Carthage make one reflect on the decaying influences of Time.

There remains the brilliant figure of Mr. G. Bernard Shaw. Much as I revere him personally, I cannot follow him. It is impossible. Have any of your readers tried to catch a will-o'-the-wisp? It is the easiest of tasks when

compared with the hopeless pursuit of a political Bernard Shaw. Politics are the science of practical affairs. My agility, mental and physical, cannot cope with the political jugglery of Mr. Bernard Shaw, so mental and physical weariness has forced me to abandon any part in his energetic game of political hare-and-hounds.

According to Mr. Blatchford, Socialism has ceased to stand for the nationalisation of the means of production; but Socialism represents conscription, vast naval armaments, Protection and fiscal warfare, an Anglo-German conflict, conscription for children, and an alliance with Lord Northcliffe. The I.L.P. and Labor Party are out for the rights of labor. That is a just claim; but their domination by mere labor ideals of a class character excludes them from the realm of my active sympathies.

One fact is clear in all this tangle. Conscription and Protection are most powerful obstacles to any industrial and humane reforms in those States which have already submitted themselves to the Trust or Kartel and Militarism. These two schemes cannot advantage the industrial classes or the liberal humanists in England.

Why not vote for the Liberal candidates? I am a plural voter. Here is the difficulty. To my mind, it is absurd to call the Budget a Socialist Budget. It is a financial advance necessitated by the growth of expenditure and the fall in certain kinds of revenue. The Socialists and Liberals are still far apart. English Socialism is much nearer to commercial Toryism than to Liberal humanism. The Socialist societies are controlled by political bureaucrats. Whether the bureaucrat be Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. A. Henderson, Mr. Hyndman, Mr. Quelch, or Mr. Blatchford matters not. They are the top dogs, and there they intend to stay, and who will say them nay?

Yet there is a long catalogue of Liberal misdeeds which make me somewhat lukewarm towards them. The Denshawai and Natal executions and floggings were very bad. The Egyptian and Indian political deportations may be precedents for political deportations in England. At any rate, the principle of injustice is the same. The handling of the woman suffrage agitation has been ludicrously tactless and injurious. The "indeterminate sentence" strikes at every human right; it is a complete upsetting of the balance of "the social contract." The trend of foreign policy has been bad without redemption. The Licensing Bill had the trail of Puritanism over it.

To be balanced against this Socialist criticism is the large number of excellent reforms, such as the Trades Disputes Act, Old Age Pensions Act, the Patents Act, the Indian Councils Act, the Housing Act, the Criminal Appeal Act, the Labor Exchanges Act, the Workmen's Compensation Act, the Trade Boards Act, parts of the Children's Act, the Development Act, the Irish Land and Universities Acts, and many other measures. To this fine record has to be added the social increment of the Budget.

On the whole, I hold that Socialists might vote for the Liberals at this crisis; but ought Socialists to help, either financially or personally, Liberal candidatures? I cannot conscientiously support the Socialists, whose Socialism when scratched reveals itself as Militarism and Jingoism (or the Labor and I.L.P. Parties, who have merely the class interests of their clients at heart), against the Liberals. After much mental tribulation, such has been my conclusion. The one question remaining—and upon this I sorely need enlightenment—is, can I assist the Liberals as against the Socialists apart from mere voting; that is to say, ought I to aid the Liberals, financially and personally, giving to them what I should have offered, under ordinary circumstances, to the Socialists? Or must I join Lord Balfour of Burleigh (to keep strange company) in his flight to the woods?—Yours, &c.,

SADLY PERPLEXED.

December 26th, 1909.

Letters to the Editor.

THE DEEPER CRISIS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Setting aside the practical, is it not true that the theoretical difference between the great opposing

measures of Free Trade and Protection is, in reality, the difference between two fundamental points of view—between two opposing conceptions, held by Englishmen, of themselves and their destiny?

Given the "Insular view," from which the Empire is seen as a glorified island, independent, self-sufficing, then Protection follows, logically enough, a matter of expediency or in expediency merely. But, given the deeper "Imperial" view, from which the island that has grown of its vitality to be an Empire is seen an Empire still, but an Empire of world service rather than that of world ownership, then Protection is impossible, and Free Trade an inevitable condition of life and work.

For what does "Empire" mean? What do might, majesty, dominion, and power mean but responsibility? And responsibility implies service.

Cannot the Englishman, who turns in his fear to Protection, see that he comes near to selling his birthright? Cannot he see that the process of utilising our markets, unchecked, by the traders of the world, is, in truth, part of the same process as the utilising of our blood, our brains, our language, our laws, by the races of the world, the result of which process has been the formation of the Empire?

The Free Trader who declaims that his country is different from other countries is not too far from the truth. Where he fails so often is in the true differentiating. He does not recognise that the measure of his country's trade is not the measure of the nation's prosperity, but of its vitality. And this vitality, unchecked and at no premium, is the English quality, on which other nations have traded for centuries. Seen from this point of view, Protection means the protecting ourselves against the natural results of our manner of life and work, and Free Trade, not a piece of idealism accidentally stumbled upon, but an inevitable condition of our development, as inevitable as the free giving of our life and strength and work throughout the world.

Protection implies enmity. Through the years of this century perhaps, men will gradually realise that enmity and jealousy between nations avail nothing, that neither successful arms nor successful tariffs constitute "power" in a nation, but rather its innate vitality, its power of taking responsibility, of doing work. Protection is needful for weakness, for old age, but for a grown nation, with eyes not blind to the future of the world, it is an anachronism.

I write as one of an unpolitical class. If this view appears rather transcendental, to emphasise it can do no harm at a time when political parties throw dust between each other and go to the people with promises of material gains and little more. Also, I cannot think that the consideration of the spiritual can detract from the efficiency of the practical side, in any question.

One of George Meredith's heroes had a great "Idea" that recurred to him on the night of a large political meeting where he was about to speak. It was this: "*The English have power to rise to spiritual ascendancy, and be once more the islanders heading the world of a new epoch abjuring materialism.*"

Is there no Parliamentary candidate who, on this ground, will complete the great speech that Victor Radnor left undelivered.—Yours, &c.,

H. BAGENAL.

3, Moris Garden, Cheyne Walk.

December 30th, 1909.

THE TIME FOR PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The time seems to have now come when in all seriousness we should put some of our religious theorisings to the test. We have read and we have repeated the words of the Master often enough. But have we, until now, been confronted with the chance of putting them into practice? The words I particularly refer to are "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of God," and, again, "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom." For the sake of these words, many a man has laid aside his wealth. Yet his distribution of superfluity has often failed to justify his action. But here and now there can be no mistake.

The operation of the Budget, while it may absorb certain superfluities of income, will, as unquestionably, apply the money thus obtained to purposes which are, without any possibility of contradiction, for the benefit of the country to which we belong, and the people who dwell therein. How often and often has the pulpit declaimed against the false Christianity which has prevailed and is prevailing. How often with half-hearted earnestness have we longed with Lessing, after "two thousand years of Christianity, for a hundred years of the Master Himself." Now is our chance. For once, we have had a Government in which and by which Labor and the workers have been more or less fairly represented.

After all, where does our wealth come from? No one can deny the fact that the poor man is the foundation stone of all our wealth, of our social fabric itself. It is time that his voice were heard, and his way smoothed, and the awful uncertainty of his living removed, once and for all. We have prayed with countless reiteration, "Give us this day our daily bread." It is a prayer that falls idly on the ears of one who has a thousand a year. It is a very real prayer for one who has to earn that daily bread and support wife and children as well. The disparity between rich and poor, between the "us" and "you" of the story of Dives and Lazarus is too awful a gulf to contemplate with equanimity.

This Budget promises a way out. It will not bring in a millennium, it will not heal the sores of a thousand years of civilisation so-called. But I believe it is a step in the right direction. Therefore, as we voted for Mr. Gladstone in 1880, let us vote for Mr. Asquith to-day, and let us heartily wish God-speed to Mr. Lloyd George and his Budget.—Yours, &c.,

F. G. MONTAGU POWELL

(late Vicar of Pembroke Dock, S. Wales).

Foxlease, Southbourne,
January 4th, 1910.

SHOOTING A TAME STAG.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In "The Times" and other newspapers of December 17th last, there is reported a case of "shooting a tame stag," which came before the County Court at Salisbury on the previous day. In that case the defendants were sued for damages for shooting a stag which had escaped from the plaintiff's park, and it was argued for the defence that this stag, "being a wild animal, was the property of the original owner only so long as he held possession," and, further, "that gentlemen in the exercise of sporting rights were justified in shooting it"; and I opine that had the deer in question been an animal *ferae naturae* this contention would have prevailed (see the case of *Threlkeld v. Smith, L.R., 1901, 2 K.B., 531*). The plaintiff's counsel, however, argued that the stag, having been brought up by hand from birth, was not a wild animal, but was "the absolute property of the owner"; and of this opinion, it appears, was the judge, who awarded damages to the plaintiff.

Now, sir, it occurs to me to ask, what would have been the position if some evil-disposed person had cruelly ill-treated this stag after its escape from the plaintiff's park? The Acts for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals protect "domestic" animals only, and, according to the best legal opinion, deer, even when home-bred, and carefully tended from birth, in park or paddock, so that they have ceased to be animals *ferae naturae*, are, nevertheless, not "domestic" animals in the eye of the law. In fact, this stag seems to have been in just the same position as the animals habitually employed in the hunt of the carted deer, of which the recent case at Cambridge has given the public such an illuminating example. Therefore, I presume that the cruel treatment of such an animal could not be made the ground of a prosecution, unless the case fell within the provisions of the Wild Animals in Captivity Act, 1900. But, in the present instance, the stag was not "in captivity or close confinement," and, therefore, that Act was inapplicable. It seems, therefore, that the Acts would have afforded him no protection at all. He is neither a "wild" nor a "domestic" animal, but a miserable *tertium quid*.

But here another question arises. The hunters of carted deer claim that the "stags" which they hunt are animals

ferae naturae. If so, may I not lawfully kill one of these deer, should it come on my land, or capture and refuse to surrender it? For if these animals are "wild," they are not the subject of property. If they be not "wild," then, seeing that they are not "domestic" animals, we must say that the stag-hunter's beast of chase is a tame animal, which is his "absolute property," but which, nevertheless, is not protected against cruelty by the Acts of 1849 and 1854.

If such, really, be the law of the land, I venture to think that the law sins both against humanity and common sense, and merits a worse epithet than that bestowed upon it by Mr. Bumble.—Yours, &c.,

G. G. GREENWOOD.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CONVERSION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the article by Mr. Sidney Low in the current number of THE NATION. I have not yet had the pleasure of reading Mr. Harold Begbie's book, of which the article in question is a criticism, but as stated in your editorial note, both book and criticism raise many points of real interest and importance. Mr. Sidney Low wisely points out that the observed phenomena of conversion are not only common to almost all forms of religious belief, but are also in parallel with similar phenomena obtained by accredited practitioners in Hypnotism, Suggestion, and the many varied cults of Mental Healing. On further inquiry into these phenomena one is at once struck by the fact that similar results are obtained from widely different causes, and one is led to inquire whether there is not in every case some common factor which determines the result. It is considered by most psychologists that the common factor can be found in one definite attribute of all human minds, Suggestibility. In normal states of mental equilibrium the Suggestibility of any individual, *i.e.*, his reaction to the stimuli of his environment, is to a very large extent under the control of his reasoning and critical faculties; but in most individuals states of increased Suggestibility can be induced by a variety of methods, in which the response to the stimuli of environment is contrary to, or in excess of, the normal response which would be obtained in normal conditions. In conversion a state of increased Suggestibility is induced by the appeal to the emotions, just as the hypnotist induces similar states by passes, fixed gazing, and suggestions of sleep. In both cases a similar result is obtained, the suggested idea is received and acted upon, although the actions, determined by the reception of the suggestion, may be contrary to all former experience of the individual. From the point of view of the social or religious worker, it is all important that he should realise that the immediate results of conversion, equally with the immediate results of suggestion given during hypnotic trance, do not depend upon the inherent truth of the suggested ideas, but upon the abnormal receptivity of the mind acted upon. For the effects of conversion to be permanent, a reasoned willing acceptance of the suggested ideas must confirm the change induced during a state of abnormal mental activity; the suggested ideas will otherwise cease to become determining factors in the life of the individual. I am at one with Mr. Sidney Low in believing that the applications of conversion as a means of moral regeneration are limited, in the great majority of individuals the appeal to the emotions fails to elicit the necessary response.

In treatment by Suggestion the field of usefulness has no such limitations. The mode of producing the state of increased Suggestibility is on entirely different lines, and in almost any normally constituted individual some result, some acceptance of the suggested idea can be obtained. Mr. Sidney Low leads one to infer that because Professor Charcot's successes were mainly obtained in hysterical women, the field of Suggestive Therapeutics is therefore limited to hysterical and neurotic subjects; for the past twenty-five years all psychologists who have devoted any attention to the study of hypnotic phenomena have discarded Professor Charcot's work in this domain, his deductions are realised to be fallacious for the very reason that his experiments were confined to a few hysterical subjects.

The development of present-day theories was initiated by the Nancy School, and it is now generally recognised that

states of increased Suggestibility can be induced in a very large percentage of normal individuals. Mr. Sidney Low holds that we may believe in miracles, but ought not to expect them. The study of the psychology of conversion comes into the domain of Psycho-Therapeutics, and in this domain I hold that one may not only believe in miracles, but also expect them. One may confidently expect results which, in the present state of our knowledge, are apparently out of proportion to the means employed. Theories of Suggestibility and of the influence of the Subconscious Mind give one the best working hypothesis by which we can explain these apparently miraculous results, but we have not yet passed beyond the domain of theory, and are still far from a full knowledge of the limitations of the power of Suggestion or of the power of the Subconscious Mind. Any inquiry into the psychology of Suggestion is of very real interest beyond that of its therapeutic uses; a wider knowledge of the subject will give to every one a deeper insight into his own mentality, and will open out possibilities of a very real power within himself. The present restricted use of suggestion as a therapeutic agent and as a means of mental and moral regeneration is due not so much to its limited field of application, as to a lack of knowledge of its power, and a deep-seated prejudice against any unbiassed inquiry into the domain of psychic phenomena.—Yours, &c.,

MAURICE B. WRIGHT, M.D.

33, Wimpole Street, London,
January 7th, 1910.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am very loath to intervene in the sphere of party politics; but the circulation, *gratis*, for electioneering purposes, of Mr. Robert Blatchford's articles in the "Daily Mail," now published in pamphlet form for 1d., induces me to offer one or two observations.

I pass over the technical points respecting the relative strength of the two navies of Great Britain and Germany and the building power of the two nations; for these topics have been sufficiently dealt with by the officials responsible for the state of the Navy, who know the actual situation far better than any outsider can do. Further, several of Mr. Blatchford's statements tend to refute his main thesis, as when he says, "the Pan-Germans menace the honor and the liberty of the British, and the French, and the Danish, and the Dutch. All Europe is to be Teutonised." Surely such a mad scheme, if it exists, may be left to work out its own destruction. All Europe will unite to crush the Power which makes the attempt. Again, when Mr. Blatchford says, "Germany is hungry for trade and for influence in distant seas; Britain holds fortresses and coaling stations all over the earth," does he not see that the possession of these fortresses and coaling stations by us, and the want of them as felt by Germany, confer on us an enormous advantage in naval affairs over our rival?

In truth, Mr. Blatchford admits that Germany's naval position, considered strategically, is weak; for in Article VI. ("Armageddon") he states that "the problem of British defence is the defence of France"; and he implies that Germany cannot well attack us until Holland, Belgium, and the North of France are in her power. According to Mr. Blatchford, this is the heart of the problem of British defence. In the same article he skims very lightly over the fact that, in that case, "Russia, France's ally, might attack Germany on the Eastern frontier." But he unfolds to our enthralled vision the following portent:—"Then if Austria and Italy came in we should have Armageddon." Finally he pictures a German Empire embracing "Holland, Belgium, Austria, and perhaps Turkey, and having ports and fortresses at Calais, Cherbourg, Trieste, Antwerp, and Amsterdam." He concludes that the British Empire would then go under. And well it might.

Let us examine this forecast in the light of recent history. By the Franco-Russian Treaty of 1895, which has since been renewed, Russia and France bound themselves by a solemn compact that each would come to the assistance of the other, *with the whole of its military and naval forces*, in case that ally were attacked. It is therefore not the case that Russia *might* attack Germany, if the latter

assailed France. In such an eventuality Russia *must* in honor attack Germany. Further, even if that compact were not binding, she would most certainly act in the same way; for her people, who dislike or fear the Pan-Germans as much as Mr. Blatchford does, would not stand still and see Europe "Teutonised."

Take Mr. Blatchford's next sentence. In his Armageddon he figures both Austria and Italy taking the side of Kaiser Wilhelm. This is an impossibility. Italy (ever mindful of the days of Garibaldi and Palmerston) would be far more likely to take sides against the two German Powers than with them. Moreover, the Austro-German compact, which is the only solid part of the Triple Alliance, is purely of a defensive character. Therefore, if Germany sought to crush France, Austria would not be obliged to draw the sword. Here, again, self-interest tends to reinforce treaty obligations. Patriotic subjects of Franz Joseph (least of all the Hungarians) do not wish to see their Empire annexed, either altogether, or in part, to Germany.

We are now in a position to be able to reconstruct Mr. Blatchford's Armageddon. Instead of Germany walking over the French without let or hindrance, she will be assailed on her weakest frontier by an army fully as large as her own, that of Russia. The attitude of Austria would be problematical. Thus, if Germany sought to acquire the northern dockyards of France, as naval bases far better than those which she now possesses, she would court ruin from a conflict with three great Powers, each of which is nearly her equal in strength. Certainly on the sea she would be at once overwhelmed.

In point of fact, England's position has been enormously strengthened during the past five years. Thanks to the late Prime Minister, South Africa is no longer a menace to the stability of our Empire. The *entente cordiale* with France releases us from all fear of hostility from a Power which, as Mr. Blatchford sees, could assail us with far more advantage than Germany can. Our good understanding with Russia is another diplomatic success, no less hopeful for us than disquieting to Germany. If Kaiser Wilhelm has always aimed at our destruction, why did he not seize the opportunity afforded by the early disasters of the Boer War? During the last ten years all has changed. At that time we were isolated. Now it is Germany that lacks outside support; for the help of Austria must always be uncertain. In truth, sir, British diplomacy has of late been almost too successful; so that, if any Power need to feel nervous for the future, it is Germany, almost isolated as she is, and weighed down by financial burdens which she can scarcely bear. The German nation needs to be re-assured, not threatened.

On one point I completely agree with Mr. Blatchford: that our coast defences need strengthening, especially on the east. A long study of modern wars has convinced me that the theories of the "Blue Water School" are a dangerous delusion. England needs a second line of defence behind her fleet; for the fleet may often be called away on needful operations, and the vital points on our coast need to be safeguarded during its absence. Thanks to numerous scares, John Bull is becoming a nervous creature and wants to see certain important points, especially on the East Coast, secured against raids. Further, forts do not threaten Germany, while the multiplication of "Dreadnoughts" appears to do so. In my judgment the expenditure of the cost of one or two "Dreadnoughts" on coast defences is a matter of urgent importance.—Yours, &c.,

J. HOLLAND ROSE.

January 6th, 1910.

THE ART OF SPENDING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your admirable article on "The Art of Spending" you say that there is, in your opinion, perhaps only one way of spending money that is worse than indiscriminate giving in the streets, namely, that in which Mr. Kessler wasted his £2,000, and you quote the "Economist" as asking if the Charity Organisation Society has not taught us to do better than that.

As there are many people who think that the C.O.S. has

a merely negative policy, of "going to see what Tommy is doing, and telling him he mustn't," may I, as a member of that society, say what we really try to teach? We believe in charity, and, above all things, insist that it should be personal. We are always anxious to meet with persons who will give their time and service to work in its cause. There is so much that might be done if only we had more fellow workers.

But to those who cannot give personal service, we say, "do not give to beggars in the streets"; the better way is to send a contribution to one of the many societies (such as the Society for the Relief of Distress, 78, Jermyn-street, S.W., or the Invalid Children's Aid Association, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.), who will use it in trying to prevent people falling into destitution and misery before it is too late.—Yours, &c.,

CLEMENT F. ROGERS

1, Vernon Chambers, Southampton Row, W.C.

January 3rd, 1910.

THE INDIANS IN THE TRANSVAAL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your issue of January 1st, you refer to the interest taken by the Indian Congress in the Transvaal Indian question in the following words: "Meanwhile the exclusion of Indians from the Transvaal continues to evoke intense feeling."

I would beg to be allowed to point out that it is not so much their exclusion from the Transvaal as the manner of effecting that exclusion which has given offence and aroused so much bitterness. An open door to Asiatic immigration is not claimed in respect of the Transvaal or any other Colony. The right to regulate immigration and the character of the would-be immigrants is generally conceded, but the Transvaal, in dealing with Indian immigration, has taken a quite unprecedented step. Other Colonies and Dominions have employed legislation general in its application to all countries and races, thus inflicting no insult upon any particular people. It has been left for the Transvaal colony specifically to class the whole 300 millions of India with paupers, criminals, lepers, procurers, and other undesirables, and to exclude them, irrespective of culture or property qualifications, on the score of their race and color.

If this be the new Imperialism, one may, perhaps, be pardoned for feeling some small concern as to where it will eventually land us.—Yours, &c.,

L. W. RITCH,

Hon. Sec., South Africa British Indian Committee.
5, Pump Court, Temple, E.C.

January 4th, 1910.

ULSTER LIBERAL UNIONISM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The Ulster Liberal Unionist Association has issued its manifesto, in view of the General Election, and it would be well for the electors of Great Britain carefully to study it, and thus see clearly what "forces" are behind this pronouncement "on the most momentous electoral contest since the days of the Revolution Settlement of 1689." In the first place, who are the Ulster Liberal Unionist Association? They are a body of men, formerly Liberals, who are mostly members of the Ulster Reform Club, from which the manifesto is issued. This Club is admittedly non-political, and embraces among its members Liberals, Home Rulers, and Tories. From the walls of this non-political club the portrait of Mr. Gladstone was stealthily removed in 1886, and, at a later date, the portrait of Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., formerly the most respected member of the club. Within recent years the club has been used for entertaining such pronounced Tories as Lord Londonderry and Mr. Walter Long, M.P.

A few years ago I, as a member, received a printed document from the then President, stating that the club was non-political, and asking me to join the Liberal Unionist Association, which, as a Liberal, I declined to do.

At the same time the Committee was offering for sale to

the members pamphlets in favor of Protection, without any attempt to distribute those in favor of Free Trade. A few years ago a discussion on Tariff Reform was held in the Reform Club, and I then publicly accused one of the speakers, whose name is appended to the manifesto, as honorary secretary, of deliberately misrepresenting John Stuart Mill, as being an authority in favor of Protection; and, although Mr. Martin, the gentleman to whom I refer, was then present, he refrained, like Mr. Balfour when charged by Mr. Ure with a false accusation, from offering any apology for the misrepresentation.

I shall not attempt, but leave your readers, to measure the "Liberalism" of the Association by the following statements in their manifesto. "An efficient Second Chamber is a necessary defence against arbitrary, ill-digested, tyrannical legislation of the popular Chamber." "Every professing Unionist who is in favor of the abolition of the Lords' veto is in effect a Home Ruler." "The proposal is really revolutionary. It makes our Second Chamber a sham, and effaces it as a legislative institution." "Instead of our present broad and democratic Constitution, we shall have Single Chamber rule, which, in plain English, means government by the oligarchy called the Cabinet." In one place the manifesto speaks of "the oligarchical Cabinet controlled by a Single Chamber," and in another place of "an irresponsible Single Chamber, dominated by an autocratic, and, it may be, vindictive Cabinet." Again of the Budget it says, "Its effect will be beyond question to render poor men poorer." "The mischievous Socialism of the present Government and its misguided followers."

I hope that this swan-like song of Ulster Liberal Unionism is the precursor of brighter and happier days for Ireland and its people.—Yours, &c.,

S. SHANNON MILLIN.

January 4th, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—A gentleman who acknowledges his ignorance of the existence of a party (until they are so unfortunate as to incur his wrath, or rouse his jealousy) might hesitate to write of them in terms of wholesale and unqualified abuse, as Mr. Sullivan did recently in your columns. But permit me, in all fairness, briefly to assure your English readers, who do not know the facts, that Irish Liberals do exist, and have no need to seek testimonials of character or intelligence from a new-fledged K.C.

I cannot tell what members of his profession or creed he had in his eye when he wrote, or whether it was from them he drew his large inferences; but of this I am sure, Irish Liberals have a right to expect protection from such an attack in *THE NATION*.—Yours, &c.,

NONCONFORMIST LIBERAL.

Dublin, December 29th, 1909.

A CASE OF "MALICE."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—You demurred to the assertion in my previous letter that the militant suffragists are being pursued with a cold and deliberate malice. A Government which finds itself compelled in the interests of order to imprison its political opponents, will, if it is magnanimous, take care to respect their courage and their personal dignity. It would not inflict physical humiliations. It would not keep them in gaol a day longer than the strict letter of the law required. In dealing with venial offences, it would remember the maxim, "De minimis non curat lex." The refusal of first-class treatment for offenders who used no violence was the first great violation of these principles. Forceful feeding was the second. The special evidences of malice to which I referred were these: (1) That Miss Charlotte Marsh, though she had been forcibly fed for over two months, and though she was suffering (and is still suffering) from pain and weakness, was not allowed the usual advantage of the period of "remission" commonly granted to ordinary offenders; (2) That after an interval of four months, the Home Office expressly ordered the prosecution of Miss Florence Clarkson for break-

ing window panes valued at 6d., knowing full well that to avenge this infinitesimal injury it was consigning her to prison and all that prison now involves for these women.

I now commend to your notice a third and more recent case. Miss Selina Martin and Miss Leslie Hall, charged at Liverpool with slight acts of disorder which involved no actual assault, were remanded for a week for inquiry, and refused bail. There was no mystery and no need for inquiry; suffragettes always avow what they have done. But, above all, there was no excuse for refusing bail. The authorities have now dealt with about 450 suffragette prisoners. Not one of them has ever escheated her bail. Yet the refusal of bail is now a common occurrence, and when it happened to my own wife and others at Newcastle I was officially informed that it was by the orders of the Home Office. The sequel is even more painful. Miss Martin and Miss Hall, feeling that they had been unjustly used, protested, as the Chartists used to do in similar cases, by smashing their cell windows, and by refusing food. I have seen their own accounts of what followed, written in the police station a week later, while they were waiting for "Black Maria." Miss Martin states that she (an unconvicted prisoner) was dragged to a punishment cell, kept all night in irons, and next day "frog-marched" up a stone staircase to the doctor's room, her head bumping on the steps. She was there forcibly fed, handcuffed, and flung down the stairs once more. Miss Hall was kept in irons for two-and-a-half days. I believe these statements to be true, and I blame the Home Office, because in former cases of special brutality it has omitted to punish the guilty officials. To the authorities of Strangeways Prison (Manchester) where Miss Davison was assaulted in her cell by a fire-hose, it has even addressed a special letter of commendation. I have mentioned the Chartists. But there is a difference. When Thomas Cooper protested in prison by even more violent methods against the refusal of literary facilities, public opinion insisted that the rights of a political prisoner should be respected. Our modern Liberals have forgotten that tradition of generosity.

—Yours, &c.,

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

32, Well Walk, Hampstead,
January 5th, 1910.

[The facts which Mr. Brailsford alleges are disputed. But without going into them, we confess ourselves unable to justify the refusal of bail, though this is not the act of the Home Office, and we would appeal to the authorities to discountenance—as we cannot but think they would discountenance—the slightest approach to vindictiveness or ill-temper on the part of the prison authorities. We regard this as vital.—ED., NATION.]

Our Younger Poets.

I.—W. H. DAVIES.

I.

ANGRY.

My Love sits angry—See!
Her foot shakes in the light;
Her timid, little foot,
That else would hide from sight.

Her left hand props her cheek;
Its little finger plays
Upon her under-lip,
And makes a harp-like noise.

Her lips' red manuscript
She has unrolled and spread;
So I may read ill news,
And hang my guilty head.

My Love sits angry—See!
She's red up to her eyes:
And was her face flogged by
The wings of Butterflies?

Her right hand's in her lap,
So small, so soft, so white:
She in her anger makes
Five fingers hide from sight.

Two golden curls have now
Dropped out of their silk net:
There they must stop, for she
Will not restore them yet.

My Love she is so fair,
When in this angry way,
That did she guess my thoughts,
She'd quarrel every day.

II.

THE KINGFISHER.

It was the Rainbow gave thee birth,
And left thee all her lovely hues;
And, as her mother's name was Tears,
So runs in it thy blood to choose
For haunts the lonely pools, and keep
In company with trees that weep.

Go you and, with such glorious hues,
Live with proud Peacocks in green parks;
On lawns as smooth as shining glass,
Let every feather show its marks;
Get thee on boughs and clap thy wings
Before the windows of proud kings.

Nay, lovely Bird, thou art not vain;
Thou hast no proud, ambitious mind;
I also love a quiet place
That's green, away from all mankind;
A lonely pool, and let a tree
Sigh with her bosom over me.

III.

MAN.

I saw Time running by—
Stop Thief! was all the cry.
I heard a voice say, Peace!
Let this vain clamor cease.
Can ye bring lightning back,
That leaves upon its track
Men, horses, oak trees dead?
Canst bring back Time? it said.
There's nothing in Man's mind
Can catch Time up behind;
In front of that fast Thief
There's no one—end this grief.
Tut, what is Man? How frail!
A grain, a little nail,
The wind, a change of cloth—
A fly can give him death.
Some fishes in the sea
Are born to outlive thee,
And owls, and toads, and trees—
Man is no more than these.
I see Man's face in all
Things, be it great or small;
I see the face of him
In things that fly or swim;
One fate for all, I see—
Whatever that may be.
Imagination fits
Life to a day; though its
Length were a thousand years,
'Twould not decrease our fears;
What strikes men cold and dumb
Is that Death's time *must* come.
Who knows what Life is for?
Some hold it still, with awe;
Some rattle it for noise—
But no man knows its use.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"The Liberty of Prophesying." By H. Hensley Henson, B.D. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"Plays, Acting, and Music." By Arthur Symonds. New and Revised Edition. (Constable. 6s. net.)

"Memorials of Old Yorkshire." Edited by T. M. Fallow. (Allen. 15s. net.)

"Recollections." By Washington Gladden. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Henry Fielding: A Memoir." By G. M. Godden. (Sampson Low. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Warriors of Old Japan." By Y. T. Ozaki. (Constable. 5s. net.)

"Black Sheep." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. (Laurie. 6s.)

"Garryowen." By H. de Vere Stackpoole. (Unwin. 6s.)

"L'Europe et la Politique Britannique, 1882-1909." Par E. Lémonon. (Paris: Alcan. 10fr.)

* * *

AMONG the new books expected to appear in 1910 will be the "Life of Father Tyrrell," by Miss M. D. Petre. Owing to a large amount of interesting matter derived from correspondents and friends of the late Father Tyrrell, this biography is likely to be of extreme interest. Miss Petre will write, to a certain extent, with authority as to Father Tyrrell's ideas, for she was one of his intimate friends and was appointed by him in his will as his literary executor. Miss Petre has already produced "The Soul's Orbit" (written in collaboration with Father Tyrrell) and "Catholicism and Independence," volumes of essays bearing indirectly on the questions at issue of recent years within the Roman Catholic Communion.

* * *

THERE comes an announcement from America that two volumes of Swinburne's essays are to be published in the near future. One of these will deal with the Elizabethan dramatists—a theme upon which Swinburne always wrote with enthusiasm—while the other will contain some of his uncollected papers, including the "Quarterly Review" article on Dickens and an introduction to "Oliver Twist," written by Swinburne for an American edition of Dickens.

* * *

SOME time ago we mentioned that Mr. Frederic Harrison had almost finished writing his reminiscences. The book is now in the press and will be issued in two volumes by Messrs. Macmillan on October 31st, the day when Mr. Harrison enters his eightieth year.

* * *

IN addition to the books which Messrs. Macmillan have held over from last season—Lord Acton's "Lectures on the French Revolution," the concluding volume of Professor Courthope's "History of English Poetry," Dr. Silvanus Thompson's "Life of Lord Kelvin," and the last two volumes of Mr. Fortescue's "History of the British Army" are the most important of these—their first spring list contains a number of fresh announcements. Under the title of "The Bridling of Pegasus" Mr. Alfred Austin has collected a number of prose papers on poetry, while Sir Norman Lockyer and Miss Winifred Lockyer have collaborated in "Tennyson as a Student and Poet of Nature." Another important work is "The Law and the Prophets," by Professor Westphal of Montauban, which has been translated and adapted by Mr. Clement du Pontet, one of the assistant masters at Harrow.

* * *

TWO new books by Mr. Chesterton appear on the spring lists. His "Life of Thomas Hood" is to be included in the "English Men of Letters" series, and is likely to prove a valuable piece of criticism, for Mr. Chesterton is at his best when writing discursive biography. The other book is called "What is Wrong." It expresses the same general views as "Heretics" and "Orthodoxy."

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WRITERS in search of a biographical subject on which to employ themselves might take a hint from a couple of articles contributed by Mr. W. P. Courtney to recent issues of "Notes and Queries," and give us a book on "George Bubb Dodington and His Literary Circle." Mr. Courtney

tells us that Thomson and Young were the two chief poets in Bubb Dodington's friendship, though many of the poets of the day were hospitably entertained at Eastbury. Mr. Courtney does not speak of H. P. Windham, who edited "The Diary of the Late George Bubb Dodington, Baron of Melcombe Regis." Windham rightly describes himself as "a very extraordinary editor," for he says of the "Diary" that, "although it may reflect a considerable degree of honor on his Lordship's abilities, yet, in my opinion, it shows his political conduct (however palliated by the ingenuity of his own pen) to have been wholly directed by the base motives of avarice, vanity, and selfishness." The introducer to the public of a volume of reminiscences is not usually so candid.

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SOME interesting letters of Ibsen are printed in English for the first time in a book called "Speeches and New Letters of Henrik Ibsen," which has just been published in Boston. The first of the speeches was made at Rome in 1865, at the unveiling of a memorial to P. A. Munch, and the last at the festival of the Norwegian Women's Rights League, at Christiania, in 1898. The letters are addressed to Jonas Lie, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, Clemens Petersen, Ossip-Lourié, Julius Hoffory, and others. From some of these letters it appears that Ibsen was much more sensitive to criticism than was generally believed.

* * *

THE novels promised for 1910 include Mr. J. C. Snaith's "Fortune," a romance the scene of which is laid in medieval Spain; "The Adventures of Polly," and a novel of English political life by Mr. H. G. Wells; "The Call: A Tale of Two Passions" and "The Portrait" by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer; "The Undesirable Governess," a story of English country life by the late Mr. Marion Crawford; a long novel by Mr. William de Morgan; and books by Mr. Conrad, Mr. E. V. Lucas, Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. Pett Ridge, Mrs. Mann, and Mr. Belloc.

* * *

ABOUT the middle of the spring season, Mr. Israel Zangwill will bring out a book of essays, called "Italian Fantasies," which he describes as "a joint from which one can cut slices at will." That Mr. Zangwill does not follow the beaten track may be judged from the fact that one of his essays bears the title "Icy Italy."

* * *

MR. H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR, whose biography of Molière won for him the Cross of the Legion of Honor from the French Government, is at work on a biography of "the Italian Molière," Carlo Goldoni. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has already been decorated by the Italian Government for his services in making Goldoni better known to foreign readers.

* * *

AMERICAN writers on literary history and criticism have a deserved reputation for thoroughness in research, so that many readers will be glad to hear that quite a number of monographs on literary topics are promised from the other side of the Atlantic for the coming season. Mr. Martin G. Brumbaugh, of the University of Pennsylvania, has finished a "Study of the Poetry of John Donne," which will appear through Messrs. Appleton. Dr. Jessopp's book on Donne is mainly concerned with his theology, and, though Mr. Gosse's "Life and Letters of Dr. Donne" contains much sound criticism, there is room for a fresh study of that difficult and artificial, yet attractive, poet.

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FROM the University of Chicago Press we are to have "The Treatment of Nature in English Poetry," by Professor Myra Reynolds. The book is not confined to the subject suggested by the title, since it will include chapters on the art of landscape and on landscape in English portraiture.

* * *

DR. ROBERT M. WERNAER, of Harvard, has written a study of "Romanticism and the Romantic Movement in Germany," which aims at determining the place which romanticism and classicism have in German literature. The book is largely concerned with the historical aspects of the subject, and treats of "Romanticism and Symbolism," "Romantic Irony," "Romantic Conception of Love and Marriage," and similar topics.

Reviews.

THE RE-STATEMENT OF LIBERALISM.*

THE distrust of principle is a familiar pose in this country, and to none is it more familiar than the politician. One type of politician dislikes principle for obvious reasons. Another type, in which we are more interested, reasons somewhat after this fashion: "General principles are all very well as a weapon in argument, but the moment they are taken seriously as foundations of political action they turn out to be hampering and conservative in their tendency. What is valuable at one epoch is worthless and perhaps a positive hindrance at another. Times change, and social needs change with them. What is counted in a progressive party is the ever-living sense of the public good, and the practical perception of the possible lines of progress. We want not theory but practice. The liberty of the individual was a good cry in Cobden's day, but became a barren principle of stagnation to the Liberal of the 'eighties and 'nineties. It is by swallowing such formulas that a party moves forward with the times." To this indictment of principle it may be replied that all the great movements, from the French Revolution onwards, have been made under the direct inspiration of organic social ideas. The Rights of Man, the greatest happiness of the greatest number, the freedom of the individual in politics, in religion, and in commerce, the brotherhood of mankind, not only inspired but gave direction and cohesive force to great political agitations, bound men together in happy solidarity for the achievement of noble objects, and, each in its turn and under its own limitations, moved the world. Can the world be moved without ideas? To this question thinkers like Mr. Hobson reply with a clear negative. For them the thinker is no recluse but a man with a living and practical function. He makes no figure on the platform and is little spoken of in the Press, and he may seem to be dealing with words and themes and abstractions rather than the joys and sorrows of living men and women. In truth, in proportion as he can grope his way towards some of those great underlying conceptions which, once clearly grasped and proclaimed, "make all things new," he is exercising a deeper and more lasting influence on the destinies of the race than the "able editor" who popularises bits of his teaching or the Cabinet Minister who is ultimately destined to embody some fragment of it in a Bill. It is true that the progressive idea of one age is often a worn-out and perhaps an obstructive formula in the next. The greater the need for an apostolic succession of thinking men who will constantly re-state political principles in terms of the living needs of each generation. Liberalism in our day has suffered not more from the lack of a Gladstone than from the lack of a Mill.

The task of Mill is that which Mr. Hobson takes up anew in a spirit worthy of the master. It was Mill's life-work to adapt the Benthamite teaching which had inspired the Radicalism of the 'twenties to the wider thought and enlarged horizon of the early and middle Victorian era. T. H. Green, had he lived, would have continued the work of Mill for the close of the Victorian age. He died, and no one was found to fill the gap. To this lack of thinkers, as much as to the complex social causes which divorced the intellectual classes from progressive sympathies, may be attributed the paralytic condition into which Liberalism fell towards the close of the century. More recent years have seen the beginnings of a reconstruction to which Mr. Hobson's writings have contributed perhaps more than any single intellectual cause. Mr. Hobson, particularly in his volume now before us, takes up a point of view at which what is most ideal in Liberalism and what is most practical in Socialism appear as converging tendencies, and it is on this convergence that the progress of the future must depend. He writes under the impulse of a keen sense of the misery of poverty, the disgrace of destitution in a land overflowing with the milk and honey of wealth, the disorder of competition, the Pharisaism of comfortable beneficence. But he is governed equally by a sense of historic continuity, of the limitation of practical possibilities of reform by the actual structure of industry and of the social order, and by a

deep-rooted belief in the solid contribution of the older Liberalism and the value of personal initiative and individual choice. On the side of theory one may almost say that so far from abandoning the old conception of liberty, he makes the adequate definition of liberty the centre of political controversy and the touchstone of development in thought and action. The new conception required to vitalise Liberalism, he tells us at the outset, is "not Socialism in any accredited meaning of that term." It is not a brand new order in which the entire organisation of industry, and perhaps of marriage and the family, is to be taken over by a series of Government departments. No man is more free from the Fabian fallacy of conceiving the regeneration of society as the work of a handful of superior persons ordering the lives of a well-drilled population of lifeless units. "From the standpoint which best presents its continuity with the earlier Liberalism" what is needed "appears as a fuller appreciation and realisation of individual liberty contained in the provision of equal opportunities for self-development." Observe how it is impossible to restore the doctrine of liberty in the fullness which modern experience requires without importing the correlative notion of equality. And there is yet another correlative: "To this individual standpoint must be joined a just apprehension of the social, viz., the insistence that these claims or rights of self-development be adjusted to the sovereignty of social welfare." All this may be taken as a comment on Green's text, that the function of the State is to supply the conditions of freedom, and that true freedom lies in the expansion of the "social personality."

The value of this mode of treatment is that it links the hopes and efforts of the present with the great emancipating movements of the past. The ideas of liberty and equality for which men fought and bled are not dismissed as old-world myths; nor, what is infinitely worse, hardened into formulae obstructive of present progress. They are shown to be still, as ever, the needs of our own time. They have a depth of meaning and value into which we have still to probe. Take a concrete case and see how they were transformed in Mr. Hobson's treatment. The old abstract formula of liberty is content with removing legislative barriers to individual initiative. The poor man is to have his chance. There are to be no hindrances to trade. Well and good, but the conclusion is that if he remains poor and sinks finally into want and destitution it is his own fault, and in the name of personal responsibility he must pay the price. So we get the philosophy of Charity Organisation which Mr. Hobson here submits to a masterly analysis. What is the true measure of liberty, he asks, which the man born to poverty enjoys? How far is it really possible that the mass of the submerged should escape from their limbo? Individuals can do it. Do economic conditions allow that the mass should do it? If the answer is in the negative, as Mr. Hobson insists, and as the facts compel us to believe, what is the line of progress towards true liberty? Not in leaving men to suffer, but in securing conditions, social, economic, educational, which convert liberty from a political abstraction into a reality felt in the actual life of toiling men. The first stage of freedom may be the removal of arbitrary and irrational checks. The full development is a far more complex structure, the final elaboration of which must be the work of generations. Every new step will open up further problems, for each solution that we obtain suggests deeper questions, and enlarges our view of the permanent problem of Personality in its relation to the social whole, which is the inexhaustible subject matter not merely of economics and politics but of ethics and religion.

A MASTER BIBLIOGRAPHER.*

THE London Library by producing a Subject Catalogue has illustrated Dr. Johnson's wise remark that a man is more likely to benefit his fellows by attending closely to his business than by any more showy system of philanthropy. By benefiting its proprietors the executive of the London Library has done a still larger service for the entire world

* "The Crisis of Liberalism: New Issues of Democracy." By J. A. Hobson. P. S. King & Son. 6s.

* "Subject-Index of the London Library, St. James's Square, London." By C. T. Hagberg Wright, LL.D., Secretary and Librarian. Williams & Norgate. £2 2s. net.

of books. These twelve hundred and fifty pages are a good touchstone for a bookish man. The born railroad man can enjoy his Bradshaw by the hour, and welcomes each new issue with as much eagerness as the frivolous traveller on his line welcomes the "Strand Magazine." So to the true bookman, a Subject Catalogue is a perennial fountain of life-giving entertainment, sparkling with the freshness of dewdrops, and the subtle perfume of the novel and the exotic. The true *helluo librorum* will pore over it far into the night, and will chase the baffling vision of the book-nymph through the mazes of the dawn. An index of any kind is a great educational test. Like a back staircase which has to be inserted in the plans after the completion of the main design, it subjects the whole structure to a new and incalculable strain. It brings all the parts into a new relation, and reveals many things that were hid. It brings the whole rooftop into a new scheme of proportion. *A fortiori* with a Subject Catalogue. A good library without a catalogue is, if possible, in a worse plight than a good book without an index, a city without a plan, a ship without a chart. As a matter of fact, however, uncharted libraries are the rule rather than the exception. A catalogue has so often been regarded as a thing "to work at," like a volume of the French Academy's Dictionary—a thing to work at indefinitely, but not on any account to consummate. The desert of learning is bleached with the bones of cataloguers. Explorers such as Nansen and Shackleton have described for us the aridity of the ice pack and the inordinate craving for fat which such aridity and frost generate. So with the small, gallant band of subject cataloguers, who have to wander through the abomination of desolation where no oases are. For five long years the idealists who made this book have been cabined as closely as a boat's crew, their vision confined to the long vista of columns at the end of which could be written conscientiously the magic word "Finis." Such work needs a strong will, a long discipline both of body and mind, public spirit, *esprit de corps*, a fearless leader, a powerful stimulus of public spirit, camaraderie and ideal faith.

Men who undertake and achieve this sort of work are necessarily few. Men without number are engaged upon such works as Mr. Casaubon's famous "Dictionary of all Mythologies." Such works receive no crown nor deserve one until they are completed. But the finishers of such books are in a sort of missionaries and martyrs. A prayer should be added on their behalf to the petitions of the liturgy. The minuteness of the individual stroke, the relative immensity of the aggregate effect, strike one as approximating to the miraculous. The individual indexer may be a person of no particular learning. His completed work will transcend the united efforts of a Firth, an Acton, or a Macaulay. What did the student do before the "Bibliotheca Britannica" was produced in 1820 or thereabouts? What could the publicist or the modernist contrive without the aid of "Poole's Index?" What could the harmless, necessary reader accomplish without his "B. M. Subject-Catalogue," or the man in the street without his "Sonnen-schein"? The contours of these hardy compiler-explorers should be modelled in bronze and adorn every rich man's library. Bibliography has now its own bibliographers; and Mr. W. P. Courtney has devoted years of diligent research to perfecting his "Register." Before the charts of these intrepid souls were brought to completion, we had to depend upon the mere hearsay of that great traditional character, the walking encyclopædia. The British Museum trained a dynasty of them. They held us with a glittering eye and poured out cabalistic lore in uninterrupted series. But what individual memory, however powerful, could inform us as to the latest works on plumbing, where to study the question of confession by telephone, or the law of nations as affecting dried raisins?

Such are the miracles with which we are rendered familiar by the manœuvre of the Index, and to prove that the cause has also had its martyrs it is necessary only to recapitulate the bleak destiny that attended every movement of Robert Watt from the moment he commenced bibliographer until his remains had long mouldered in an unhonored grave. Dr. Allibone puts the maxim of our greatest sage with pride upon its title-page, that "the chief Glory of every People arises from its Authors"; but he trembles with emotion and fear, as well he may, when he

relates the grievous story of Robert Watt. Father and son both fell victims to their zeal for that stupendous "Bibliotheca," the slips for which are related to have filled sixty sacks. Many of these slips were burned by thieves. The completion of the work coincided with the bankruptcy of its publishers, before the unhappy family, or what survived of them, had been paid a penny for their labors. Miss Watt, the only surviving daughter of the greatest of British bibliographers, died miserably in 1864 in a Glasgow workhouse!

The gallant crew of eight cataloguers employed by the London Library, including four juniors, one boy, and a porter, appear to have been subjected to no such privations as those inflicted upon the unhappy family of Watt; but they must, in order to finish their work within four and a half years, have led self-denying lives, working industriously, obeying gladly. The work is said to have cost £5,000, and it is pleasant to know that all who took part in it have received recognition from the committee in some more or less substantial form. Two-thirds of the edition has already been disposed of, and there is no doubt whatever that the result of the enterprise has been satisfactory to all concerned in it. The inferiority of all aspirants to knowledge who do not possess the Subject-Index is cheaply purchased indeed at twenty-five shillings sterling. It is pleasant to know that the credit of the conception of this Index is due in the first instance to the fifth president of the institution,* whose "Hours in a Library" have given so much delight to thousands of readers of every degree of literacy. The London Library, Sir Leslie Stephen said, was just ripe for a Subject-Index. It was the right size and the right quality. All new books have to be sifted into their places through a committee of literary men—not wholly unconscious of one another's foibles. The indiscriminate voracity of a cetacean monster like the British Museum is thus avoided.

The Niagara of books at Bloomsbury is so overwhelming that the increase of five years alone suffices to fill pages and pages of subject-index with books on all the latest fads of humanity such as pedagogy, military science, the rights of women, and the observation of nature. A library should not, it is suggested, contain much above a quarter of a million books if the intention be to publish either an Author Catalogue or a Subject-Index of manageable size. The London Library fulfils this most important condition. Its books are representative. They are carefully selected. There are not enough of them to swamp the headings. So that if you want a book on Christian Science, on Fermentation, or on Pidgin-English, you will not be bewildered at the outset by an *embarras de richesse*. To make the headings and categories clear is an education in itself, and a cause of education in others. To people of an active curiosity a book like this is almost as good as an encyclopædia. It implies the application of machinery which has so completely transformed the life outside into the quiet domain of books. We have a prejudice against machinery, and have always had a lurking sympathy for the Luddites. But there is no stridency about the methods of the London Library. There is an agreeably plaintive air in the admission that "it has not always been easy to induce members to return the books held by them." Of the urbanity of the staff, however, it is quite superfluous to speak, for it has long become a by-word, and has rendered disobedience to the rules of the institution one of the highest forms of pleasure known to the world literary. This gentleness enhances our admiration for the severity of the work. To criticise the execution of it page by page would be highly flattering to the self-esteem of the critic. It is manifest, however, to the meanest intelligence upon a little reflection that such a task could be accomplished only by men fresh from the looms of some similar undertaking. The ideal critics for this Index would be the departmental editors of the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The time required for them to test it adequately would be about six months. They alone could illustrate its value adequately. Its utility, its protective value to such categories of men as journalists, booksellers, librarians, publicists, lecturers, students, and specialists of all kinds is a fairly elementary proposition. It is true that Mr. Cox has the whole of the work and per-

* His predecessors were the Earl of Clarendon, Thomas Carlyle, Lord Houghton, and Lord Tennyson; his successor is Mr. Arthur Balfour.

haps a little besides tethered securely to his memory. To perpetuate and universalise the vast store of information embodied by the London Library issuing counter were a worthy *raison d'être* for any library catalogue.

A judicious arrangement of preliminary matters has left us very little room for illustration. Yet there are one or two headings to which we must call attention. Their educative value will serve to indicate the debt owed by the reading world to the book as a whole. Under "Acting," for instance, the list of actors' biographies supplies us at once with materials for a complete mythology of the British Stage. The Church History under the various countries, the suggestive entries under the headings of Conduct, Philosophy, and London entirely bear out the claim made in the Preface as to the enormous gain in manageability which accrues from the necessary limitation of the work. As it is, some of the headings run to enormous length—take France—Social Life, for instance. Among the most interesting and complete we have noted the headings, Napoleon, Navy, and Regimental Histories. As headings of unconscious humor—or, shall we say, sub-conscious philosophy?—may be cited the following: "Tarantism. See Dancing Mania: Woman, *sub-heading* Political Rights" and "Beauty: *refer* to Costume; Dress; Ornaments; Women." We have not hit up against a single misprint! As a few examples of familiar names failing to appear under headings where one would have expected to encounter them, the following may suffice. Under Birds we fail to discover the name of Hudson, under English History we have looked in vain for Thierry and Vinogradoff, under Dandies, Beaux, &c., for W. M. Thackeray, under Bookselling, Publishing, &c., for Vizetelly, under Alsace-Lorraine for Erckmann-Chatrian, under Mauritius for Leclerc, under Caricature for Broadley, under Alfred the Great for a reference to the "Cambridge History of English Literature," vol. I. The heading Military History astonished me rather by its brevity; the references to the volumes of the Hist. MSS. Commission are obscured by their curtness. The extended use of abbreviations would infallibly have shocked the "onlie begetter" of the undertaking, if that term may fairly be applied to Sir Leslie Stephen, a man of letters whose dislike for abbreviations approached the morbid, as may be seen by his complete avoidance of the tribe in the "Dictionary of National Biography." We are willing to believe that Mr. Wright has made a virtue of necessity. Yet the strain put upon the single small "s" (which stands alone for saint, secolo, sein, seit, series, ses, seu, siècle, since, sobra, son, sopra, sulla, sulle, sur) is almost more than necessity itself will stand.

The prolongation of such considerations of quasi-censure would be scarcely honest, still less fair. It is far more important to note the comprehensive success of the work and the extent to which this constitutes a great personal triumph for Mr. Hagberg Wright. When he was elected to his present position the three selected candidates were asked in turn how they would propose to catalogue "The Diversions of Purley." Two of them plunged disastrously by replying "Facetiae." It was by his diplomatic evasion of the direct issue that Mr. Wright first gave evidence of those qualities which have enabled him, first, to reconstruct the edifice, then the arrangement of the book-space, and finally the catalogues, both Author and Subject, of the St. James's Square Library. Chance and conduct, character and the capacity to command have alike marked him out as a Hercules of Bibliography. Such qualities should not be allowed to rust in disuse.

We would end, therefore, by pointing out labors that remain to be carried through by a man of his position and calibre. A subject-index of this kind almost necessarily precludes a proportionate attention being given to Belles-Lettres, Fiction, Memoirs. Fiction is already well cared for by librarians such as Dr. Ernest Baker and by a whole regiment of fiction specialists in America. What we badly need is an "Index Raisonné" of British Authors on the lines of Hugo Thieme's great work: the complete list of an author's works (such as that attempted in epitome by Mr. Farquharson Sharp) being followed in each case by a summary of the best critical sources carefully classified and dated. This work could be completed with relative ease with the resources at Mr. Wright's disposal. He could easily enlist a large unpaid staff among the members of the library. An-

other labor which might prove even more valuable, though it would need a larger permanent staff and would probably attain the fullest measure of utility if its manufacture were circumscribed in the main by the books contained in the Library, is a revision and condensation in a modern sense of Oettinger's "Bibliographie Biographique," so as to form a complete *compte rendu* of the Modern Memoir. This would be a task truly worthy in every way of the unique resources and capabilities at Mr. Wright's command

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

SINCERITY.*

MR. LAURENCE BINYON'S work now takes an acknowledged high place in our current literature. The great traditions of English poetry sound on in his verse, and the best of modern thought is the stuff whereof it is made. If we cannot reckon him as one of those forces that drive the contemporary mind, we can assuredly find in his poetry many of the loftiest qualities of the modern consciousness summed up in an excellent dignity of form. Moreover, the perfect sincerity of his diction and his inspiration alike brings his poetry frequently very near to greatness. There are no echoes in Mr. Binyon's work. He may have now and then a thought or a phrase that has been used before; what poet has not? But, in his case, the borrowing, if it has been a borrowing, has passed through his nature, and comes into his verse made his own and altogether controlled to his own special poetic purpose; but more probably the apparent reminiscence was required from the first and was invented by his originating idea. This, however, is but a small part of his sincerity. The main thing is that we cannot but feel, when reading him, how everything that occurs in Mr. Binyon's poetry has come from the ground of the heart, and how faithfully the words are fitted to the thought. It is easy to succumb to the temptation of gaining more effect than an idea's honest statement might obtain by means of some careful extravagance or verbal trickery; the more so when it is remembered that nine readers out of ten would not perceive that the idea did not quite fill the phrase. Poets the most famous have succumbed to this temptation. Indeed, paradoxical though it seems, it is rare that poets consumed by a fiery passion of inspiration achieve, as Milton and Wordsworth did, an invariable and perfect sincerity. The zeal does not always burn at the whitest pitch of flame; and when it is a little dulled, the habit of passionate phrase may very naturally attempt to conceal the lack. It is usually the more cautious, scholastic poet, like Matthew Arnold, that notably achieves perfect sincerity; and in this matter we should put Mr. Binyon with him.

Let it not be thought, however, that to classify Mr. Binyon as cautious and scholastic means any disparagement of him. We shall, perhaps, come nearer the truth if we attribute the origin of his poetry chiefly to his possession of an exquisite critical faculty, a power to choose, out of the pageant of the objective and subjective worlds, poetic theme and sentiment no less surely than poetic word and image. No one, of course, will contend that this power is not creative; the creation lies in the choice. This superlative critical faculty is one of the methods of poetic creation; rather, when we say that the poetry of Gray, of Arnold, or, as we think, of Mr. Binyon, has this origin, we mean that a process which enters, more or less, into the composition of all poetry is here paramount. The faults of such poetry will very seldom be positive errors; at its best, it will only lack those infinite suggestions which the god pours into his most favored instruments. But if the absence of faults were the most commendable feature in Mr. Binyon's poetry, it would not be worth much considering. In "England and other Poems," as in all his work, the poetry is very far from being merely faultless. Mr. Binyon continually reproves excessive theorising about the art he practises by giving us lyrics of such fine rapture and inexplicable melody as this from his latest volume:—

"O Love of my love, O blue,
Blue sky that over me bends!
The height and the light are you,
And I the lark that ascends.

* "England, and other Poems." By Laurence Binyon. Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.

Trembling, ascends and soars,
A heart that pants, a throat
That throbs, a song that pours
The heart out as it sings.
Lo, the dumb world falls remote,
But higher, higher the golden height!
Oh, I faint upon my wings!
Lift me, Love, beyond their flight,
Lift me, lose me in the light."

And punishment surely awaits the man who would analyse the tune and phantasmagoric, gleaming imagery of his perfect "Ricordi":—

"Of a tower, of a tower, white
In the warm Italian night,
Of a tower that shines and springs
I dream, and of our delight.

Of doves, of a hundred wings
Sweeping in sound that sings
Past our faces, and wide,
Returning in tremulous rings."

Verlaine could hardly do anything of more elusive charm; and the beautiful structure, as well as the thought, is terribly hurt by partial quotation.

No, there is no lack of freshness, of ecstasy, or of the unapproachable logic of imagery in this book of Mr. Binyon's. If there is a lack in it, it is of what he himself calls the "sea-like murmur of eternity." News of larger matters than those which occupy sense and intellect is given to us through his poetry. Yet we feel that these messages came to Mr. Binyon's mind in orderly fashion through the portals of his reason; they did not float in unasked at the windows of his mind, rumors of the "unexpressive nuptial song" carried on some vague breath of spirit. When, for instance, Mr. Binyon, looking on the glory of the stars, suddenly tells us that—

"they are dead, all dead!
'Tis but the beauty of Medusa's head
Gleaming on us in icy masks, that stare
From everlasting winter blind and bare;
They have no answer for our hearts that yearn,
They have no joy in burning, only burn
Upon their senseless motion;"

we feel that we have been enlarged; he has taken us into the roofless infinite. It is a notable passage, and poetry is the richer for it. Yet it was Mr. Binyon, and Mr. Binyon's reason, that said it, not Apollo. Apollo would never admit that the stars, because they are what seems to us "dead," have therefore "no joy in burning." Nevertheless, we cannot help feeling that in this latest volume of his Mr. Binyon's inspiration is larger than it ever was before. If we do not catch "sea-like murmurs of eternity," we do, again and again, hear in his verses a bruit of the whole procession of humanity. Several times Mr. Binyon expresses a deep communal consciousness of the general kind of man, especially in two remarkably beautiful poems, "Mother and Child," and "Love's Portrait," in both of which the far-searching thought is mated to solemn music. But we shall find this best expressed in the poem from which we have already quoted, "Sirmione"; it is, we think, the top, so far, of Mr. Binyon's poetical achievement; a most memorable poem, full of ringing lines, and of things intensely perceived and profoundly felt. It describes a visit by night to Catullus' "eye of islands and all-but-islands"; and, standing where "the promontory bare Breathes all that wide and water-wandering air," the poet exults in the spectacle of the Southern heavens, "till the mind is brimmed and to all other being blind." This leads to fine poetry:—

"O, in Night's garden has a fountain sprung
That over old earth showers for ever young
A fairy splendor of still-dropping spray?
Or in mad rapture has enamored May
Through the warm dusk mounted like wine, and towered
And in far spaces infinitely flowered?"

Then comes the sudden revulsion of feeling in which he perceives that the stars are "dead, all dead"; but out of that arises a visionary mood in which the night becomes a vast symbol of "the unfathomed gulfs of Time," starred not with material suns, but with "bright peopling spirits." All the past of humanity is there, all those—

"From whose immortal ecstasies and pains
Drops of red life run sanguine in our veins."

And all the future is there too, all the "unnumbered hosts

to be"; and this last vision leads to a triumphant passage of which this is the peak:—

"Heroes that shall adventure and attain
What broke our wills in passion and in pain;
Sages, to find all that we vainly seek,
Poets, to utter all we cannot speak!
And they at last shall into strong towers build
The stones we bled to gather, the unfulfilled
House of our dream; what was but fable sung,
Or indignation on a prophet's tongue,
Made form or hue of life's own tissue, wrought
Into the rich reality of thought."

Necessarily, in analysing the poem, we have divided the thought into compartments; but in the thing itself, the continuity of the thought, and the gradual alternations between sombreness and serious ecstasy, almost reach the ideal condition of music. Mr. Binyon's "Sirmione" is, for its large vision and sounding dignity, not unworthy to be put in the same category as "Tintern Abbey." We have denied, perhaps, somewhat too hastily, that Mr. Binyon is a "driving force"; nevertheless, "Sirmione," with its passionate perception of the grand unity of mankind through all the ages, is immensely significant for those who would wish to know what species of thought will characterise the coming poetry. "Sirmione" is not only an admirable poem; it will also, we dare prophesy, become an influence in poetry.

The main thought of "Sirmione" occurs in various forms throughout the book. We find it even in a version of the Morgan le Fay legend. The fishing-lad whom she has enticed to her palace of beauty, feels desolate there and weeps; when his tears fall on the floor, the marble suddenly becomes transparent, and looking through, he perceives that the house of Morgan's delights is built on a mountain made of human agony. Had all of "Ruan's Voyage" been equal to this magnificent passage it would have been a noble poem; but as it is, the story is too much expanded. There are, however, in all these poems excellences too many to be mentioned. We may especially note Mr. Binyon's powers of observation. When it is nothing more than simply selective observation, it is charming, as here:—

"His mother calls. Now over thymey sod
The boy comes, yet he lingers; the flowers keep
His feet among them, clustering fair and deep.
Red crane's-bill shakes its seed; milk-campions nod,
By the rough sorrel little pansies hide;
Slim spikes of golden-rod
Above the honeyed purple clover flame;
And where the sheltered dew has scarcely dried,
Clung worts, close-leaved, each with its own wild name."

But we have much also of that intense imaginative kind of observation in which the poet's spirit possesses what he sees, as when, looking at the ruins of Château Gaillard, he says that—

"these pressing stones conspire
Toward a purpose past the strength of each,
As a man's deeds knit by one desire,
As a great verse out of casual speech
Forged in fire."

That is greatly said. Exquisitely said, too, and coming out of the same faculty, is it when the line of a face is made to surpass any "curve that wind breathed over snow." But we must have done. We can do no more than barely mention the "metaphysical" rapture of "The Crucible," the fine ode on Milton, "The Crusaders," the sane patriotism of "England." Mr. Binyon, certainly, is not a poet to be revered chiefly for his past achievements. His past is full of admirable things; but his present work is deeper, larger, and more beautiful than anything he has done heretofore.

IN THE HILLS.*

THE vast slopes and valleys, falling gradually into the plains from the summits of the Himalayas, are now almost the only parts of the world to retain the mystery and attraction of unknown lands. They extend from Afghanistan to the great curve by which the Brahmaputra enters India, and from end to end they are occupied by a diversity of ancient and little-known peoples. Those greatest mountains of the world have formed, as it were, a watershed of races, and among their recesses they still retain the immemorial springs

* "Sikhim and Bhutan, Twenty-one Years on the North-East Frontier: 1887-1908." By J. Claude White, C.I.E. Arnold. 21s. net.

from which so many nations of the world have flowed. In the Caucasus there seems to be a difference. The many races that lie in layers like strata up the lower and higher valleys and summits of the mountains there, appear to be relics of races driven further and further for refuge, and it seems almost certain that some of them came originally from hot and thirsty plains near Babylon; for they keep up Babylonish usages and even words, and their ancient songs tell the joys of shade and cool rivers. But in the Himalaya the movement appears to have been reversed. It was from the mountains that the peoples came down upon the plains; their most ancient songs tell of the joy of sun and warmth, and Mr. Tilak, famed equally as a scholar and the extremist leader of Poona, has maintained the belief that the earliest Vedas arose among a glacial people, dwelling, perhaps, even beyond the hills.

Among the mountain states of the southern slopes the veil of mystery still lies over Nepaul, but in Cashmere it has almost disappeared, and eastward of Nepaul it has been lifted quite recently from Sikhim and Bhutan. Mr. Claude White was the man who lifted it, and in this book of his we have by far the most minute and accurate account yet given of the two countries and the peoples who inhabit them, so strange and primitive, and yet so far advanced in arts and customs of their own. It is true that other books have been written, the earliest English account going back 135 years. But these works were necessarily only stories of brief visits, missions, or expeditions. Mr. White speaks with the authority of twenty years, during which he was our Political Resident in Sikhim, and twice he was sent on important and difficult missions into Bhutan.

As he notices himself, one of the great errors of our recent administration in India has been the frequent transference of officials from one centre or province to another. The official does not trouble about the native language or customs when he knows he will be transferred before he can learn them; and the Indian does not trouble to work with the official when he knows another will soon take his place. But Mr. Claude White's position was, fortunately, of a different kind. Year after year he could devote himself to the same permanent and definite task, and each year he became more intimate with the people, and was regarded with increasing respect and affection. All the races of India yield very easily to kindly and sympathetic intercourse. As Sir William Wedderburn has often said, they are the easiest people in the world to govern, because they are so readily pleased with the smallest sign of friendliness. We will not lay too much stress on the lamentations and pathetic honors with which they take leave of every conspicuous man whom they like or respect. But we can well imagine that there was a deeper feeling even than usual in the sorrowful ceremonies with which the natives of these two States showed their grief at Mr. Claude White's departure little over a year ago.

The descriptions of the country, with its passes higher than the summit of Mont Blanc, its deep valleys, and the remains of enormous glaciers of the primeval world, are all admirably done, and description is aided by excellent photographs. But the best accounts of Nature tire, and are hardly intelligible, without the presence of man. So in these mountain States it is man who really interests us. Man's races there have been to some extent mixed, but the Mongolian type appears to prevail, as it does among the Gurkhas, too. The Tibetan and Chinese frontiers are close at hand, not much more difficult of access than the Aryans of India, though Darjeeling is only four days' march from the Residency in Sikhim. Perhaps the race type, or a shyness of Indian interference, accounts for the Buddhist form of religion which is maintained in both States, as in Nepaul; for it is one of the strangest facts of history that Buddha's great reform movement, which appeared in India and prevailed there for centuries, has almost vanished from its own country, though it is followed by the greater part of mankind elsewhere. Under Buddhism the mountain races enjoy the advantages (if they are advantages) of freedom from caste and a nearly omnivorous diet. They have also constructed the most picturesque monasteries and convents, piled among precipitous rocks, defying human intercourse, like the Orthodox monasteries in Thessaly, Athos, and parts of the Caucasus. On the other hand, they suffer under the

idleness of the lamas, who are a heavy burden, though, perhaps, not heavier than the priests of most countries. On great occasions the lamas can so far shake off religious sloth as to dance for three days running—a wholesome exercise for the body. But the spiritual exercise of prayer is accomplished by wheels, usually worked by the abundant water-power of the Himalaya, though sometimes the turning is done by hand, as in the case of a great wheel in Sikhim, which contains four tons weight of prayers and is nine feet high.

The law of Sikhim is many centuries older than its religion, and its simple code appears to be still maintained. It consists of sixteen laws, of which the first two form a kind of "Red Book" of military usage, and most of the rest are rather observances than laws in the proper sense. It is comfortable to find there are only five great sins, of which three are the murders of mother, father, or holy men; the fourth is making mischief among lamas, and the fifth causing hurt to the good. The penalties for these and a few subordinate sins are primeval and drastic:—

"For the above offences punishments are inflicted, such as putting the eyes out, cutting the throat, having the tongue cut out, having the hands cut off, being thrown from cliffs, and being thrown into deep water."

But, though these penalties sound a little harsh, the greatest care is taken in carrying them out, and nothing can exceed the delicacy with which a culprit is deprived of his hands.

If truth cannot be discovered on oath, the ordeal by boiling oil or hot stones is ordained, and its efficacy is unquestioned. The marriage laws are not very stern, and polyandry within the same family is usual. In Bhutan the author witnessed a very remarkable ceremony which aims at ensuring a blessing on the rice fields:—

"A long, picturesque procession of men and women came winding down the hillside until the first rice-field, into which water had been running all the day before, was reached. The field below was still dry, and, turning in there, they all sat down and had some light refreshment. Suddenly the men sprang up, throwing off their outer garments; this was the signal for the women to rush to the inundated field and commence throwing clods of earth and splashes of muddy water on the men below as they tried to climb up. Then followed a wild and mad, though always good-humored, struggle between the men and women in the water, the men doing their utmost to take possession of the watery field, the women equally determined to keep them out. . . . Gradually the women drove the men down the whole length of the field. . . . This was looked on as a very propitious ending, as the women's victory portends fertility of the soil and increase among the flocks."

It is curious; it may be a survival of some old contest over a Women's Property Act, just as in Central Africa the field a woman tills is absolutely her own. It may be a relic of matriarchy. But the fertility of the crops and herds is as important to the men as to the women, and we wonder if they always fight their hardest.

There are many other points of interest in this remarkable book, equally valuable for its geography, its folk-lore, and its accurate accounts of the native arts, which reach a very high standard, especially in weaving and metals. But perhaps, after all, the chief value lies in the unconscious picture drawn of the best kind of British official—humane, intelligent, and absolutely devoted to the welfare of the peoples among whom he was stationed. We can only hope that under his successors the two States may still remain a monument of the author's life work.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

THERE are several passages in Sir Edmund Cox's "My Thirty Years in India" (Mills & Boon, 8s. net) deploring what the author considers the leniency shown by the authorities in criminal matters, and hinting that more drastic methods are advisable. This is to be expected from a retired Deputy Inspector-General of Police, though Sir Edmund Cox admits that the traditional idea of detection in the East is to get hold of the man who is suspected of the crime and torture him until he confesses. He holds that, as a general rule, the police are deterred from this practice by the fear of punishment, though his contention is weakened by his statement that "a heinous case is seldom sent up for trial

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without a confession forming part of the evidence." Sir Edmund Cox's explanation is that these confessions are due to "the sting of conscience while still under the influence of the excitement connected with the crime," and that the subsequent denial of the confession and the charge of torture brought against the police spring from the fact that "old jail-birds get into communication" with the prisoner. Readers must judge for themselves of the force of this contention, though it is but fair to add that Sir Edmund Cox, who has personally investigated hundreds of cases, says he believes torture to be "extremely rare." The greater part of the book treats of the crimes, mostly of a non-political nature, with which the author has, in his official capacity, been connected. Sir Edmund Cox's standpoint towards the Indian natives may be judged from the following quotation. The Italian man-of-war "Vesuvio" visited Karachi in 1906 and the officers were entertained by the residents. "One of the Italian officers, after an inquiring gaze around the ball-room, said to me, 'There are many English, but how is it that there are no Indians?' As I have said, no one could have been on more friendly terms than myself with Indians, but the very idea of admitting them to a ball-room, to dance with English ladies, seemed to me a profanity."

* * *

THE "Fortnightly Review" has secured the serial rights of George Meredith's unfinished novel "Celt and Saxon," and the first three chapters appear in the January issue. In "Imperial and Foreign Affairs: A Review of Events," Mr. J. L. Garvin repeats his old assertions regarding the relative positions of the English and German navies. He again presses for "the new way of life." "We require a complete change of mind and habit, and it can only be brought about by training every boy and man in definite ideals of patriotism and in the efficient aptitude for national defence." If this means a demand for conscription we can only say it is a way of life to which it will be hard to convert Englishmen. Madame Maeterlinck writes on "The Later Heroines of Maurice Maeterlinck," and claims that the Aglavaines and Arianes differ from the women of the past in that, grown "more clear-sighted than man," they seem to look over his shoulder "to perceive what he does not yet descry on the horizon." Mr. Frederick Lawton discusses the fourteenth volume of M. Emile Ollivier's "Reminiscences." The article holds that, notwithstanding M. Ollivier's efforts to shield the Emperor and Empress, he cannot hide that the former had neither the will to make war promptly nor the skill to keep peace surely, but shilly-shallied between the two. As to M. Ollivier's own career, Mr. Lawton writes that "the worst that can be said of him is that he was over-deferential to maxims, precedents, and statecraft, which, in the second half of the nineteenth century, were out of date; the best—and this is much—that he voluntarily sacrificed a fine political reputation in a vain endeavor to save the régime to which his allegiance was sworn." Other articles in the number are "Liberalism and the Future," by Mr. Sydney Brooks, "Imprisonment for Debt," by Mr. E. H. Pickersgill, "Prince Ito: Patriot and Statesman," by Mr. Alfred Stead, and a short sketch of fisher life, "An Unofficial Divorce," by Mr. Stephen Reynolds.

* * *

IN the "Nineteenth Century" Sir Bampfylde Fuller writes on "The Indian Responsibilities of Liberal Politicians," and makes a thorough-going defence of Lord Curzon's policy. "Germany's Real Attitude to England," by Herr Charles Tuchmann is a valuable article showing that no sensible German has in view any attempt to gain naval supremacy over England. Herr Tuchmann is properly severe upon the scare-mongers. He states that they "appeal to the worst natures in both countries at the very moment when the official heads of both are holding out the hand of good fellowship." The Gladstone centenary is marked by a chatty article from Sir Algernon West. M. André Beaunier discusses "La Littérature Française Contemporaine." He regards contemporary French literature as opulent both in achievement and promise, but destitute of any directing impulse. Oddly enough he rather depreciates M. Anatole France, while he speaks in high terms of M. Jules Lemaitre and M. Maurice Barrès. Other articles to be noted are "A Self-Supporting Penal Labour Colony," by Miss Edith Sellers, "The Theory

of Evolution," by Prince Kropotkin, and "The Making of a Poet," by Mr. Stephen Gwynn.

* * *

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The Week in the City.

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WAVERING STOCK MARKETS.

STOCK markets have shown a chastened spirit this week. At the end of December many jobbers and other professional operators were laying in a supply of stock to sell to a public which was expected to rush in to buy as soon as 1910 had dawned upon it; and, because a flood of buying orders did not come in with the New Year, weak professional bulls have made haste to lighten their books. It was rather unreasonable to expect that an outburst of public speculation should begin on the eve of a general election which is arousing very unusual interest, and if these professional operators have lost some money, sympathy with their misfortune can only be tempered by surprise aroused by their hastiness. That the prospects for the year are in many respects excellent is undoubted, and it is equally clear that if the course of trade is not interrupted by labor disputes or political complications, there should be a great revival of commercial activity, almost world-wide in its distribution. But to argue from these hopeful indications that the public would rush to buy Kafirs and Jungle shares and Home Railway stocks was a tortuous and misleading inference. The public certainly shows an inclination to speculate, but it is not in a violent hurry, and at present it is preoccupied with political matters.

WEAKNESS IN NEW YORK.

An uncomfortable sentiment has been very apparent in New York, and on several days the Wall Street market was in a condition verging on demoralisation. An ugly little scramble for money was accounted for by the lock-up of funds for dividend payments, but showed that the monetary resources of the big groups either have not been handled as skilfully as usual, or are not as ample as was supposed. The President is about to address Congress on the subject of Trust legislation, and Wall Street is consequently apprehensive; but its most serious fear appears to be that of labor warfare. Lord Rothschild has assured the Liverpool Tariff Reformers that, according to his observation, when the diamond trade is brisk there is little unemployment in America, and that during the last six months America had bought diamonds to an unprecedented extent. Of course, it ought to be very gratifying to the American working man to see his employers hanging ropes of baubles round their wives and daughters, but apparently they are perverse enough to think that the necessities of life are dear, and that they ought to have some share in the current prosperity. They are declaring war on the Steel Trust, and seem to be otherwise preparing for a contest which may seriously interfere with Wall Street's plans.

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Diary of the Week.

WE have never known anything like the cataract of lies and absurdities which has been poured down upon the British people during the last few weeks. We select a few. (1) Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain have both declared that food taxes tend to diminish the cost of food. (2) Mr. Blatchford's 28,000 new workers at Essen has been raised to 38,000, and made to figure in a Tory pamphlet to point the contrast between this miraculous draft of German workmen and the Liberal dismissals at Woolwich Arsenal. (3) The daughter of the Bishop of Limerick has written a pamphlet addressed to British Mothers, in which she says: "We are enriching Germany at such a rate that she is building rapidly, from money stolen out of our pockets, a magnificent fleet," with which we "shall be conquered and become the slaves of Germany." "Germany has spies all over England," and "in a couple of years' time" will "march on London and dictate terms to us." (4) We observe that in one constituency the local Tory leaders are using Mr. Blatchford's Atheism against the Labor candidate and his Jingoism to confound the Liberal candidate. These tactics were well described by Mr. Churchill (who gibbeted a certain admiral with the life-like description of Lord Charles Blatchford) when he said an Anglicised German was being used to raise the Socialist scare and a decayed Socialist to raise the German scare.—Our own propaganda has been far more truthful and scrupulous, but we think the talk of German black bread is overdone. The fault of bread in protected countries is not so much its quality as its price. Meanwhile, the whole Liberal Party is serenely confident of victory.

THE Prime Minister's Election Address, issued on Monday night, is a masterly statement of the central issue of the election, the veto of the Lords. The Budget, he said, having to meet the double call of social reform and national defence, proportioned its new charges amongst the luxuries, superfluities, and monopolies, leaving the necessities of the poor untouched. The Protectionists then "mustered and set in motion" "the formidable interests and influences" which they wielded to destroy it. This was a wanton breach of the Constitution, committed in order to save Protection "from a mortal blow." In addition to this, the Lords had set themselves up as an "insuperable obstacle to democratic legislation." A limitation of the veto was, therefore, the first and most urgent step to be taken.

* * *

SPEAKING at Ipswich, the Prime Minister made one of the most finely argued speeches of the campaign. He quoted against the nonsense that protective duties do not raise prices the memorandum of the German Government in 1902, that the raising of duties would benefit agriculture by equalising inland prices and the prices of foreign wheat. He showed that in Austria-Hungary, Spain and Portugal, and the United States, the same results occurred. At Salisbury, he again called upon Mr. Balfour to identify the items in the swarm of indirect taxes with which he now threatens the British people, and to say whether he would tax corn, meat, butter, maize, or bacon, or all of them.

* * *

MR. BALFOUR has followed up his prophecy that his party will win "sooner or later." Going from strength to strength, he has wagered that the Liberal majority of the next Parliament will be less than 330. On the economic side he has advanced some further steps in the direction of pure Protectionism, accepting the Protectionist maxim that the producer and, above all, the national producer, should be preferred before the consumer, which is another way of saying that labor is a less important element in industry than profit. At York he developed this position as far as to suggest that State burdens should, as far as possible, be transferred from direct to indirect taxation. The rich should be taxed on their "luxuries" rather than on their income and capital. He declared for corn taxes, which he had the audacity to say would lessen the cost of food, and "pledged" himself that the taxation of necessities should not be increased "proportionately to the general burden of taxation," whatever that may mean. Mr. Balfour is the most slippery of politicians, but his pledge would be worthless if he were one of the most steadfast. It seems, but only seems, to reject the second Chamberlain Budget in favor of the first.

* * *

ON Thursday, the Prime Minister delivered, at Bradford, a pungent reply to Mr. Balfour's loose and uninformed handling of the economic question, with its double threat of food taxes and a torrent of indirect imposts. What were the taxes on "luxuries" which Mr. Balfour would substitute for the taxation of profits and income and accumulations? Would he name a few? And what greater luxury could there be than the un-

earned increment of land? The Premier quoted against the new Balfourism that food taxes will not raise prices, the considered statements of the milling and baking trades, issued in formal contracts and notices to their customers, that a rise in the price of flour and bread, or a reduction in the size of the loaf, will immediately follow the imposition of an import duty on foreign corn. This notice, for instance, of the day of the little loaf, had been put up in sixty bakers' shops:—

The Millers' Association announce that should a duty be imposed on wheat, a corresponding increase in the price of flour will be charged to the baker. We, as bakers, hereby notify our customers that should a tariff be imposed the weight of our bread will be decreased in proportion.

The Prime Minister concluded with a fine appeal to his Yorkshire fellow-countrymen to strike a blow for the Constitution, for freedom, and for popular rights.

* * *

On the constitutional question, Mr. Balfour has gone near to the Curzon theories of hereditary power without quite endorsing them. At Glasgow, he justified the Lords for giving Tariff Reform a last chance and destroying the Budget, which Mr. Asquith described as the death-blow of Protection. He defended the hereditary principle on the ground that the Monarchy was based upon it, and thought it less dangerous than an elective Second Chamber co-equal with the Commons. For that reason he desired to see the House of Lords remain as it was. The Government's plan simply gave the appeal from the House of Commons to the House of Commons. Both its method and its aim in abolishing the hereditary veto were revolutionary. He admitted that he had used the House of Lords to kill the Education Bill of 1906. The Bill violated the principle of religious equality, "which," added Mr. Balfour, "I and my friends desire."

* * *

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has delivered a series of speeches in the racy, defiant, unshrinking style which makes him at once the best loved and the best hated man in the country. The theory and practice of hereditary legislation have never been so trenchantly attacked since Mr. Chamberlain exchanged Radicalism for reaction. Woven in with the rhetoric and sarcasm have been bits of true eloquence. Thus at Cannock: "Do not put your liberty in pawn to the House of Lords; you will never get it back." And of the elector who would vote for the Lords—"It is your own sword that you ungird." Criticising at Wolverhampton Mr. Balfour's defence of the hereditary principle by a comparison between the King and the House of Lords, he showed that the King vetoed no measures, and signed Liberal and Tory Bills impartially; acting, in fact, as the neutral medium of party government which the House of Lords falsely pretends to be.

* * *

THE plot against the people leaks out a little at a time. Lord Lansdowne, in a moment of inopportune candor, has completely justified everything Mr. Ure said about the danger to Old Age Pensions involved in the return of a Tory Government. He was asked by Mr. Alfred Beesly practically to say whether he was in favor of an Act which, while it guaranteed the continuance of the pensions on the present basis to all persons now over seventy, would provide that future pensions should only be paid on a contributory basis. To this, Lord Lansdowne, who denounced the Pensions Act with unsparing vigor, replied, on the 10th inst., reserving in the clearest way the

power of any future Government to "modify the conditions under which Old Age Pensions may, at a future time, be awarded." In other words, the Tory Party is prepared to make the old people pay for their pensions, and, as there cannot be two kinds of pensions, one contributory and one non-contributory, the whole class of pensioners lies in almost as much danger at the hands of Mr. Balfour and his friends as do the food, necessities, and comforts of the people. It seems to us that, under these circumstances, every pensioner should be called upon to vote Liberal or Labor. We see no other way of making pensions safe.

* * *

THE issues of this election are many, but those of peace are not the least urgent. We are glad, therefore, to note the vigorous, truthful, and pointed rebuke to Mr. Balfour, which comes from the National Peace Council, and bears the signatures of Lord Courtney and Dr. Spence Watson. "At the last moment," it says,

"a base attempt has been made to confuse your judgment by exciting fear and jealousy of a friendly Power, the German Empire, which is represented as being engaged in a conspiracy against our native land. On behalf of the united peace organisations of the country we ask you to dismiss all such appeals to ignoble prejudices and, when you are casting your votes, to give no mandate to any candidate who has taken part in this odious agitation. Everywhere the increase in the machinery of war is condemned by the awakening conscience of the time. The only danger lies in the fact that a minority on each side of the North Sea is endeavoring to wreck the new relations of friendship which all responsible statesmen desire to strengthen. We ask you to withstand, wherever you meet them, these dangerous enemies of the commonweal. We ask you to make sure that your candidates of whatever party will not only profess peace, but will, if returned, support all possible reductions of armaments, and all efforts to establish permanent peace by international agreement.

"The price of peace, as of liberty, is perpetual vigilance. We appeal to-day to the body of the nation, confident that its power, its moral and social progress, can be secured only through the maintenance of international peace."

* * *

OUR Paris correspondent writes:—"Every French progressive feels anxious about the result of the British election, for a Conservative victory would mean that England withdraws from the great European movement towards democracy, which has captured France and Italy, is advancing in Germany by leaps and bounds, and has, at last, permeated even Turkey, Spain, and Russia. It would not be in the true sense of the term a Conservative victory, but a victory for reaction—the suicide of representative government in its birthplace. Frenchmen have other reasons for anxiety. They cannot be disinterested in the relations between England and Germany, since France would inevitably be involved in the event of an Anglo-German war. The majority of them feel that a Conservative victory would make an Anglo-German war far more probable. Indeed, after Mr. Balfour's speech at Hanley, it would almost amount to a declaration of hostilities."

* * *

"THE people in France who want war with any country are a small minority, largely composed of those who claim to represent Christianity. France owes much to the teachers in the public schools, and they have no greater claim on her gratitude than their effective action in stamping out the militarist spirit. The triumph of that spirit in England, just at the moment when its supremacy in Germany is seriously threatened, would be a blow to the hopes and

aspirations of French democrats. A great effort has been made to persuade the French people that a Conservative victory would be to the interest of France. The 'Temps' has lent the whole force of its influence to this effort. In its leading article on foreign affairs it has attacked the Liberal Government with a bitterness unusual in its comments on the internal affairs of another country. This is unfortunate, for the reason that the 'Temps' is commonly regarded abroad as a semi-official mouthpiece of the French Government. But, in fact, although it may at times publish inspired *communiqués* from the Foreign Office, its *bulletins de l'étranger* more often merely expresses the opinions of M. Tardieu, and for some time past they have been hostile to liberty and democracy in every country in the world."

* * *

THE meeting of the Prussian Diet has been notable for the disclosure of the financial situation, and for the reopening of the franchise question, to deal with which a Bill is promised. The Prussian State deficit for 1908 reached 10 millions sterling. That for 1909 fell to 5½ millions; that for 1910 is estimated at 4½ millions. Another loan is inevitable, and no taxation is proposed to achieve a permanent balance. The relative improvement is ascribed to a good harvest and better trade. It is well to note, in view of our own fiscal controversies, that a large part of these deficits is due to the necessity of raising official salaries, admittedly to meet the enhanced cost of living caused by the last tariff. The Franchise Bill will revive a perennial controversy, which finds the Socialists in good heart. But it is not likely that the Government will alter the three-class system of voting, or introduce the secret ballot. An illustration of the working of this system, which even Bismarck described as the worst in Europe, has been furnished by an incident at Kattowitz. The Poles and Clericals combined at the polls, and many officials, including a number of teachers, voted (publicly) for the Polish candidate. To enforce "official loyalty," they have all been removed from their posts.

* * *

THE new Turkish Cabinet has now been constituted under Hakki Pasha, who has returned from his diplomatic post at Rome. The most notable of its new members is the Generalissimo, Mahmud Shekret Pasha, who now combines with this post that of Minister of War. The two Young Turkish leaders, Talaat and Djavid Beys, retain their seats at the Interior and the Exchequer. A Greek and an Arab are included, but no Armenian. Indeed, one of the several reasons assigned for Hilmi Pasha's fall is that he showed in dealing with the assassins of the Adana massacre a greater severity (tardy and halting though it was) than some Young Turks thought prudent.

* * *

THE selection of a diplomatist specially conversant with the Cretan question as Grand Vizier has aroused conjecture. It is rumored that the Powers propose to induce Turkey to permit the annexation of Crete to Greece in return for an indemnity and a guarantee from the Concert of the integrity of the rest of the Ottoman Empire. The Turkish Chauvinists on their side certainly desire an alliance with Greece to balance the Bulgars, whom they really fear. An odd, if indecisive, confirmation of these rumors comes from Geneva. The Powers have cancelled the appointment of a Swiss inspector for Cretan finances. Does this mean that the present international régime is nearing its end?

THE bewilderment caused by the startling American proposal for the neutralisation of the Manchurian railways has made this week the chief interest of international affairs. Mr. Knox has suggested that Japan and Russia should both voluntarily retire from the control of these lines, allowing themselves to be bought out with a loan raised by a cosmopolitan syndicate. China is to own and work the system, but under the supervision and control of America, Britain, France and Germany. This large scheme is coupled with another proposal, which has no necessary connection with it, for the construction of a competing and parallel line from Tsitsihar to Chinchau, by an Anglo-American syndicate on behalf of China. The apparent motive of the proposal commands respect. It would remove all further risk of conflict between Russia, Japan, and China in this Far Eastern cockpit. It might also give to a slowly reforming China the chance of resuming effective control of a territory which has thrice been filched from her. On the other hand, the plan might lead to a sort of condominium of the four Powers in Manchuria.

* * *

THE attitude of the interested Powers gives small hope of the acceptance of the scheme. Such Russian opinion as is articulate declares that military necessity compels her to retain a railway which is the key to Vladivostok. But one must not hastily assume that any Russian newspaper speaks for the whole Government. The Government is rarely a unity. The Japanese, so far as can be judged, are unanimously angry. They see in this proposal a revival of the coalition of 1895 which robbed them of Port Arthur. How, they ask, could the value of a railway be appraised which cost them 100,000 lives? They are not disposed to regard America as disinterested, and they appear to be particularly suspicious of Germany. Great Britain and Germany are said to have expressed their approval of Mr. Knox's idea. France, as usual, is ready to assent when the other Powers have made up their minds.

* * *

THE wanton murder of a Paris policeman and the wounding of three of his comrades by an armed "Apache" has set the whole capital discussing the problem of hooliganism. It is a singular phase of decivilisation. The apache is rarely a mere criminal who murders to rob. He wages war on society, has his own brutal code of honor, and seems to work as much for glory and the display of a perverted spirit as for actual spoil. The first result of the incident has been the issue of an authorisation to the police to use their weapons in self-defence. The second consequence has been the starting of an interesting debate on the influence of the apache in the French Army.

* * *

THERE are, it seems, some 11,000 convicted criminals in the ranks of the conscripts. It is easy to believe that they consort together in barracks, corrupt their weaker comrades, and use the uniform as a cloak for crime. But the other alternative of confining them to the invariably brutal rigor of disciplinary battalions, there to be isolated, branded for life, and hardened into hopeless rebels, is equally objectionable. It is one of the inevitable dilemmas of conscription. The graceful and human side of this affair was the public funeral attended by the Premier, the Presidents of the Senate and the Chamber, and a large file of judges, notables, and officials, which Paris gave to the murdered policemen. In such democratic recognition of simple courage and duty we are much less happy than the French.

Politics and Affairs.

THE OLD CAUSE AND THE NEW.

By the time that these words are read the people of this country will have begun to cast their votes, or to cast them away. They can elect one of two parties. The first, the Liberals, will rule the country by the methods of government with which it is familiar. They will act through the House of Commons as the sole taxing authority and the predominant legislative power. The electors will thus have their hold on them, and in due time will reward their good stewardship or avenge their bad. The other party is of an entirely different character. It is not a normal British party, resting on the will of the electors. When it is beaten at the polls, it runs to the Lords to restore the fortunes of war. Its leaders telegraph to them across the lobby for the destruction of some Bills which are adjudged dangerous to Toryism, or the passage of others whose rejection might be more dangerous still. These wearing-down tactics have now been abandoned. They merely weakened the Constitution by placing the Tory Party at so great a premium, and the Liberal Party at so heavy a discount, that the old balance between progressive and conservative forces was almost destroyed. But this was not enough. In a rash moment Liberalism laid a hand, a light hand, on the landlords. For this act the Constitution has been made to pay, not merely through the undue stretching of powers by one authority in it, but by a seizure of the dominant power in the State. Not only the control of legislation, but the power of the purse and the power of dissolving Parliament, was, on November 30th, snatched from the representative House by the hereditary Chamber. The voter who enters the polling booth to-day was then told by the House of Lords, as clearly as if the message had been written down by Lord Lansdowne, that he might have Tory laws but not Liberal or Labor laws, Protectionist Budgets but not Free Trade Budgets, food taxes but not land taxes; that, in fact, the whole area of his powers and choice was in future to be fined down to a point of forced agreement between a Liberal Government and a dominant, permanent, unyielding, all-powerful peerage. In pursuit of this policy about 670 gentlemen, wearing the guise of work-a-day Toryism, are proposing to go into the House of Commons to enact and carry out its subordination to the House of Lords; to say, in fact and in deed, that it shall never work in freedom till it has had flung to it the permit of the hereditary Chamber.

This is the issue. Of course, it is wrapped up, evaded, falsified, run away from, and only revealed in the covert sneers of Mr. Balfour and the more candid insolence of Lord Curzon. But the men who were to "refer" the Budget to the people, in a spirit of such calm and gentlemanly candor that Mr. Balfour asks the electors to pass them a vote of thanks for their service to representative democracy, have never lost an hour since the prorogation of Parliament in covering up that issue with the gaudiest lures and baits—such as high wages, constant employment, a tariff to tax everything and make every-

thing cheap, anti-Germanism, national pride, Jingo passion; an appeal to all that is little and narrow and spiteful in a people so as to make it forget what is high-minded and great. Every device has been used to keep the issue of popular liberty out of sight, as Louis Napoleon kept it out of sight for nineteen years, so that the Lords might not only kill representative government, but kill it in the dark. Every sophister in the Tory Party, from Mr. Balfour downwards, has come forward to gloze over the deed, and play, as he thinks, upon the people's small skill to distinguish the false from the true.

We have, therefore, come back to the old cause of liberty, fought on almost precisely the same ground as that on which Hampden fell. If we cannot uphold the sole right of the Commons to tax, no man standing between them and those who send them to Westminster, we may roll up the map of social reform as well as of political democracy. If the insult of November 30th had been inflicted on one of the worst Houses of Commons of the century, instead of on one of the best, the usurpation of the Lords would have been not one whit the less flagrant. If we had done it in the interests of Free Trade, as the Tories have done it in the hope to revive the Corn Laws, we should have deserved the sentence of excommunication that we hope and believe awaits the gang of revolutionists who now masquerade as Tories, or Fair Traders, or Unionists. But, in fact, the action of the Lords is the touchstone of modern politics. We have a definite vision of the State. They have another. They mean England to remain what she is to-day, or to return to what she was before cheap food gave her small middle classes and her workmen under the Great Industry their first chance to thrive, and the franchise their first chance of power. The Lords fought hard all through the nineteenth century to stop that evolution. They failed, and now they meet a demand for a modern England, a more decent, hopeful, Christian society than we have ever envisaged. They will not admit it. They have risked all to stop it. Enriched by the labors of the new urban communities, not only will they return to the State no percentage on their vast toll on industry, but they look with eagerness to the hope of fresh and abundant tribute gathered by the machinery of a "scientific" tariff. By this means have the Prussian Junkers quartered themselves on the German, and the industrial barons on the American, people. Thus secure, they have the Empire at their feet, its defence provided by food and labor taxes, the cities of Great Britain cramped for their wealth, her country-sides barren for their pleasure. Protection in its turn will either dull the spirit of the workers, or drive them into wild Socialism, and thus provide a tame or an easily gulled proletariat, fitfully violent, but waking mainly at the war-cries of their creatures in the Press. Only one way lies to this revolution, the crushing of the Mother of Parliaments. They have taken it. Four years ago she admitted the elect of the workers to a large share in popular representation, and she witnessed and forwarded the rise of the new Liberalism, in our view the main hope and guarantee of an orderly, progressive de-

velopment, based on the double ground of Free Trade and constructive social reform. This was her crime; for this is she menaced and defied. It is to her defence that her sons are summoned to-day. Great is the contest: let us not fail her in her need.

THE CENTRAL ISSUE.

MR. ASQUITH'S election address concentrates the issue between the electors on a single point. He refuses, and rightly refuses, on this occasion even to glance at any secondary questions of whatever magnitude. He takes his readers with unswerving directness and unanswerable logic over the steps which have led to the question of the hour, and have gathered the entire forces of privilege on the one side, and of freedom on the other, for a decisive encounter. He reminds the electors that the Government, returned four years ago to maintain Free Trade, have found themselves faced with the necessity of meeting vast additional expense in the interest of national safety and of social progress; that the Budget met this expense without infringing on Free Trade, and without touching the necessities of life; that, seeing in the Budget the deathblow to Tariff Reform, the House of Lords determined on its rejection, thereby committing a "wanton breach of the settled practice of the Constitution"; that further, while their claim to control finance is a "mere usurpation," experience has shown the "unlimited veto" of the Lords to be "an insuperable obstacle to democratic legislation"; and that, accordingly, "the limitation of the veto is the first and most urgent step to be taken," as the "condition precedent" to all the great legislative reforms on which the party is set. Every link in the argument is solid, and the conclusion is irresistible. In essentials there is but one question before the electors, but it is a question to which all others lead up, and on the answer to which they one and all depend. For nearly eighty years we have advanced slowly and tentatively, but, as we have all believed, with assured progress and no backward glances, on the path of democracy. Now we have reached the summit of the pass where land and liquor, privilege and birth, wealth and power, have concentrated their forces behind a constitutional archaism to bar the way. If they can defeat us here, we shall scorn to admit—what indeed we barely contemplate—that the fight is lost, but we shall have to enter on a long and arduous campaign before we can move one foot further. When we capture the position, the road lies straight and clear before us. It is the centre and the citadel that are in question in the elections that begin to-day. The question is whether the suffrage, gained in three successive stages, though still incomplete, is to be a reality, or whether it is to be nullified by the retention of an irresponsible element, superior to the representatives of the people, and without rational pretension to impartiality or moral weight.

Now, it is impossible under the system to take a direct popular vote on any single issue, and that is one reason among many for dismissing without mercy the plea of the Peers that they are "consulting the people." But everything that it is possible to do in order to

secure a mandate on any single point, Mr. Asquith has done. His Albert Hall speech was clear and precise on the question of the veto. His election address is not only clear and precise; it is limited, and rightly limited, to that single question. Every point that he mentions is shown to lead up to this conclusion, and the limitation of the veto is declared to be the "first and most urgent step to be taken." We have urged on previous occasions that if the Liberals obtain a majority, be it great or be it small, it will be a majority on this issue, and in view of Mr. Asquith's pronouncement we can affirm it now with increased confidence. And we may add this much. Should the Government, after all, fail in their object, their policy and the policy of the party will remain unchanged. The limitation of the veto is the condition, now and for the future, of the retention of office by them or by any future Government that may represent the Liberal Party. It is the "condition precedent" to the reform which Liberals have at heart, and no Liberal leader with the experience of the past four years behind him will stultify himself by promising reforms which he cannot be sure of carrying out. If, in opposition to all expectation, the Lords succeed in holding the fort, they are not to suppose that, as this has been the first onslaught upon their position, it will be the last. The contest must, in Mr. Gladstone's words, "go forward to an issue." Few men were more averse from organised constitutional change than that great leader, and it was only prolonged experience which taught him at the very close of his career to admit its necessity. It is a similar experience, graven still more deeply on their minds by repeated and serious strokes, which has forced the Progressive parties to the same conclusion, and compelled them to subordinate everything to the supreme question whether the people of England shall retain the right to reform their own institutions, or shall fall back under the tutelage from which it has been the task of three generations to set them free.

THE PRICE OF MR. BALFOUR.

Comparative Naval Strength in the So-called Danger Year (1912).

GREAT BRITAIN AGAINST GERMANY ALONE.

Reckoned in Battleships and Armored Cruisers (according to the figures of the "Navy League Annual.")

Great Britain...	101 ships of 1,492,800 tons.
Germany ...	42 ships of 578,120 tons.

GREAT BRITAIN ALONE AGAINST THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

Great Britain...	101 ships of 1,492,800 tons.
Triple Alliance ...	69 ships of 865,112 tons.

[N.B.—Italy is far more likely to put a ship of war on the seas against Austria, her nominal ally, than against this country.]

AMID the din of the General Election a solitary voice is heard from time to time, which appears to be communing with itself. Now the voice is faint, now, again, it is borne nearer on some gathering wind of false doctrine. It offers remarks, in the conditional and parenthetical mood, on tariff reform and constitutional government. It expresses a belief that "sooner or later" its party may

win, and, in a vein of unusually rash affirmation, that the election of 1910 will not be in all respects a replica of the election of 1906. We may remark in passing that the voice is popularly supposed to be that of the "leader" of the Conservative Party, though, in fact, there is no such thing as a Conservative Party, and the party which has replaced it has no leader.

For two elections running, Mr. Balfour has refrained from saying a single word which reveals a convinced opinion on the fiscal question or offers an intelligible direction to his reputed following. For two elections, it has been impossible for any man to say with confidence that, in the average acceptation of the terms, Mr. Balfour is either a Free Trader or a Protectionist. If that question were put to him to-morrow, he would refuse to answer it. For nearly seven years, all political parties have been in full cry at his heels, and have never succeeded either in capturing him or in running him to earth. To this day the people of this country do not know on what plan he would tax them. The people of our Colonies are equally ignorant whether he will keep the door open for their goods, or will build an intervening wall only a little lower than that which he will construct against the foreigner. Since 1903, Mr. Chamberlain has offered two mutually destructive tariffs to the judgment of the Empire. The first proposed to put the Colonies on the free list, the second on a minimum schedule. The first suggested a false balance of remissions and impositions of food taxes, the second proposed food taxes without any such remissions. Not one of these schemes has Mr. Balfour discussed. In his speech at York he has, indeed, declared for taxes on foreign corn, and for a general oppression of the people by indirect taxes, coupled with a false, meaningless pledge that the new imposts on the necessities of life shall not increase the proportion of taxation which the poorer classes are to pay into the Exchequer. No fiscal statesman in a Protectionist country ever gave such a pledge, or, if he did, ever redeemed it, for the simple reason that what the poor pay in stomach taxes is not merely the amount that goes into the public Treasury (which, in Germany, so far as the various corn taxes are concerned, is about one-ninth of the extra charge to the consumer), but the vastly greater amount absorbed in traders' profits on the tax and in the rise of prices on the entire product. No light is here thrown either on the revenue which Mr. Balfour hopes to collect from his taxes—apparently it is to yield a net £0 0s. 0d.—the sources from which that revenue is to come, or the nature of the preferences to the Colonies. Mr. Balfour maintains the same dead-centre of indifference to the constitutional question. He is free to "reform" the House of Lords or to leave it unreformed. He is open to accept the Constitution or to destroy it, to put the Lords over the Commons, or to declare in 1910 that representative government stands in the position which he deliberately assigned to it in 1907. Not one clear, serious, informative word has he spoken on any domestic problem now before the country. He may be a Conscriptionist as well as a Protectionist; just as well he may be neither. He wills nothing, controls nothing, forwards

nothing—standing a passive, mechanical receiver of a thousand brawling party notes, which he gives out again in a kind of reedy *tremolo*, and abstaining from all vigorous, manly, and truthful contact with an acute and perilous situation.

It is inevitable that a man so devoid as Mr. Balfour of a proper sense of responsibility to his country, to his party, and to himself, should, by his prolonged and deliberate abstention from the duties of his position, be laying up for himself an heritage of difficulties which will overwhelm him if he is ever again called to power. Not a stone of the Protectionist policy has he laid since 1903; even the ground-plan of the house is wanting; neither the Colonies, nor the country interests, nor the town interests, nor the various trade interests, have had more than a few confused and self-contradictory hints, wrapped up in intentionally evasive verbiage. The moment Mr. Balfour quits the House of Commons, where he can pass all policies through the sieve of his sceptical intellect, he leaves the nation unguided. With one exception. On the one question on which he was well justified in speaking with care—namely, on our relations with Germany—he has used a free, a foolish, and an evil tongue. During the debates on the Navy scare of the spring, Mr. Balfour set an example of exaggeration, and to-day, his estimate that in 1912 Germany would possess twenty-one or twenty-five "Dreadnoughts," then, as now, an impossible task for her, acts as a constant provocation to further falsehood. Then, as now, he spoke for a party object. To some extent, his incurable looseness in the statement of figures excused him from the charge of deliberate mischief-making. No such relief can now be offered him. He has suggested a widespread belief among European Powers in the inevitability of an Anglo-German war, and he has attributed to some unknown German citizens language which he knew would have an especially insulting and provocative ring in the ears of the ignorant at home.

This, therefore, is Mr. Balfour's one articulate contribution to our electioneering. He has chosen the cry which is the worst, the falsest, and the most dangerous to himself, to his country, and to the peace of the world. If Gladstone could be called to account by the Austrian Ambassador for a perfectly truthful statement as to Austrian foreign policy, and could be told by the Queen that he would "have to bear the consequences" of it, with far greater propriety will the German Ambassador ask Mr. Balfour, if he ever again becomes Prime Minister, whether his policy towards a great and friendly nation is to be that of the Hanley speech. In our opinion this will be the least serious of its results. After all that has been said and done during the last two years, Germany, we are afraid, will have ample ground for taking a Tory Government to be a hostile and a provocative Ministry. That may not mean war, and if it did, the nation might well pray that, in mercy to England, Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour might be prevented from waging it. But it does mean that Germany will look at a Balfour Government with a deeply and justly foreboding eye. Germany knows, as Mr. Balfour knows, that our

naval strength is to hers as three or even four to one. She knows, or thinks she knows, that with such men as Mr. Balfour at the head of a party, and such men as Mr. Garvin and Mr. Maxse and Mr. Blatchford at the tail of it, the question of honorable and peaceful relationships between the two countries will rest on an entirely different footing from that which obtains under Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey. Therefore, the simple, immediate cash result of a Balfour Government must be the piling up of so many more millions of anti-war insurance premiums on the helpless shoulders of the British and German peoples. This is the price of incendiarism; for a low party trick so much grist goes out of the industrial mill, so much more of the stock of civilisation runs to waste and ruin. Between Mr. Balfour's constitutional crisis, and Mr. Balfour's Budgets, and Mr. Balfour's defence estimates, and Mr. Balfour's inevitable wars, the nation is likely to pay heavily for the luxury of keeping on a dilettante as an alternative Premier. It will pay for his want of mental energy and resource, of power of choice and direction, of healthy human interests; for his blank ignorance of finance; for his barren, unpractical mind and indecisive character; for his complete indifference to the lot of the people, his fumbling incapacity to set himself to practical issues, for his pessimism in thought, his feebleness in action. But it will pay heaviest of all for his lack of heart and conscience.

WHERE IS IMPERIAL PREFERENCE ?

NOTHING is more striking throughout this election campaign than the complete collapse of the Imperialist note so loudly sounded in the earlier years of Tariff Reform. Though Mr. Chamberlain still inserts in his many letters of encouragement to candidates some phrase reminiscent of his earlier enthusiasm, and Mr. Balfour finds a perfunctory place for Tariff Reform as a bond of Imperial union in his perorations, there has been no pretence of arguing the case for Imperial Preference and a self-sufficing Empire. Imperialism, having served its purpose of imparting a glamor of larger patriotism to the launching of Tariff Reform, is shoved aside, and Protection stands out naked and unashamed. It was inevitable that this should be so. When, so far back as 1897, Mr. Chamberlain, eager as Colonial Secretary to find the biggest rôle his office admitted, proposed Free Trade within the Empire, the proposition was received with derision in our self-governing Colonies. Canada and Australia were well enough aware that no Colonial Governments which permitted Great Britain to "dump" her cheap goods freely on their shores could stand for a single hour. Successive Colonial Conferences drove home the lesson, obvious before, that Colonial tariffs were made for Colonial, not for Imperial, purposes. The deeper significance of the lesson was, however, temporarily obscured by the wave of Imperial sentiment which led Canada to grant a largely illusory preference to the Mother-Country on the occasion of a revision of her tariff. The war fever afterwards was skilfully manipulated so as to evoke from the other Colonies similar con-

cessions. When Mr. Chamberlain, in order to cover the disasters of the Boer War, precipitated the fuller policy of Tariff Reform, he thrust into the front of his appeal these "offers" from the Colonies, floating Protectionism on this abounding ocean of Imperial sentiment. It is true that he conjoined with this appeal reference to the advantages of a British tariff for purposes of negotiation or retaliation against foreign nations who dealt unfairly with us in their fiscal arrangements.

Such was Tariff Reform in its initial stage, Imperial union first, negotiation second, Protection a bad third. The trouble with Mr. Balfour all along lay in the fact that he pretended to accept this appraisal of the motive forces, refusing to assent to any form of Protection which was not merely incidental to one or other of the superior motives. It is always possible to maintain that Mr. Balfour, with all his recent endorsement of the definitely Protectionist positions, such as "taxation of the foreigner" and "remedy for unemployment," has not fairly toed the Protectionist line. But, however this may be with this reluctant "leader," the whole party fight to-day is fought upon the crudest Protectionist lines. The Colonies, to do them justice, never built anything on British preference. They feigned, however, for a time, some inclination for Imperial conventions in which some common trade policy should be worked out. A significant article, however, from the headquarters of Canadian Imperialism, Toronto, which appeared in the "Times" a week ago, now may be said to give the *coup de grâce* to the whole notion of tariff conventions. Mr. Balfour's dilatory policy of summoning an Imperial Conference to discuss the basis of commercial union for the Empire is described as one which "would give the minimum of advantage and the maximum of disadvantage." The writer points out that "the Colonies have made their tariffs for themselves, and similarly a British Government must be expected to have a supreme concern for home interests." Each country must consult its own interests. "Any other course of action must breed friction and dissatisfaction, and give force to the objection so often urged by British Free Traders that an Imperial tariff may become an organ of discussion."

It was, indeed, so obvious from the outset that no one of our new British nations would compromise its dignity and its commercial freedom by entering a Tariff Union that history will explain all the vapid talk about such a Union as serving merely to grease the slide of the Tory Party into Protection. Yet so persistent is the power of humbug that we still find Imperial preference figuring as a formal plank in the Tariff Commission scheme as newly propounded by Mr. Hewins, the "economist" retained to put sham science into the product of greed and charlatanry. The "scientific" tariff foreshadowed by this preposterous authority consists of a general tariff for countries that admit British goods "on fair terms," a higher tariff for those that do not, and, finally, a lower tariff for the Colonies. Following the Colonial lines, this means a preferential tariff high enough for protection against Colonial goods which may compete

with British goods, a tariff against fair-dealing foreigners higher than is needed for protection, and, therefore, wasteful for revenue, and an instrument for "negotiation" which can only operate by menace, never by concession. So we see how all the bubble of sentiment in favor of a generous response to the offer of our Colonies ends in an impudent proposal to tax their wheat and meat, as a means of drawing closer the bond of Empire. "The ablest architect of ruin the world has ever known" could hardly have devised a fitter instrument than that which Mr. Hewins brandishes for impoverishing England, inflaming the hostility of foreign nations, and offending our Colonies.

THE PROBLEM OF LATIN AMERICA.

WHEN Mr. Taft referred in his recent message to the growth of American interests in South America, and to the political responsibilities which everywhere follow investments, the student of international affairs was fairly warned that the years to come may drag the Latin Republics from their isolation. It was easy to read in that message the guiding of Mr. Root. Alone among the men who influence the foreign policy of the Great Powers, he has made a special study of South American questions. Alone among the statesmen of either continent, he has carried out an extended personal tour from Republic to Republic. Nor is it difficult to guess what concrete form the new development must take. The opening of the Panama Canal, when at length it takes place, must transform the politics of the New World as profoundly as the piercing of Suez transformed the affairs of the East. It will bring the two Republics which are at present, perhaps, the least developed, the least accessible, and potentially among the richest of these Latin territories, as definitely within the influence of the United States as Mexico itself. Colombia and Ecuador, on which the new stream of trade and politics will first impinge, are also the least able to resist and control a movement of penetration. Peru, more civilised and more settled, is also destined to find its geographical conditions transformed. The other and more immediate problem to which Mr. Root's message referred was in all probability the sudden concentration of American capital upon Argentina. The Beef Trust, which has its centre in Chicago, is in process of evolving from a Continental into a world power. In its designs upon the markets of the Old World, which means primarily our own country, one formidable competitor alone stood in its way—the ranches of the Argentine. The beef trade of the Argentine is already a developed and centralised industry, with some eight exporting companies in control. To bring these eight companies within the Trust was a measurable problem. The preliminary phases of the battle for control have already gone so far that there is now only one of these companies of which experts care to affirm that it is quite certainly independent and likely to maintain its independence. To this phase of economic conquest there are no necessary limits. One staple export may follow another; even wheat might follow beef. The capitalist who can manipulate tariffs

dreams already of the triumphs which might be won in South American ports by subsidised shipping lines.

The Monroe Doctrine has availed to remove a Continent for ever from the realm of European adventure and romance. Who now remembers the exploits of British arms on the River Plate? It is difficult to realise that diplomacy was once seriously exercised with the prospect that Louis Philippe might accept the throne of Argentina, which was at one moment actually offered to him. The fear lest Napoleon should escape from St. Helena to found an Empire over Gauchos seems to-day the most fantastic of all the embroideries of a legend. It is hard enough to reconstruct the generation in which Garibaldi created the red-shirt tradition in the waters of Monte Video. That age of romance has given place to the struggles of Chicago magnates to control the export of chilled beef. The Republics figure on the world's stage chiefly as the indispensable human organisation behind the fluctuations of some raw material in the international markets. Coffee suffers from over-production, and the politics of Brazil become for a moment lucid. Cocoa passes through a phase of large demand and high prices, and in that phase so sober a student as M. Bérard thinks he can detect the reasons of the German intervention in Venezuela. It seems to the European mind less intelligible and less dignified than the antipathies of races and the wars of churches which are familiar to us. But it touches at least concrete things, and holds the destinies of multitudes who depend on them for well-being.

It would be well for us in our own domestic controversies to imitate something of the realism which makes the price of cocoa or beef a subject of interest to the modern diplomatist. There is no question more relevant to our own fiscal controversy than the evolution of South America. Its problems make for us no theme of political discourse. If a new schism were to arise in a Balkan Church, our newspapers would devote more attention to it than they do to a tendency in trade and politics which may end by modifying the vital conditions of our food supply. It is no doubt the very stability of the greater Republics which has removed them for many years from popular attention. Brazil, Argentina, and Chile, which account among them for 87 per cent. of the trade of the sub-continent, have passed beyond the turbulent stage of civil war, revolution, and repudiation of debt. Their history has become one of a rapid commercial development, in which immigration and education between them are fast introducing European conditions. Buenos Ayres has become the second city of the Latin world, inferior only to Paris in population, while the influx of Italians and Spanish newcomers into the Argentine has swamped the original inhabitants among whom the old turbulent traditions might have survived. It is still possible that in any of these Republics a conspiracy or a *coup d'état* may disturb the regular transmission of power from one civil party to another. But the organisation of business has become at last so dependent on credit, and so intimately knit with world-finance, that a serious or devastating revolution is hardly more thinkable or probable than it is in the Latin States of the Old World. It is on the continual building of railways, the open-

ing up of the interior, the bringing of new regions rich in pasture or awaiting the plough within reach of the parallel stream of immigration and investment, that the energies of the greater Republics are bent. One has only to glance at the statistics of their commerce to realise the meaning of these activities as they affect ourselves. We send to the Argentine some 54 millions sterling in imports. We draw from it some 73 millions in exports. The balance represents, roughly, the interest on the British capital invested in its public securities, its enterprises, and, above all, its railroads. The lowest estimate of this invested capital puts it at 250 millions; the highest at 500 millions. These figures are the best answer which could be condensed in a few lines to the argument for preferential trading. We are pleased to think of the Colonies as ours. We apply no such term even to a State like the Argentine, which owes its development primarily to British capital. It is, however, sufficiently obvious that no preference could be put upon Colonial wheat and beef to the prejudice of the products of Argentina without dealing a blow at a prosperity which is an organic part of our own well-being. The mischief would be by no means confined to the rise of prices in our own markets. Just in so far as the preference was effective, would the capital owned here cease to yield its revenues. Exports would dwindle, the railways would cease to pay, and the public securities shrink in value. The loss would certainly fall upon the foreigner in Buenos Ayres, but the decline of the debtor community would be also the embarrassment of the creditor nation. Such considerations, indeed, are not so much an argument against Imperial Protection as a demonstration of its impossibility. In the struggle of the interests to make a tariff, the force behind that 500 millions invested in Argentina would know how to protect itself. World politics turn, indeed, upon finance, and the same factors which are making the destinies of Latin America are capable of conserving Free Trade at home.

WHO STARTED THE CLASS WAR?

THE speeches of the Peers, whose campaign came to an end on Monday, have thrown a light on a particularly interesting aspect of a most interesting struggle. The phrase "class war" used to be a special property of militant Socialism. It was understood to mean the permanent and unsparing animosity of those elements of the proletariat who were conscious of their class as a class oppressed and wronged by the exploiting forces of society. This rankling sense never penetrated very far into modern English politics. The men who tried to make it the motive power of a political appeal were few in number and not conspicuously successful in their methods. English society, though much less homogeneous than French, was in this way far less ready to obey impulses of mutual suspicion and revenge. Classes lived in isolated worlds, but they lived in general on terms of outward peace or, at any rate, of tolerance. Nothing, indeed, is more striking and perhaps surprising than the temper of patience and forbearance in which the

classes that have to endure all the storms and havoc of life have regarded those who watch those storms in suave calm and sunshine and shelter. The class war, with all its magnificent phrases and its mobilising ideas, sweeping across the sky of Europe like a message from its heroic revolutions, has been an idle and empty tale in the ears of the English poor. It has never touched their lives or kindled their imaginations. We do not mean, of course, that the rich and the great are always cherished by the poor with respect and affection; an eighteenth century novelist's remark that in any English village in his day the poor were in silent league against the village potentate may be true of the sombre silence of the twentieth century agricultural laborer. What we mean is that in English politics there has been singularly little attempt to inflame the poorer classes; that the fierce spirit of party has very rarely clothed itself in social passions, and that the experience of the nineteenth century has shown how idle was that dread that made our ancestors picture English civilisation as menaced by what Pitt called "the liquid fire of Jacobinism." The instincts and the memories that were expected to give a volcanic fury one day to the disinherited classes have scarcely stirred or murmured in their century's sleep.

At first sight, it might appear strange that this social Lethe should have been disturbed by the very class that might have been expected to dread an awakening. A challenge from the rich to the poor seems a wild adventure. But those who are surprised by this event forget that the aristocracy, too, has its common hatreds and jealousies. As the attack of the Peers on those popular liberties which were thought to be established for all time has developed, there has been revealed a class consciousness far more powerful than any common resentment of injustice or any common sentiment of hope among the poor. The educated classes have been brought up to dread some horrible outbreak of disorder from the shadows in which the common people live; what society had not hitherto realised is that the class which has now formally challenged the nation is enveloped in a far more bitter, a far more stubborn, and a far more rapacious social atmosphere than the atmosphere of the field or the workshop, or of the alley and inn. The last few weeks, to borrow a metaphor from one of Gillray's cartoons, has taken the lid off a great seething volume of class arrogance, of which most persons have hitherto been scarcely conscious. We have had Peers boasting of their tyrannies; we have had Peers thinking that it profited their cause to parade their contempt for the working classes; we have had Lord Curzon descanting on the glorious (and spurious) title-deeds of his order. But most significant of all is the speech in which Lord George Hamilton, blurting out on a platform what is in the mind of many members of his class, asked whether anybody wanted a little Welsh solicitor to manage the finance of the nation. "I am sorry," wrote Lord Carlisle to George Selwyn, when that ornament of the aristocracy was threatened with a rival candidate who was a timber merchant, "that this damned carpenter is giving you trouble. What idea can he have in his head outside a plank?" Lord George Hamilton feels exactly

in the twentieth century as Lord Carlisle felt in the eighteenth. The aristocracy forgets nothing. Government is still its own exclusive business, and those who are outside its charmed circle cannot buy a place in the direction of affairs by any talent or any virtue; they can only buy it by doing the pleasure of the aristocracy. It is this supreme pride of class, with its intoxicating illusions and its powerful stimulus, that explains the outbreak of the Peers. They are so profoundly immersed in the conviction that politics is their business, that all the glory of English life is simply the lustre they shed on their surroundings, that they assume that the nation will admire their violence. Just as the boisterous captain in "Evelina" thought that it was an honor to the wretched Frenchman to be rolled in British mud, so the gay English lord thinks that the nation rather likes being kicked, if only it is kicked by the boot of a Peer.

The pride of class is rooted in the history of the aristocracy. The aristocrat comes, as it was once well said, from a class that has always been accustomed to find its society welcome, and has therefore learned to move with grace and ease. But if pride of class is to be one of the springs of politics, is there any class that has less right to it than this? The humbler classes and races have, as Mr. Lloyd George said, a history no less ancient. They have a history that is far more innocent. If England is now a country of great estates, if she alone in Europe has no peasantry, if her laborers live under the shadow of poverty and hopelessness, with no rights over the soil they till, and no status in the village they inhabit, the fault does not lie at the door of the poor. It was not the poor who swallowed up eight million acres of common land in less than a century; it was not the poor who destroyed the small farms or threw down the cottages; it was not the poor who drove the laborer into the meshes of the Speenhanland system, and it was not the poor who built palaces out of the famine of the Great War. All Englishmen had ancestors living in the eighteenth century; it is the Englishmen whose ancestors were ruling in the eighteenth century who have to answer to the nation for those days of desolating pillage. If rapine is in the blood of any class, it is in the blood of this, and if any class has shown itself to be incapable of governing with justice and integrity, it is the class that would forbid those outside its close families to have any share in government at all. It is the supreme interest of this momentous election that the aristocracy which has all these sins against the public good on its conscience has attacked the self-governing rights of the nation in the name of the monopoly which it so flagrantly abused. This is the class that has started on a class war. This is the Vesuvius whose lava threatens to overwhelm our peace and our civilisation.

Life and Letters.

THE DUMP-SHOP.

To impose upon the minds of the more ignorant part of the electorate the conviction that "the foreigner" is our enemy, and that the Liberals are aiding and abetting

him in his insidious designs against our trade and our country, is the sinister task to which Conservative electioneering is addressing itself. The latest and most realistic mode of this suggestion is the Tariff Reform Shop in which the "dumping" iniquity of the foreigner is exposed by a windowful of various goods priced and labelled with their country of origin. The extent of this "conspiracy" is indeed calculated to alarm the spectator. So many sorts of foreigners are in it. Germany, indeed, as we might expect, is well to the front. She has the audacity to send us blankets, petticoats, socks, corsets, table-covers, linoleum, saucepans, soap, dishes, and, with a sardonic humor, honey-pots, besides a variety of other things which we are quite able to make for ourselves, but somehow are misled into getting Germans to make for us. But, grievous to relate, our cherished ally, France, comes next in the number and variety of her outrages. She not only throws on our market large quantities of lace, tulle, and other articles of taste and ornament, but has the effrontery to present us with a fireproof teapot. The United States inflicts a number of injuries, chiefly in glass and metal ware. But no nation is too small or too weak to refrain from similar insults. Here are kid gloves from Belgium, embroidery and lace from Switzerland, wine glasses from Bohemia, and, insult added to injury at such a time as this, spirit decanters from Sweden. Indeed, Sweden is detected of a crime of peculiar atrocity. If you visit the dump-shop in the Walworth Road, you will see set forth in visible enormity, a Swedish door sold at five shillings and sixpence, the knots cut out and stuffed with sawdust puttied over—a redoubtable sermon in wood.

A certain risk, no doubt, is involved in this realistic mode of suggestion. Intelligent passers-by, who may be electors, take note of many articles which, for lack of materials, skill, science, or taste, cannot be made at all, or made so well, in this country. Many of the goods are seen to be so common and so cheap that it would not pay an English firm to make them. Moreover, in a poor neighborhood the interests of the consumer are not easily stifled; and we saw many a hungry glance, especially from women, cast at the low-priced articles. Since the great mass of retail purchases are made by women, the woman elector, when she gets a vote, may surely be expected to safeguard, even more jealously than men, the consumer's interest.

The Tariff Reform shop is an interesting example of how a half-truth may conceal, or even pervert, a whole truth. For, if the other half of the trade involved could be set forth, the false suggestion would at once lose all its fear, and the beneficence of international trade stand manifest to the most ignorant man. The other half would be seen in Berlin, in Paris, in Philadelphia, in Basle, where a similarly constructed window would display the immensely more numerous and various sorts of British goods "dumped" on the French, German, Swiss, American markets in payment for the goods shown in the Walworth Road.

The whole "philosophy" of Protection, however, consists in ignoring the consumer and in confining attention to one side of every act of commerce. "If the foreigner gets the job, the British worker goes without," is the inscription scattered broadcast over the parade of foreign dumping. Each chair that comes from Sweden represents an English cabinet-maker done out of a day's work, even though the Englishman has done the best-paid work upon it; each German blanket takes away an English weaver's job. The reasoning is so simple when once the premise is admitted that there is only a given quantity of jobs to go round, and to the worker, absorbed in the immediate demands of a little local market, this appears a self-evident truth. So, when "the foreigner" sends in goods of a sort that could, and therefore should, have been made in this country, he has clearly done you out of a job. When, therefore, you and your companions are unemployed, you know it is because the foreigner has taken "your work." It is true that, if you could be taken to Berlin or Paris or Chicago, you would find plenty of foreign workers equally indignant because their Government, with all its pretended Protection, had

failed to secure the home market for them by keeping out British goods. British workers have taken their jobs.

But our Tariff Reformers are assiduous in keeping out of sight the other side. Their argument is one incessant demoralisation and derationalisation of commerce. Each article the foreigner sends us is an injury, even though we retaliate by inflicting a similar injury on him: the essence of international trade, as they see it, is a fight between rival nations for a limited and insufficient market. To support their view, a whole chain of lying suggestion has been woven. Not only does the foreigner take your job, he makes you pay his taxes. Every wall portrays the infamy of this proceeding. Here is the honest British workman turning in despair towards the adjoining poor-house, while just across the ocean stands the German customs house officer, carrying a bag swollen with English sovereigns which should have gone as wages to this British workman and his mates. Presumably the English exporter accompanies his goods across the ocean, carrying in English money the tax required to secure their entrance! At any rate, a flow of English gold (how procured it does not appear) is extorted by Germany from the wage-fund of English labor. What does Germany do with it? She uses it to build more "Dreadnoughts" for the purpose of invading our coasts. Why Germany should be so foolish as to contemplate killing the bird that lays so many golden eggs, is not evident. Apparently her malignity exceeds her greed. But the doctrine of this triple wrong is quite succinct. Germany takes our work, makes us pay her taxes, and intends to punish us for the damage she is doing us. Since within the last three weeks leading statesmen of the Conservative Party have committed themselves, separately, to each of these three positions upon unemployment, the incidence of a tariff, and the policy of Germany, it is no matter for surprise that the meaner sort of politician should rely upon these vile suggestions for catching votes.

It may, perhaps, occur to ask "What should the foreigner do, if he were a real gentleman and meant well by us instead of evil?" Ought he to keep clear of our shores and our markets altogether? No, for we require him to buy our surplus manufactured goods, and it seems a necessity that he should therefore sell something to us. The "dirty" foreigner, it seems, has a function in commerce, both as buyer and as seller. Providence designed him to buy from us certain sorts of fully manufactured goods. He should not be allowed to buy from us any articles which have not got a full complement of British labor in them. We should not sell him yarn; it is even doubtful whether we should sell him cotton or woollen cloth; rather we should aim at selling him the completed articles of clothing or of furniture. Even complete tools or machines we should withhold, because when he gets them he will use them to compete against us. So, too, we must not sell him ships, or he will steal our shipping trade, or coal to run his furnaces. He must be forced to buy such sorts of finished manufactured goods as he cannot use against us. On the other hand, he must send us only raw materials or foods, of such sorts as we cannot produce at home or in our Empire.

Since Free Trade and the natural play of international interests do not appear to secure this exchange, we must bring legislative "science" to bear upon the problem. By fiscal force we are to revert to the situation of seventy years ago, with England as the great workshop of the world, receiving from all other lands raw materials to be wrought into manufactured goods which they would purchase to our immense profit.

Such is the impossible, insane ideal which our Protectionist statesmen are preaching.

"OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US."

We have forgotten, else it would be impossible they should try to befool us. We have forgotten the terrible years when England lay cold and starving under the clutch of the landlords and their taxes on food. Terror

is soon forgotten, for otherwise life could not endure. Not seventy years have gone since that clutch was loosened, but the iron which entered into the souls of our fathers is no more remembered. How many old laborers, old operatives, or miners are now left to recall the wretchedness of that toiling and starving childhood before the corn-tax was removed? Few are remaining now, and they speak little and will soon be gone. The horror of it is scattered like the night, and we think no more of it, nor imagine its reality. It seems very long ago, like Waterloo or the coach to York—so long ago that we can almost hope it was not true.

And yet our fathers have told us of it. They and their fathers lived through it at its worst. Only six years have passed since Mrs. Cobden Unwin collected the evidence of aged laborers up and down the country, and issued their piteous memories in the book called "The Hungry 'Forties." Ill-spelt, full of mistakes, the letters are stronger documents than the historian's eloquence. In almost every detail of misery, one agrees with the other. In one after another we read of the quartern loaf ranging from 7d. to 11½d., and heavy, sticky, stringy bread at that; or we read of the bean porridge or grated potato that was their chief food; or, if they were rather better off, they told of oatmeal and a dash of red herring—one red herring among three people was thought a luxury. And then there was the tea—sixpence an ounce, and one ounce to last a family for a week, eked out with the scrapings of burnt crusts to give the water a color. One man told how his parents went to eat raw snails in the fields. Another said the look of a butcher's shop was all the meat they ever got. "A ungrly belly makes a man desprit," wrote one, but for poaching a pheasant the hungry man was imprisoned fourteen years. Seven shillings to nine shillings a week was the farm laborer's wage, and it took twenty-six shillings then to buy the food that seven would buy now. What a vivid and heart-rending picture of cottage life under the landlord's tax is given in one old man's memory of his childish hunger and his mother's pitiful self-denial! "We was not allowed free speech," he writes, "so I would just pull mother's face when at meals, and then she would say, 'Boy, I can't eat this crust,' and O! the joy it would bring my little heart."

We have forgotten it. Wretched as is the daily life of a large part of our working people—the only people who really count in a country's prosperity—we can no longer realise what it was when wages were so low and food so dear that the struggle with starvation never ceased. But in those days there were men who saw and realised it. The poor die and leave no record. Their labor is consumed, their bodies rot unnamed, and their habitations are swept away. They do not tell their public secret, and at the most their existence is recorded in the registers of the parish, the workhouse, or the gaol. But from time to time men have arisen with the heart to see and the gift of speech, and in the years when the oppression of the landlords was at its worst a few such men arose. We do not listen to them now, for no one cares to hear of misery. And we do not listen, because most of them wrote in verse, and verse is not liked unless it tells of love or beauty or the sticky pathos of drawing-room songs. But it so happens that two of the first who saw and spoke also sang of love and beauty with a power and sweetness that compel us to listen still. And so, in turning their well-known pages, we suddenly come upon things called "The Mask of Anarchy" or "The Age of Bronze," and, with a moment's wonder what they are all about, we pass on to "The Sensitive Plant," or "When We Two Parted." Or, as we pass, we may just glance at the verses and read:—

"What is Freedom?—ye can tell
That which slavery is, too well—
For its very name has grown
To an echo of your own.
'Tis to work and have such pay
As just keeps life from day to day
In your limbs . . .

'Tis to see your children weak
With their mothers pine and peak,
When the winter winds are bleak—
They are dying whilst I speak."

Or, turning on, perhaps, in search of the "Ode to the West Wind," we casually notice the song beginning:—

"Men of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay you low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,
From the cradle to the grave,
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood?"

And so to the conclusion:—

"With plough and spade, and hoe and loom,
Trace your grave, and build your tomb,
And weave your winding-sheet, till fair
England be your sepulchre."

Or else, in looking once more for that exquisite scene between Haidée and Don Juan on the beach, we fall unawares upon these lines:—

"Year after year they voted cent. per cent.,
Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions—why? for rent!
They roared, they dined, they drank, they swore they meant
To die for England—why then live?—for rent!

And will they not repay the treasures lent?
No; down with everything, and up with rent!
Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or discontent,
Being, end, aim, religion—rent, rent, rent!"

The men who uttered such lines were driven from their class, their homes, and their country. They were despised and hated, like all who protest against oppression and remind the smug world of uncomfortable things. But they were great poets. One of them was our sweetest singer, the other was, when he wrote, the most conspicuous figure in Europe, and the most shattering force. Even England, which cares so little for her greatest inheritance of passionate intellect, cannot yet forget them. But others who sang the same terrible theme she has long forgotten, or she keeps them only on the shelves of curious and dusty investigators. Such men, we mean, as Ebenezer Elliott, Ebenezer Jones, Ernest Jones, Thomas Cooper, William James Linton, and Gerald Massey, who so lately died. They were not high-born, nor were they shining poets like the twin stars of freedom whom we have quoted. Little scholarship was theirs, little perfection of song. Some had taught themselves their letters at the forge, some in the depths of the mine, some sang their most daring lines in prison cells where they were not allowed even to write down the words. Nearly all knew poverty and hunger at first hand; nearly all were persecuted for righteousness' sake. For maintaining the cause of the poor and the helpless they were mocked and reviled; scorn was their reward. The governing classes whose comfort they disturbed wished them dead; so did the self-righteous classes whose conscience they ruffled. That is the common fate of any man or woman who probes a loathsome evil, too long skimmed over. The peculiarity of these men was that, when they were driven to speak, they spoke in lines that flew on wings through the country. Ignidation made their verse, and the burning memory of the wrongs they had seen gave it a power beyond its own expression. Which shall we recall of those ghostly poems, once so quick with flame? Still, at moments of deep distress or public wrong-doing, we may hear the echo of the Corn-law Rhymer's anthem:—

"When wilt thou save the people?
O God of mercy! when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!"

Or if we read his first little book of rhymes, that may be had for twopence now, we shall find the pictures of the life that was lived under Protection—the sort of life the landlords and their theorists invite us to enact again. From his "Black Hole of Calcutta" we take the lines:—

"Bread-tax'd weaver, all can see
What that tax hath done for thee,
And thy children, vilely led,
Singing hymns for shameful bread,
Till the stones of every street
Know their little naked feet."

Or let us take one verse from the lines, "O Lord, how long?"

"Child, what hast thou with sleep to do?
Awake, and dry thine eyes!
Thy tiny hands must labor too;
Our bread is tax'd—arise!
Arise, and toil long hours twice seven,
For pennies two or three;
Thy woes make angels weep in Heaven—
But England still is free."

Or we might recall "The Coming Cry," by Ebenezer Jones, with its great refrain:—

"Perhaps it's better than starvation,—once we'll pray, and then
We'll all go building workhouses, million, million men!"

Or we might recall Ernest Jones and his "Song of the 'Lower Classes,'" where the first verse runs:—

"We plow and sow, we're so very, very low,
That we delve in the dirty clay;
Till we bless the plain with the golden grain
And the vale with the fragrant hay.
Our place we know, we're so very, very low.
'Tis down at the landlord's feet;
We're not too low the grain to grow,
But too low the bread to eat."

Or shall we take just one verse from the terrible "Easter Hymn," written by the same true-hearted prisoner for freedom:—

"Like royal robes on the King of Jews,
We're mocked with rights that we may not use,
'Tis the people so long have been crucified,
But the thieves are still wanting on either side.

Chorus—Mary and Magdalen, Peter and John
Swell the sad burden, and bear it on."

The iteration of the idea throughout the poem is tremendous in effect, and the idea comes close to Swinburne's ode, "Before a Crucifix":—

"O sacred head, O desecrate,
O labor-wounded feet and hands,
O blood poured forth in pledge to fate
Of nameless lives in divers lands,
O slain and spent and sacrificed
People, the grey-grown speechless Christ."

Time would fail to tell of Linton's "Torch-Dance of Liberty," or of Massey's "Men of Forty-eight," and there are many more—the utterance of men who spoke from the heart, knowing in their own lives what suffering was. But let us rather turn for a moment to the prose of a man who, also reared in hardship's school, had learnt to succour misery. Speaking at the time when Protection was biting and clawing the ground in the last death-struggle, and all men but the landlords hoped, Carlyle asked this question of the people:—

"From much loud controversy, and Corn-law debating there rises, loud though inarticulate, once more in these years, this very question among others, Who made the Land of England? Who made it, this respectable English Land, wheat-growing, metalliferous, carboniferous, which will let readily hand over hand for seventy millions or upwards, as it here lies: who did make it? 'We,' answer the much-consuming Aristocracy; 'We!' as they ride in, moist with the sweat of Melton Mowbray: 'It is we that made it, or are the heirs, assigns and representatives of those who did!'—My brothers, You? Everlasting honor to you, then; and Corn-laws many as you will, till your own deep stomachs cry Enough, or some voice of Human pity for our famine bids you Hold!"

So our fathers have told us, and we have forgotten. It is all very long ago, and the Protectionist says that times have changed. Certainly times have changed, and it was deliverance from Protection that changed them most. But if landowners have changed, if they are now more alien from the people, and richer from other sources than land, we have no reason to suppose them less greedy or more pitiful; nor can a nation live on the off-chance of pity. Seventy years ago the net encompassed the land. We have seen how the people suffered under its entanglement. In the sight of all, landowners and speculators are now spreading that net again. Are we to suppose the English people have not the hereditary instinct of sparrows to keep them outside its meshes?

THE ROMAN PARALLEL.

THE modern world has all but lost that rhetorical habit in which our great-grandfathers used to indulge, of basing their politics upon classical parallels. Our demagogues do not pose as reincarnations of the Gracchi. Our terrorists do not talk of Brutus. Our Imperialists rarely remember the proud consciousness, so common at the close of the eighteenth century, that the achievements of Rome are a warning and example. Yet the enlargement of the canvas of history has, in fact, made such parallels more natural than they were in earlier generations. Archaeology has pulled the four corners of the world together, and taught us to think rather in periods than in centuries. The lapse of time that divides us from the Punic wars is no greater than that which is covered by the rise and decay of the Minoan civilisation in Crete. We can dimly discern that the real epoch in that vast lapse of years was the passing of the age of bronze into an age of iron. We may suspect that to those who come after us and read our foreshortened annals under a few feet of accumulated refuse, the one significant fact in all the two thousand years which divide us from the rise of Roman dominion may be, neither the spread of Christianity nor the barbarian invasions, still less the Renaissance and the Reformation, but merely the use of electricity and steam. The "ancients" in our contemporary view of world-history are nearer to us than they ever were to Montesquieu and Gibbon. Catastrophes have dwindled in the new perspective into transient crises, isolated civilisations into continuous phases, and warring races take their stand in line like the torch-bearers of the Lucretian simile. Lord Cromer's comparison between "Ancient and Modern Imperialism," in the address to the Classical Association which Mr. Murray has published in book form, is an invitation to take this wider outlook, and to think, not only "Imperially," but "historically." We are midway in some process which will stretch far beyond our own day, only to figure in the chronicles of our race as one episode among the rest.

Lord Cromer works out his parallel with considerable erudition. There is here and there a human touch which reminds us that the man who wrote these pages was himself the successor of the Ptolemies and the Galli who had sway before him on the Nile. But his conclusion is on the whole that there is no parallel at all, or at least no parallel between the Roman and the British Empires which conveys a lesson or authorises a prophecy. He rightly excludes the self-governing colonies from the comparison. It is our Asiatic and our African dominions, and more particularly India and Egypt, which stand to us in something resembling the relation which bound the provinces to Rome.

Lord Cromer emphasises with an undue optimism, the difference in spirit between the two rules. We have never, since the East India Company was brought under Parliamentary control, levied a direct tribute comparable to that annual subsidy of wheat which Rome exacted from Egypt to feed her proletariat. Our pro-consuls have never, since the time of Warren Hastings, been accused of enriching themselves by extortion and corruption, and it would be difficult in the records of any modern Imperialism to find a parallel to the speech of that provincial governor who told a deputation of his subjects that he regretted only that he could not tax the air they breathed. But it would be hasty to conclude that the motive of financial exploitation is absent in our Imperialism. Even under the Romans the contractor, the usurer, and the monopolist were commonly more formidable than the governor who allied himself with them. The deliberate ruin of Indian industries for the conscious profit of English mills was the work rather of Parliament than of the Company. Statesmen and historians may affect to ignore the constant, silent pressure of the bondholder, the investor, the contractor, the land speculator, the younger son, and the pensioner, but these are the interests which have made Imperialism the accepted creed alike of the City bank and the country house. Our bureaucrats may control these forces as the Romans did not, and see to it that for every payment and profit

there shall be some corresponding service. But the financial motive behind Imperialism is none the less as potent in London as it was in Rome.

The real point at which any comparison breaks down is rather the second vital difference on which Lord Cromer insists—our failure as compared with the Romans to assimilate our subjects. The Gauls within a generation of the conquest were talking Latin and giving to their sons the name of Caius Julius. Spain required but a few generations of Roman rule to breed a Seneca and a Martial. The evidence of inscriptions in North Africa points to frequent inter-marriage and the wholesale adoption of Roman names by men of Carthaginian or Numidian stock. In such conditions the sense of foreign conquest must have died out almost as soon as it was complete. Nothing of the kind has happened in India; nor will it ever happen. There may be a sense in which French rule in Algeria or Annam is a little more genial than our own. The social separation may be a shade less absolute than it is in India. But in no European dependency to-day is such an assimilation of conquered and conquerors thinkable as took place under the Romans. It is easy to tabulate the reasons of the difference. The Romans were dealing either with peoples of Aryan stock as white as themselves, or with branches of the older Mediterranean race. Their easy polytheism scrupled at no interchange of gods. Neither color nor religion formed a barrier. Our conquests have confronted us with races which are obviously and physically distinct. They cannot, if they would, Anglicise themselves by a change of name. They have, as the Gauls and Spaniards had not, an old and elaborate civilisation which does not disappear even when it appropriates our science and our politics. Above all, they have a religion which neither yields to ours, nor permits of the more intimate forms of social intercourse. It is quite possible that the Anglo-Indian civilian would never have consented to meet the "natives" on equal terms, even had they been Christians. But it is also true that no Indian or Egyptian Mohammedan would allow his daughter to marry an Englishman, and that no high-caste Hindoo would break bread in his house without a sense of impurity and defilement. It would be interesting to follow Lord Cromer into his tentative speculations on the part which color has played in perpetuating this separation. We are inclined to think that color is rather the convenient badge and symbol of the antagonism than its cause. Egyptians are often white, or even pallid, when the sun-burn wears off, yet to the average Englishman they are a "colored" race. Turks from such regions as Bagdad are commonly darker than Egyptians, yet the most Imperial Englishman is ready to treat them as "gentlemen" and equals. Indians have at least features that betray our common racial origin; the Japanese, though less dusky, are far more obviously of a totally alien stock. Yet, among Englishmen at least, the color line is so drawn as to include the Japanese and exclude the Indians. It is rather the pride of conquest than the insolence of color which makes the separation. But whatever its ultimate explanation may be, the fact of a hopeless and irremediable separation remains. Our Empire is never likely to resemble that of Rome, because we cannot or will not assimilate our subject races. The conquered came to Rome first as slaves, next as teachers and as literary men, then as generals, and in the end as Emperors. Our polity, for all its smooth phrases and more recent reforms, is still in practice based on the principle of keeping the conquered in their place.

Lord Cromer's answer to the question whether an Empire which teaches while it does not assimilate, which shares knowledge but monopolises power, can hope to be permanent, is rather less positive than we should have expected from him. He clearly looks forward to the ultimate emancipation of Egypt at some period beyond our immediate horizon. To the question whether we can retain India he scarcely addresses himself. He argues rather that we must retain it, and even ought to retain it, though he looks forward to some extension of self-government apparently much beyond anything that is latent in Lord Morley's reforms, though still consistent with the retention of our effective supremacy. These

things are on the knees of the gods. But while we are dealing in parallels, there are some further points which it is necessary to emphasise. It is true, as Lord Cromer insists, that our rule is incomparably milder, honester, and more beneficent than that of Rome can have been even in its better periods. But it is also true that we carry with us, wherever we go, a standard and a political ideal by which our rule even at its best is tried and found wanting. When the Romans went to the Nile they went quite frankly for wheat; they did not profess that they had gone there to teach the Egyptians to govern themselves. They carried with them into Gaul and Spain, first the teachings of the Stoics, and then the consolations of Christianity. Stoicism was a philosophy of acquiescence and quietism; the early Christians taught passive obedience and a patient waiting for the Second Coming. Both creeds made for a humanitarian attitude, but neither made for revolt. We, on the contrary, have sown the seeds of nationalism and militant democracy, and set our subjects to read, not Epictetus and Antoninus, but Burke and Mill. And that is only the beginning. India and Egypt are Radical and Nationalist to-day. To-morrow they may go, as the Georgians and even the Persians are already going, to Socialism for their political education. Nor can foreign rule under the modern State ever again be what it was from the time of the Romans up to the decline of the Manchester school. It was at its best and its worst merely an organisation for the preservation of order and peace. It left the greater part of life untouched. It ruled the market-place and the open road, but it entered neither the home nor the school nor the factory. To-day the State, in India as in England, abandons this external attitude, to assume a function constantly more intimate and pervading, takes charge of health, regulates the growth of youth, and makes the conditions under which the worker earns his daily bread. The Oriental was indifferent to the drums and trappings of his conquerors, primarily because his conquerors left his daily life alone. The village community and the theocratic church were for him the important realities, and they survived all previous conquests. Our work has been to make the State a fundamental factor in his life. A Viceroy is not merely stronger than a Mogul; he rules and regulates where neither a Roman governor nor an Asiatic tyrant attempted to interfere. The next two generations will decide whether a State so intimate and so pervading can continue to be foreign.

THE SCHOOL OF THE ZOO.

It is one of our regrets that we never saw the educated chimpanzee, Sally, when she held her *At Homes* in the London Zoological Gardens. There have been apes with greater accomplishments, but these are professionals, highly crammed performers, while we shall always think of Sally as a lady who expanded like a flower in the serene atmosphere of home. Or, if a worse truth must be told, she wiled away her years of captivity by teaching herself the manners of her favorite keeper; and she produced, like the French prisoner who made a complete model frigate out of mutton bones, a work of art that cannot be equalled in the professional workshops of the world.

Lately, we asked a keeper in the present stately Apes' House whether Micky, the senior chimpanzee there, had been taught any of the tricks that Sally knew. He shook his head, and told us that that kind of thing was not now allowed in the Gardens. He seemed to think of the education of an animal kept as a scientific exhibit as a sort of sacrilege, and as such perhaps it is considered by those in authority in Hanover Square. There is believed to be no mean between the elephant that stands on its head and the ape that amused visitors by stirring its tea with a spoon, and so the line has been drawn at the ape. Even the sea-lion has ceased to get up in a chair for its meals, though it must be confessed that the high diving in the sea-lions' spacious new domain is far more entertaining than that was.

It is not that the present secretary has an entire objection to performing animals. In the introduction to Mr. Carl Hagenbeck's "*Beasts and Men*," * Mr. Chalmers Mitchell writes: "I seldom lose an opportunity of seeing exhibitions of performing animals," but he qualifies what might seem a strange avowal in one who has the guardianship of our Zoo by continuing: "Equally seldom do I enjoy the performance for long, except, perhaps, in the case of sea-lions, who appear to me to enjoy what they are doing." There seems, then, to be some ideal curriculum by means of which an animal should be enabled to show its trained intelligence without loss of dignity, and which might even become a feature of a collection like that at the London Zoological Gardens. There can, of course, be no question of loaded whips, hot plates, and the other tricks that disgraced the animal-trainer till Hagenbeck became a sort of animal Pestalozzi. That bad system was rooted in the time when even our children were submitted to a brutal coercion that defeated its own end—a terrific system that allowed for only a small and select survival of the fittest. There may still be cruel animal-trainers, as there are old-fashioned schoolmasters who would resort to the methods of Wackford Squeers if society did not watch them sharply. There are also impatient men who, against their better judgment, will spoil the lesson by striking unjustly. The knowledge is at least ours that the intelligence of the animal can best be reached and led out by means of kindness, and that rewards are a better stimulus than punishments. The ultimate punishment is expulsion from the class, and it is also an event that happens very early to an obviously unsuited animal, at any rate where the choice of substitutes is not too limited.

It is remembered, however, that in the days of undoubted cruelty on the part of animal-trainers they one and all made pretension that it was "all done by kindness." With his terrible instrument of reprisal disguised in tinsel, the lion-tamer seemed to put his charges through their tricks by dint of smiles and a noisy but harmless carriage whip. And there are sceptics to this day who go behind all appearances and protestations to the contrary, and suspect cruelty at the back of every result. The tricks of the stage animal seem too much outside the nature of the animals that perform them. They are founded, not on extensions of the animal intelligence, but impositions of a grotesque human demand. Even if cruelty has not produced such obedience, it is a cruel thing in itself to make an animal look so ridiculous. Whether it has been done by sugar or by red-hot bars, here is something as revolting in the animal as slavery in a human being, and it should be abolished for its own sake, without inquiry as to how it got there. It is an objection that rules out a large proportion of the circus programme. There is need for a committee of true animal-lovers to draw up an animals' education code.

But never, surely, will the animals at the Zoo become performing animals like those in Hagenbeck's great collection at Stellingen? We agree. But there are other possibilities. The Crystal Palace is vacant, and it has already been suggested that these fine grounds may become a second Zoo for the two or three million people living within reach on the south side of the river. There are already living animals there—in cages—a kind of animal slum compared with what Hagenbeck provides for Hamburg at Stellingen. Some of the teachings of Germany have borne fruit at Regent's Park, in the imitation rockery for sea-lions and mountain sheep, and in the out-door life given even to some of the sub-tropical animals and birds. Squirrels, once kept in tall roofed cages, are now in the open air, with short, unclimbable fences round them. Only a step is needed to enable visitors and lions to gaze at one another across an open ditch nicely calculated in depth and width to exceed the latter's leaping powers. It is an arrangement that has not all the advantages in comparison with bars, but it is one of the notes of the new Zoo. Incidentally, the ditch can economically bound a larger area than can well

* Longmans, Green, & Co.

be covered in with bars, and thus ensures for these great and active beasts a better allowance of fresh air and exercise.

It is in the interests of the animals rather than the public that we would suggest some measure of education in captivity. Nothing is more painful than to see a large-limbed and splendid tiger monotonously pacing to and fro in a narrow cage. He knows the exact dimensions of his quarter-deck, puts down each pad in exactly the same place, turns at the same exact moment and with the same toss of the head or down-saw of the chin. And this is often all that he has to do, day after day for months and years, by way of exercise—the essential of continued life. He would be better off even jumping through hoops once or twice a day or in learning some other variant of his monotonous tramp. The wolves can make a better appeal through that pampered friend of man, the dog. The town dog that has no rats or rabbits to run after is taught to take the artificial exercise of fetching sticks from a pond or playing hide-and-seek with the children in the park. In the house he learns to fetch slippers, to make conventional appeal for food, and in many other ways to "perform" for a master who cannot by any stretch of the imagination be said to exercise the cruelties of a trainer. We knew (alas! he is no more), a terrier that had learned to spell coffee with six barks, chocolate with nine, and express other wishes by means of similar conventions. Behind bars, like a Dingo at the Zoo, he would have worn holes in the floor by the precise setting down of his paws, as he walked one eternal circuit round a cage.

There are just three states of animal more or less available for study towards an understanding of the animal universe—the wild animal, the stuffed animal, and the animal in a cage. The stuffed animal is almost as interesting and as instructive as the animal in a small cage. In the wild, we can learn what a being becomes by force of constant and age-long circumstance. In a cage, we might learn what kind of an intelligence it has with which to respond to new circumstances. Almost in spite of every wish of ours to the contrary, all the animals in the Zoo tend to become performing animals. Each bear learns its own method of attracting the buns of visitors. The bear in the pit, too lazy to climb its pole, has an engaging way of lolling like an old man and getting buns thrown into its lap. Another stands up and opens its mouth, another rattles a bar like a dinner bell, a third plays the tambourine with a tin dish. So do the others perform, from the elephant to the squirrel, getting, no doubt, much benefit besides the doubtful one of varied food out of the excitement and interest of this manner of life. The sea-lions dive and field and race for their food; why may not those superb leapers, the jaguars, give similar exhibitions? We believe that the monkeys are quite glum and miserable when there are no human spectators in the monkey-house. It is thoroughly well known that the chimpanzee cannot live in captivity without a human friend. An hour's schooling every day would do many an animal captive a world of good, and add to the scientific value of many an exhibit. The dwellers in the Zoo have suffered an incalculable and, on the whole, unjustifiable robbery. One method of restoration is obvious enough, the enlargement of their liberty to the utmost extent possible to us. May it not be that there is another, the enriching of their lives by means of novel occupation, the guiding of their energies into channels of new scope and, above all, some measure of that human companionship that has made the lot of the dog not only tolerable but happy?

Short Studies.

THE BASIS OF THE WAGE.

THE oblong envelope stuck over the edge of the breakfast tray, looking very white against the coarse greyness of the cloth.

The woman moved forward swiftly from the door,

and grabbed it, picking feverishly at the flap. The envelope fluttered to the thready carpet, as she peered at the few typewritten lines, frowning to overcome the momentary spasm in her eyes. After she had read the letter she sat down in front of the tray, smiling a little.

She ate a little bread-and-butter, and sipped at a large cup of tea; but she kept looking at the letter beside her, reading it over and over again; and very soon she got up from the table. For a little while she stood staring at a remnant of pattern at the edge of the carpet, then she crossed suddenly to the mantelpiece, and looked into the mirror, which was covered with little brown spots. She frowned at the oblique hollows in her cheeks, and then into the reflection of her tired eyes. Presently she turned away and left the room.

When she returned, dressed to go out, the landlady was taking away the tray.

The woman spoke hurriedly from the doorway. "At last, I've had a reply; it's the last I answered—the cashier one."

The landlady stood, pressing the tray against her waistband. "I said you'd get one soon; and you would fret."

The woman's forehead wrinkled.

"Oh, I know," continued the landlady, "it isn't nice owing people money, and London isn't the best place to do it in neither, especially when you're alone in the world." Then she made a move to pass out. "Well, anyway, I 'ope you'll be successful; then it will be all right." She moved towards the door.

The woman was examining a pair of stained gloves, finger by finger. She looked up. "I hope so. But I've only been told to call so far. Thank you all the same, Mrs. Bassett."

The landlady turned at the open door. "Oh, you'll stand a good chance against most of them, I know," she announced, "though there's sure to be a lot."

"I'm afraid so," murmured the woman, as the landlady left the room.

As the clock of a church was striking ten, the woman stood in the gloomy entrance passage of a big block of offices, reading the rows of names painted on the wall. Men and women, hurrying into the building, jostled past her. With a slow movement of her eyes she read from the top to half way down the wall; then she turned, walked along the passage, and went up the stone stairs.

On the second floor she hesitated in front of a double, glass-panelled swing-door. Her chin went up with a little jerk as she suddenly stepped forward and pushed in.

On the left side, on a long bench, sat four girls who eyed her as she entered. She glanced at them and crossed to the counter, standing there gazing at the bowed heads of several men who sat writing at a long, high desk. While she waited, a girl came through a door in the partition on the right, made a little grimace of disappointment at the row on the bench, and passed out through the swing-door.

"Next!" called out a youth, coming to the counter and looking at the girls.

The girl next the counter got up.

The youth eyed the woman, carelessly. "Advertisement? Over there, please." He nodded towards the bench; then he returned behind the partition.

The woman sat down on the end of the bench away from the counter.

After a while the girl flounced out from the partition-door, frowning, and crossed to the bench. "Nine to seven," she muttered to the first girl in the row.

"Next!" called out the youth from behind the partition.

The first girl got up. "Nine to seven! Oh, dear!" she sighed. She smoothed down her short brown skirt and pushed up her hair off her forehead with a quick movement of her hands; then she passed through the partition-door.

The woman examined her gloved hands, back and front, gazed at the movements of the clerks at the high

desk, eyed the two girls next the counter, furtively; but she kept glancing every now and then at the partition.

So she sat waiting and watching.

As a girl came out through the partition, the youth called out, and the next girl went in; each time the woman moved one place nearer to the counter. At last she sat next to it.

Two more girls came in through the swing-door, one after the other, looked round, saw the woman on the bench, and came and sat down. While the woman was looking at them, the partition-door swung open. The last girl came out, staring blindly ahead. Her under lip trembled a little.

"Next!" called out the youth. "Quickly, please!"

The woman jumped up off the bench and went through.

"Straight along the passage to the door at the end," said the youth, half-turning from a row of speaking-tubes on the other side of the partition.

The woman nodded and moved swiftly along. At the door she hesitated; then her shoulders heaved slightly; she knocked and entered.

"Name?" asked a voice from behind a desk. "Please come forward."

The woman moved up to the side of the desk. "Madge Blenkinsop," she replied.

"Blenkinsop, Blenkinsop," repeated the man, turning a bundle of papers clipped together at the corner. "Blenkinsop, right," he added, without looking up.

The woman watched him as he read her application.

The man looked up; he leaned back in his chair and eyed her with a long searching stare. The woman looked at him, shifted her position, and looked away.

The man continued to stare. "Age?" he asked.

The woman looked back at him. "I'm twenty-eight," she answered.

"H'm. Done anything since this?" The man tapped the typewritten testimonials with the back of his fingers.

"I haven't been able to get anything," replied the woman.

"H'm," repeated the man. "You're a bit old." Then his voice changed to a sing-song utterance. "Cashier at our Camden-road Depot; nine to seven; twelve and sixpence a week; black dress." He looked up at the woman.

Her eyes clouded; and she looked down into the man's face, her forehead puckering. "Twelve and sixpence," she repeated.

"Yes; twelve and six," said the man, "and I've had about two hundred replies." Then his voice softened, as he watched the blank look on the woman's face. "You see, we expect our employees to be living at home. You are living at home, I suppose?"

The woman was staring away at the wall; she looked down at him with a jerk. "I beg your pardon," she said, hurriedly.

"I asked you whether you were living at home," said the man.

The woman nodded her head quickly several times, and swallowed, as if she had a lump in her throat; then she spoke quite slowly. "Yes; I am living at home."

"That's all right, then," said the man, moving in his chair. "You can start next Monday; 264a, Camden-road. Be there at nine. Good-day." He nodded at the woman, and turned to a speaking-tube by his desk.

"Thank you very much. Good-day, Sir," said the woman in a low voice. Then she turned and moved towards the door, walking slowly.

CHARLES INGE.

Letters to the Editor.

LIBERALS IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. W. J. Johnston, in your number of January 1st, writes a reply to my criticism of the previous week. I certainly cannot complain of the tone and good temper in

which he defends the *tertium quid* of Irish parties. I would very much regret that anything I wrote should be construed as placing obstacles in the way of those who are uniting in the advance towards higher ideals of democratic government in Ireland, and, above all, I would regret that words of mine could be interpreted as reflections on any religious body. What I have striven for in season and out of season for many years, is for the abolition of the political and sectarian tests that cripple a career of merit in Ireland. In common with the Nationalists throughout the country, I have advocated a policy of fair play for all sections, and in this way have waged war largely in the interests of Irish Nonconformists. I have spoken and written in strong terms against the formation of any organisation that perpetuates a system of government by jobbery, because I believe that such a system closes the door of advancement to the talented children of humble citizens, and in Ireland such a system must wreak most injury upon my native fellow countrymen. It has done so. It continues to do so. As far as in me lies, I shall struggle to stop it. I have not only noted, but I have fully appreciated, the history of Ulster politics in recent years. Events there have shown how the spoils system develops clique within clique. The Ulster Nonconformists were foolish enough to tie themselves to the anti-Irish faction in 1886. Fourteen years later they were complaining, with every appearance of truth, that while they bore the burden of the anti-Irish battle, in the division of the spoils the Nonconformist Unionists were given almost as small a share as the Popish Nationalists. It was this that originated the Unionist secession that commenced in 1900, and the split was assisted by the land question which affected a multitude of agricultural Nonconformists. I regret, when these people became sensible of the fact that they were being victimised by the official ascendancy, that they did not make common cause with their Nationalist neighbors, and did not seek to strengthen the Irish Party in their fight for fair play. The Ulster Nonconformists endeavored to form a second Unionist Party to fight the Tories for the privilege of dominating the Irish. In other words, oppressed by one ascendancy, they aimed at substituting another for it. It suited the Nationalists to foster this split. Proverbially, the falling out of the two sets of spoliators should have afforded an opportunity for the country to come by its own. I fear, however, that there is visible in the conflict very little advance towards the democratic ideal of equal opportunities for all classes upon their merits. Whoever won in this contest, we Irishmen were to be no better off than before. The fact that the dissentients from the official Orange Party ultimately assumed the name of "Liberals," did not advance the matter. One might call a tortoise a kangaroo for a long time before the animal would hop.

Mr. Johnston confirms my statement that it was in 1905 that the present body was formed. That, as far as I can see, is not an Ulster organisation. I have never been able to discover what is its policy. Are its members Home Rulers? Many of them, to my knowledge, are not. In spite of the Prime Minister's declaration, some of the "Liberal" candidates in Ulster are disclaiming Home Rule. Mr. Johnston tells us that Home Rule is not an essential tenet of the creed of Irish Liberalism. How a party with unsettled convictions on this point can be trusted to advise anyone on Irish affairs surpasses my understanding. Are they then united on the Budget? They are not. Many of them would vote against it. If they are not without principle, surely they should be able to state their principles. I said, and I see no reason to doubt it, that they band themselves together to seek to procure by political intrigue the appropriation of public offices that should be awarded to merit. It is certain that many subscribers are secured on this basis, and that a number of gentlemen of the most divergent political opinions appear on its platform in the expectation of using the organisation for their personal advancement. In everything, except in name, the workers of the new party imitate the Tories.

We Nationalists complain of this with reason. It is an obstacle to uniting all classes in pursuit of the common good that the Government at Westminster should farm out Irish patronage to any clique. There is no use depreciating the men who succumb to the system. The Irish cause is deprived of the services of many men of ability, especially in my own profession, who find that they cannot as

Nationalists compete for recognition against the most incompetent followers of the patronage-mongers. Money becomes an unpleasant factor in politics. Attempts are openly made to supplement by cheque deficiency of other claims. The standard of public life is degraded in the example set by the maintenance of such methods in the distribution of important offices.

I am sorry that Mr. Johnston is not able to correct my deductions as to the patronage policy of his new party, and I gather from the letter of a "Nonconformist Liberal" in your issue of this week, that he does not dissent from that policy which certainly has aroused my wrath, although I am not aware that it has excited my jealousy. I do not suppose that anyone with the smallest knowledge of Irish affairs can suggest that I am attacking political patronage, because I cannot command political influence on my own behalf. The suggestion would be true in the sense that we Nationalists undertake not to trade on our politics. Have the Irish Liberals any such precept for themselves?—Yours, &c.,

A. M. SULLIVAN.

Allone House, Dublin,
January 10th, 1910.

THE ARCHBISHOPS AND THE ELECTION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The Archbishops of Canterbury and York have recommended a form of prayer for the benefit of all electors of Members of Parliament, so that they may make choice of fit persons to serve in the Great Council of the Nation. In this prayer the archbishops declare that the vote is a "trust," and I doubt if anyone will dissent from that view. As a nonconforming member of the Church of England, I desire to express the doubt which I feel as to the use of this prayer having the effect which the archbishops manifestly intend. I am led to this doubt by the conduct of the Spiritual Peers on the Budget in the House of Lords. I assume that the individual members of the episcopacy regard their votes there as trusts, and also that before voting these twenty-six righteous men used prayer somewhat similar to that which the archbishops now recommend to be used by the commonalty. If this be so, then apparently their supplications did not avail much, and indeed had quite an undesired effect. Of the twenty-six right reverend fathers in God who had the trust of a vote, twenty-one did not execute their trust. They went not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. They may have been powerful in prayer, but they stopped at prayer. Do the archbishops desire an overwhelming majority of the electors for Members of Parliament not to record their votes? Is the mugwump or arm-chair politician to be our example of perfection? On the other hand five Spiritual Peers voted, and the record reads like a football score. Archbishops: For the Budget, 1; against, 0. Bishops: For the Budget, 3; against, 1. Of those who vote for Members of Parliament in the coming contests, do the archbishops desire a similar overwhelming majority in favor of the Budget? If not, are they prudent in recommending the use of this prayer?—Yours, &c.,

J. FLETCHER LITTLE.

1, Park Crescent, Portland Place, W.
January 12th, 1910.

RICHARD COBDEN ON WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—We are all aware of the part which Free Trade has played in the public life of England during the past century and of the association with it of the name of Richard Cobden, but few are aware that at this early period his convictions on the subject of women's suffrage were very definite. In 1845, in Covent Garden Theatre, he addressed one of the largest audiences during the Anti-Corn Law Agitation in these words: "There are many ladies, I am happy to say, present. Now, it is a very anomalous and singular fact that they cannot vote themselves, and yet they have a power of conferring votes on other people. I wish they had the franchise, for they would often make a much better use of it than their husbands." Again, in a speech in the House of Commons on July 6th, 1848, he narrated a conversation

"with a gentleman who was engaged in drawing up the Charter." This was, no doubt, Francis Place, who asked Cobden to support universal suffrage on the ground of principle. He replied: "If it is a principle that a man shall have a vote because he pays taxes, why should not also a widow who pays taxes, and is liable to serve as churchwarden and overseer, have a vote for member of Parliament?"

In 1860 Mr. Cobden, still adhering to his convictions in a letter to his friend Mr. Joseph Parkes, the father of Bessie Raynor Parkes, now Madame Belloc, who is still living, says: "My doctrine is that, in proportion as physical force declines in the world, and moral power acquires the ascendant, women will gain in the scale. Christianity and its doctrines, though not yet coming up to its own standard in practice, did more than anything since the world began to elevate women. The Quakers have acted Christianity, and their women have approached nearer to an equality with the other sex than any of the descendants of Eve. I am always laboring to put down physical force and substitute something better, and therefore I consider myself a fellow-laborer with your daughter in the cause of Women's Rights."

You Free Traders are doubtless also followers of Mr. Cobden in all the good ideals which he upheld. Amongst those stands pre-eminent the great principle that taxation without representation is tyranny.

At the last election, representatives of the housewife's industry—one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all industries—worked hard to return a Free Trade Government to power. Without doubt, it was the women of England who, mindful of the days of the hungry 'forties, knew that for them Protection meant less spending power in the family and home. Now is your opportunity to second women in their righteous endeavor to obtain citizenship, and thus secure their support in the present struggle for the constitutional rights of the English people.—Yours, &c.,

JANE COBDEN UNWIN.

Heyshott, Sussex,
January 10th, 1910.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CONVERSION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—There is a single sentence in Mr. Sidney Low's generous review of my book, "Broken Earthenware," to which it is necessary that I make reply; but before referring to this sentence and furnishing my answer, pray permit me to express my gratitude to Mr. Low for his brilliant and understanding notice of my book.

Mr. Low says that I am on insecure ground when I issue a challenge to science to perform miracles of "conversion"; and he refers me to a subject with which I happen to be well acquainted, medical hypnotism. Now, it is as true that hypnotism can occasionally turn an almost dipsomaniac, if he desire to be saved, into a teetotaller, as that Salvation Army conversion can turn a similar drunkard or a sensual monster into a saint. But, the immense difference! Science cures a malady; conversion creates a soul. Mr. Low's criticism, in fact, underlines the chief contention of my book. I say that science can save a man from himself, but cannot give him the impulse to save others. The whole wonder and the chief beauty of conversion, under the Christian influence, is that it renders fair what was foul, and afterwards creates in the converted and cleansed soul a resistless passion for saving other souls which are yet sunk in degradation and despair.

I do not think that it is either fair or wise to make a comparison between the mad and unreasoning fanaticism of the Mahdi's followers with the quiet, self-sacrificing, and most gentle tenderness of those Salvationists, men and women, who, without sounding a trumpet before them, devote their days and nights to nursing the sick, to comforting the sorrowful, and to saving the lost, in neighborhoods of horror and contagion. Mr. Low may account on physical grounds for the mental disturbance at the moment of "conversion," but who of us will dare to attempt on purely human grounds an explanation for the beauty and the sublime devotion of the after-life?—Yours, &c.,

HAROLD BEGGIE.

Carbis Bay, S.O.,
January 12th, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—There are many points of interest raised by Mr. Sidney Low in his article on "religious conversion," in your last number. Mr. Low has before him Mr. Harold Begbie's records of a number of conversions in a slum district of London, and he acknowledges the marvellous reforms which are spoken of, most of them, as he notes, being from alcoholism and other forms of extreme sensual indulgence. And he then proceeds towards a conclusion which, from the point of view of religion, is of a most seriously sceptical character. For he equates these changes with the changes due to mental suggestion and hypnotism. The point of these latter changes is that there is not any real object before the mind of the experient; there are only internal perturbations of his own being—even when these are induced by suggestions coming from other people, and therefore originating externally to the patient, they are not really objective, *e.g.*, if a hypnotiser suggests that the patient is a King or the Lord Mayor and should behave more becomingly, the influence takes place, although the patient is neither of these exalted personages. But in many cases the suggestions are quite self-made, and have no external existence in any shape or form. Now it is Mr. Low's contention that the conversions from alcoholism by the preaching of a Divine promise of forgiveness and spiritual help are quite parallel to the above, and would take place even if such promise is quite fictional; in short, that false beliefs are as effective as true ones in producing mental reformation.

This contention is a very common one in our time, especially with people connected with medical studies or taking interest in psychological inquiries. Psychology is taken as capable of giving full and complete answer to the problems of reality. It would be a very serious difficulty in the way of establishing religious truth if this contention were valid. For it cuts away the real veracity of the experience to which religious thought makes its appeal, and closes the gate against all reference to God and to our relationship with Him.

I trust that this momentous subject will be discussed in your pages. For myself, I offer this counter-statement: that a revolution in the soul which is to be of a healthy and a permanent kind can be effected only by rescuing the mind from fictions and from its own unaided efforts for self-guidance by placing it in contact with the real spiritual order of the universe. I maintain that in a healthy state the mind is never self-fed, so to speak; it knows the difference between its own creations and realities, between its own power, and lack of power, and the power which surrounds it, and on which it can draw for support. It may from time to time be misled by its own fancies or be despondent in its times of weakness; but over a long course of years and through a continued course of experience, health, insight, and vigor can come only from contact with what is real.

Now, the conversions on which religion relies are not simply sudden changes taken apart from the subsequent history of the converted men and women, but those in which we have before us records of subsequent health, vigor, and happiness. The records of religion abound with instances of men who, after conversion, have been so unquestionably healthy, so notably sane, and so eminently vigorous, that we acclaim them as types of what man is capable of being. For example, I can think of no healthier and stronger types of human character in quite humble circumstances of life than those recorded in the "Lives of the Early Methodist Preachers"; veritable leaders of men among the strong characters of England from the Yorkshire dales to the miners of Cornwall in the eighteenth century. If these, and others like them, were merely subjects of fictional suggestions, whether induced by John Wesley or evoked in their own minds, on a par with hypnotised patients recalled from mental alienation by Charcot and his assistants, we seem in face of the grim conclusion that there are fictions more effective of sanity and vigor, more beneficent for individual souls and for social welfare generally, than reality itself. We should have to accept the strange conclusion that the unconverted men who accept as the only truth that they are morally failures and wrecks, left to themselves for all hope of reform, are in a superior position to those who lend themselves to the influence of fictitious suggestions, either generated by their own fancies or imposed on them by the

will of other people. This would indeed be an abandonment of all belief in the rationality of the universe.

We grant that minds under delusion or in hysterical or abnormal nervous situations can be rescued by the intervention of baseless suggestions for the moment; but that they can settle down into permanent sanity unless they are presently brought into contact with realities is neither probable nor proved. And I affirm that the conversion of men from moral degradation, or simply from weakness of will or from poverty of moral ideals, into men of high aims and of well-knit moral constitution, takes place precisely because they are rescued from a realm of self-delusion and self-dependence, full of fictions, deceits, and vanities, and placed within a realm of highest reality by the moral order of the universe. In effecting solid and permanent conversions, religions—for it is not only Christianity which is concerned—are all of them effective, because they bring to bear some truths about the Divine order of the world, and place converted souls in the light of these truths, and under the influence of the Spirit which is the source and the essence of reality itself.

There are other considerations to be brought to bear against Mr. Low's contention. I hope that your readers will not fail to accept your invitation to the discussion of this widely-prevalent tendency to abandon trust in that rationality of the universe on which true religion takes its stand.—Yours, &c.,

A. CALDECOTT.

King's College, London,
January 6th, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—There is a suggestive analogy to the psychology of conversion in Aristotle's "Ars Poetica." There he tells us that the two conditions of a good drama are Anagnorisis (recognition) and Peripeteia (revolution). In a perfect drama such as the "Oedipus Tyrannus" these two coincide. At the turning-point in the play Oedipus recognises himself for what he really is—the murderer of his father (*ἀνagnωρίσις*)—and his circumstances and character undergo a revolution (*περιπέτεια*), as we see in the "Oedipus Coloneus."

So in a real conversion: A man recognises himself as ruined and guilty, and through that self-knowledge begins to know God; his character and often his circumstances are revolutionised. Conversion is the recognition and revolution which changes life from a chaotic and often a filthy dream into a well-ordered drama in which not self, but Christ, is the protagonist, and the best way to understand conversion is to be converted: πολλοὶ ναρκήφοροι, παύροι δὲ βίχχοι.—Yours, &c.,

C. F.

January 12th, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Low asks how we shall explain the psychology of conversion, and he proceeds to answer his own question. He says that it is the power of suggestion and hypnotism which turns criminals and degenerates to habits of decency, order, and honest living. I venture to think that Mr. Low is mistaken in attributing conversion to the power of suggestion. There are many in every class of society who have experienced conversion, and who are prepared to affirm that the force by which the change is wrought is the power of personality. Suggestion is doubtless the first step, but suggestion acts on the mind, while the influence of personality operates on the soul. In other words, it is the influence of the living personality of Jesus Christ on the life of the individual that causes the change and produces character and a mind in approximation to the mind of Christ.

In the cases of the criminal, drunkard, and bully, conversion is explained by the same power—life-giving spiritual contact with God himself—but here the way is opened for that influence to operate by powerful suggestion, sometimes of a sensational and emotional nature. We find countless cases of conversion in the Salvation Army meetings and in the churches of all denominations, whether Nonconformist, Anglican, or Roman. But the force behind the change is the same in all cases. It is the vitalising power of personality operating on the soul of man. And what power can

be more regenerating and more permanently illuminating than continuous living intercourse with Jesus Christ who is surely the Son of God?—Yours, &c.,

C. LYALL COTTLE.

Warren Drive, New Brighton,
January 3rd, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The article of Mr. Sidney Low greatly impressed me. Conversions have all the fascination of mystery for the psychologist. As a scientist he is obliged to face them precisely as he has to face the mental phenomena of the child, the eccentric, the insane, the hypnotised subject, &c. Any facts of the human mind, be they normal or abnormal, must find a place within the region which he explores. The most daring explorer in this region comes often to a sudden halt by reason of the difficulties lying across his path. Thanks to the concentrated attention bestowed in recent years on the abnormal phases of the mind, and the labors of the psychical Research Society, much fresh light has been shed on this dark region. Professors Starbuck and James amongst others have done much in directing attention to the subject of conversions. On strictly psychological grounds neither these authors nor anybody else have succeeded in tracing them to their exact cause. They remain more or less a problem. To refer them to "suggestion," or to the operation of the subconscious self, does not bring us much nearer the problem. What takes place in the mind of the convert Professor James would seem to regard "as results of the tension of subliminal memories reaching bursting-point." (*Varieties*, p. 236.) Furthermore, he says: "If the grace of God miraculously operates, it probably operates through the subliminal door, then. But just *how* anything operates in this region is still unexplained." (*Varieties*, p. 270.) He appears to think that the subconscious self is the mediating term between the Self and God (p. 511).

It would no doubt simplify the problem if all conversions were alike; but they are not alike. Conversions are endless in their variety. Moreover, as a word, conversion is variously applied, and we are apt to confound meanings and things. From a loose use of the word we make a class of converts who only resemble one another in a few things, and, perhaps, the least important things. "All is not gold that glitters." The slum "converts," the patriotic converts of Japan, hypnotised converts, and Charcot's hysterical women, reveal certain common elements as the result of their conversion. But is there no fundamental difference between the Salvation Army converts and the others named? I believe there is.

The power which converted the slum drunkards and debauchees twenty centuries ago converted St. Paul, who had not been a drunkard, "but was blameless in the eye of the law," and who wrote so profound and intellectual a letter as the Epistle to the Romans.

The same power, through St. Paul's ministry, converted the matter-of-fact Roman and the wise Greek. This power must be something unique. I fully agree with Mr. Begbie that only religion can bring about real conversion. To co-ordinate religion with hypnotism and patriotism would be convenient, no doubt, in a scientific interest; and no objection could be urged against such arrangement, were it shown that religious conversion is not essentially different from a mere naturalistic process, such as hypnotic "conversion." But are not the conversions which Mr. Begbie describes something other and higher than a naturalistic process? In other words, are they not miracles of grace?

Mr. Low concludes his excellent article thus: "We may believe in miracles, but we ought not to expect them." My answer is that we do believe in miracles; and, somehow, we cannot do without them.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES EVANS

(Presbyterian Minister).

7, Bowen Terrace, Brecon,
January 13th, 1910.

"WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—At the close of your article on "What We Are Fighting For" in *THE NATION* of 8th inst., you commiserate

the unfortunate parents of sons, who see some form of compulsory military training before their boys. But are you sure you rightly gauge the feelings of the modern father and mother on this question?

In the days of our fathers the individual citizen looked for very little from the State, and felt that he owed correspondingly little. The ideal was perfectly consistent. A man educated his sons at his own expense, fed and clothed them till they were self-supporting, and had no one else to look to, to support him without dishonor in his old age. The State had done little more for him than to let him grow—like Topsy—so was it not enough if he rather grudgingly paid the taxes necessary for the upkeep of an army and navy of hirelings to defend the State?

Now, however, everything is changed. Our sons will be educated at the expense of the State, they will be fed at school at the expense of the State, and booted too, if we parents but take to drink or get into trouble. Their interests as workmen will be protected by the State to a degree which their grandfathers would have considered oppression, they will be relieved by the State of responsibility for our old age, and will be assured of pensions themselves in their declining years.

And yet you, sir, expect us, the State-assisted parents of the State-fostered children, to grudge it if our sons are required in return to train themselves to defend the State in times of urgent danger. If this be the teaching of modern Liberalism, I confess I am disappointed. It can produce but a poor, mean-spirited race of men, and, as you truly observe, "every country gets the government it deserves." There are some of us, however, who have a different ideal for our sons.—Yours, &c.,

"A MOTHER OF SONS."

January 11th, 1910.

[Free service to the land of one's birth is one thing; conscription is another.—ED., *NATION*.]

THE INDIAN POLICE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I point out, with reference to your article on the character of the Indian Police, that the sentence of imprisonment for life on Mr. Savanbad was not, and could not have been, passed by Mr. Jackson. His connection with the case was that he committed the man for trial before the Sessions Court, where the prisoner was convicted and sentenced. A Sessions Judge has no executive duties, and no connection with the police administration. You will find the fact stated in the "Bombay Gazette" of December 25th, and as for the law you may take it from me, as an old Sessions Judge.—Yours, &c.,

F. C. C.

January 10th, 1910.

LONDON LIBRARY SUBJECT-INDEX.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Seccombe's admirable article on Dr. Hagberg Wright's Subject-Index of the London Library must needs be highly appreciated by all who are associated with the London Library. But there are in Mr. Seccombe's article one or two inadvertencies which it seems desirable to correct.

Mr. Seccombe says that he has looked in vain for Hudson's works under the heading "Birds." As a matter of fact, one of Hudson's books appears under the general heading "Birds," while three others appear under the heading "Birds, England."

Your article asserts that the names Thierry and Vinogradoff are missing under the heading of "History of England," whereas Thierry's work is noticed, not only under the general entry, "England, History," but under the special headings, "England, History, 450-1066. Anglo-Saxons, &c. (later works)." "Norman Conquest, Northmen, and Normans," and "William I. of England."

Professor Vinogradoff's books are to be found under the headings "England, Social Life," "Feudalism," "Land, England," and "Manors."

Thackeray, the absence of whose name from the heading "Dandies" is deplored by Mr. Seccombe, duly appears there.

Mr. Seccombe's remark that "Military History" is scantily represented may be accounted for by the circumstance that he has overlooked the two headings, "Army" and "Regimental History," which, in very liberal detail, supplement the general entry.

The library unfortunately lacks the work by Le Clercq, which your reviewer misses from the entry "Mauritius."

The preliminary "Notes" explain that works of fiction have been deliberately omitted from the Subject-Index, and are only included in the "Authors' Catalogue." This regulation explains Mr. Seccombe's failure to find *Erckmann-Chatrian* noticed in the Subject-Index under the heading "Alsace-Lorraine."—Yours, &c.,

A MEMBER OF THE LONDON LIBRARY COMMITTEE.
January 11th, 1910.

THE MANNERS OF THE PEERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As an old-fashioned Tory who reads your journal, chiefly, I must confess, for the sake of Mr. Galsworthy's articles, appearing at too infrequent intervals, I beg the courtesy of your columns to protest against the extraordinary hendiadys, "their stable-talk and their Eton manners."

These words occur in an article headed, "Our Lost Romance," a contribution which, in my amateur judgment, is too flamboyant and not wholly free from class prejudice. Hitherto I could never have imagined anyone penning such an expression of opinion.

I consider, sir, that Eton is one of our greatest institutions, and that every right-minded Englishman should be justly proud and jealous of her glory and her reputation. Your own journal of February 22nd, 1908, contains a review appreciative of our leading public school. I cannot profess to compete with your writer in his knowledge of "stable-talk." I should, however, imagine that John Bull would find it refreshingly free from cant and a pleasing contrast to the sanctimonious purrings of Salem Chapel.

Not the least service which Eton has rendered to the world has been the long line of warriors, governors, and statesmen whom she has given us. In past years most of our statesmen have been her sons. I venture to think that if all the members of the present Cabinet had enjoyed the privilege of being Etonians, certain Georgics would have gained in dignity and reserve, although I suppose they would have lost those crude and over-painted portraits of Land and Property, those colored cartoons, which, during the last few months, have slightly astonished and mildly amused cultivated Europe.

In my humble opinion we could with advantage to the dignity and tone of our public life have very much more of Eton, and the type for which she stands, and completely dispense with the new comic "School for Scandal." To-day more than ever England needs to be reminded of the words of Burke: "Nobility is a graceful ornament to the civil order. It is the Corinthian capital of polished society. 'Omnes boni nobilitati semper favemus' was the saying of a good and wise man. It is indeed one sign of a liberal and benevolent mind to incline to it with some sort of partial propensity. He feels no ennobling principle in his own heart who wishes to level all the artificial institutions which have been adopted for giving a body to opinion, and permanence to fugitive esteem."—Yours, &c.,

STANLEY WIGHTMAN.

Stannetts, Fulwood, Sheffield,
January 8th, 1910.

WHAT IT COMES TO.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—To get a clear view of the issue now before us, it is necessary to call to mind the exact words of Lord Lansdowne's motion: "That this House is not justified in giving its consent to this Bill until it has been submitted to the judgment of the country." The pretence that the Lords wished to consult the people about the Budget is not believed by anyone. Nevertheless, this is the pretence, this is what was said, and since it is, to return a Unionist majority to power is to give the House of Lords ultimate control over taxation.

Surely, very obviously, by the very act of returning the Unionists to power, the People would be approving of the Lords consulting them now. Fortified by this approval, the Lords, the next time they disliked a Budget, would consult the People again. If the People voted against them, this second time, the Lords would say "We agree"; but they would consult the People on a third occasion; nor could there be any complaint of their doing so.

All the People could say would be this: You consulted us once, and we said "Yes." You consulted us on another occasion, and we said "No." You now consult us a third time to know which it is to be this time. There could be no possible complaint, and a right thrice exercised would be completely established.

It comes, then, to this, that if the Unionists are now returned to office, the Lords obtain the power to reject a Budget when they please, and, with this new power, as of course, the power of dismissing Governments when they please. But this power of life or death over Governments means in practice that Governments will consult the Lords, that continually Governments will alter their Budgets to please the Lords.

These are conditions which no Democracy can accept and remain a Democracy, which no Democracy in the world, and, least of all, the free Democracy of England, would permanently accept.

The House of Lords is not a representative Chamber. It is out of touch with the People. It represents wealth, the class of wealth; and, therefore, if the People give the House of Lords control over taxation, England enters on what must become a long and weary class war, the most hideous and rancorous of all possible class wars, a class war about the incidence of taxation. The Lords do not wish the class they represent to suffer the additional taxation of the Budget; they prefer, as it is said, that there should be a "broadening of the basis of taxation."

Were this policy carried out we should have a people saddled with the miseries of an embracing tariff, gradually sinking deeper into the power of the Trusts, forced to fight elections to get a shilling off one necessary of life and sixpence off another, pestered by the din of competing factions talking for ever of finance.

No doubt, ultimately the People would win, because ultimately they would stake everything to win. They would win when their trade was dislocated, and when the old good feeling between class and class in England was gone.

Is it possible to conceive a more horrid battle, or any greater folly than that the People should not end it before it has begun by striking from the shoulder now?—Yours, &c.,

A. A. JACK.

January 5th, 1910.

CHILDREN'S CARE COMMITTEES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I wish to bring to your readers' notice that it is proposed to form a Guild consisting of members of Children's Care Committees, who are anxious to make these bodies an efficient organisation for carrying out and extending the work entrusted to them in connection with school feeding, medical treatment, after-care, and generally interesting themselves in the children while at school and after leaving.

To promote this object, it is proposed to carry out special investigations into matters such as feeding centres, and methods of selecting necessitous children, with a view to making practical suggestions, and bringing defects to the notice of the London Education Committee.

Members of Care Committees willing to join, and other persons interested, are requested to send their names to Miss Maud Davies, 25, Hogarth Road, Earl's Court, S.W.—Yours, &c.,

B. L. HUTCHINS.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LICENSING LAWS IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—On Friday last a special meeting of the Liverpool Justices was held for the purpose, primarily, of receiving a deputation to present a memorial upon the subject of the disparity existing between the yearly convictions for drunken-

ness in Liverpool and the convictions against licensees for selling drink to drunken persons. The official statistics for 1908 show in Liverpool 10,500 prosecutions for drunkenness, of which 97 per cent. resulted in convictions. On the other hand, only 26 licensees, or 28·8 per cent. of the 91 proceeded against, were convicted for selling drink to drunken persons and other breaches of the licensing laws.

It is well to remember that this subject is not one for Liverpool alone; what obtains here prevails all over the country—the same glaring disproportion between the persons convicted for drunkenness and the licensees convicted for the transgression of the licensing statutes. These are the figures for 1908 (the last available from the Home Office Blue Book): Proceeded against in England and Wales for drunkenness, 209,691, and 164,623 of these convicted; licence-holders proceeded against for the infringement of the Licensing Statutes, 2,065, and of these 1,124 convicted!

It cannot be controverted that the administration of these statutes is far from being as satisfactory, thorough, and effective as the nation has every right to expect. It constitutes a public scandal. The magistrates all over the country, notwithstanding the reactionary Balfourian Act of 1904, have still much power vested in them, which, if strenuously exercised, would do much for the repression and abolition of drunkenness in the land. We have it from the highest authorities that the function of the magistrate in these matters is to protect the public against the publican. However, the magistrates everywhere, generally speaking, only discharge the function perfunctorily. It is useless to offer excuses—such as blaming the grocers' licences and the clubs. The great majority of the unfortunate persons convicted annually for drunkenness are made intoxicated on licensed premises. The police are not encouraged by the magistrates in these cases—too often they are discouraged. They will tell you: "What's the use of bringing charges against licensees? The magistrates are reluctant to convict—and will not convict." In his charge recently to the Grand Jury at York, Mr. Justice Bucknill commented on this very subject, and went so far as to suggest the need for the appointment of "inspectors" or "detectives" to devote the whole of their time to watch licensed houses. The matter is of such serious importance to the nation as to make it incumbent to investigate and overhaul the present system of administering the licensing laws of the magistrates of this country. If a Royal Commission for the purpose were appointed, it would have a salutary effect, for its proceedings would throw a lurid light on how the present system is administered.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH EDWARDS.

Liverpool, January 10th, 1910.

Our Younger Poets.

II.—FREDERICK NIVEN.

I.

NORTH DEVON.

OVER there the churchyard is:

The old square steeple

Stands above the old gray stones

With their old-time names—

Selicks, Acklands, Babbacombes.

That green slope is Silence's;

There he dwells with the dead people,

Having hushed their laughs and moans,

Ended all their prides and shames

In their six-foot homes.

It is quiet there: when rain comes

The green grass shines through:

When the rain goes the bee hums

And the blackbird pipes too.

But the quiet is not ever broken

Even on Sabbaths by the worship, or the bell:

There hath Silence set his unseen token,

Set his spell.

And here too, here beyond these sleeping
On the other side the rusted, mossy wall,
Here comes Silence also softly creeping
With his unheard foot-fall.

By the nettled and black-berried byeways,
By the lanes, and on the climbing highways,
Even to this highway's end where it goes down
Over cliffs where gulls and foam are blown,
Wanders he from his walled, green Sanctuary,
To the immemorial sea.

II.

HER SERVANTS LOOK ON THE LITTLE MOTHER FROM BETWEEN THE TAPESTRIES.

SHE sitteth there in calm and storm
Weaving upon her loom.
She is so child-like in her face,
Although she hath a god-like grace,
One wonders who hath taught her all
Her mastery of line and form.
Her quiet singing in the room
Blends with the sound like soft foot-fall
Of faeries, as the shuttles weave. What weaveth she?
A king's proud mantle or a pall?
What symbols, and what tapestry?

The sun shines in, the light of storm;
She weaves upon her loom.
Hush! Look; she hath a wondrous face,
Our queen; behold her radiant grace.
She weaveth gladly, for us all,
As she hath woven her sacred form,
Out of her soul. Hush! Her foot-fall!
She riseth up to cross the room. What weaveth she?
The soul's fair cloths, the body's pall.
Hush; hence; let drop the tapestry.

III.

TO THE MYSTERY.

THESE be the things that move my heart,
Thou knowest why:
*A pool; a stream where sunbeams dart;
The song the stream makes flowing by;*

*The gleam of pebbles in the stream;
The wavering light:*
I dipped, and found a stone; the gleam
Passed, as the sun-glow does at night.

Ah me! I was like dotterel Death;
He culls in vain:
What he desires evanisheth
Even as he plucks—is God's again;

*A voice beloved: it sang a strain
Of old dead years.*
My heart was full of joy—and pain:
The silence after touched to tears.

They were too beautiful to pass—
The voice, the air;
Ah! How the rose-leaves strew the grass,
And how the transient things are fair!

*Roses: my heart is as a home
Where every rose,
Being so loved, might fluttering come
When wind-cast from its garden-close.*

Ah God, or Zeus, or Mystery,
Let us thus come,
She whom I love, who loveth me,
When kind Death envies us—come home.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books, which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"A History of English Poetry." Vol. VI. By W. J. Courthope. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

"The American People: A Study in National Psychology." By A. Maurice Low. (Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

"The Evolution of Worlds." By Percival Lowell. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Ancient and Modern Imperialism." By the Earl of Cromer (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

"L'Évolution des Dogmes." Par Charles Guignebert. (Paris: Flammarion. 3fr. 50.)

"Notes d'une Voyageuse en Turquie." Par Marcelle Tinayre. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy 3fr. 50.)

* * *

NOTWITHSTANDING the imminence of the General Election, a steady trickle of books is pouring from the press, and one or two of the publishers have issued their preliminary announcements. The most promising of the new books in Mr. Murray's list is called "An Eighteenth Century Correspondence," and will contain a selection of letters addressed to Sanderson Miller, of Radway, an architect who took a leading part in the pseudo-Gothic revival. Miller's correspondents included the elder Pitt, Deane Swift (cousin and biographer of the great Dean), Charles Jenkinson, Robert Nugent, Lord Dacre, Sir Edward Turner, the Grenvilles, the Lytteltons, and others of distinction in the days of George III. The letters written by the Grenvilles and the Lytteltons are said to give a good picture of the private lives and characters of men who have up to the present been known chiefly in their public capacity. The book should also throw some light upon the inner politics of the period, since in it such topics as the Broad Bottom Administration, the Oxfordshire Election of 1754, and the execution of Admiral Byng, are freely discussed.

* * *

AN important literary event of the season will be the publication through Messrs. Longmans of "The Letters of John Stuart Mill," which have been edited, with an introduction, by Mr. Hugh Elliot. The letters cover the period from 1829, when Mill began to put on paper the rough outline of his "Logic," to his death in 1873. Mill was a great letter writer, and as his correspondents included many of his great contemporaries both in France and England, a book of the highest interest may be looked for.

* * *

THERE is not any obvious connection between malaria and poetry, but the subject of Paludism, to give malaria its scientific name, will in the near future be able to claim its poet. Major Ross, who was engaged upon medical research work in India from 1881 to 1889, has not only written a medical treatise, "The Prevention of Paludism," but also a volume of poems inspired by the same theme. The latter book is to be called "Philosophies," and both will be published shortly by Mr. Murray.

* * *

MANY people in this country will be surprised to learn that the United States possesses an Academy. That institution was founded in 1898, and up to the present has pursued an unobtrusive and useless career. It has, however, now come into greater prominence, for Congress has just granted it a charter, and a volume of its proceedings is announced. Needless to say, it enjoys the approbation of Mr. Roosevelt, who is one of its members. Its forty-four other members number among them several politicians, college presidents and professors, a considerable number of artists, and a few literary men. It sets a good example to our own British Academy in ignoring such picturesque professions as the Church, the Army, the Navy, and the Stage. Its duties have not yet been defined, but it is expected that its chief use will be to furnish a bead-roll of distinctions. A writer in the Chicago "Dial" goes so far as to imply that it has been called into existence by a feeling on the part of Americans that they need an intellectual aristocracy possessing some sort of title-deeds and thus capable of being recognised by the ordinary person. "We talk," he says, "a great deal about democracy in America, but it looks to me as though we were making a quiet, disguised, but determined effort to create an aristocracy. And quite rightly in a way. We begin to

want some tangible evidence of the existence of the best. The idea of a society composed of people of achievement and renown begins to appeal to us." Possibly in some hundreds of years the American Academy will fulfil these hopes, but the British Academy's present lack of prestige inclines one to the belief that only by tradition can such a body gain influence in the world of letters.

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MR. G. K. CHESTERTON'S "Thackeray" is a notable addition to Messrs. Bell's "Masters of Literature" series. The series is intended to give, in separate volumes, extracts of some length chosen from the writings of the greatest authors. Each volume contains an introduction, and Mr. Chesterton upon Thackeray is suggestive as well as epigrammatic. As regards the silly discussion about whether Thackeray was a cynic, Mr. Chesterton seems to us to be quite right. "The argument," he says, "is a mere logomachy, the trick of taking a vague word and then asking if it applies precisely. If cynicism means a war on comfort, then Thackeray, to his eternal honor, was a cynic. If it means a war on virtue, then Thackeray, to his eternal honor, was the reverse of a cynic. It is absurd, in this sense, to call a man cynical whose whole object it is to show that goodness, even when it is silly, is a healthier thing than wickedness when it is sensible. The truth in the accusation is probably this: that his vile characters are drawn a little more vividly than his virtuous characters." And Mr. Chesterton adds that, in the small, artistic sense, the same is true of Dante.

* * *

THE judgments passed by Mr. Chesterton on the great novels will not be accepted by all Thackerayans. "Esmond" is the one work of Thackeray "which is, in the somewhat artificial modern sense, a work of art." But it is "a high and chaste tragedy, which one reads through with reverence and austere profit. . . . Over the great Queen Anne romance there broods a peculiar conviction that Queen Anne is dead." There is truth in this, but the real Thackerayan reads "Esmond" over and over again, and reads with enjoyment undiminished either by reverence or austere profit. Less open to question is the statement that "it is both the strength and the weakness of 'Vanity Fair' that it produces on the mind (I might say even on the nerves) the same impression of mixed voices and almost maddening competition as a crowded square on a market day." For our own part—it is purely a personal preference—we like "Pendennis" better than any of the others, and we hold Mr. Chesterton to be quite right in describing it as "an epic, because it celebrates the universal man." Arthur Pendennis's love for Miss Fotheringay is First Love, "the veritable divine disease which seems a part of the very health of youth"; his being plucked at Oxbridge is the recurring ruin of the pride of youth, "the eternal prodigal among the eternal swine." Messrs. Bell are to be congratulated on the excellence of the earlier volumes in their series, and those still to come are full of promise. These include "Emerson," by Mr. G. H. Perris, "Dickens," by Mr. Thomas Seccombe, "De Quincey," by Mr. Sidney Low, "Hazlitt," by Mr. A. V. Lucas, and "Sterne," by Mr. Sidney Lee.

* * *

WHENEVER the history of the second-hand booksellers of the nineteenth century is written—could there be a subject of more interest to the book-lover?—a large space will have to be found for the achievements of Mr. Bertram Dobell. For Mr. Dobell has not only attained distinction in his profession, but has also added greatly to our knowledge of the Elizabethan poets and dramatists. He has rescued from oblivion quite a number of old plays, he has been the first to print Strode and Traherne, he has taken from the files of the "London Magazine" many until then unidentified contributions by Charles Lamb, he has been of service to the unfortunate author of "The City of Dreadful Night," during that poet's lifetime, and done more than anyone else to secure his fame after his death, and lastly, he is the author of critical essays and of a couple of volumes of verse. The reader who wishes to inquire further into Mr. Dobell's achievements will find them set out in a pamphlet written by Mr. S. Bradbury, and called "Bertram Dobell: Bookseller and Man of Letters." He will be convinced that Mr. Dobell deserves to be held in high honor in the world of books.

Reviews.

THE PHILOSOPHIC DESPOTS.*

THE latest volume of the Cambridge Modern History covers the period between the Peace of Utrecht and the Revolution; but as the American War of Independence and the decline of the French Monarchy have been dealt with in previous volumes, it is in itself an incomplete record of the eighteenth century. Yet the main lines of development are firmly drawn, and the character and achievements of the *sacculum rationalisticum* clearly exhibited.

The era which opened with the death of Louis XIV. witnessed a remarkable shifting in the relations and significance of the actors on the European stage. Turkey is pushed steadily back, Sweden withdraws after the sensational performances of Charles XII., Holland becomes the shadow of a great name. In England the Hanoverian dynasty inaugurates a generation of peace, while France turns with relief from the stifling formalism of the Grand Monarque to the licence of the Regency and the golden bubbles of Law. The combatants in the great struggles that had arisen from the ambition of Louis XIV. allow themselves a breathing-space. But the age of Walpole and Fleury would not in any case have lasted very long in a world of restless intrigue and unsatisfied ambitions; and when the Emperor Charles VI. died in 1740 and was succeeded by his daughter, Maria Theresa, Europe plunged once more into a series of wars which lasted with little intermission till 1815.

The seizure of Silesia by Frederick the Great ranks with the partition of Poland among the indefensible acts of modern history. Its author indeed did not seriously attempt to defend it, cynically remarking that the jurists would no doubt invent a justification for his action. Mr. Atkinson bluntly calls it "outrageous," and there we may leave it. A much more controversial topic is Frederick's conduct in commencing the Seven Years' War in 1756. The orthodox Prussian tradition holds that though the king struck the first blow, the real responsibility for beginning the struggle lies elsewhere; and, when this view was sharply challenged some years ago by Max Lehmann and Delbrück, a fierce and bitter strife broke out among German historians. The difficulty arises partly from the immense volume of diplomatic materials that are gradually being unearthed from almost every Chancellery in Europe, partly from the uncertainty as to how much each State knew of the plans and relations of all the rest, and partly from the slow progress of the negotiations that led up to the momentous alliance between Maria Theresa and Louis XV. In the present volume Dr. Emil Daniels sums up strongly against Frederick. His mobilisation of half the army and the marches which it undertook had, he declares, "no object but that of sounding an alarm in order to force Austria into warlike measures which might furnish Prussia an excuse for attacking. For, as a matter of fact, it is out of the question that Frederick should have felt himself menaced. He knew, of course, that something was in progress against him, but he also knew that he had no reason for apprehending within measurable time the conclusion of an offensive alliance against Prussia." The question of responsibility is important, for the war was one of the bloodiest and most useless ever waged; but it is somewhat more complex than this passage suggests.

Frederick the Great not only represented the rise of Prussia into a Great Power; he also created the type of "Philosophic Despot" which was the outstanding feature of European statecraft in the eighteenth century. The "Aufklärung" is of peculiar interest because it made itself felt in the world of politics as well as of thought, and used autocracy no less than radicalism as its instrument. In the present volume we meet it almost exclusively in its former aspect. "The intellectual note of the century," say the editors, "is that of enlightenment; in other words, the self-confident revolt of the trained human intellect against tradition for tradition's sake and against whatever that intellect holds to be superstition or prejudice. In the great majority of European States, which were under strong monarchical rule, it was unavoidable that enlightenment, if

it asserted itself at all, should prevail through the authority of a benevolent despotism."

The first and greatest of these autocrats was Frederick the Great, on whom all the others modelled themselves; but Frederick owed not a little to the work and example of his father. The traditional caricature of Frederick William I., based largely on the untrustworthy memoirs of his daughter Wilhelmina, has given place since Ranke to a juster estimate of the founder of the Prussian State system, and Dr. Daniels sketches his reforms in administration and finance with great lucidity. The devotion to duty which made the philosopher of Sans Souci describe himself as "le premier domestique de l'état" was learned from the father, whom he had come fully to appreciate before his premature death; his genius and his interest in literature and philosophy were his own.

The admirable chapters on Joseph II. and Catherine the Great should be read after those on Frederick the Great, for the three rulers stand out as the supreme examples of a special type. The distinguished Belgian historian, Professor Hubert, has drawn the portrait of by far the most attractive of the trio with skill and sympathy. No royal figure in modern history possesses a more pathetic interest than Joseph II., if only because he is the classic example of the ruler who fails because he is before his time. "His reforms," writes the Professor, "if for the most part fundamentally just, were not introduced with fitting discretion; but it is impossible to mistake either the purity of his intentions or that deep love for his fellow-men which was his inspiring motive. The violent animosity aroused by him was due, above all, to the fact that his projects injuriously affected all privileged persons of whatever class—and privileged persons are always hostile to any man who dares lay hands even on the most questionable of their prerogatives. Most of his reforms have been put into practice since his day, and there is scarcely one which has not triumphantly endured the test of time and experience." The portrait of Catherine is naturally much less pleasing; but Professor Höttsch, of Posen, reminds us of her brightness and kindness, and declares that her virtues far outweighed her shortcomings. He makes it clear, however, that her brilliant reign contributed virtually nothing towards the advance of European civilisation among the mass of the Russian people, from whose world she lived throughout in complete estrangement.

Though the kernel of the volume is formed by the enlightened autocrats and their States, other countries are in no way neglected. Dr. Ward opens the story by a brief dissertation on the coming of the Hanoverians, on whom he is the greatest living authority, and Mr. Temperley presents us with a sketch of Walpole which avoids equally the eulogy of Lord Morley and the severity of Lecky. Mr. Armstrong writes on France and Spain, emphasising the achievements of "the Termagant" Elizabeth, whose remarkable career he has traced in his well-known biography. Poland under her Saxon kings, Russia before Catherine, and Sweden under Gustavus III. are described by Mr. Nisbet Bain, whose recent death is a grave loss to history. The tragic story of Struensee and Caroline Matilda of Denmark, the "Queen of Tears," is judiciously related by Mr. Reddaway. Special prominence is given to India, the fortunes of which, from Baber to Warren Hastings, are related in a long and useful chapter.

The volume closes with sketches of the romantic movement in European literature, and of English political philosophy from Hobbes to Hume. The latter, by Mr. A. L. Smith, wisely concentrates on a few leading thinkers, and clearly marks their respective contributions to sound thought. The chief advance lies in the gradual development of an historical sense. "The great subject of the origin of government is handled on much sounder lines; it is seen to be a thing of slow growth. A true historical method is beginning to emerge. All this is a preparation for Burke."

FIELDING, THE MAN.*

THE contrast between the works of Fielding and of Richardson reflects almost too closely and symmetrically the contrast

* "The Cambridge Modern History." Vol. VI. "The Eighteenth Century." Cambridge: University Press. 16s. net.

* "Henry Fielding." A Memoir including newly discovered letters and records, with illustrations from contemporary journals. By G. M. Godden. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 10s. 6d. net.

between their lives. Fielding passed through all kinds of vicissitudes in the various careers that he essayed; Richardson knew only one most lucky misadventure, the losses of his father, which turned him from a prospective parson into a printer's apprentice. Fielding was often in want. Richardson's progress as a successful man of business was almost uninterrupted; he printed the Commons' Journals, became Master of the Stationers' Company and law printer to the King, and retired to the house on Parsons' Green, that had afterwards another famous tenant in Burne Jones, with a considerable fortune. Fielding died, his ebbing life tortured with anxiety for his wife and children, before he was fifty; Richardson lived in serene comfort to seventy-two. Fielding indulged the tastes of his vigorous nature with a zest that shortened his days and undermined a constitution as hardy as that of Charles Fox; Richardson was a vegetarian and a teetotaler. Fielding took rain and sun alike, and knew how "to court the clouds of the south-west with a lover's blood"; Richardson's life, like most of his work, breathes a sheltered and artificial calm. Richardson the man is not a particularly interesting study, but his art presents one extraordinary problem. Nobody has explained satisfactorily how the author of one of the most immoral and sycophantic romances in existence, which taught that marriage with an aristocratic rake was the highest reward of the prudent chastity that had withstood his violence, could have risen to the sublime splendour of "Clarissa." A penetrating and original study of Richardson's genius would, therefore, be more welcome than a full biography. Fielding's work, on the other hand, if much of it is bad or indifferent, because it was hack journalism and hack play-writing, the shift of poverty, is much more of a piece. But his adventurous life has been wrapt in shadows and doubts, and it would be more interesting to learn about that life than to read an inspired criticism of his novels. It is Fielding's life that is the subject of Mr. Godden's book, and recording, as it does, the results of new and careful researches in a clear and agreeable manner, his book will be read with great satisfaction and interest. It is also adorned with some thirty reproductions of rare and interesting eighteenth-century prints. One of them contains the only sketch of Fielding, drawn during his lifetime, that is known to exist.

Mr. Godden has reconstructed Fielding's boyhood from certain Chancery proceedings preserved in the Record Office. Fielding's father married for his second wife an Italian lady, who was accused of being a Catholic and of having kept an eating-house. The result of a long lawsuit instituted by Henry Fielding's grandmother, Lady Gould, was to withdraw Henry and his brother and sisters from their father's custody, and to put them under their grandmother's guardianship. Fielding, whose education had begun under the clergyman who sat for Parson Trulliber in "Joseph Andrews," was at Eton when this decision was given, and accordingly his holidays were henceforth spent with Lady Gould at Salisbury. At Eton he formed a friendship with Lyttelton, which lasted through his life, and among his other schoolfellows were Henry Fox and Pitt, to whose oratory he paid a stately tribute in "Tom Jones." Pitt was one of a little party to whom Fielding read the manuscript of his great novel. Fielding's adventures began almost before he had left school, for it was while still a Chancery ward that he tried to carry off a beautiful heiress in Dorsetshire. Three years later, when he was twenty-one, he had entered on life in grim earnest. He found himself in London, with an allowance of £200 a year from his father, which "anybody might pay that would," with the alternative careers before him, as he put it, of a hackney writer or a hackney coachman. How hard he worked in the first of these professions may be judged from the fact that between 1728, when his first play appeared, and 1734, the year of his marriage, he wrote thirteen plays. These employments were diversified by a period of student life at Leyden, where his name appears in the University records of 1728 and 1729. Mr. Godden is unable to throw any further light on this chapter of his life. In 1734 he married Charlotte Cradock, of Salisbury, the original of Sophia Western and of Amelia, and they began a common life of struggle and courage and passionate devotion, which ended with her death ten years later. For a brief moment, indeed, the sun broke in on their poverty. Mr. Cradock, from whose will Mr. Godden gives us an extract, left all his money to Charlotte, cutting off her sister with a shilling precisely in the manner

of Amelia's mother. Fielding and his wife were then able to live for some time at his little estate at Stour. Fielding's biographer, Murphy, said that by his magnificence and pomp he ran through his money quickly and gloriously, but Mr. Godden thinks that the picture is exaggerated. At all events their life at Stour was brief, though, fortunately, it was long enough to supply Fielding with models for Parson Adams and Squire Western.

The next two years of Fielding's life were given up to political drama. He took the little French theatre in the Haymarket, and employed all his wit and invective in support of the distinguished Opposition that fought Walpole with unrelenting fury down to the day of his fall. Fielding was a congenial ally in such warfare for men like Pitt, Chesterfield, and Lyttelton. Mr. Godden, by the way, enters so heartily into their case as to do rather less than justice to their unattractive opponent. But this chapter of his energetic life was closed by the Licensing Act of 1737, and Fielding's thoughts reverted to the Bar. In November, 1737, he became a student of the Middle Temple. Even Mr. Godden has been unable to discover much about his life or the life of his family during the next two-and-a-half years, except the record of the sale of his estate at Stour in 1738 for £260. At the close of 1739, he emerges once more into politics as the journalist, attacking Walpole with all his old energy three times a week in the "Champion." This genial occupation he combined with his new profession, though unfortunately little can be learnt of his career as a barrister beyond the fact that he attended the Western Circuit.

In 1740 there happened an event which was not more important to Richardson himself than it was to Fielding. "Pamela" appeared, took London by storm, rushed through four editions, and provoked Fielding to write "Joseph Andrews." The original parody was soon merged in the larger plan of the novel, and Fielding had discovered his art. But he was not yet free from the necessity of hack writing, for "Joseph Andrews" only brought him £183 11s., and the production of the next years included, besides "Jonathan Wild" and the "Journey from This World to the Next," a medley of miscellaneous writing. In the autumn of 1747 his wife died at Bath, an overwhelming blow that nearly destroyed his reason. After another plunge into political journalism, and another experiment at the Bar, Fielding settled down in 1748 to the final phase as a Westminster magistrate. It was amid the cares of this office, which he administered with a devotion to duty that can only be called heroic, that Fielding published "Tom Jones" and "Amelia." To the very last he kept his indefatigable spirit, and perhaps no part of Mr. Godden's book is more interesting than his account of Fielding's arduous life at Bow Street. He published during those years his scheme of a Labor Colony, and for some time he conducted the "Covent Garden Journal," in which he tried, so he expressed it, to serve the noble interests of religion, virtue, and good sense. In 1754, quite broken down by his labors, he resigned office, and sailed to Lisbon, accompanied by his second wife. There he died in the autumn.

Mr. Godden's book is extremely interesting in showing how large an element of personal experiences and impressions contribute to the actual drawing of character in Fielding's novels. Richardson was a story-teller from boyhood. Fielding wrote from what he had seen of life, and he wrote we may add, with a great moral purpose. Mr. Godden's book shows that his most conspicuous quality was a courageous and unsparing public spirit. If he was a hack writer, he was never a hack politician. He lashed classes and vices as he saw them, in play, pamphlet and journal, and it was with the same zeal for truth and sincerity that he painted the manners of his day. The difference between him and Richardson from this point of view was, in the range of subject, the difference between a Hogarth and a Reynolds. Fielding wanted his readers to understand what kind of a society was eighteenth century England. When a country is governed by one class, that class sees about as much of the world in which it lives as can be seen by a dark lantern; it sees, that is to say, the shadows thrown across a single path of light. This was all that aristocratic society knew of the poor. As Fielding put it, after describing the misery and squalor of the poor in London, "That such wretchedness as this is so little lamented, arises from its

being so little known; but if this be the case with the sufferings of the poor, it is not so with their misdeeds. They starve or freeze or rot among themselves; but they beg and steal and rob among their betters." Fielding did not see only the England of the aristocracy, or only the England that its aristocracy saw; he did not assign to each class, like a Wilberforce, its proper virtues, recommending to the poor patience and subordination. He drew a faithful picture of the England with which hardship and adventure had made him familiar. He saw the rich without any of the illusions of a grand atmosphere, and the poor without any of the illusions of that sentimentalism which became a fashion in the eighteenth century, and even invaded the pages of French official reports on the peasants. Any reader of "Tom Jones," or "Joseph Andrews," might have learnt how justice was administered to the poor in an English village, how universal was the effect of the worship of rank and wealth in creating the sycophantic vices, how brutally the squires sometimes lorded it over their neighbors, how ruthlessly they protected their pleasures. In his novels, as in his life, he was the great critic of cant; but he was not so bitter as to be unjust. There is a rare sympathy, if there is a rare irony, in his art. He had strong prejudices on religion, and they are not suppressed in his pages, but they are not the prejudices of a man who is ignorant of life, or has been shut up in a tiny world. He was the prose Homer of human nature, as Byron called him, just because his magnificent and exuberant imagination could roam over a great territory of imagination and of life. As we read Mr. Godden's memoir we may be thankful that fortune had tossed into such strange situations one whose mind and sympathy could sweep over so wide a landscape.

ONE SIDE OF INDIA.*

THIS account of India is the result of three or four visits made by a German officer who travelled with good introductions to high English officials, and never troubled to look below the surface of official society. The book is of interest to the tourist, because the writer saw what every tourist sees, and formed the impressions that everyone forms who glances at India in an easy-going and complacent spirit. It is exactly the spirit that officials all the world over like to find in their visitors, and we cannot wonder that the Count was everywhere received among Anglo-Indians with a hospitality for which he pours out his gratitude in almost every chapter. For he draws just the picture that official classes would like to be presented to the world, and, indeed, to a large extent, they themselves believe to be true.

It is the picture of a handful of men and women from a fine and dominant race toiling disinterestedly day and night for the guidance and government of ignorant and spiritless multitudes, and maintaining their position by the prestige of inflexible justice, benevolence, and courage. So long as the dominance of race is maintained without question, there is room for patronising condescension and the forgiving amiability that grown-up people show to children at Christmas. It is the ideal of Mr. Kipling rather than of Mr. Joynson-Hicks, so far as the two can be distinguished. We mean that the commercial reasons for holding India, and the necessity of holding it by the sword, are not insisted upon with brutal frankness, but something noble and inspiring is assumed both in our purpose and our means. Nor can anyone deny the attractiveness of the ideal. If the people of one continent are to be held in subjection by a race far away in another, our method of doing it in India is probably the best yet discovered, and it has been accompanied by considerable material advantages for our subjects as well as for ourselves. The picture of a scattered band of officials and soldiers maintaining justice and order with great self-sacrifice in a benighted land is, as we said, attractive: it is the ideal of our best Anglo-Indian servants, and it is the picture given us by such books as this.

Twenty years ago it would have been truer than to-day, and there are moments when even Count von Koenigsmarck

perceives he is speaking of a past age. The land is no longer either so benighted or so submissive, and the Count heartily regrets the change. "From a position of independence to one of presumption," he says, "is only a step," and "to what lengths," he asks, "will Indian education and prosperity and English toleration lead us in the end?"

"The days when a native stepped off the pavement or pulled up his cart to give the foreigner precedence are back-numbers. . . . Up country, maybe, a certain halo still surrounds the white sahib; the ever-increasing propaganda of the towns has, however, robbed it of a good deal of its aforetime glamor. . . . Among Mohammedans, Hindoos, and Parsees we meet people of a high standing of education and culture, men who matriculate at English universities, who have graduated in the languages and sciences of the West, who travel in Europe or America, who every year undergo their 'cure' in Homburg or Karlsbad, who take advantage of every amenity of the West. They wear European clothing, and live in close contact, both socially and in business, with the foreigner. But it is just these who at heart have remained most Indian of all. 'Home Rule' is their secret watchword."

Though the passage is quite misleading as to the motive power and meaning of the Swadeshi movement, we see in it that form of the Anglo-Indian spirit which expects a "native" to take off his shoes, never to enter an English compound with a carriage or umbrella, and never to travel in the same railway compartment with Europeans. In fact, we see in it precisely the root of those bad manners which, as Lord Morley has said, are disagreeable everywhere, but in India are a crime.

Of the growing sense of nationality and the deep unrest that is permeating all parts of India, far below the English-educated classes, the Count has noticed hardly anything. To him, as to the Anglo-Indian of ten years ago, it is all a little matter of "ink-slinging baboos," and, after an occasional sneer, he proceeds cheerfully with his shooting parties, his well-worn descriptions of the Taj, and his ecstasy over official dinners and British hospitality. With the real "natives" and their beliefs or manner of life he is singularly incapable of any sympathy. He sees little in Benares except its supposed insanitary condition, and nothing in its symbolic and beautiful forms of worship except "the shipwreck of human reason final and complete." He is even so ignorant of Indian feeling as to suppose the "natives" to be stingy and incapable of pity for the poor.

"At the portals of the shrine," he writes in Delhi, "beggars stretched their skinny arms out towards me. They live on the strangers; for there is no living to be made out of the lachrymal duct of their compatriots. India's soil has never been productive of the tender plant of pity."

Sentences like these show such blindness to perfectly obvious truths that the writer's comments on the peoples of India and their mind can always be disregarded, and, indeed, he does not trouble himself much about the peoples of India at all. He stayed at Baroda, for instance, but has not a word worth saying about the famous Gaekwar, certainly one of the most conspicuous men in India at the present time. For the rest, as an account of familiar tourist resorts and certain superficial aspects of Anglo-Indian society, the book is worth looking at, and it contains a few good photographs.

THE ENIGMA OF PASCAL.*

It would be an interesting and a useful task to do for Pascal what Miss Grace Norton has done for Montaigne, and bring together in a single volume the most suggestive of the judgments that have been passed upon him from his own day to ours. What a many-colored crowd would jostle one another in its pages! Racine and Bossuet, Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Lafayette, Voltaire, Condorcet, and Vauvenargues, Villemain and Victor Cousin, Prévost-Paradol and Chateaubriand, Sainte-Beuve and Scherer, Leslie Stephen and Dean Church, Brunetière and Sully-Prudhomme—all of them have felt and expressed the attraction of Pascal. And there is little cause for astonishment in this. Pascal touched life at several points and left upon them indelible marks of genius. The achievements of the solitary student are landmarks in the history of mathematical science. The man of the world and of fashion

* "A German Staff Officer in India." By Count Hans von Koenigsmarck. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

* "Pascal." By Viscount St. Cyres. Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.
"Blaise Pascal: A Study in Religious Psychology." By Humphrey R. Jordan. Williams & Norgate. 4s. 6d. net.

wrote a "Discours sur les Passions de l'Amour" which, as a psychological study, was unique in his own time and would be remarkable at any time. The fervid ascetic launched against the Jesuits a succession of controversial pamphlets from which the Order hardly recovered for a period of two centuries, and which, though concerned with a long-extinct controversy, may still be read with enjoyment. Voltaire declared that there was as much salt in the first of the "Provinciales" as in Molière, and that Bossuet contained nothing more sublime than the last. Finally, he left behind him the fragments of a work which, even in its incomplete state, is at once a manual of devotion, a philosophical classic, and the most telling of Christian apologetics.

But if Pascal can claim the world's applause for what he did, it is through his own personality that he most wins our attention. Like Newman, he belongs to the class of the sceptically orthodox, that small band of those who, holding that "the heart has reasons which the reason knows not of," have, in the interests of faith, used the weapons of reason to dethrone reason. This line of thought has led some into a sentimental pietism; others have found it the road to sheer agnosticism. Pascal employs all his psychological observation and keen dialectics to convert it into the strongest bulwark of orthodoxy. Reason, he says in effect, is a prey to a thousand passions and emotions which it fails to recognise and which, none the less, load the dice and bias all its conclusions. Take, first of all, Imagination:—

"She is the lying spirit in man, a mistress of error and deception, all the more treacherous because she is not always so; for she would be an infallible rule of truth, were she an unvarying liar. This proud enemy of reason delights to lord it over her foe, just to show how absolute is her power. She makes the intelligence doubt, affirm, deny. The senses wake or sleep at her bidding. She has her favorites and her wastrels, her rich and poor, her learned and unlearned; for, although she cannot give wisdom to a fool, she can make him happy.

Who but this capricious faculty decrees respect to persons, laws, achievements? She is the mainspring of nearly all the actions of everyone; for reason is routed and the wisest must fain take the caprices of his neighbors as his rule."

Imagination not only colors our judgments but decides what ideas will find a lodging in our minds, for, as Viscount St. Cyres paraphrases Pascal, they "do not attract us because our intellect thinks them true, but because our imagination finds them piquantly new or picturesquely old." "Think," says Pascal, "of the Sultan in his superb seraglio, surrounded by forty thousand Janissaries. Pure indeed must be the reason that sees in him a mortal man."

And imagination is not by any means the only foe of reason. Among many others there are two especially powerful, custom and self-interest. The latter is the concealed but determining factor in a great number of our judgments, and it is ably supported by that innate conservatism of the human mind which goes by the name of custom.

"We are not swayed by proof alone. It merely appeals to the reason; whereas custom appeals to the senses, and these drag the understanding after them without giving it time to reflect. Hence we must look to custom for our deepest, strongest proofs. It has made many a Christian; it makes Turks and Pagans; it determines walks in life. Intellectual convictions are worth little if the mechanical side of our nature is set in the opposite direction: we must win over the whole self. So soon as we know where truth lies we must ask custom to soak and steep us in that belief. For we cannot always be carrying proofs about in our mind; it is much easier to believe by force of habit. This uses neither violence, nor artifice, nor argument; but all unconsciously it brings a certain bias into play, and into that our mind falls naturally."

So convinced was Pascal of the power of custom over the mind, that, in the famous passage of the Wager, having proved to his sceptic that he has no choice but to wager on one side or on the other, he urges him to act as if he already believed. "Go on as others have begun, take holy water, have masses said, &c. Naturally that will make you believe and will stupefy you (*vous abêtira*)."

"But," says the sceptic, "that is what I am afraid of." "Why?" Pascal answers him, "What have you to lose?"

Viscount St. Cyres defends this attitude of Pascal. It does not mean, he says, that a man may lawfully hocus himself into accepting a creed which he knows to be untrue; "all Pascal maintains is that our 'machine'—our instincts, habits, associations—will never keep pace with our brain unless we call in custom to get them out of an old groove into a new one." This seems to us a begging of the question.

Mr. Alfred Benn has shown in a recent volume the implications that are hidden in the doctrine of the Wager, and the whole trend of Pascal's thought seems to lead to the conclusion that we can attain faith, not by an examination of the intellectual "proofs," but by the sacrifice of our intelligence.

A far more valuable side of Pascal's thought is the way in which he makes much of his argument centre in the Person of Christ. His mind was at once mathematical and mystical, and he had a rooted dislike for all systematic theology. Hence, like Hermann and others of the Ritschlian school, his religion was based upon direct experience, and he repudiated the view that the Person of Christ was dependent for us on any historical judgment. His Second Conversion and the papers found sewn up in his clothes after his death are a sufficient proof of this, and if more be needed it is to be found in dozens of passages from the "Pensées." Moreover, in adopting this attitude, Pascal laid so much stress upon Christ's humanity that some of his words have a curiously modern tone. "The Jews, while inquiring whether He was a God, discovered that He was a man." "Jesus Christ said great things so simply that He hardly seemed to have thought of them, and yet so clearly that it was easy to see *what* He thought of them." "Who taught the Evangelists to paint a perfectly heroic soul that they succeed so well with Jesus Christ? Why do they make Him so weak in His agony? Cannot they picture constancy in death? Yes, for *St. Luke makes St. Stephen more steadfast than Jesus Christ*." It would be difficult to find anything stronger than the words we have underlined coming from an orthodox pen until the Modernist movement began.

In truth Pascal is an amazing enigma. All parties find weapons in his armory, and all strive in vain to penetrate to his true mind. Viscount St. Cyres, whose account of Pascal is one of the best, as it is much the fullest, that has yet appeared in English, writes as an orthodox Catholic, and seems to have little doubt that Pascal was the same. Mr. Jordan seems to look upon Pascal as a subject for psychological inquiry. He certainly places him under a less attractive light than does Viscount St. Cyres. This may be due in part to the affected archaism of Mr. Jordan's style, which is not a good vehicle for sympathetic treatment; more probably it comes from a Protestant impatience with the Catholic and ascetic side of Pascal's temperament.

THE UNSOCIAL PASTIME.*

FASHIONS in gambling change, but the game goes on. The most elderly buck about town could not possibly remember the era when high play was the rage, when, in streets and squares grown decorous or somnolent, doors were nightly opened to plungers of all degrees. Those were the romantic days in which a gentleman might meet, hanging in chains, another gentleman whom he had last encountered at the hazard table. No longer ago than 1820 (as may be read in the derelict but amusing tomes of Steinmetz) there was produced a list of 500 names, in London alone, of "noblemen, gentlemen, officers of the Army and Navy, and clergymen, who were veteran or indefatigable gamblers, besides clerks, grocers, linendrapers, &c., and men of the very lowest walks of life"—quite an Epsom meeting, in fact. Interesting, of course; but we need not pretend to forget that the world sits as assiduously and anxiously as ever at Fortune's wheel. One mode vanishes, another comes up. Night by night in London—to the outermost edge of the circle—there must be twenty times the number of houses opened for bridge that were opened sixty or eighty years ago for any game of chance; and who would compare the volume of betting to-day with the few wagers made at Newmarket when Charles II. was riding a horse of his own on that celebrated course? Over one risk or another, Dryden's gamester—who is Everyman—"still shakes the box."

It is but yesterday since some hundreds of newspapers were issuing, by the hundred thousand, coupons for "missing words"; and had we not "treasure hunts," "showers of golden sovereigns," "five-pound note awards," and the "mysterious millionaire" who presented with £1,000 a year for life the first man at Piccadilly Circus whose tie rucked

* "Light Come, Light Go: Gambling—Gamblers—Wagers—The Turf." By Ralph Nevill. Macmillan. 15s. net.

up at the back? At the height of this Laputan craze the Post Office ran out of sixpenny orders, and Sir Alfred Harmsworth was made a peer. By the way, did not the House of Lords promise us a Bill on this subject? Among modern instances, Mr. Nevill just peeps into the Stock Exchange, takes a glance at the Turf, and writes one of the best chapters that we have read on Monte Carlo. These three institutions do not, of course, exhaust the resources of the latter-day gambler, but each of them in its way has at present a somewhat special value for him. At Monte Carlo the player has the satisfaction (for what it may amount to) of knowing that his venture is one of gambling pure and simple; that is to say, the appeal to chance is the extent and limit of his risk. The turn of the wheel apart, he has nothing against him save the resources of the bank. At the other two games it is perhaps rather easier to-day than it ever was before to buy pigs in pokes—to millions of us a joy unparalleled.

If, as Butler somewhere says in "Hudibras," the pleasure of being cheated equals that of cheating, the uninstructed gambler in the cheap shares of companies that he knows nothing about should live in a perpetual paradise. He can bang five shillings or a sovereign every day of the year (sundry times a day, restricted only by the postal hours), and never know where it goes, or what becomes of it. "Wot larks!" Where are the one-pound shares of yesterday that South Africa absorbed? The buyer did not even buy them; the dealer and the broker "carried" them unobtrusively for him, and the buyer had the fun of being carried with them—to a limbo that must now be moderately full. South African gold and South African diamonds are but examples picked at large. Australia would furnish any number, and America heaps Pelion upon Ossa. "No risk at all," says the man in the bucket-shop; and, as applied to his own part in the deal, the statement is almost aphoristically true. Among the punters on the Stock Exchange (whose great opportunity came with the Limited Liability Act of 1862), it has been estimated by an expert of our day, Mr. A. J. Wilson, that the substantial winners are about one in a quarter of a million.

In a few weeks another racing season will begin, and some sporting prophets, who do not even know what horses will start, are already prepared to name the winners of the Grand National and the Lincolnshire. The vast army of backers must be more than decimated every year, but at the opening of a new season the places of the victims slain by the odds are very seldom vacant. The Ring hails the newcomers with delight; and the circulars, the flaring advertisements, and the rest of the traps are even now getting ready for them.

Betting is not necessarily the business of fools, but for the fools who make a business of it there is but one end. A small number of astute men live by backing horses, and there is probably no occupation more enthralling; but the brains employed by these steadily successful operators on the turf would almost certainly serve them better in any other calling. As Mr. Nevill says: "A few points in the odds make the difference often of some thousands, and it will require a man's whole time and attention to take advantage of any turn in the market." Not many men betting in this systematic way possess the restraint that is needed at critical moments, and then the stroke misses. As for the young man with means or a little capital who takes to the Turf with the notion of making money, he is

"of necessity quickly disillusioned in the most unpleasant of ways. If he knows no racing men he is, of course, hopelessly at sea; but should he have means of obtaining really good information, his fate is generally even more deplorable, for some untoward incident almost invariably happens when a big coup is on, and the good thing goes down. Not a few, in despair at continual losses, make up their minds to wait for 'absolute certainties,' and lay heavy odds on some horse which it would seem cannot possibly be beaten, a method which usually proves very expensive in the end."

But the young idea with a few hundreds or thousands to fling into the Ring is but one in an enormous crowd. He begins gaily by betting on credit in Tattersall's, and, if he sticks to it long enough, drops down gradually from one ready-money enclosure to another till he at last goes under and disappears. He, however, is by no means the mainstay of the Ring. Not long ago, at a meeting of the British Association, it was conjectured by Sir Robert Giffen that the

bookmakers pocket every year some £5,000,000 of the nation's wealth. There were those who said that Sir Robert's estimate was a moderate one. Perhaps it is safe to add, as a farther conjecture, that the greater part of this prodigious sum comes from the pockets of persons who should never bet at all, inasmuch as they cannot afford to do so. The small tradespeople, the clerks, the mechanics, the artisans, the laborers of kinds, the household servants—what money do they pour annually into the Ring? The bookmaker or his touts will have them all. Your maid who answers the back door is scarcely safer than the man in the factory or the public-house, for in many districts which are minutely mapped out by the master bookmaker, his agents call regularly for orders, and have been spotted in the disguise of the "vegetables" or the "milk." Strange were the disclosures made before the Lords' Commission. Talk about the interest in horseflesh: possibly not one person in five thousand taking the odds in shillings to-day has ever set foot on a racecourse, and it is conceivable that not many among them could tell the difference between the St. Leger and a maiden hurdle race.

Even at this day, on the subject of the Turf, the most absurd illusions are everywhere found, and it is to the interest of the sporting press to foster them. When the King won the Derby with Minoru, a frantic tipster (who had given the wrong horse) headed his report with the legend: "999 Years' Lease for Racing," and several notes of exclamation. Now this was one of the drollest victories ever achieved in a "classic" contest. Not only had his Majesty not bred the horse, he did not even own it. Minoru (by no means a tip-top performer) had been leased for racing purposes from some other magnate of the Turf. With the race and its result his Majesty, an unexceptionable sportsman, had rather less to do than the clerk of the scales, who was at least able to assure us that the jockey had weighed in correctly. There is little altruism on the Turf, but we honestly believe there are backers in a humble way who vaguely fancy that the shilling with which they cross the bookmaker's palm helps the King to a good night's rest.

And what of Monte Carlo, on which Mr. Nevill writes so excellent a chapter? The atmosphere of Monte Carlo is clearer than that of the bucket-shop, clearer than that of the betting-ring. If we are to gamble, let us take the pure odds against the blended ones; let us understand the game we are in for. No unsophisticated speculator in a mining hazard knows the worth of the prospectus submitted to him. The shrewdest backer entering the Ring cannot take account of the forces arrayed against him: how often does it happen that the "odds-on chance"—believed in by the bookmakers themselves, by the trainer of the horse, by the owner, by the jockey—is bowled over! The affair of the mine is frequently a swindle throughout; the issue of the race may be a "ramp" or a sheer accident. But the player at roulette—if the table is as honestly managed as it is at Monte Carlo—sits down to a game of chance at which the odds against him are as pure as chance can make them. He is beaten (after breaking the bank, perhaps), not because he is swindled, but because the force at the back of the impassive croupier stands for Fortunatus's purse or the lamp of Aladdin—and also because there is no reason why twenty runs on red should be followed by a twenty-first.

A chance, if we trace the word up, implies the notion of a fall; and, in every gambling risk we take, our devoutest hope is that the other party to the risk will land upon his head. It is the most exciting, the most unsocial, and the most disintegrating of pastimes. It is our win or the other man's; it is tooth-and-nail.

"MADNESS FROM WITHIN."*

THE publishers of these anonymous confessions, written by a lady after her return to sanity, state that the book is "a genuine record of a case of madness from the patient's point of view," valuable especially to doctors, but offered to the general public as "a weirdly sensational novel." No doubt the record is substantially authentic, and the word "sensational" is to be deprecated. The literature of madness undoubtedly gains by the book. Shaped by an artist of

* "The Maniac. A Realistic Study of Madness from the Maniac's Point of View." Rebman. 6s.

morbid talent, such as Strindberg, the material might have taken aesthetic form of permanent value, to which, as it stands, it, of course, lays no claim.

The heroine is a London woman journalist, fagged out by her daily duties, as well as by the strain of writing a number of stories of "borderland experiences" out of office hours, the material for which had been given her by a fellow clerk, a lady spiritualist, though not a professional medium. The heroine disclaims being a spiritualist herself, though familiar with the literature of psychical research. She states this as an explanation of the workings of her mind during insanity. No indication is given as to the history of the mental soundness of her family stock. The attack (which develops rapidly into acute mania) begins, following a few days of exceptional fatigue, by a man's voice asking the heroine a number of ordinary questions, one night directly she had placed her head on her pillow. The presence of the bodiless Voice in her room seemed perfectly natural, which shows, in turn, that her sane self was splitting up, so to say, into insane selves. This man's Voice appeared to be that of "Ray Hall," an artist unknown to her, whose work she had seen and admired, and round it speedily crystallise all her moral, altruistic sentiments, and her feminine longing to be loved.

Now begins the narrative of the patient's growing obsession by a variety of fresh Voices, all suggesting to her irrational ideas and lines of conduct which her critical faculty seeks to put to the test. The value of the document lies in the perpetual struggle it reveals between the diseased centres of the brain and those which hold out and remain fairly normal. The sufferer's mind may be likened to a sheet of paper over which rivulets of ink are streaming, gradually forming into an elaborate network of trunk and branch arteries. An idea which enters the sufferer's consciousness passes from a sane into an insane conception accordingly as it drifts from the white surface and is deflected down the black channels. The author, with good reason as it appears to us, asserts that the most highly-trained "mental" doctors and nurses are evidently utterly at sea with regard to a lunatic's consciousness. The location, the extent, above all the limitations, of a mad person's consciousness are wholly misjudged and misapprehended. The sane centres may seem to be entirely blotted out, to the onlooker, but probably they are actively taking part all the time in the internal drama of the madman's consciousness, and they may be likened to prompters in the wings who keep giving cues and instructions to drunken actors on the stage. It has often been remarked that people out of their wits show flashes of piercing intuition and understanding that are beyond the normal range of their sane selves. This would seem to be because the inflamed brain, working at intensely high pressure, is abnormally sensitive to every mental impression, just as the body, in some states of illness, is agonised by vibrations of sound or light which in health scarcely affect our consciousness. A madman will detect fear in the mind of his attendant by other than visible signs. The present writer remembers an occasion when he found that the only way of outwitting a certain madman lay in deliberately banishing all feelings towards him but those of affection and sympathy. If it be asked what is the gain of viewing "madness from within," and of following the patient's protean flow of wild impulses, disjointed ideas, and monstrous delusions, it may be replied that in order to soothe and control the diseased mind it is highly important to realise that motives which are absurd on our plane of consciousness are highly rational on the sufferer's plane. A clever suggestion to the patient may accomplish what force or argument is powerless to effect. "Suggestions reaching the brain will take effect quite irrespective of the lunatic's consciousness, whereas attempts to 'reason' a patient out of his delusions can produce no effect whatever," says our author. A striking illustration of the futility of employing argument may be quoted:—

I said at last to the voices—

"What am I to do? I really think that these are not nurses—nor women—but fiends in disguise."

The voices answered—

"Perhaps they are. You must test them to find that out."

"How am I to do so?"

"Now that they are bringing you the medicine again to kill you, sit up and spit in their faces. If they are fiends, that will exorcise them, and compel them to resume their true

forms and cease personating other people's forms. That is your only way of testing who they are. Now! do it!"

The nurses were trying to make me take and drink a wineglassful of medicine.

I turned away from the glass, and from the nurse who was offering it to me, at my right hand, and I spat in the face of the other nurse, who was standing at my left side, and who was quite unprepared for such sudden attack.

She exclaimed angrily—

"Don't be so disgusting!" And she remained a nurse, and was not exorcised into revealing herself as anything else!

Seeing this, I felt most ashamed of what I had done, and I said mentally to the voices—

"They really are nurses and not fiends. I wish I hadn't spat at that woman."

"Yes," answered the voice, "they are, but it was absolutely necessary that it should be proved. It is evident the nurses are not fiends; but, for goodness' sake, look out and don't lie down! There is a real, most terrible fiend just approaching to the foot of your bed! It is going to attack you at this instant! If you don't at once go for it, it will go for you!"

I inquired in terror how I was to "go for" it? (I saw nothing.)

"Lean forward in bed and spit and spit and spit at it until it is routed and we tell you to leave off. It is standing exactly behind the central foot-rail of your bed. Be quick!"

With the courage and fury of intense fear, I sprang towards the end of the bed and spat into vacancy, without ceasing, for the space of several minutes.

The nurse said, "Drink it!—you must! Take the glass!" I thought "I won't take it and drink of my own accord. To be compelled, against my will, to commit suicide, is a little too much! If these people insist upon a murder, they shall, at least, commit it themselves, and not force me into committing it for them! And they shall not kill me without their own deliberate intention, and thorough understanding of what they are doing."

I said to the nurse—

"If you insist on my taking this medicine, which kills me, you yourself must give it to me. You must hold the glass to my lips and say, 'If it be God's will!' Otherwise I refuse to drink it."

The nurse held the glass to my lips, and repeated the formula upon which I had insisted. She tilted the glass until I had drained the very last drop.

I did not attempt to evade doing so; but as I drank I thought—

"Now, if it is God's will that I must die again, I die! But if there is a God of Justice anywhere in the Universe, I will go straight to Him and find Him, wherever He may be! I will demand justice!"

The curious sequel to the above scene shows how the patient passes, in sleep, through Limbo into Heaven, where her case is stated and answered in a single flash of thought-transference before the Judgment Seat. She is told that she may remain among the elect, but she does not feel particularly enthusiastic at the prospect, and asks, "Where is Ray Hall?" "He is still on earth battling with the fiends." "Then I will go back to earth," she promptly replies, to the great astonishment of the heavenly host. The megalomania of the insane is reflected in her satisfaction that she should be causing this general sensation, but her reply shows how vague and chill a hold has the conception of Heaven in the depths of the human consciousness. And the sound sense of this decision (since "Ray Hall" incarnates to the sufferer all that is best in life) is typical of a mad mind even when the patient is utterly bewildered by "finding oneself, in some utterly unaccountable, inexplicable way, thrust in and out of bodies which do not belong to that identity . . . bewilderment amounting to perfect hell-torment of suffering." It is, indeed, in the vivid description of the fearful agonies of body and mind endured by the heroine that this volume should be studied attentively by the student of medicine. The legion of fiends which possess the maniac, the frenzy of terror, the thousands of mad voices yelling in his ears, the bloodcurdling sights and sounds, and the hideous spectacles which constantly change and interchange, leave one wondering whether treatment may not often aggravate the states it is meant to alleviate. The author suggests that an unexpected touch on the skin, forcible compulsion in acts such as taking a bath, the use of draperies in the sick room, and such-like simple factors, may bring on, or acutely intensify, the agony borne by the diseased brain. It is undoubtedly the case in states of acute hyperaesthesia in certain illnesses that much unnecessary suffering is caused by the friction of wrong conditions, and, as the mad patient cannot explain his terrors and intense aversions to his attendants, there is all the more reason for the most careful watch to be kept for trifling causes that aggravate his condition. It is not to

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be expected that in a case of acute mania the delusions should be of a beautiful nature, but it is highly interesting to find that the mere external manifestations of violent and indecorous behavior, ribald talk, and so forth, may coincide with an internal drama in which the sufferer's moral nature is making a gallant fight against the tormenting and evil forces of which it is the victim. There is one beautiful passage in the book which describes how the spirit of a beggar-girl, whose despairing and beautiful eyes had haunted the heroine in her youth, comes to the bedside and tells how she had killed herself in her misery. The psychological value of "The Maniac" is all the greater since nothing seems to have been concealed by the writer, but we regret that the "London specialist," who had charge of the case, and "at whose instigation it was written," has not prefaced it with a criticism from the medical standpoint.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

WHEN the Low Countries, emerging from the wars of the Middle Ages, ceased to be known merely as the battleground of Europe and began to lay the foundations of that commercial prosperity which was theirs, in spite of Spanish aggression, during the succeeding centuries, the commercial growth was accompanied by a strong demand for art and architecture. Men gave freely of their wealth for the encouragement of artistic talent; in the sixteenth century flourished a school of painters who, despite the checking of their natural development by Italian influence, have left a mark on history; and, in architecture, churches rose from the builders' hands in vast numbers, to bear witness to both the national enthusiasm for religion and the national generosity with its wealth. Many of these churches are dealt with very thoroughly by Mr. T. Francis Bumpus in "The Cathedrals and Churches of Belgium" (Werner Laurie, 6s. net). The author is not wholly laudatory in regard to the Belgian churches. While doing full justice to the finer examples, he contrasts them as a whole with the French churches, to their disadvantage. The effort that produced them was neither so well organised nor so educated as that which was responsible for the architectural growth of the neighboring country, and he is probably right in suggesting that herein lies the secret of the comparative failure of certain ostentatious Belgian cathedrals. We think, however, that he is on less sure ground in suggesting that the commercial prosperity of the country and the national greed for money were detrimental to the spirit of religious architecture. History has shown that commercial keenness is by no means incompatible with strong religious feeling; rather, that both art and religion are among the natural safety valves of a nation engaged in the feverish pursuit of wealth. There is more in the theory that the want of unity observable in Belgian church architecture is due to the independence of character which, in this, as in other departments of life, was the Netherlander's prominent attribute. Generalisations apart, Mr. Bumpus shows his firm grip of the subject in every line of this volume. Beginning with a short sketch of Belgian history—a most necessary adjunct to the intelligent study of Belgian architecture—he takes us through a selection of the most notable buildings, and then to the general character of the church furniture and decoration, the latter, of course, including pictures. The second part of the book is in the form of a personally conducted tour through Tournai and Ypres, Malines and Brussels, Antwerp, Louvain, and Oudenarde, to mention but a few of the places visited; and here the reader whose ideas of Belgian cathedrals are based on Antwerp Cathedral, or that of Bruges, and whose knowledge of Flemish ecclesiastical art is confined to the Rubenses at Antwerp and the Van Eyck altarpiece at Ghent, will find much new and fascinating matter revealed to him. Mr. Bumpus's knowledge of ecclesiology and his life-long study of church architecture have served him well in this work, which must be considered one of the most successful he has written.

MR. G. F. ABBOTT is always a lively and entertaining writer, and he has produced nothing more readable than his "Turkey in Transition" (Arnold, 12s. 6d.). It is much less obviously a special pleading for the Greeks than was

his book on Macedonia. It is an artistic combination of travel sketch with political study. It contrives to give a lively and human picture of contemporary types, from the old-world Cadi to the most advanced Young Turk. It is also a history, as well-written as it is commendably fair, of recent events in Constantinople. At bottom Mr. Abbott, like every good Greek, doubts whether any good can come of any Turkish movement, and he reveals his bias with a frankness which at once warns and disarms. But we have had so much writing inspired by the contrary bias, that this book comes as a most welcome corrective. We are in full sympathy with all he has written of the Young Turkish tendency to chauvinism and centralisation. But, perhaps, he has hardly done justice to the readiness which some of the wiser leaders of the Committee have shown to profit by experience and to modify their rigid theories.

"A HISTORY OF MALTA DURING THE PERIOD OF THE FRENCH AND BRITISH OCCUPATIONS, 1798-1815" (Longmans, 21s. net) is a work upon which the late Mr. William Hardman, of Valetta, was engaged at the time of his death, and which now appears under the editorship of Dr. Holland Rose. Its main value consists in the very full series of English and foreign documents referring to events in Maltese history which it contains, but there is much that will also interest the general reader. The opening chapter, for example, describes the condition of the Maltese people at the close of the eighteenth century, and is justly severe upon the tyranny, corruption, and dissoluteness of the Knights of St. John. Dr. Holland Rose contributes a long introduction in which he analyses the motives that led Napoleon to seize Malta as the first step in an enterprise which was intended to make him master of India. Napoleon thought at first of making Corfu the chief pawn in his game, but he soon realised the strategical importance of Malta, though, for reasons explained by Dr. Rose, the policy of Great Britain in regard to the island was at first lacking in determination. It is by no means easy to disentangle the threads of intrigue which were spun around Malta during the Napoleonic wars. But the industry of Mr. Hardman has brought together materials which will be valued by all students of the period. Dr. Holland Rose—upon whose knowledge of Napoleon and the Napoleonic period no comment is necessary—has written a lengthy introduction, revised Mr. Hardman's manuscript, and added a number of notes.

"OUR NATIONAL DRINK BILL," written for the National Commercial Temperance League by John Newton (Nisbet, 1s.), presents in a compact and largely statistical form a statement of the annual cost to the country caused, directly and indirectly, by the consumption of alcohol. While the moral and humanitarian side of this question is not neglected, the book is primarily addressed to those likely to be influenced by a discussion from the business or economic point of view. Many of the remoter consequences of the drink habit are not capable of statistical treatment, but the mere enumeration of those losses which can be more or less accurately estimated leads the writer to the truly appalling conclusion that the indirect loss to the community is somewhat greater than the direct cost of drink, i.e., £180,000,000 as against £160,000,000 annually. Although these figures should not be pressed too closely, when every allowance for possible error has been made, the grossly wasteful and demoralising nature of our national drinking is forcibly impressed upon the mind of an impartial reader.

MISS WINIFRED KNOX's monograph on Louis IX., "The Court of a Saint" (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net), is a sound piece of work much above the average level of modern historical biography. She has read and mastered her material, and her work not only enables the reader to form a picture of St. Louis and his surroundings, but also helps him to grasp something of the spirit and controlling ideas of a fascinating period. Miss Knox's style is picturesque, vivid, and allusive, though not altogether free from over-elaboration. She is a great admirer of St. Louis—what reader of his life is not?—and her portrait shows that the monk-ridden, ascetic king whom the chroniclers drew, is a

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MR. W. P. BAINES has acquitted himself well of a very difficult task by his translation of "Egypt," by Pierre Loti (Werner Laurie, 15s. net). The charm of Loti (for those who find charm in his later writings) is, above all, in his atmosphere, and to render an atmosphere is the greatest difficulty of a translator. Loti is an impressionist and a sentimentalist, and in these sketches of Egypt we do not see him at his best. There is more than a touch of the insincerity and striking of attitudes that beset the sentimentalist, and of the striving after effect that few impressionists avoid. But Egypt is a land of fascination; its spell has been cast over so many that there are a crowd of English readers who would like to look at it through Loti's eyes. It is presumably for these that Mr. Baines has made his translation. They will lose much that is conveyed by the original, but they are to be congratulated on having so capable a translation as Mr. Baines has produced.

* * *

"LORD KELVIN'S EARLY HOME" (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net) seems intended to supplement the biography by Dr. Silvanus Thompson, which is now in the press. It contains the recollections of Lord Kelvin's sister, the late Mrs. Elizabeth King, together with some family correspondence. The recollections were not intended for publication, but jotted down from time to time by their writer and intended solely for the benefit of her children and grandchildren. The notes open with an account of Lord Kelvin's father, Professor William Thomson, of Belfast, who sympathised with the rebellion of 1798, and appears to have impressed upon his children the cruelties inflicted upon the rebels by Castlereagh and Londonderry. In 1832 the household migrated to Glasgow where Lord Kelvin began his literary career at the age of ten. Seven years later, he went to Peterhouse, to return to Glasgow as Professor of Natural Philosophy. The book gives us a delightful glimpse into the family life and early training of the famous man of science, and is also to be recommended for the simple and unaffected style in which Mrs. King's reminiscences are set forth.

* * *

It is rather late in the day for scholars to assume as a matter of course that no prose rendering of an ancient poet "can represent verse aesthetically." Mr. Lang's "Homer" and Mr. Mackail's "Vergil" are a sufficient refutation of that pessimism. In their new translation of "The Plays of Aeschylus" for Bohn's Libraries (Bell, 3s. 6d.), Mr. C. E. S. Headlam and the Dr. Walter Headlam disclaim any intention of producing a version that pretends to "any value in artistic form." Their vocabulary, in fact, is often quite wantonly prosy, and the structure of their sentences so close to the original as to be often obscure. But on the other hand the pains which have been taken to make the version minutely accurate make it a valuable aid to the student. A reader who has ever had the pleasure of hearing Professor Gilbert Murray's lectures on "Aeschylus" knows, however, that accuracy is not incompatible with an exquisitely chosen diction and a rhythmical swing in the sentences.

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BUSINESS has been fairly lively, and if political uncertainties were removed, it seems likely enough that hopes of active markets might be realised. Very easy conditions have pre-

vailed in the Money market, and Thursday's Bank return showed a strong position, chiefly owing to the reflux of currency from the provinces as usual in January. The Stock Exchange is still very confident about a Unionist victory, and if its hopes on this subject are disappointed, a good deal of hasty selling may be expected. Investment business has been on a large scale, but fresh creations of capital are likely to feed the demand very freely; a big Indian loan was only a very moderate success, half of it being left to the underwriters, and now a large Canadian loan is talked of. Speculative activity has been chiefly centred in mining and rubber shares. The West African market has been active with an up and down tendency, and there have been enormous dealings in rubber shares, rather too enormous in the view of cautious observers.

Wall Street's position is attracting more attention than usual at present, owing to indications of weakness to which I have recently referred. Some of the more pessimistic critics of American financial methods are shaking their heads ominously and saying that the state of affairs is not unlike that of 1907. This is perhaps unnecessary eagerness to look for trouble, and though the state of public opinion in the United States is at all times a very difficult matter to gauge, it is probably true that the most important cause of the crisis of 1907, which was the general mistrust among the public of Wall Street with its ways, is at least not nearly as acute now. Then, as will be well remembered, a series of scandals and disclosures concerning the management of insurance companies and other matters had made the American public so nervous that they began a run on trust companies, and would have run on the banks likewise, if the latter had not adopted the simple expedient of refusing to meet claims on them in cash. Since then, however, confidence has been to a great extent restored, and unless events should occur to undermine it again, there seems to be no reason to anticipate a repetition of the events of 1907. At the same time there can be no doubt that the United States have been, as usual, in too much of a hurry to make paper and call it wealth. They have forced up prices both of goods and of securities, and consequently find that a pyramid of credit has been built up on a slender metallic foundation. And an adverse trade balance, due to the eagerness with which they have bought foreign goods, makes it difficult for them to retain their gold and forces them to do all that they can to obtain credit abroad. Liquidation is evidently necessary, instead of which they indulge in grandiose schemes for financing the Manchurian railways and incidentally upsetting the balance of power in the Far East.

GENERAL DULNESS.

General markets have been rather dull, and it is evident that the eagerness with which professional operators anticipated an outburst of business in New Year has been bad for the technical position, by creating a host of weak and nervous bulls frightened by every breath of adverse rumor. The announcement of a big Indian loan was an untimely blow for the Consol market, which is already in rather a top-heavy condition owing to the difficulties which at present beset the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the requirements of Irish land finance, and the maturing in April of the War Loan.

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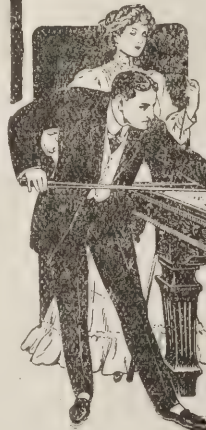
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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE General Election is more than half over as we write. The mass of the boroughs have polled, but the county constituencies have not polled in sufficient numbers to give us an adequate impression of their mind. The urban vote is an improvement on the results of 1885, a year of decisive Liberal victory. The county constituencies appear to indicate a decline from the standard of that year, when the agricultural laborers first joined the electorate. On no day have the Unionists achieved the result necessary to the attainment of a majority—the winning of one out of every two Ministerial seats in England. The defeat of Protection therefore would seem to be assured, and that, in its turn, denotes a victory for the Budget and a defeat for the Lords, the single issue defined by the Prime Minister in his electoral address, and rehearsed by him with unfaltering firmness throughout the progress of the election.

* * *

THE one subject of debate is the size and character of the Ministerial majority, which seems likely to range from 100 to 150 votes. As for topics, the Tories almost absolutely ignored the House of Lords. "If we had fought on that issue," said one of their organisers to the present writer, "we should not have held fifty seats. We had one cry, 'Tax the foreigner,' and we had no other." In other words, they have a single issue, Protection, which restores their party strength, but on which they cannot win. The aggregate vote seems to be decisively against the Lords, and this (Friday) morning, the plurality in our favor was about 70,000 votes. Labor almost maintains its *status quo*, and the splits with Liberalism have been

rather less damaging to the common cause than was expected. Up to the time of writing, however, six seats have thus been lost. But the most significant features of the election are, first, the appearance of two Englands—North and South—one Radical, Constitutional, Progressive, and Free Trade, the other Protectionist and indifferent to or ignorant of the constitutional issue; and, secondly, a class stratification similar to the geographical one. The Government has the great middle mass, the Opposition the top layer and some of the bottom. The Government has organised, independent labor, the Opposition the more dependent classes.

* * *

THIS serious and probably permanent cleavage appears less strikingly in the industrial North, where a united stand for Free Trade has been made by masters and men in the cotton trade; in Scotland, where the tidal wave of 1906 seems to have barely receded; and in Wales, where, as in Scotland, the Free Churches exist as a moderating and yet progressive force. Ireland, like every other Celtic element in our population, stands indifferent to the emotional disturbance of the Anglo-Saxons. Having secured the re-assertion of Home Rule, she has joined hands afresh with Liberalism and shown the utmost loyalty and warmth. On this point political leaders like Mr. O'Connor and journalists like Mr. Diamond have done service which deserves the clearest recognition.

* * *

THE personal results are singularly suggestive. Every Cabinet Minister who has gone to the poll—Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Birrell, Mr. Buxton, Mr. Burns, Mr. Runciman, Mr. Samuel—has been elected, but four minor Ministers, Mr. Pease, the chief whip, Colonel Seely, Sir Henry Norman, and Mr. Causton, have been defeated, Sir Henry through no fault of his own, but through the same kind of party work which cost Sir George Doughty his seat at Grimsby. Powerful personalities, joined to the Party machine, have done extremely well—Mr. Churchill has actually a majority of over 6,000 votes in Dundee, a remarkable tribute to intellectual and magnetic force. On the other hand enforced absence from constituencies—such as Sir Henry Cotton's, Mr. Crooks's, Professor Stuart's—has been blindly avenged, the electors requiring the closest and most strenuous courting. Only Mr. Chamberlain, permanently cut off from the life of his town and country, remains a kind of electoral Svengali, whose mesmeric power is even increased. Intellectual aloofness, such as that of Mr. Cox and Lord Robert Cecil, has been ruthlessly flung aside in this close and heated war of the big battalions. So far as geography is concerned, Liberalism triumphs in Wales, and from Scotland to about the northern Midlands, Yorkshire and Lancashire practically repeating, even in majorities, the unparalleled verdict of 1906. The East will probably be Liberal, and perhaps also the West, with some marked exceptions. On the other hand, a solid and broadening reef of Toryism and Protection stretches from Birmingham and the western Midlands to the Southern Counties, broken by industrial London.

If we range the leading cities of Great Britain according to their economic faith, the preponderance of Free Trade is at once made evident. Thus:—

FREE TRADE.	PROTECTIONIST.
Industrial London, including the Port.	Residential London.
Manchester.	Liverpool.
Glasgow.	Birmingham.
Leeds.	Sunderland.
Bristol.	Portsmouth (?).
Bradford.	Devonport.
Edinburgh.	Brighton.
Sheffield (by votes).	Preston (?).
Hull.	Bath.
Salford.	Chester.
Nottingham (by votes).	Oxford.
Newcastle.	
Leicester.	
Derby.	
Dundee.	
Norwich.	
Plymouth.	
Southampton.	
Blackburn.	
Bolton.	
Halifax.	
Northampton.	
Aberdeen.	
Oldham.	
Stockport.	
Ipswich.	
Cardiff.	
Merthyr Tydvil.	
Rochdale.	
Huddersfield.	
Swansea.	
Hartlepool.	
Darlington.	
Stockton.	
Middlesbrough.	
Grimsby.	

* * *

EVEN from these results a deduction must be made, and it is doubtful whether either the Portsmouth, or the Devonport, or the Preston results were other than nominal and accidental victories for Protection, or whether on that issue alone the result would not be reversed. As for the Liverpool verdict, it is incomparably less conclusive, on the one side, than that of Manchester on the other.

* * *

ON the other hand, as we approach the smaller populations, the homes of the little industries—which would be swept up into trusts under Protection—the valetudinarian resorts (Bath, Bournemouth, Brighton), the suburban, sub-London constituencies (otherwise the Home Counties), the cathedral towns (with the exception of Norwich, York, and Lincoln), the dockyard and arsenal centres, and finally the hole and corner boroughs, relics of an obsolete electoral system, like Falmouth, we find the Protectionist strength growing stronger and stronger. In a word, the moral force of the Protectionist case is far weaker even than its voting power. When iron, steel, cotton, mining, shipping, call for the retention of Free Trade, no effective demand for a change to Protection can arise from the small industries, the retailers, and the middlemen. England cannot be governed from its bath chairs.

* * *

IN London the division of opinion is acute and, as in the country, largely geographical. The North and the industrial East (a city of a million poor or poorish men) are predominantly Free Trade, and the same may be said of the inner Southern ring. Probably the same

results will accrue in the densely populated suburban quarters of East London, modified by the hostile vote of the clerks, protectionist against every economic interest that their daily life yields. On the other hand, the West End stretches a long arm from its central squares and palaces to the suburban towns and the villa cities, with their boundaries of green fields or downs and golf courses, which stretch at intervals to the Sussex and Kentish coasts. Never was there a more distinct and absolute class cleavage, aggravated and made humiliating to the actual citizens of these dependent areas by swarms of freehold and faggot voters. On the one side stand the very rich in a compact body, voting as they never voted before, and operating on sections of the very poor by a flashing display of wealth, direct and indirect bribery, intimidation, or mere cajolery, backed by an overwhelming use of motor cars, the scientific machinery of the new electioneering. Indifferent to this display of arrogant and patronising wealth, and even bitterly and ominously resentful of it, are ranged the mass of the organised and more skilful workmen, pupils of the Board Schools, and sternly resolved to keep their constitutional rights free and their bread untaxed.

* * *

WITH regard to the counties, the results declared up to this (Friday) do not seem to be particularly promising. Some of the least stable constituencies have been put first in certain instances, we are informed, by the deliberate action of the returning officers—a distinct breach of a public trust for party purposes. In the North the returns follow the verdict of the towns, with equal strength in the industrial districts, only a little less notably in the agricultural centres. In the Home Counties, Midlands, and Eastern Midlands, the Tory wave has mounted higher than in the towns; indeed, each current swells as the election goes on. Anti-Socialism in the governing classes, and timidity, imitativeness, aided by the grossest forms of social pressure, in their dependents, appear to be the ruling motives in this part of England, where the majorities for reaction are as sweeping as those of the North for progress. One seat has been lost in Scotland, and one in Wales, but both the constituencies and the majorities were insignificant, and the general tendency has been to emphasise even the tremendous progressive verdict of 1906. Of more direct electoral significance are the signs that the agricultural laborer has, to some extent, been frightened out of his usual steadfastness to the only political cause in which he believes. Liberal seats have been lost in Lincolnshire, Wilts, Somerset, Huntingdonshire, Suffolk, and Norfolk, and the Essex returns are unfavorable.

* * *

MEANWHILE, we hope that all Liberal candidates will keep in the forefront of the argument in the counties the salient fact that the contract notes of millers all over the country now specify in the clearest language the decision of the trade to put up the price of flour to an amount corresponding to the change effected by the duty, *whether the wheat actually used in its manufacture has paid the duty or no*. In other words, the price of the entire home product will be raised the moment the foreign product is taxed, and Mr. Balfour's pretended theory of cheapness as the result of food taxes has the lie given it in advance. We quote the following from a contract note sent out by the Battersea Flour Mills, which lies before us:—

"Should a Duty on Wheat be imposed, repealed, or varied, the price per cwt. of all flour to be delivered

under this contract is at once to be increased or reduced by the same amount as the alteration in the Duty per cwt. on Wheat, whether the Wheat used in its manufacture shall have been affected by such alteration or not."

* * *

WE shall be glad to receive from Liberal members, candidates, and agents, accounts of bribery, treating, intimidation, the eviction of tenants, attempts to undermine the secrecy of the ballot, and other illegal and corrupt practices that have extensively prevailed during this election, especially in the counties.

* * *

THE correspondent of the "Times" in Pekin sends to his journal a full and optimistic account of the first deliberations of the consultative provincial councils which met for the first time throughout China in October. They were elected on a mixed property and education qualification, and among the members the official and graduate class predominated, while the leadership has often gone to young men trained in China and Europe. They are as yet rather an experiment in free speech than in representative Government. There was some academic discussion about the constitutional ideal. But, in the main, the deliberations seem to have been very practical. There was a general approval of the honest efforts which almost everywhere are being made to suppress the sale and use of opium. One assembly talked much of the improvement of agriculture. Another debated the means to be taken to eradicate superstition and suppress the custom of foot-binding. Another proposed the simplification of the Chinese script. Several engaged in successful conflicts with Viceroy or President to safeguard their rights of free discussion. The general tone was one of frank and fearless criticism. The whole result is to prove the reality of a progressive movement, and the ripeness of educated China for the present cautious advance.

* * *

ON Wednesday the Chiragan Palace, in which the Turkish Parliament has been installed, was almost totally destroyed by fire. The mere financial loss is serious; the archives of the Chamber have perished in the flames, and in the Palace itself and its decorations is involved the loss of a beautiful and characteristic piece of architecture. The news that the Turkish masses seem to regard this mishap as an intervention of Providence against Liberal ideas is as interesting as it is deplorable. Ahmet Riza Bey, say the old-fashioned, has brought no luck with him, and the clergy are ready enough to point the moral. It will be the work of a generation for the educated Turks to leaven this old-world lump. Meanwhile, the news from Macedonia is decidedly better than it had been for some months past. The recent repression of the Bulgarian element had gone dangerously far. The split in the Bulgarian ranks, which the Young Turks had done everything in their power to accentuate by backing the weaker and less reputable faction, has latterly occasioned several political murders. But the new Grand Vizier, Hakki Pasha, with the aid of the Bulgarian Dr. Daneff, promptly undertook a work of conciliation which seems to be meeting with a rapid success. The new régime has repeated some of the faults of the old. The vital difference is that it does strive for better things, that it has the candor to repair its mistakes, and that none of its lapses are irremediable.

* * *

THE annual statistics of repression in Russia seem

at a first glance to be relatively encouraging. There were only 543 executions last year as against 782 in 1908. These statistics, however, may be incomplete. The number of persons exiled without trial has fallen even more signally—from 10,166 to 2,200. These totals are still painfully high, and there has been no relaxation in the severity of the prison treatment or the rigors of Siberian exile. Indeed, on reflection it is doubtful whether any happy augury can be drawn from the apparent decline in the figures of repression. For there is, after all, nothing to repress. The Azeff scandals have ruined terrorism, and the Social Democrats are concentrating chiefly on a brave effort to maintain some sort of trade union activity. A Government which really wished to be mild might without risk have abandoned coercion altogether. So far is that from being M. Stolypin's intention that he still magnifies every ground of suspicion, and rakes up offences long since buried in oblivion. It is significant of the attitude of the Court that the two assassins recently convicted in Finland of the murder of the Liberal Deputy, Hertzenstein, in 1906, were last week released by the Tsar's orders after a few months' imprisonment. The Tsar it was who also intervened to screen the Black Hundred leader, Dr. Doubrovin, from taking his trial for planning this same murder.

* * *

THE French Chamber has been busied during the past week in a debate which does honor to its intellectual repute on the attitude of the "neutral" State schools towards religion. The cruder phase of the attack was delivered by certain Clericalist deputies, who complained that some of the text-books used in the State schools contain passages offensive to religious minds, and that the teachers deliberately preach atheism. To the first of these charges M. Briand had a good answer. One text-book at least was open to reproach, and it had been frankly withdrawn on the complaint of a Bishop. The charge against the teachers was put in a more plausible way by M. Barrès. They are inspired by a positive scientific spirit, and he finds in them a certain intellectual arrogance. Another orator described them as bringing to their work a missionary spirit, an almost religious fervor which in an early generation would have made them the devoutest of believers. The fact seems to be that they have an ardent and serious professional spirit, which leads them to value their moral and intellectual influence. Many of them are Socialists and the rest are Radicals. It is probable that even when their words are discreet, the tone of their teaching offends old-fashioned parents.

* * *

THERE is no doubt that the German Empire has gained a more conciliatory Chancellor and Prussia a slightly more Liberal Minister-President in Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg. But the shade of opinion which separates him from Prince Bülow is on some questions too fine to be discerned. He had on Wednesday in the Prussian Diet to answer the charge that he had transferred to other posts officials, including even minor teachers and postmen, who committed the offence of voting for a Polish candidate in a by-election at Kattowitz. His answer was an unflinching justification. The Polish movement, he said, is a danger to the Empire, and every Prussian official must learn that he dare not vote for a Polish candidate. In short, he reaffirmed all the harshest features of his predecessor's policy of repression, including, of course, the expropriation of Polish landowners. The honesty of this persecution is its only redeeming feature.

Politics and Affairs.

NORTH AGAINST SOUTH.

WHATEVER may be the final result of the General Election and the precise balance of parties it may produce, it is clear that the Government will maintain office, resting on forces strong in character and representative quality, as well as in numbers and resolution. Broadly speaking, these forces will represent the more northerly population of these islands with a large contingent from the Southern capital. They have, indeed, been cruelly miscounted under a system whereby the vote of Falmouth and Colchester has been made to stop the mouth of Leicester or Newcastle. But the force and direction of the two great electoral currents is clear. The North stands out against the South—Scotland, Wales, Yorkshire, Lancashire, the north-eastern and eastern corners of England against the Midlands, the Home Counties, and a nearly solid Southern Coast. This is not precisely a new phenomenon in our politics. It faintly crossed the Liberal sweep of four years ago, and set its mark on the earlier triumphs of 1880 and 1885. But it was never so deeply scored across our political life as it is to-day. There is no reason to deplore it, or to regard this schism in national politics as other than a sign of where lie the strong and progressive elements in modern British history, and where the feebler and more conservative ones. We have three nations out of the four, and the best half of the fourth. We have the Britain that has always been right; they have the Britain that has always been wrong. Roughly speaking, we have the makers and distributors of our wealth; they the spenders and manipulators of it. We hold the staple trades—cotton, woollens, iron, steel, tin-plates, shipping, mining; they the smaller ones, backed by the great parasitic speculative class, with its immense appanage of domestic or semi-domestic labor, which has found the funds for this money-primed assault on the liberties of the people, and has carried a wave of anti-democratic feeling right through the chief pleasure-ground of England to stem the movement of its working centres. This is a formidable confrontation. Nothing can more clearly be deduced from it than that it means the definite failure of "Tariff Reform." Southern England seldom won anything in modern politics. It has neither the courage nor the steadiness of which a winning line of battle is made up. Cheltenham cannot force a tariff on Manchester: Protection, as the Prime Minister well said, will never stand against the fixed decision of the productive energies of the nation. The Tories may think that it makes a good trump card. But it is a losing one. Manchester, Glasgow, Leeds, Bradford, Newcastle, have settled that bit of English history for ever.

Nevertheless the immediate and the proximate consequences of this voting are such as to cause grave searchings of heart among those who have always foreseen the seriousness of the situation that must follow upon the elections. A nation peculiarly wanting in the historic sense has come plump upon an old and deep quarrel, of which the minority, at least, have taken little heed. The assault of the Lords on the Constitution has failed in

the country; and it is a fact of great moment that their nominal defenders have, from the first, allowed the constitutional case to go by default. They have not dared to talk about the Lords; they have talked (and threatened) unemployment instead. They assumed that, if they succeeded, the country would give the go-by to the trifling fact that the unrepresentative House had claimed the dominant power in the Constitution. Absorbed in their burlesque arguments and bullying tactics, they chose to ignore the political crisis, which happens, nevertheless, to be the master-key to the economic one. The trade of Great Britain is absolutely secure under our Free Trade system; its Constitution lies in ruins by the act of the House of Lords, and must be rebuilt.

Now, it is a fact of great moment that this breach with the past has been effected by a revolution of the rich, seeking not merely to resist an attack on property, but to shift taxes from land to food, and to change the balance of political power. From the beginning this false start spoiled the Protectionist case. Now its whole consequences appear. It is certain that the country is for the Budget and against the Lords: it is not yet certain what majority, in mass and in kind, the Government will possess for dealing with the usurpation of the peers. But whether it be great or moderate, the party has placed itself under a definite engagement to secure the undivided supremacy of the House of Commons in finance, and the removal of the legislative veto. Clearly this pledge cannot be affected by the size of the Liberal majority—the only point of the electoral struggle now seriously at issue. If that majority is moderate, there is no chance that the Lords, who failed to respect a majority of 350, will consider it. If it is large, we have still to deal with a body that never resigns and never goes out, and will never abandon or qualify its fixed Toryism, let the electors say and think what they will. This body has held up the finances of the country. Not one Budget, but two Budgets, will be called for almost as soon as the new Parliament meets. Who can guarantee their fate? Who could guarantee a single Bill that the Government might propose to the representative Chamber? The "deadlock" that Lord Salisbury foresaw in 1894 as the result of the rejection of the Harcourt Budget, is upon us; and, even if it were resolved, the Liberal Party would still have to recover its lost power to legislate. A desperate challenge to the principle of representative Government lies under trial; involving the most momentous decision that the British Monarchy has had to take during its later history.

We must, therefore, regard the present elections as the opening chapter of a great political struggle, for which we stand equipped in advance with all the most stable elements in British politics. These elements have not been bribed or seduced or frightened; their verdict is already given with the utmost emphasis and weight, both of numbers and of enthusiasm; they are the Ironsides of this conflict. Armed with their support, the Liberal, Labor, and Nationalist parties will march forward to the object to which they are unitedly and irrevocably fixed, the destruction of the political power of the House of Lords.

THE STRENGTH OF ENGLAND.

THE electoral returns that have come to hand teach us one lesson clearly enough. They show the world where the strength of democracy lies, and with it the security for freedom and the hope of progress. The Cathedral cities, the "residential" boroughs, the clerk populations of West London, are sped like dead leaves before the blast of vain doctrine. They have reverted to their normal Toryism, indifferent to their own rights, ignorant of their national history, and content with the rule of the Peers. The relatively unorganised trades of the Midland region have gone with them. Elsewhere, throughout the North and in the industrial quarters of the South and West, organised labor stands firm as a rock against the assaults of reaction. If we save our liberties, we have the artisan classes to thank for them. We do not ignore the work of the isolated thinkers and leaders in the professional and business classes, or the enthusiasm which the new Liberalism has generated among them. It is probable that their leadership has been essential to give shape and form to the democratic movement, or to save it from the danger of losing itself in divisions between Socialist and Liberal. Nor do we undervalue the signal services of Liberal Nonconformity in keeping true to the colors a considerable proportion of the middle class, in holding up the banner of social freedom in the English counties, as well as in rallying Welsh and Scottish democracy. But when heads come to be counted, these forces would have been overwhelmed if the independent workman had not exercised his own judgment and made up his mind on the constitutional and on the tariff issue. It is this class whose vote has swept Manchester, Salford, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Newcastle, Hull, and, in a word, presents an almost solid phalanx for a free Constitution in the English boroughs north and south of the Mersey and the Humber.

Never have the forces dividing parties been more clearly shown by the geographical distribution of victories and defeats. The party of the Peers depends in the first place on society and wealth. Upon society and wealth the bulk of the professional classes and the vast population of clerks follow like sheep, and by methods well known in electioneering, they are able to sweep into their net large numbers of the poorer and dependent work-people. Lastly, by plural voting they are able to double and sometimes treble or quadruple their strength. In large measure the reactionary victories are parades of a stage army. Those who march through the polling booths to triumph at Norwood or Chelsea one day are counted over again in the smashing majority for Mr. Balfour a day or two later. Against these forces—against property counted twice or thrice over, and against the submissive clientèle of property—stands the organised workman, and, if the agricultural laborer stands with him as of old, he wins. It is here that the democratic principle lives, and here it is now revealed as so vital, so well-founded in intelligence and character, that we can no longer fear that it will die. An electoral defeat even now would not extinguish its spirit. We know at length that we have the heart and strength of England with us, and that our problem is that of dealing with

its weakness. We can put off those doubts of democracy which in later days have infected some men of strong human and popular sympathies. We want more democracy, not less, freedom from the chicaneries which give every advantage to wealth and privilege, organisation that will make democratic sentiment everywhere the living force that it is to-day in Manchester, Leeds, and Newcastle.

The secret of this force is revealed, we think, in the comparison between the political attitude of the clerk and the workman. The workman of the North is a democrat, not in politics alone, nor at times of election alone. He has for three generations been building up great organisations of his own, the friendly societies, the co-operative societies, and the trade unions. In these organisations the individual is not lost, as he is in the community of forty millions. His share in public life is a real share. He has duties as well as rights; he has responsibilities that come home to him; his decisions, as, for example, if he votes for or against a strike, definitely affect events; he is taught by clear, and sometimes hard, lessons the interaction of public and private affairs. For a generation he has enjoyed elementary education, and his leaders are making a beginning with University education. He is at once learning to think for himself and to act in concert with his fellows. The class of clerks, on the other hand, has had no such fortunate experience. By its economic position, it might conceivably have placed itself at the head of the labor world, in which relation its educational advantages would have given it weight and authority. But the social influences, always so strong in this country as to bewilder foreign observers and often to checkmate domestic reformers, have set its face in the opposite direction. The clerk differentiates himself from the workman, and yet organises no independent movement on his own behalf. He ranges himself with his employer and with the social powers that be, and in these days he is deeply impressed with the illusion of national decadence and the necessity of standing shoulder to shoulder in defence at once of our shores and of our commerce against the insidious Teuton. If he was more of a humorist, he would see the oddity of a tariff system to preserve our trade which is championed by Salisbury and Exeter and repudiated by Manchester and Leeds. But he is very serious in his alarms, and he knows that there are regions to which the pure milk of the word is not borne daily by the patriotic organisation of Messrs. Harmsworth or Pearson. Four years ago he, like many of the professional class, was much cooled by the manifest deficiencies of Mr. Balfour's administration, and he would not stir himself. To-day he is convinced that the crisis of the nation is at hand, and he has rallied to his cause in numbers sufficient to bring back the party vote to its normal figure or something more. For he has not worked out public questions with organisations of his own making, but has been content to take his politics by hearsay and on trust.

When we contrast these two classes—which have been the backbone of victory on the two sides—who can doubt about the future? We are standing not for the lifeless forms of a merely political democracy but for a new social order, a higher freedom secured by economic

emancipation, and a firmer solidarity based upon the rational and clear-sighted co-operation of equals. Inevitably, as we make clear the meaning of our programme, we enlist against it every force that selfishness, and stupidity, and privilege can command. The question was, would the body of the working population respond to our call in proportion sufficient to show that as a body they had gripped our meaning and were determined to realise the possibilities opened out to them? This response has been made. The brighter hopes which opened last year can no longer be dismissed as the dream of a few enthusiasts. They have taken hold of the mass of men who are doing the work of the country to-day and keeping Great Britain in the van of the world's civilisation. These are the men of grit and purpose, and though they have a heavy load to carry, they will win through with it, as in older and darker days they saved themselves and their children from ruin, by the historic effort of voluntary union and co-operation.

THE NEW TORY DEMAGOGY.

THERE is no feature of the elections which deserves closer attention than the way in which the party that stands for privilege has sought its prey among the class which, by small knowledge and intellectual skill, it thought to be the most open to assault. Not one weapon of so-called Conservatism has been forged or handled for the fairly trained mind. Its first task was to lower the tone of the controversy. Mr. Balfour coarsened the whole political appeal by calling an able and honorable opponent a liar. At once, the tone of the election declined. The word "lie" became common currency; it was applied to any kind of mistaken or strongly resented assertion, and it was habitually used by men who showed themselves most indifferent to accuracy of statement, and most ignorant of political or economic truth. This was a serious, but by no means the most serious, fault of the Tory campaign. Men who use money in order to influence opinion, as money has been used during the last few weeks, must mean to influence it for falsehood. And untruthfulness has been the governing feature of the Tory propaganda.

But the main dealing of the Opposition—who, happily, are likely to remain an Opposition for some time to come—has been in a new kind of base coin. They could not state a case on its merits and argue its strong points as earlier and fairly instructed controversialists were content to argue it. Every question must be begged. The very name "Tariff Reform" was an intended evasion, for the English tariff was "reformed" by a Conservative statesman more than sixty years ago, and cleared of the maze of taxes with which the neo-Tories are trying to cumber it afresh. But when the merits of Protection were debated, it was not enough to claim for it, as it is possible for an honest though uninstructed controversialist to claim, that it might increase employment. Mr. Balfour, having deliberately stated in 1903, that if a duty on corn was a benefit to the British farmer, it could only be an injury to the British consumer, must needs claim, in 1910, that it would reduce rather than

increase the price of bread. Thus an attempt was made in scores of constituencies, to advocate Protection, while attributing to it the special merit which every one familiar with the controversy knows to belong to Free Trade. Protection puts the producer before the consumer. This is its grand premiss; from it the whole Protectionist theory flows. No honest Protectionist dreams of arguing that import taxes, if they have the desired effect, benefit consumer and producer by the same stroke. One gains, the other loses. But the elegant contortionist of the new Protection took his line from the coarser acrobats of his troupe, and every Tory hack essayed the mental feat of declaring that everything was to be taxed and everything to be made cheaper.

The same process was applied to old age pensions. Mr. Ure's original statement was the perfectly truthful one that no Protectionist Budget would ever finance old age pensions, a statement which could not be disputed after Mr. Balfour's reduction of the revenue accruing from the new food taxes to zero. But the Tory Party were not content with denying the clear implication of their own muddled essays in economics. Their record in old age pensions was clear. They promised them. They squandered the money that would have paid for them on the South African war. When the Government introduced them, they opposed and belittled the scheme, condemned its finance as profligate, and finally settled with conviction on a scheme of contributory pensions. In other words, their direct policy, endorsed by Lord Lansdowne on the eve of the elections, was to change the basis of old age pensions from a free gift of the State to one of contribution. Under their Protectionist system the aged worker would have paid for his pensions twice over. He would have subscribed to them directly, and also in the enhanced price of his food. Yet, in the process of the evolution of a lie, a party with this record, and this express and implicit declaration of policy, went to the final length of declaring, in scores of thousands of posters, that old age pensions was the gift of the Unionist Party, and even, in a special degree, of the House of Lords! Had not the Lords passed them? And could not the credit of that act, one of obvious duress, be somehow snatched from the Liberal friends of the pensions policy and claimed for its sullen and resisting foes?

The first work of Tory demagogy was, therefore, its attempt to dazzle the mind of the people by doubling the merits of opposite policies, and especially of Protection and Free Trade. The old Protectionists were, at least, honest; the aristocracy took without shame their slice off the poor man's loaf, and made no bones about it. They did not produce a hocus-pocus loaf out of a conjuror's trick-bag, and pretend that it was good wheat and full measure. So far as morals were concerned, there was little to choose between the crude violence of the attack on the helpless poor of 1820 and the glozing, hypocritical approach to the half-armed democracy of 1910. This desire and plan to deceive have spread like an ulcer through the entire tissue of Toryism. Thus there never was a time in the history of the country when, judging by material strength, the power to resist invasion was greater than it is to-day. Yet the audacious

attempt was made, first, to treat every foreigner who sold goods to us, *if he happened to be a German* (the business of buying was suppressed), as a kind of thief and anti-British conspirator, stealing our workmen's job, in the same act in which he accumulated a fund for the building of "Dreadnoughts" and the imminent destruction of our fleet. In scores of constituencies the natural, healthy, indispensable, unchangeable, processes of international trade, from which they draw their life, were represented as poison in the nation's blood. Here, again, Mr. Balfour invented and nursed the legend and watched it grow into the gross forms into which it swelled, until one of his elected followers, Mr. Clyde, declared that the building of more German warships ought to be regarded as "an unfriendly act"—*i.e.*, the occasion for an immediate declaration of war—and one of his former colleagues, Lord Cawdor, asseverated that Belfast was in danger of becoming a German dockyard, while a clerical supporter in Essex, not to lag behind in this holy war, pictured the Germans landing at Harwich, and, having "battered" that "poor little town," "taking a great big train and rushing on to London from Manningtree in three-quarters of an hour."

But over great spaces of country all forms of intellectual persuasion, even the crudest, were abandoned in favor of a direct invocation of terror, and a vote for the peers was extorted by every form of social pressure. Money and beer flowed like water, and hired bullies made their appearance in many constituencies. Here and there a local brewery practically directed the election. Sir Henry Norman tells a really terrible story of the eviction of poor men in Wolverhampton for showing Liberal bills, and the dismissal of workers of known Liberal opinions. From all parts of the rural districts come reports of the dismissal of employees on large estates last summer as a minatory hint to vote against the Budget. We are informed by candidates that "Vote Tory or lose your job" was the marching order very generally dealt out to the more dependent class of worker. This is the basest form in which corrupted and corrupting wealth has sought to make good its usurpation of political power. By threats barely disguised as canvassing, by the ostentatious collection of polling cards, coupled with the marking down of suspected Liberals and the direct assertion that the voter's identity would be disclosed through his number on the register, the men who possess all the social power have tried to dive down into the secret of the poor man's vote, and dodge the law's provision against discovery of it. We have reason to suspect a gross abuse of power by some returning officers; and we have accounts of the deliberate arrangement of a sequence of contests in adjoining constituencies, so that those most likely to give a win for Toryism might set an example to the others. The second form of frightening tactics, which was a thought less discreditable than the first, was to follow each wave of unemployment and work, often by means of carefully coached touts and imported spies, in places where it had left the deepest mark on the spirit of the population. These tactics were successful in Sunderland, in Nottingham, and in one or two other places, and the resistance to them has been nothing short of heroic.

Here and there an honest "Tariff Reformer," hanging on the hopes of a protective duty for his articles, dealt in a kind of conditional bribery. One manufacturer, assembling his workmen, promised them a five per cent. advance in wages if a duty were put upon his goods, and threatened to close down a factory if Free Trade were maintained. Where the workmen were massed in large factories, where the spirit of comradeship and mutual support existed, these tactics failed. Where they were isolated, or were only formed in petty groups, the plan not infrequently succeeded.

From the body of this appeal every worthy human element was eliminated. Patriotism put on the mask of hatred and fear. Charity became a threat, a hand that pointed the gulf of poverty at the end of the path to freedom. The cards were shuffled and re-shuffled so that no issue could be clearly discerned, and the plot to steal the workman's bread and vote could be hidden beneath a litter of false promises and false pictures of the nation's trade and politics. The Tories have not achieved their end, for Tariff Reform has no more chance in this Parliament than in the last. But they have shown that virtue has gone as much out of the English aristocracy as out of the class that made and paid for the French Revolution.

EUROPE AND THE ELECTIONS.

THERE was never a time when a General Election in Great Britain could have been a matter of indifference to Europe. Even when the Manchester School preached a universal policy of non-intervention in the affairs of the Continent, even when Lord Goschen boasted with a proud bitterness of our "splendid isolation," we were still a world-Power. The issue of the Midlothian Campaign affected European history as intimately as any other contest of the century, with the exception of the ballot which made Louis Napoleon President, and perhaps of that other struggle in which Gambetta worsted MacMahon. But we stand to-day within the European family as we have not stood for two generations. Our policy is a concern of close moment to France and to Russia, and it may affect not only the diplomacy but the finances of Germany. The tradition of continuity confines the perturbation, which a change of Government might naturally cause, within certain limits. Sir Edward Grey has introduced no innovations in the policy laid down by Lord Lansdowne, and if Lord Lansdowne were to return to Downing Street the main lines of our diplomacy would remain unchanged. But behind the framework of a continuous diplomacy, every reality of our world position would have undergone a change. The affirmation of the authority of the Lords in finance would have taken us out of the category of the Liberal Powers. The abandonment of Free Trade would complicate all our dealings with friend and rival alike. A retaliatory tariff might conceivably be used to make still more intimate our relations with our political friends. It would almost certainly involve us in a tariff war with Germany, which might precede and might even be

intended to produce the "inevitable conflict" on the seas. In the background lurk other possibilities—at the least a reckless quickening of the race of naval armaments, at the worst some dallying with conscription, to prepare the arm with which we could alone intervene effectively in a Continental struggle for the balance of power. These are the possibilities. But the plain man in Continental countries cannot be expected to know how impotent for revolution a small Protectionist majority would be, how little Lord Lansdowne has in him of the incendiary or the adventurer, how wide is the difference between Mr. Balfour on a platform, faced with an audience that cheers every muted echo of a Blatchford or a Beresford, and the same Mr. Balfour among "Souls" and Cecils in the decent calm of a council room.

The attitude of German opinion towards the elections needs no explanation. The Germans have seen the more responsible organs of the Conservative Party engaged, with hardly a break through some six years, in preaching a struggle for ascendancy between the first sea-Power and the first land-Power of Europe. The Moroccan complication, the Balkan turmoil, and the naval controversy, have each been used to familiarise the governing class with the idea, if not of an inevitable war, at least of a necessary antagonism, in which the victory would lie with the heavier armaments. They have seen the same attitude caricatured and exaggerated in every note of panic and hatred by the meaner organs of the party. The echoes of Mr. Balfour's disingenuous toying with the cry of a national danger reached them last week. They know that the "big revolver" of a tariff would be pointed first of all at Hamburg. They know that a party which takes its information as to German preparations from Mr. Mulliner and other witnesses interested in contracts would either involve them in a yet more accentuated rivalry, or present them with the menace of a wantonly expanded fleet. It is inevitable that German opinion should desire a Liberal victory at the polls. Perhaps the most significant comment on our recent nervousness is the remark of the "Kreuz Zeitung," that it hopes that the election may result in the return of a strong Government in order that our self-confidence may be restored. Under normal circumstances it is probable that the sympathies of the greater part of the German Press would have been with British Conservatism. In their fiscal theories, in their hatred of Socialism and their faith in force, our Tories are at one with the Prussian Agrarians and the National Liberals. But Imperialism is a creed which sunders its votaries. Socialism is an international link, and Liberalism was, and is, a European faith. But the Jingo of each nation commonly passes the harshest of all judgments on his fellows in neighboring lands. The exception, of course, is to be found, for obvious reasons, among the ruling classes in France and Russia. The "Temps" has expressed, with unusual decision, its desire for a Conservative victory, and the "Novoe Vremya" has echoed its tone. There is no reason here for surprise. For the "Temps" has repeatedly insisted that our alliance with France could be of only secondary value until we were pleased to adopt conscription. It naturally favors the militarist party. It doubtless remembers, moreover, that

the Liberal Press sought to exert a moderating influence in the Moroccan adventure, while the Conservative Press urged French diplomacy to extremes. To a Russian reactionary, on the other hand, the attack on the prerogatives of our Duma must seem a splendid precedent to be encouraged at all costs.

These interested calculations on the consequences of our election make matter for reflection. More significant because more disinterested are the comments that touch the real matter of the dispute. Everywhere the same financial difficulties confront the European Powers, and everywhere they are due to the same causes—the parallel pressure of the ruling classes to secure great armaments, and of the democracy to extort costly social reforms. It is no exaggeration to say that every thinking man of humane opinions throughout Europe is watching the fate of the Budget, certain that if it succeeds it is a model which his own leaders must imitate. British precedents are closely watched abroad, because the general faith in our sanity and prudence makes any appeal to our experiments an argument to which moderate opinion will bow. The Budget has everywhere that pioneer significance. If a country which hardly knows the theory of the "class war," and had in its last Chamber only a single representative of revolutionary Socialism, can still adopt the super-tax on great incomes, and apply the doctrine of ransom to the increments of unearned wealth, there can be no necessary connection between these innovations and the red flag. Everywhere else, even in France, Radicalism has halted in its constructive work. It seems in France impotent to carry even a contributory scheme of old age pensions and a mildly graduated income tax. Hesitating and apprehensive, it looks now with hope and now with anxiety to the bold initiative of British Liberalism. The comments of the French Radical Press on Mr. Lloyd George's work have, on the whole, betrayed a deep and friendly interest. But even more significant is the pains which M. Jaurès, on their left flank, has taken in a series of articles in "l'Humanité" to expound the whole scheme of the taxes and the pensions, the insurance projects, and the development grant. None of these ideas are absolutely new. Several of them may be paralleled from Germany. But Frenchmen do not readily assimilate German precedents. In their German dress these expedients are apt to seem only a variety of Prussian discipline. In their English version, on the other hand, they come recommended by a warm humanity and an unquenched faith in liberty. Not in France alone, but in Italy, in Sweden, and even in Spain, the fiscal and social aspects of the Budget have been eagerly and sympathetically debated. It is hardly too much to say that when the Budget has passed the test of this election, it will have become, not merely a starting-point in our own development, but a model for European finance. It will give courage to timid statesmen, and support to the ambitious; above all, it will furnish to the Left Wings of every progressive party a standard which they will apply to the halting work of the moderates. British Liberalism has regained in this Budget a leadership and a moral ascendancy in Europe, which it has not possessed since the greater days of Gladstone.

Life and Letters.

OUR "EDUCATED" CLASSES.

It is clear that a large proportion of the "educated" classes of England are supporting unrepresentative government and Protection. Our University seats stand, for the most part, uncontested, the Cathedral cities and the pleasant residential towns, which for generations have justly claimed to be the homes of literary culture, have, with rare exceptions, declared against the cause of popular liberty. Even in the great industrial centres, a West end, representing property and "trained intelligence," has set itself in antagonism to the common people. Five-sixths, or, in many cases, nine-tenths, of the "gentry," the rich men of commerce, and the professional classes, are ranged on the side of reaction. What does this signify? Does it mean that the intellect and the enlightened conscience of the country is organising against the growing menace of ignorant mob-rule to defend the cause of civilisation against the assaults of predatory demagogues and a Socialism which is "the end of all things"? Or does it mean, upon the other hand, that the professional and intellectual classes, always dependent for their support and their career upon the possessing classes, are rallying consciously or instinctively to the defence of their patrons and paymasters?

Both these crude interpretations can be ingeniously and plausibly defended. But, when the facts are more closely inspected, neither proves quite satisfactory. In the first place, it is untrue that the best intellects of the nation stand for authority and oligarchy. Take those men who are in the front rank of uncontested eminence in literature, the first twenty of our living writers and thinkers. Not four of them would be found siding with the lords against the people. Nor would the proportion of reactionaries be much greater among the men of science, the leaders of the learned professions (with the exception of the Church), while in those departments of intellectual activity which bear most nearly upon politics, law, history, and economics, the condemnation of those causes to which English Conservatism has now committed itself is overwhelming in its preponderance. We do not contend that the preponderance of high intellectuality is definitely "Radical" in its political proclivities. A certain timidity, bred of a lack of sympathy and understanding of the people, commonly prevails in intellectual castes and coteries, precluding our great intellectuals from exercising that powerful and direct influence over the popular mind and movement which is visible in such countries as Russia, France, and even America, not to mention those little countries whose higher rate of progress is primarily due to the larger and freer service rendered by the illumination of the few to the instruction and inspiration of the many. Such fruitful and inspiring leadership is not common here, and we have some reason to complain of the too persistent severance which persists, in what we call an age of popular education, between the advanced intellect of the country and the awakening populace. Perhaps the time is now coming when the free connections may be made by which the ripper culture of our Universities and our little groups of philosophers and literary men may be transmitted to inform and stimulate the rude forces of intellectual curiosity which are stirring in our great industrial centres, receiving from them in return a wholesome flow of popular thought and feeling.

But this full sympathy between the intellectual leaders and the people lies rather in the future. In our analysis of present conditions we cannot go further than to claim that the best intellectual culture of the nation severs itself from the definitely reactionary policy to which the larger "educated" classes commit themselves. For our most instructive lessons we must look more closely to the state of mind prevailing among this larger class. A short-sighted community of direct material interests certainly goes some way to explain why, in an ordinary industrial or residential town, five out of six doctors, lawyers, accountants, or large shopkeepers side with local landowners and other men of property. Our

"educated" classes, in the accepted sense of the word, are our upper and our middle classes; they alone have had access to "higher education" hitherto. These upper classes are the large property owners, whose privileged and superfluous wealth is attacked, and who are defending themselves by a resuscitation of the obsolete "rights" of the Peers. The bulk of the middle classes, manufacturing, trading, professional, erroneously but quite intelligibly identify themselves with the upper classes. By the instinctive habitude, to which the term "snobishness" is given, they are always "looking up" to persons in a "better position"; this attitude of admiration, sometimes of aspiration, maintains a sympathy which disposes their minds to adopt readily any strong political suggestions from their "superiors." Even middleclass men with better intellectual equipment and capable of thinking for themselves are amazingly susceptible to these influences of rank, and our universities to-day retain plenty of instances of boot-licking almost as crude as those which Thackeray portrayed. But while this ineradicable snobishness is undoubtedly one mode of reactionary influence, it cannot sufficiently explain why the crudest scares and the most transparent fallacies should so completely dominate these "educated" men. Their property, their commercial and professional interests, are not really in jeopardy, they do not stand to gain in income, in position, or in any way, by backing up the wreckers of the Constitution and the tariff-makers. Most of them stand conspicuously to lose. Their present position as traders or professional men is one of increasing and precarious struggle amid growing hazards of unregulated competition and ever-increasing chances of failure. It might be expected that they would welcome a constructive social policy aiming to regularise industry, to develop national resources, to enlarge the incomes of the less capricious spenders, and especially, to afford increased security of employment to the medical, legal, and educational professions by enlarging the public side of their work.

Another explanation must be sought for this combination of shortsightedness with the lack of sympathy with popular power. We find it in the defects of our "higher education." The mass of lads who have passed through our great public schools and Universities or professional colleges have never had their intelligence and their sympathies stirred by any serious endeavor to teach the moving drama of history, to educate their passion for justice and liberty by the intelligent interpretation of the growth of those social institutions which surround and influence their lives. Such slight strains of history or of philosophy as they acquire are commonly sterilised by antiquity. The noblest and most nourishing of all food for English youth, that literature which is the greatest contribution of England to humanity, is deliberately and of set purpose excluded from their intellectual table, or, worse still, is served up in dressed dishes of academic philology. This wicked conspiracy against true education has been frequently denounced, but the vested intellectual interests which it serves have hitherto kept the fountains of our national literature sealed against the minds of English youth.

But this is only the central charge in a far wider indictment against an educational system which has hitherto excluded from that training in "humane letters," that should be the birth-right of every member of a civilised nation, all adequate initiation into the study of history, economics, literature, and philosophy. Where these studies are followed at all, they are made subordinate and are mutilated by the avoidance of those live issues which can best serve to stimulate the curiosity and to stir the generous love of knowledge in our youth. With such an education, from which all that is most vital to the understanding of modern society is excluded, it is no wonder that the ordinary "educated" man, soon immersed in a profession or a life of ease, should fail to understand the play of living forces in our public life, that he should realise no intelligent responsibility, and should delegate his judgment to his party leader or his newspaper. A little veneer of literary and scientific culture, soft, superficial, decorative, involving no earnestness or fervor of

intellect, no arduous exercise of reason in the test of evidence or inference, no plain understanding of the continuity of history, such is the mental condition of the great majority of "educated" Englishmen to-day. It is perilous, for themselves and for the nation. For to these persons the growth of popular liberties in the exercise of self-government, broadening down through many centuries, all the eventful struggles, the great deeds and personalities that were evoked, the whole purpose and proper destiny of gathering democracy, appear to be entirely without meaning; it contains nothing that appeals to their hearts or understandings. They do not like something in a Budget, or their daily paper tells them they can tax the foreigner, and they are ready with no question or hesitancy to fling any log that lies to hand across the stream of their nation's history to dam its course. Surely it is time to do something for the education of the "educated" classes.

THE ELEMENT OF CALM.

ALL are aware that we have no abiding city here, but that, says the hymn-writer, is a truth which should not cost the saint a tear, and our politicians appear to lament it as little as the saints. Their eyes are dry; it does not distress their mind, it seems hardly to occur to them, unless, perhaps, they are defeated candidates. One might suppose from their manner that eternal truths depended on their efforts, and that the city they seek to build would abide for ever. Could all this toil and expenditure be lavished on a transitory show, all this eloquence upon the baseless fabric of a vision, all this hatred and malice upon things that wax old as doth a garment and like a vesture are rolled up? We should think from their preoccupied zeal that every politician was laying the foundation stone of an everlasting Jerusalem, did not reason and experience alike forbid the possibility.

May it not rather be that the politicians, like the saints, keep the tears of mortality out of their eyes by contemplating this passing dream under the aspect of eternal realities? This month the heavens at night are filled with constellations of peculiar beauty. May we not suppose that the politician, emerging from the Town Hall amid the cheers and execrations of the voice that represents the voice of God, lifts up his eyes unto the heavens, where prone Orion still grasps his sword and Auriga drives his chariot of fire, and the pole star hangs immovable, by which Ulysses set his helm? And as he gazes, he recognises with joy in his heart that the stars themselves, with all their recurrent comets and flaming meteors and immovable constellations, hardly cast a stain upon the white radiance of eternity, under which he has been striving and crying and perpetrating comparatively trifling deviations from exactitude.

It is a consolation which a large proportion, probably more than half, of mankind shares with our politicians. Like them, the greater part of mankind is aware that there is peace somewhere beyond these voices, that life with all its unsatisfied longings and its repetition of care is transitory as a summer cloud, and that the only way of escape from the pain and misery, the foulness and corruption, of this material universe is by the destruction of all desires, except the one engrossing desire for non-existence. That is why the majority of mankind has set itself to overcome the unholy urgings of ambition, the pleasure of selfish and revengeful purposes, and the deeply-implanted delight in cruelty and unkindness. Such conquest, as our politicians also know, is the essential part of the Fourfold Path by which the bliss of extinction may be attained. Let him cease to be ambitious, let him purge himself of selfish aims and revengeful or unkind thoughts, and a man may at last enter into Nirvana, a politician may be extinguished. Life follows life, and each life fulfils its Karma of destined expiation, working out the earthly stain of previous existences. "Quisque suos patimur manes." The sin that most easily besets us fixes the shape of our next incarnation, and, did not a politician strictly follow the guidance of the Fourfold Path, the first elec-

tion after his death might see him re-appear as a sheep, a cave-dweller, or a rat.

Never to have been born is best; never to be born again is the hope and motive of all good men among the greater part of mankind. It is not only the teaching of the most famous Buddha which has told them so. A Preacher more familiar to us has said the same, and our Western churches do but repeat an echo from the East. "I praised the dead who are already dead more than the living who are yet alive," he wrote; "yea, better is he than both they which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun." And there was a greater writer than the Preacher, who longed for death, but it came not, and dug for it more than for hid treasures. Had he but died before his birth, he cried, he would now have lain still and been quiet, he would have slept; then had he been at rest with kings and counsellors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves; there the prisoners rest together, they hear not the voice of the oppressor; wherefore is light given to him that is in misery? From age to age Job's question has been asked by far more than half the human race, and yet the human race continues, miserable and unholy though it is.

But the widest expression of this common cry is found in Buddhism, and there is found also a doctrine of peace that seeks to answer it. From the turmoil of the street and market-place, from the atomic vortex of public meetings, ballot stations, and motors decked with flags, let us turn to the "Psalms of the Sisters," those Buddhist nuns whose utterances Mrs. Rhys Davids has edited for the Pali Text Society (Frowde). In this inextricable error of existence—this charnel-house of corrupting bodies wherein the soul lies imprisoned too long—time and space do not seriously matter. But let us turn from Haggerston and Battersea and the Lancastrian triumphs of to-day, and visit the regions where the great mountains were standing and the holy Ganges flowed within two or three centuries before or after the birth of Christ. Somewhere about that time, somewhere about that place, these women, having, in most cases, fulfilled their various parts in life as wives, mothers, or courtesans, retired to the Homeless Life in mountains, forests, or the banks of streams where they might seek deliverance for their souls. With shaven heads, and clad in the deep saffron cloth such as the ascetic wanderer of India still wears, furnished only with a bowl for the unasked offerings of the pious and compassionate, they went their way, free from the cares and desires of this putrifying world. As one of them—a goldsmith's daughter, to whom the Master himself had taught the Norm of the Fourfold Path—as one of them explained to the tire-some relations who tried to call her back:—

"Why herewithal, my kinsmen—nay, my foes—
Why yoke me in your minds with sense desires?
Know me as her who fled the life of sense,
Shorn of her hair, wrapt in her yellow robe.
The food from hand to mouth, glean'd here and there,
The patchwork robe—these things are meet for me,
The base and groundwork of the homeless life."

Some sought escape from the depression of luxury, some from the wretchedness of the poor, some from the abominations of the wanton, some from the boredom of tending an indifferent husband. One of them thus utters her complaint with frank simplicity:—

"Rising betimes, I went about the house,
Then with my hands and feet well cleansed I went
To bring respectful greeting to my lord,
And taking comb and mirror, unguents, soap,
I dressed and groomed him as a handmaid might.
I boiled the rice, I washed the pots and pans;
And as a mother on her only child,
So did I minister to my good man.
For me, who with toil infinite then worked,
And rendered service with a humble mind,
Rose early, ever diligent and good,
For me he nothing felt, save sore dislike."

Others sought freedom of intellect, others the free development of personality; but, in the end, it was deliverance from earthly desires that all were seeking, for it is only through such deliverance that the final blessedness of total extinction can be reached. Then, as they

cry, they cease to wander in the jungles of the senses, re-birth comes no more, and the peace of Nirvana is won. A poor Brahmin's daughter who had been married to a cripple, thus exults in a multiplied redemption:—

"O free, indeed! O gloriously free
Am I in freedom from three crooked things:—
From quern from mortar, from my crookback'd lord!
Ay, but I'm free from rebirth and from death,
And all that dragged me back is hurled away."

But more truly characteristic of the spiritual mind is the joyful advice of one who, having perfected herself in meditation, could thus commune with her soul:—

"Hast thou not seen sorrow and ill in all
The springs of life? Come thou not back to birth!
Cast out the passionate desire again to Be.
So shalt thou go thy ways calm and serene."

Thus only by the recognition of the sorrow of the world, by the conquest of all desires, and by the exercise of kindness to all that breathe this life of misery, is that Path to be trodden of which the fourth stage enters Nirvana's peace. Thus only can we escape from this repulsive carcass—"this bag of skin with carrion filled," as one of the Sisters calls it—and so be merged into the element of calm, just as the space inside a bowl is merged into the element of space when at last the bowl is broken and will never need scrubbing more.

It is thought that Gautama, the great Buddha, whose effigy in the calm of contemplation is the noblest work of Indian art, fondly believed that all mankind would seek deliverance along the path he pointed out, and that so, within a few generations, the human race, together, perhaps, with every living thing that breathes beneath the law of Karma, would pass from sorrow into nothingness. Mankind has not fulfilled his expectation. The task of expiation is not yet completed, and, in the midst of anguish, corruption, and the flux of all material things, the human race goes swarming on. We suppose it is about as numerous as ever, and, though something like half of it accepts the teaching of the Buddha as divine, they seem in no more hurry to fulfill its precepts than are the followers of other Founders. We cannot say that mankind has gone very far along the Fourfold Path, for there are still many of us who would rather be a mouse than nothing; yet it remains an accepted truth of the Buddhistic doctrine, that above this fleeting and variegated world there abides the element of calm. As the final Chorus Mysticus of "Faust" proclaims: "All things transitory are but a symbol," and if any politician during the late storm of worldly desires has for a moment lost sight of truth's eternal stars that guide his way, let him now turn to the "Psalms of the Sisters." Even if he has been successful, he will there find peace, discovering in Nirvana the quiet Chiltern Hundreds of the soul.

LIFE IN OLD CRETE.

THERE were kings before Agamemnon; there were sacked cities before Troy. Not once but twice did barbarians from the North overturn the civilisation of Greece, and the glories which we used to reckon as the first flowering of a European culture were themselves in some sort a renaissance. Our texts are all palimpsests; under every "old master," when once the archæologist begins to scrape it, there lies hidden an earlier triumph. That is the lesson of Dr. Evans's discoveries in Crete. He has enlarged the dials of our clocks, flung back our reckonings of time, and taught us, where we had counted in years and centuries, to measure also in æons. The ancients invented the water clock. He has given us instead an earth clock. Reckon that in so many centuries a given number of feet of earth settle with their intelligible refuse upon the monuments of forgotten glories, and you may make of the sediment which covers Knossos and Gortyna a measure of the tides that have submerged the ages of stone and bronze, to yield at last to our spades of steel. It would be miracle enough if it were, like the diggings in Mexico and Central Asia, the uncovering of a cradle in which alien cultures were reared. But the real romance of these excavations in

Crete is that they reveal the forgotten foundations of Greece. Whatever breaks of conquest there may have been, whatever superpositions of one race upon another, this, at least, is clear—that Hellenic civilisation evolved from these beginnings in a line jagged and meandering, but never wholly broken. Euripides, in the "Trojan Women," guessed, with the sympathy of divination, at the process. Professor Gilbert Murray in his "Andromache" has reconstructed one of its typical tragedies even more completely.

Enough has been done in ten years of archæological and anthropometric work to piece together the records of this buried civilisation. In "Crete the Forerunner of Greece" (Harpers) Mr. and Mrs. Hawes, who themselves did pioneer work among the diggers, have put together an admirable summary of the results. The evidence of skull measurements and of paintings goes to show that the Cretans of this Bronze Age, whose remains stretch in an unbroken line from about B.C. 2800 to B.C. 1200, belonged to the original Mediterranean race. They were short, long-headed, and dark, and their features seem distinctly European when compared with contemporary Egyptian portraits—a difference which the Egyptian artists themselves emphasised when they sketched "a prince of the isles in the midst of the Great Green Sea." They were clearly a mercantile and seafaring people, who exchanged wares and ideas with Lycians, Hittites, and Egyptians. War can have played no great part in their lives, for their cities were not walled. But in their later period, from which the Hellenic tradition of Minos dates, they controlled a sea-Empire over the Aegean, repressed piracy, and doubtless held settlements on the Greek mainland. Their culture, despite its debt to Egypt and Asia, was not simply imitative. It advanced through stages whose development makes a continuous series which can be understood without invoking foreign influences. Their art, indeed, in its best periods is markedly superior to anything which Asia Minor or Egypt produced. It has at times a delicate power of suggestion and impressionism which seems almost Japanese. It loved, above all things, to depict motion. It had a dramatic instinct which seized the meaning of a boxing match or a hunting scene. It delighted, as Greek art alone did in the old world, in the faithful rendering of the naked human body. There is nothing before classical times to compare with the two ivory statuettes of leaping youths from Knossos. In low relief it faced problems of perspective as intricate as anything on the Parthenon friezes. It went for its ornament to native flowers, and the long stages from naturalism and realism to the free treatment of conventionalised designs can be traced century by century. It is possible to form a guess at the social structure of these ancient towns. Their princes were wealthy and powerful, but they cannot have been Asiatic despots removed from their subjects by terror and superstition. Wealthy and comfortable houses of traders and craftsmen crowded round the palace. The scenes of pageants and games suggest an easy and almost democratic world. Its basis was probably matriarchal, and the women were not only free but prominent. The ladies of the Court of Knossos sit before us on the frescoes, with their elaborate coiffures, their puffed sleeves in yellow, their low-cut corsages in blue, and their ample skirts. Their gestures betray an animated conversation, as they incline slightly, one to another. It might be Portia running over the list of her suitors with some sprightly Nerissa. The fashionable, the royal sport was obviously bull-baiting. The Minotaur of legend was simply a bull of a large and shapely breed, who plunged and capered in some prehistoric arena of the labyrinthine city for the pleasure of the Minoan Court. The youths and maidens whom Athens sent as her tribute to the thalassocrat of Crete, were destined to be trained as toreadors and acrobats. They seem incredibly modern, as the old Cretan artist has painted them, with their light clothing, their pinched waists, their spurious grace of the footlights, and the pretty confusion of their long, black tresses, as they whirl in the air above the angry bull.

One can read the epic of Troy from the Trojan side as one glances at these records. For Troy must have

lived a similar life to that of these Cretan cities. Vases of Cretan origin have been found at Hissarlik, which suggest that commerce and a community of civilisation united them. The Achaean chieftains who fell upon Crete as they had fallen on Troy must have burst upon this ancient civilisation as the Crusaders or the Catalan Company burst upon Byzantine culture. The victory of the Aryan invaders over Pelasgians, Cretans, and Trojans must have been everywhere the triumph of a rude and predatory stock over a settled, sedentary, and, it may be, an over-ripe civilisation. They were raiders and pirates, these Homeric heroes, but their tribal system gave them a strong polity, and they brought with them the Aryan myths and the Aryan tongue, which were to be the basis of a new civilisation. One can imagine the wonder with which the sea-wolves saw the marvels of Cretan craftsmanship. The legends about the miraculous machines of Daedalus perpetuate their astonishment. The metal-workers of the island were for them, as for all primitive peoples, dwarfs, or fairies of more than human origin—the “dactyls” of Ida. They carried off as much as they could of golden ornaments and wrought swords, and this Cretan work is now dug up at Mycenae. It is probable also that they carried away, doubtless as slaves, craftsmen, artificers, and architects to adorn their palaces for them. One can imagine what was the life of the captive women and artists of the more cultivated race. The Achaeans absorbed something of the conquered civilisation. But they must have impoverished and disturbed it before they could assimilate it. Cretan art shows in its later period a marked decadence, a loss of originality and confidence, a decline in which only the conventions survived. Amid the sacking and burning of cities and the overthrow of ancient dynasties, while the dark, short people of the island coasts crept up to the mountain caves for refuge, a civilisation must have been destroyed. Some of its ruder crafts survived. But the spirit of these luxurious courts, the gay, idle life of its theatres and palaces, must have been overwhelmed as completely as the later barbarians overwhelmed the Roman world, and much more suddenly. Some blending of the two cults there was. The Aryan invaders adopted the Cretan goddesses. Zeus was born anew on the Cretan mountains and forcibly married to Hera, who seems, like Artemis and Demeter, to represent some aspect of the Minoan Earth-Goddess, who was the protectress of the wild things of the wood and the patroness of “every feathered mother’s callow brood.” But if this polite people had any life of speculation and thought, if that mysterious dumb script on the clay tablets of Gnosso was ever used for poem or revelation, if there were minstrels and prophets as well as “dactyls” and artists, their thoughts perished with their language in the sack of these cultured cities.

It is a very mundane, a very positive revelation, that Dr. Evans has raised up from the dead. There is no hint in the brisk externality of this ancient world of anything that is spiritual. Those massive jars of clay were only prehistoric safes. Those tablets were only the inventories of treasure houses and the ledgers of merchants who fetched from Tyre the blue of Astarte’s eyes and from Marseilles the tin of distant Cornwall. In those cool stone chambers idle courtiers lay abed in the sultry hours of the Cretan dawn, until the cold breeze from the Northern Sea blew in at the windows four hours before noon. They rose to muster their chariots, to stamp their seals, to essay the machines of Daedalus, to ogle the latest arrivals from Athens, and to bet on their prowess in the bull-ring. So much we know. The coins and the implements, the arms and the palaces, the sports and the crafts—these things survive. But the dreams, the doubts, the aspirations of this ancient world have perished utterly. We have the coffins of their dead. We know nothing of its visions of an after-life. Its admirable system of sanitation has defied the ravages of time. But if it had its hermits and its ascetics, no stone remains of their lonely cells. If there was some Cretan Harmodius who wreathed “in myrtle boughs” his tyrannicide sword, the song that tells of his deed is hushed. If there were preachers, their protest

is forgotten; if there were rebels, their flags have mouldered into dust. Poets and prophets, preachers and leaders, their very memory is gone. The men who worked in bronze and stone will live for ever. They sang, we may be sure, while their mysterious language survived, and dreamed that they were raising monuments “more lasting than brass.” And yet it is the brass which lives.

NATURE THE RADICAL.

It is a truism that Nature has no countenance for the doctrine of primogeniture and little or none for the claims of heredity over nurture and environment. The appositeness of the analogy to human society is generally acknowledged now by impartial inquirers. If the aristocracy maintains its own as an hereditary institution, it is more by reason of the extra nourishment and education that its sons are able to obtain than by force of its specialised blood. That blood, indeed, must be constantly renewed by admixture with a more strenuous strain, and in spite of every advantage, is frequently ousted by men who have lain in the hardest of cradles and been schooled under the most drab conditions. Now that an enlightened civilisation has extended the opportunities of advancement, there is a thin, but constant, spring from the Council schools piercing all the superincumbent strata and spouting out far above the average brilliance of Eton and Harrow.

So much for an aristocracy. In the lower ranks of creation there is no room for it. It has only been preserved in human society by means of the strictest of artificial barriers, which have never been proof against the insurrection of the conventionally degraded. Yet, compared with the unpardonable blunder of primogeniture, the doctrine of a permanent aristocracy is a monument of wisdom. From a physical point of view, and that mainly includes the mental, the first-born is not merely not the best but the least efficient unit of the family. No stock breeder expects the first foal of any mare or the first calf of any heifer, at whatever age she may be bred from, to become a show beast or the founder of a new strain. (Yet, be it noted, among cattle-breeders great and small are to be found the slowest disparagers of the human error of primogeniture.) Nature, aided by another human convention, commonly saves us from the full effect of the error by giving as the first child a girl who, for the purposes of primogeniture, counts as no child at all. In other cases the first son dies early or the whole family fails and the line is transferred to a younger collateral branch. Lastly, the constant suggestion that the first-born must be the prince of the flock produces in man the effect. For this the more unimaginative mind of the animals is not prepared. It is safe to say that if the same hypnotism could be transferred to the second or the third son, secundogeniture or tertigeniture would rest on a firmer basis than does primogeniture to-day.

Primogeniture is, of course, not an aid to civilisation, but an embellishment upon it. If the race goes forward, it is not because of but in spite of this and a hundred other quaint amusements in which an overfed society can indulge. The nations that strive one with another have to shed this and other impedimenta and cultivate Spartan virtues. The social virtues are at their height with the bees, and it was an age very much blinded by human predilections that insisted on seeing in the bees’ communities signs of aristocratic privilege, monarchical rule, or even democratic order as we understand it. The little ring of bees round the “queen,” which Maeterlinck called maids of honor, are, in reality, as any observer must testify, task masters urging her on to lay the greatest requisite number of eggs, and the sum of their attention to her is to feed her adequately for her task, and in other ways keep her efficient for the performance of her particular part in the hive. In winter, when no eggs are required, the “queen” is not bothered by attendants, and makes her way or keeps her place in the silent, idle hive just as unregarded as any worker bee.

But what in particular is there that we can learn

from the ways of the bee? It is that the wealth of the community is the wealth of every citizen; that the danger of the hive is the affair of every inhabitant; that an attack on the city will be promptly avenged, at the cost of her life, by the first soldier that discovers rightly or wrongly the thing to be stung. As far as we have been able to discover, there is only one life entitled to regard itself as more precious than any other. The "singing mason," the "busy porter," the "rich merchant," the "sad-eyed justice" are, in so far as they exist at all, equally bound to take up the sword and, as a necessary and abrupt consequence, perish by the sword. Or, if there is one class of them all that belongs to the reserves, it is that of the nurses, busy, in the shock of the most disturbing catastrophes, tending the children. If there is any order of bee with anything like a privilege, it is the children. As long as there is store of honey and pollen in the hive it is fed to the children. The intention is perfectly clear that, whatever may be the deserts of the present generation, the rising generation shall not start life hampered with an avoidable handicap. This precept of justice and expediency has a curious corollary. When it becomes evident that supplies from outside are suffering a check, not only is the laying of eggs stopped, but such grubs in the cell that, as it seems, cannot be brought up properly, are taken out and destroyed. "Better no children at all than starved and crippled ones" would not be a bad ideal policy for a human society that meant to get on, though we could scarcely expect human nature to run it with the inexorable logic of the bee.

There is one ant that seems to supply the missing link between private and state capitalism; between the taxation and the owning of the millionaire. It is that not too well-known ant of Mexico that in time of prosperity feeds up almost to the bursting-point of their abundantly elastic skins certain chosen members of the community. When these are distended to nine or ten times the usual ant proportions, they hang themselves up by the hooks on their legs and await the time when they may be of further service to the community. When other supplies run short, the "millionaires" are tapped, no doubt to their own relief as well as that of the nurses who want honey for the rising generation. We cannot doubt that the honey-pot ants ask and get the sympathy of the others on account of the burdens of wealth. They possibly get some sort of favored treatment by reminding their compatriots that the lot of the capitalist is an important one. If they spoke of capital flying away, their warning would be received with showers of derision. It would be as difficult for a mine-owner to carry his mountains across the sea as for one of these to take its huge abdomen to another ant-hill.

It is almost or quite impossible to put to Nature the question of Free Trade or Protection. There is no Protection in Nature. It may be true that the intestinal worm perishes on contact with the open air. But so will a creature of the tropics perish as soon as you submit it suddenly to arctic conditions. A flannel jacket might see it through a winter, but it must only be used as a temporary expedient. Left reasonably to the climate, the emigrant from warmer parts grows for itself and its descendants a special winter pelt. The rule of Nature is to accept seeming evils as they come and to turn afflictions into blessings. We desire no better illustration of this than the whole of what we call the nobler part of vegetable creation. When the ancestors of our innumerable flowers were propagated by means of promiscuous spores (as the testimony of the rocks teaches us they were) the visits of marauding insects must have seemed sheer disaster. The first instinct would be all for protection, and to this day such organisms as the common horsetail have struggled on in defiance of the insects. Few flies trouble about the horsetail, either because the plant has made its spores distasteful or because the pollen of the flowers is a much improved product. A spore carried accidentally by the first winged trader, crossed with new blood and raised sturdier progeny. The exchange method increased in certainty with the slow centuries. Some sporangia became petals—

placards to advertise the presence of honey, a new invention to attract the best insects. They still came as marauders, wicked foreigners, but they were more and more harnessed to the uses of the plant. They made the flowering plants from semi-fungi; the plants made of them bees, butterflies, and the others that we usually consider the nobler part of insect creation. If the plants had done this of their own conscious set purpose we should have been able to argue for ever as to whether they or we might be the wiser. But seeing that it has been done for them by inevitable chain of consequence, to argue about it is like arguing against the law of gravity. Muscles, faculties, intelligence, are only strengthened and developed by stress of competition. You cannot make an athlete swift by shutting him up in a box, or increase the records of Henley by barring-out the Belgians. Protection may be said to have given us the porcupine, the hedgehog, and the armadillo. Even the rabbit is worth them all, and among rabbits the continent-dweller is much the superior of that which has been immured for a long time on an island. The Shetland pony is a pretty little creature, an aristocrat in some respects among horses, but still a pigmy. It is just an island dwarf that has been protected from the stream of horse evolution and has retained the dimensions if not the form of the long extinct hipparion.

Letters from the Empire.

WHAT CANADA IS THINKING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Imperialism killed by the so-called Imperialist Party seems a strange paradox, but such may well be the effect in one section of the Empire, if the House of Lords are sustained by the electorate in their recent usurpation of unconstitutional power. In the Dominion of Canada there exists to-day a large element of sane, moderate men, who, while they dislike and disavow the Imperialism of Birmingham and the "Morning Post," are not totally content with the existing relations between their country and the Motherland. They would fain see some rational scheme of closer union and co-operation between Britain and the Dominion, partly to secure some more equitable adjustment of the burdens of Imperial defence, and partly to compass a great mutual benefit through a better system of organised emigration which would simultaneously relieve the congestion of an excessive industrialism at home and assist in the development of the vast unpeopled spaces in the West.

But the action of the House of Lords has dealt a severe blow to these aspirations, and has probably set back for an indefinite period the Imperial movement in Canada where it has always numerous active opponents. Amid a multitude of exaggeration there is a certain leaven of truth in the stories of the Englishman's unpopularity in Canada, an unfortunate state of affairs for which various causes, irrelevant to the point at issue, are responsible. But the cold fact remains that in many quarters of the Dominion the English element is neither prominent nor popular. Apart from French Quebec, the dominating strains in Canada are the Scottish and Irish, two stocks which seem to retain their national characteristics and prejudices for a much longer period than the English families. Latterly, too, since the extraordinary development of the Western Provinces has begun, the American element is both numerous and powerful. Hitherto the Scottish and the Irish have set the political tone of the country, such as it is, and their political sentiments are strongly in sympathy with the electors of the lands of their forefathers, whom they know to be bitterly opposed to the unconstitutional action of the Lords. They are well aware that the vast majority of the people of Scotland and Ireland are determined to end once and for all these attempts at oligarchic domination, and, while etiquette forbids the political leaders to speak, the sympathies of the Canadian demo-

cracy are strongly with the Liberal cause. Again, the Tory Press is never tired of uttering solemn warnings about the Americanisation of Canada and of the necessity for educating the American immigrant to be a good Imperialist. But there is little in common between the House of Lords and the American pioneer farmer, who is an unbending democrat, and the doctrines of Lord Curzon about hereditary capacity and virtue would scarcely appeal to him. Needless to say, the American papers, which the American emigrant to Canada still reads, have lost no opportunity of taunting him with the fact that his destinies are really controlled by a few English aristocrats in London, and he has ceased to be a free citizen.

Here, then, is a country where there is a certain prejudice against Englishmen, where there is a strong leaven of fierce American democracy, where the majority of the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants are imbued with a bitter dislike of the social inequalities and feudalism which they themselves or their ancestors emigrated to escape, and where there is no reverence for, nor even understanding of, the hereditary principle, or of any aristocracy save that of brains and enterprise; yet when a clique of English aristocrats (the Scottish and Irish nobility have for the last century been an element apart from the national life of their countries) take a step which most competent authorities agree is unconstitutional, and reject a great scheme of democratic finance to save their sacred land system, the subservient Tory Press call that country to testify in favor of the Lords and their partisans that they are the sole saviours of Empire, and that the overseas States pine for their return to power.

The assumption is a transparent absurdity, and no amount of money spent by a few Toronto Protectionists in cables to English Protectionists who may, perhaps, come under the class described in the West as "Imperial Drummers," will suffice to veil the true opinion and sympathies of the Canadian people on the merits of this crisis. If the British people are supine and stupid enough to stem the course of progress in order to save a feudal system which is the laughing-stock of the Anglo-Saxon world, and to restore in a spirit of temporary snobbery a few arrogant aristocrats, some of proven incapacity, to power, Canadians will wonder, sympathise, and mayhap despise, but they will also silently and firmly resolve to draw no closer for the time being to a country which could be guilty of such folly and short-sightedness. They certainly do not intend to commit their destinies to the control of an irresponsible oligarchy, and a Tory victory means that the "de facto" control of the Empire vests in the hereditary House. Let those of the British people who cherish dreams of Imperial Federation realise once and for all that until the power of the House of Lords is curtailed, and Britain ceases to be merely a nominal democracy, the consummation of their dreams must be very, very distant. A victory for the Lords would give great impetus in Canada to the Laurier doctrine of "the ripe apple dropping off the tree," and might in time lead to an impasse which no British-born Canadian would desire to see.

On the question of Protection, Canada is perennially paraded as an example of its saving graces. Yet it is the naked truth to say that the existing Canadian Protectionist system will not for one moment bear examination by sane citizens or disinterested students. If it has contributed to the industrial progress of a few eastern cities where the evils of British industrialism are being faithfully reproduced, it has placed outrageous burdens upon the vast agricultural and lumbering population which constitutes eighty per cent. of the community. Only the recent phenomenal prosperity due to the development of the vast natural resources of the West has enabled the country to endure the load of the tariff, and as soon as the inhabitants of the Dominion either are forced or have time to take stock of their true position, the present tariff will receive some rude shocks. From a variety of circumstances, Free Trade has to-day no place on political platforms at Ottawa, but a movement in its favor is growing in volume day by day. The farmers are organising in every province, and their Associations now pass annual resolutions denouncing the

tariff. For the time being the manufacturers have secured control of both political parties by skilful contributions to election funds, and the day of reckoning must be deferred till the Western Provinces, which have everything to lose by Protection and everything to gain by Free Trade, obtain a sufficient population and political representation, both inevitable sequences to the present tide of immigration, to enable them to control some Government at Ottawa.

A Free Trade movement in the West, which is now imminent, might lead to Imperial Free Trade, but the present Protectionist propaganda in England will only serve to delay that end. To-day the chief supporters in Canada of the Tariff Reformers at home are the extreme Ontario Protectionists, but a Tariff Reform Chancellor would find these same people the worst opponents of any scheme of Imperial Preference tending to lower the Canadian tariff, which he might propound. Their hypocrisy would best be exposed by the formulation of such a scheme, but, until they are actually confronted with it, they see in the possible success of Tariff Reform, *alias* Protection, in the great Free Trade stronghold an excellent pretext to press demands for more Protection in Canada.

To a large majority of the people of Canada the doctrine and sentiments of the Imperial Protectionist Party which owns Mr. Balfour as its titular leader are offensive and repugnant. Canada is to-day a cosmopolitan nation, and many of its inhabitants have other national sympathies than those relating to the British Empire, however great their loyalty to it as an institution may be.

Modern Tory Imperialism implies hostility and antagonism to a variety of other nations as well as an insular selfishness and arrogance which is alike unworthy of our traditions and dangerous to our safety. It stands for militarism, commercial strife, and an impossible system of centralisation, whereby Lords Milner and Curzon would shape our destinies at the end of cables in their London offices, and consolidate the Empire by long and bloody wars with Germany or tariff strife with the United States. Such ideals and schemes will never find favor in Canada where the Liberalism of Sir Wilfrid Laurier extends both gratitude and sympathy to the Liberalism of Mr. Asquith, and British Toryism is regarded with a suspicion begotten of past relations, and it is a safe prophecy to make that when any scheme of Imperial Federation is brought to pass, a Liberal Government will be in office at Westminster. Let all who profess to set Imperialism above all other things in their politics weigh these aspects with care and consideration.—Yours, &c.,

SCOTUS.

Communications.

THE LAW OF ELECTORAL CORRUPTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Little likely is it that the General Election will fail to bring its crop of petition cases, when we may expect some dissatisfaction with verdicts which deal too easily with flagrant guilt and the usual promise of the Law Officers that the whole question of illegal practices at elections shall be re-considered.

Now, whatever may be said as to judicial eccentricities, it is a fact that little or no fault can be found with the Acts affecting corrupt and illegal practices at Parliamentary and municipal elections. Although lengthy, they are signally free from obscurity or verbosity. Their length is due solely to the painstaking and exhaustive exploration of every path and bye-way to and from the polling booth in order to discover and penalise any action which erring men might perchance take to influence wrongfully the result of elections.

Each Act gives the most careful and concise definitions as to every word used which might be open to doubt. Once granted agreement as to the facts of a case, and there is no room for difference as to the intentions and scope of the Statutes. Taken together, they are models of what Acts of Parliament should be, beautiful in their lucidity and concision, literally formidable in their precision, and, remembering that their object is to prevent wealth and social

power from over-riding all else, they may fairly be claimed as the most democratic measures existing.

So far, then, as the law can provide, his Majesty's Petition Judges have a finely meshed net which can be cast so far and wide that no conceivable form of overt corruption shall escape condemnation. Nor can the wrong-doer imagine that the more subtle and remote practices will escape if intention be once proved. THE PROMISE OF EMPLOYMENT, OF THE EXERCISE OF INFLUENTIAL PATRONAGE, OF THE GRANTING OF A LEASE, OR CONTRACT, OR SUCH-LIKE FAVOR, MAY ALL BE LEGAL BRIBERY, even though there should have been no intention of keeping the promise. The guilt extends to the bribed, to the briber, and to anyone who stands at the back of the briber. To promise a labor leader a snug billet on condition that he influences the votes of his union members; to pay a householder's rates in order to qualify him as a voter; to withdraw a summons on promise of a vote; any of these may land all the parties concerned into the net. Any such practices and any form of treating may be pursued by the Public Prosecutor, the penalties running up to £200 in fines, or one year's imprisonment with hard labor, with deprivation of vote and ineligibility for any public or judicial office in the borough or county for the succeeding five years.

A candidate may even be rendered for ever incapable of election in that constituency.

One corrupt practice, namely, personation, is a felony and may bring two years' hard labor to the personator or anyone guilty of aiding and abetting.

"Undue influence" covers not only threats or the use of force to compel or restrain, or even only impede, a voter, but ANY FORM OF CRAFT OR OF APPEAL TO MATERIAL INTERESTS. "Spiritual intimidation" is a corrupt practice, although obviously difficult to prove.

It is equally corrupt to bribe a candidate to withdraw, whatever form the "bribe" may take, or to bribe a third party to compel him to withdraw, or to spread a false report of his withdrawal, or to make assertions against his character. Actions brought under the last-named head, however, seldom succeed.

The minor forms of corruption are well-known, consisting mainly of payments for prohibited objects such as flags, torches, bands, badges, or for vehicles or horses or other conveyances for voters, or for displaying bills except by professional bill-posters. The fact that a vehicle accustomed to ply for hire must not even be "lent" is but one of many instances of the law stepping in to prevent its own defeat. "I only lent my cab. No one paid me," pleads the proprietor. "Guilty, none the less," says the law. "You are required to be not only beyond proof but above suspicion."

To destroy the best-laid schemes of secret corruption, the law provides that an indemnity against criminal prosecution may be claimed by voluntary witnesses whose evidence has been well and truly given. The chance of saving their skins is too tempting to be resisted by some at least of the culprits, and others soon follow suit.

Even supposing a conspiracy too cleverly concealed to yield evidence of the chains of connection between the corrupted voter and those whose interests are thus served, the judges may, upon evidence of any general state of corruption, void a seat even though no single one of the acts can be brought home to either of the candidates. They may even, of course, disfranchise an entire constituency.

On the whole the Acts by which Petition cases were transferred to judges have worked well, although the transference originally was strongly opposed by the Bench. The principal flaw is that the petitioner has no appeal, although an unseated Member may appeal by leave of the Petition Judges. The Court of Appeal's decision in that case is final, since the conventional "jealousy" of the Commons will not allow Peers to decide upon an election case, nor are Law Lords allowed to sit on such cases in the Court of Appeal. In actual fact the peer, as a peer, is less likely to be prejudiced than the party man who has been elevated to the Bench rather for political services than judicial qualities. The judges whom one would be most sorry to see sitting upon a Petition case are not among the Law Lords, nor are likely to be.

Election agents and workers on the democratic side are often annoyed by the multiplicity of things which must be

or may not be done, and even evade the provisions of the Acts on points which seem non-essential. They do not realise that the excessive stringency and comprehensiveness of the law is one of democracy's greatest safeguards, and democrats therefore should be the readiest to give loyal and scrupulous acquiescence. The slightest of the prohibitions may be the one point at which the wrong-doer is caught, and thus serve as a starting-point from which to discover a whole conspiracy to debauch a constituency.

With a more conscientious regard for the Acts on the part at any rate of the popular parties, a stricter interpretation on the part of the judges may be induced.—
Yours, &c., S. D. S.

January 18th, 1910.

Letters to the Editor.

THE LAW OF THE SURPLUS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I notice it has recently been stated in letters from your correspondents that I had made the statement that "owing to their great home market American manufacturers could and did send steel abroad at lower than cost prices."

This is a mistake. What I have often stated is that a great home market enables manufacturers to reach markets abroad and sell at lower than the home sales net and yet be gainers, i.e., it is more profitable to run their mills full and get a lower price for what may be called the "surplus" exported abroad, than it is to limit production. This idea is now known as "the law of the surplus."—
Yours, &c.,

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

2, East 91st Street, New York,
January 7th, 1910.

THE CHARACTER OF THE INDIAN POLICE.

SIR,—In your editorial on the Indian Police, for which well-wishers of India will feel grateful, you indicate the unhappy—indeed, tragic—position of the well-meaning Anglo-Indian official, "the impartial and honest Englishman," who is responsible for the welfare of a vast dominion, but who is a mere catspaw in the hands of evil-doers, because he depends for information and advice upon a "dishonest and tyrannical" police. How is he to free himself from this ignoble servitude, and become master of the situation? There is only one way: he must get into real touch with the people; and find for himself non-official advisers from among the independent men of good character, who are trusted by the local community. This sounds simple. But it is not as easy as it might appear. For the European officer must not expect such independent and self-respecting men to come to him uninvited; their motives might be misunderstood, and they would be liable to affront from underlings. No; this is not a thing that settles itself automatically. On the contrary, considerable trouble must be taken, and no little circumspection must be exercised, in order to discover the right men, and to win their confidence. Will you allow me, from personal experience, to explain how desirable local advisers can best be discovered and secured?

No sensible person would expect help in this quest from a corrupt police. Their interest is adverse; for the independent man is a standing menace to their supremacy, and to their illicit gains. They want him deposed; especially if he is educated, and of a blameless life. Fortunately, effectual help can be obtained elsewhere. For in the great town centres are to be found educated Indian gentlemen of recognised position—Judges of the High Court, members of Council, knights of the Star of India—who are trusted alike by the Government and by the community. With their assistance the right local men can be found. Thus, in my early days in Bombay, it was my privilege to have as friends men like Mr. Justice Ranade, Rao Sahib Naráyan Wishwanáth Mandlik, and Sir Mungaldás Nathubhai; and with such friends in Council I was able, when proceeding to a new district, to obtain a trustworthy list of desirable local acquaintances; not necessarily persons of wealth or great influence, but quiet, self-respecting men, averse from intrigue. In this list would perhaps be comprised

a pensioned Judge or deputy-collector, a learned Shástoi or Mauloi, a retired schoolmaster, charitable merchants or bankers, one or two old-fashioned Patels, and even simple cultivators. Starting with these introductions, and continuing the original method in a lower stratum, it was easy, when on tour in the district, to extend, among the villagers, my circle of desirable acquaintances; until I found myself in touch with representatives of every class and creed, who kept me posted in current affairs, and gave me timely warning of any rocks ahead.

Pending the establishment of District Councils, as recommended to the Decentralisation Commission, it is open to every well-meaning official to follow this plan. He may thus win the confidence of the people, and convince them that he is not in the hands of police spies and sycophants, who desire to keep him isolated, and in antagonism to the popular sentiment.—Yours, &c., W. WEDDERBURN.

Hyères, France,

January 16th, 1910.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CONVERSION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—One is tempted to answer a phrase in Mr. Caldecott's letter, in your last week's issue, by the time-worn question: "What is truth?" Surely "false beliefs" and "true ones" are but relative terms at the best. What is truth to Mr. Caldecott may not be truth to me, and certainly is not truth to the Hindoo, who yet receives acts of grace after his kind. Neither is religion of any sort whatsoever, nor faith of any description, necessary to conversion from alcoholism, or from any other of the many vices into which humanity may fall. Conversions of the highest order may be brought about through no other appeal than to the mind or sub-conscious self on purely rational grounds, and that these cures, effected through no religious medium, "can settle down into permanent sanity," is both probable and proved.

No suggestions are "baseless," but that their basis must necessarily be found in religious truths or divine promises is an assertion which science stands to disprove. One of the greatest of all conversions, which is to secure a sane mind in a sound body, can be achieved and maintained by suggestion apart from all appeal to the "Divine order of the world," or "the preaching of a Divine promise of forgiveness and spiritual help" in the ordinary acceptance of these terms.—Yours, &c., ADELA CONSTANCE SMITH.

January 20th, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The view one may take of "conversion," apparently turns on "there may be a miracle, but we must not expect one," for those who do not accept, more or less, Mr. Sidney Low's attitude, except the miracle, and consequently are not interested to inquire further, the supernatural proving a most effectual barrier to continued research.

Mr. Sidney Low is for further research, and there are two aspects of conversion that I found no reference to in his excellent article—the not infrequent overstrain on the mind; and is it, or is it not, an acquired characteristic? Conversion is productive of a certain amount of insanity. The personal stimulus is too strong, the mind under the rush of anthropomorphic idealism finds it impossible to re-adjust itself quickly enough to its inevitable continuance of the past synthesis of life. There is a conscious unassimilable alternation of personality, the elimination of which lies apparently in a return to the pre-conversion state.

Then comes the question, Is it, or is it not, an acquired characteristic? If it is a natural growth or development of certain temperaments, then presumably such influence might be passed on to the children, the converted man being so inherently. But if it be acquired, must we not hold that as the man was before conversion, so for all inherent propagating influences in his children he remains. As Father Tyrrell said, "Between natural and supernatural reality there can be no conflict, but only between the theories of one and the other, between natural and sacred science."

With Mr. Low, I hold that natural science has thrown considerable light on conversion—it remains yet for sacred science to do so, for at present it only continues to point us to the reality we all recognise.—Yours, &c., V. P.

January 18th, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the letters on this subject in your current number. I for one am extremely glad that the cudgels have been taken up by those who hold opposite views to Mr. Sidney Low and others like myself, who believe that the phenomena of conversion can be explained by the methods of psychological analysis. What, if any, are the essential differences between the two schools of thought? In the first place, what are the phenomena of conversion which are under analysis? Both schools of thought will, I think, agree that conversion, as described by Mr. Harold Begbie, implies a sudden change in the moral attitude of an individual, the breaking up of old, firmly associated ideas, and a sudden formation of entirely new mental associations. There are three salient features in these conversions: firstly, the change is a sudden one; secondly, it is ushered in by some form of strong emotion; thirdly, the change is out of proportion to the means used to produce it when judged by everyday experience of the relationship between cause and effect.

From the point of view of the Churchman, the apparent disproportion between cause and effect is explained by the action of a power extraneous to the organism, which, using the preacher as an instrument, produces the effect upon the person converted.

From the point of view of the psychologist, the apparent disproportion between cause and effect is due to the non-recognition of a power within the mind of the convert, the power of some stratum of mind or personality under certain conditions, to act upon suggestions received to an extent which would be impossible under normal conditions.

To the Churchman his view is correct, because of his reasoned belief in a certain form of dogmatic teaching, which to him represents the spiritual order of the universe, and upon the acceptance of which depends the true relationship between the mind of man and the world in which he lives. To the psychologist his view is correct, because the observed phenomena are in parallel with other observed psychological phenomena, and because, as a scientific inquirer, he is bound to infer similarity of causes when he observes similar results obtained under similar conditions. However much the Churchman may be right in his view, he is, to my mind, wrong in denouncing any scientific inquiry into the observed facts of our mental life, he is endangering the very cause for which he is fighting; if his beliefs represent truth, they will fit in with all knowledge, and with all theories which are the logical outcome of that knowledge. I cannot see how a reasoned belief in the functions and powers of the sub-conscious mind and in the influence which suggestion may have upon these powers and functions, can influence anyone towards "abandoning trust in the rationality of the universe on which true religion takes its stand." No amount of psychological knowledge will disprove God, but, as in other branches of scientific inquiry, it may alter one's conception of the way God deals with man. On what grounds does Mr. Caldecott deny the objective reality of anything which can be conveyed by suggestion? The object aimed at by both suggestor and preacher is alike, to re-educate the will, to break up old faultily associated ideas, and to form new associations which will tend towards right thinking and acting. In neither case are the suggestions baseless.

I agree with Mr. Caldecott in believing that no healthy mind is ever self fed. A healthy mind depends upon healthy reactions to the objective realities of life. If we can interpret the world in which we live rightly, if our ideas are rightly associated in every direction, we shall need neither the emotional appeal of conversion nor treatment by suggestion. We shall act according to the truth which is in us which is God.—Yours, &c., MAURICE B. WRIGHT, M.D.

33, Wimpole Street,
January 20th, 1910.

ETONIAN MANNERS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Stanley Wightman has written to you this week, regretting that all the members of the present Cabinet have not "enjoyed the privilege of being Etonians." "In my humble opinion," he adds, "we could with advantage to the dignity and tone of our public life have very much more of Eton, and the type for which she stands . . ."

Fortunately, since Mr. Wightman wrote, the Headmaster of Eton has given us an admirable display of Etonian "dignity and reserve." I quote from the "Observer" for January 16th:—

"The Headmaster of Eton, the Rev. the Hon. E. Lyttelton, speaking at Windsor last night, said it was twenty years since he had stood upon a political platform. Then it was on the Liberal side. The reason why he was not on that side now was because Liberals then were very different from Liberals now. Liberals then told the truth.

"There were eight hundred and sixty millions, the savings of working men. Did they think it likely that in the course of a few years Mr. Lloyd George would not cast his eyes on that sum? He thought that when the people of England began to understand these things they would do as they did to Henry George—the other George—in Edinburgh twenty-three or twenty-four years ago, when he had to bolt away from a meeting which rushed forward to turn him out. It would not be the first time, however, that Mr. Lloyd George had to run away from a hall. (Cheers.) 'I fancy,' added Canon Lyttelton, 'he knows the way out by the back door as well as anyone.'

"In conclusion, he said that he would rather put a number of blind kittens in the place of Government than be governed by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill. (Loud and continued cheering and cries of 'Good old Eton!')

—Yours, &c.,

L. BARBARA HAMMOND

Hollycot, Vale of Health,
Hampstead, N.W.

January 15th, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Exquisitely apropos comes the report of the speech of Canon Lyttelton, Eton's headmaster, with its sneers at Mr. Lloyd George for vulgarly escaping from his would-be murderers, and its unfavorable comparison of the Government to a "lot of blind kittens in a basket."

Through the thin veneer of Christian sentiment and society polish in this Anglican dignitary may be clearly discerned the average English aristocratic barbarian. The Canon gives dramatic and convincing proof of the thesis of your article on "Our Lost Romance." The letter of your correspondent, Mr. Stanley Wightman, must be recalled by him to-day with curious qualms. He had committed himself to the "humble opinion that we could with advantage to the dignity and tone of our public life have very much more of Eton, and the type for which it stands, and completely dispense with the new Comic School for Scandal"!

And now we have Canon Lyttelton himself, with his "blind kittens in a basket," clearly qualifying for the headmastership of this very "Comic School for Scandal"!—Yours, &c.,

J. S. BOOTHROYD.

Brockley, January 18th, 1910.

MAGYAR PERSECUTION OF A ROUMANIAN POET.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The reactionary methods by which the coalition Government have ruled Hungary since the spring of 1906 have been more than once exposed in *THE NATION*, and your readers are aware that the non-Magyar races of Hungary are subjected to systematic political persecution at the hands of the narrow aristocratic clique which monopolises the whole Government and administration of the country. Any adequate account of the treatment meted out to the Slovaks and Roumanians (to say nothing of Croats) would far exceed the limits of your space, especially amid the stress of the elections. But I venture to draw your attention to an incident of a peculiarly flagrant kind, which took place only last week, and which may be described as the Parthian shot of Dr. Wekerle and Count Apponyi against their non-Magyar fellow citizens. This is the arrest of the Roumanian poet and journalist, Mr. Octavian Goga.

Mr. Goga is the most brilliant of the younger Roumanian poets, and his stirring lyrics have earned him a high reputation not only among the 3,000,000 Roumanians of his native Hungary but also in the neighboring kingdom of Roumania. To the Magyar Chauvinists he is doubly obnoxious, firstly as the inspired singer of an oppressed population, and secondly as the ardent advocate of Roumanian loyalty to

the House of Hapsburg. When the Archduke Francis Ferdinand paid a state visit to the Roumanian Court at Sinaia last summer, Mr. Goga, in his weekly newspaper, "Tara Noastra" (published at Hermannstadt) summoned the Roumanian peasantry of Transylvania to assemble at every station along the route and to acclaim their future sovereign, whose firm adherence to the idea of Universal Suffrage they regard as their sole hope of political emancipation. These loyal demonstrations actually took place, although the Magyar authorities threw every obstacle in their way; and since then Mr. Goga has been a marked man. In the autumn, half a dozen articles in "Tara Noastra" were incriminated by the Public Prosecutor, as containing "incitement" against the State, and an action was brought against their author. Meanwhile, Mr. Goga himself, who had laid his plans to spend two years abroad in Italy and France, arranged to stop the publication of his paper at the New Year, and, before leaving for Paris, went to the well-known Lakács Bath in Budapest to undergo a cure. At this stage the author of the articles died, and the Public Prosecutor shifted the responsibility for them on to the shoulders of Goga, as editor of the paper. A week ago he was arrested in the Kurhaus under suspicion of attempting to escape from a prosecution of which he had not even received any official notice. This treatment of an ill man is aggravated by the fact that preventive arrest is almost unknown (indeed barely legal) in Hungary in press actions; while the falsity of the charge of evasion is sufficiently proved by Mr. Goga having both inscribed his name as a regular *Kurgast* and duly announced his arrival to the police. Bail for 15,000 crowns has been refused, and Dr. Wekerle, when appealed to by the Roumanian deputies of the Hungarian Parliament, absolutely declined to intervene. Perhaps he hoped that the incident might embarrass his more liberal successor as Premier, Dr. Lukaes; or perhaps he yielded to the influence of his colleague, Count Apponyi, whose reactionary law for the Magyarisation of Primary Education was eclipsed last summer by his flagrant violation of Roumanian Church autonomy. In any case, the unfortunate poet remains in prison.

By a peculiar irony of fate, the police official who made the arrest found upon the poet's table the completed MS. of his Roumanian translation of Madách's classical drama "The Tragedy of Man," which fervent patriots are wont to describe as the Magyar "Faust." Such treatment is hardly calculated to encourage the Roumanians to devote their time to Magyar literature.

Sir, the persecution of distinguished literary men is unworthy of a civilised country, and it is high time that the Magyars should abandon such tactics towards races who are their inferiors only in the exercise of political power, and in no other respect. I have dealt with Mr. Goga's case in some detail, not because it is an isolated incident (the fresh conspiracy against Father Hlinka, the Slovak patriot, is, if possible, even more outrageous), but simply because it is so characteristic of the systematic campaign waged by the Magyar Government against all representatives of non-Magyar culture in Hungary. I appeal to you and your readers, not for any act of interference in the private affairs of Hungary, but for a public expression of sympathy with the victims of Magyar oppression, whether they be Roumanian or Slovak, Croat or Serb or German. The racial question in Hungary is not less important than the racial question in Turkey, and if left too long as an open sore upon the face of Europe, may some day produce effects of European importance. Meanwhile, no one to whom Liberalism is more than a hollow phrase can regard with indifference the situation of the non-Magyar races of Hungary and indeed of the agrarian population without distinction of nationality.—Yours, &c.,

R. W. SETON-WATSON.

Spalato, Dalmatia,
January 10th, 1910.

PROTECTION AND THE PRICE OF WHEAT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I suppose you admit that the price of a thing depends on the law of "supply and demand"?

If so, it is clear that if the supply of corn is greatly

increased by encouraging our Colonies to open up their vast resources, the supply being thereby greater, the price would fall; not only so, other countries now supplying us would cut their prices down to meet the competition. Under these circumstances, surely it is reasonable to expect, by granting a preference, to *lower* and not *increase* the price of the loaf?

I ask you in fairness to publish this letter. It expresses the view of a 'cute American, well up in these matters.—Yours, &c.,

TARIFF REFORMER.

United Empire Club,
117, Piccadilly, W.
January 19th, 1910.

[It is absolutely irrational to count on a reduction in the price of wheat as the result of exchanging a Colonial supply for a world supply. The great value of the latter is that it averages good and bad harvests. The uncertainty of harvests created constant fluctuations in the price of wheat in the old Corn Law days. The new Corn Laws would bring them back.—ED., NATION.]

LIGHT DUES AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In June last, I acted as the representative of the West of England Steamship Owners' Protection and Indemnity Association, Limited, who are acting in the above matter in concert with other similar associations in England, after seeing some of the principal national Shipowners' Associations on the Continent, who have joined their British confrères with a view to forcing the International Delegates to grant an immediate reduction in the sanitary dues, and the French Concessionaires materially to reduce the lighthouse charges or to abandon the concession to a syndicate which, in addition to improving the service, is prepared to reduce the charges by 30 per cent.

In dealing with the lighthouse question, I had a very favorable reception from the Turkish officials, particularly from Djavid Bey, the Minister of Finance, who promised to give the matter every consideration, agreeing that my proposals are very satisfactory to his Government and the shipowners. Consequently the official formalities have already been made between the Ministries of Finance and Marine.

Extraordinary as it may appear, I found that the attitude, not only of the British Chamber of Commerce of Turkey, but also of his Majesty's Embassy at Constantinople, has always been one of opposition to the legitimate desire of the British shipowners, a desire which is shared by every shipowner in the world whose vessels are trading in Turkish waters.

In fact, the prominent members both of the British Embassy and of the British Chamber of Commerce of Turkey not only do not sympathise with the efforts to reduce the charges or to acquire the Light dues' concession, but they talk against this plan; and the most incomprehensible part is that their views are known to the staff of the Lighthouse management, who quote the names of these officials in support of their administration.

It is difficult to understand this attitude on the part of those whose duty it is to support British interests, and if any inquiry were held on the subject these parties could not uphold their views, because not only are they acting directly against what should be their rôle in the matter, but they are also playing, perhaps unwittingly, into the hands of those who by the nature of things should be their opponents, and are throwing cold water on an enterprise which it should be their pride to further to the best of their ability. It stands to reason that by this attitude they can only mislead the Foreign Office and its advisers.

Further, I have heard it said that Sir Edward Grey does not wish to encourage the present Turkish Government to cancel agreements made with foreigners under the old régime, but I am at a loss to understand how the taking back this concession from the present holders can be termed "cancelling an agreement," because the wording of the concession contemplates the possibility of it being taken back by the Government, and if my efforts succeed, they will do so because they are based on the terms of the concession itself.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE A. SALDJI.

15, Great St. Helen's, London, E.C.
January 17th, 1910.

Poetry.

FROM THE GOLDEN BOOK.

EVE.—LONG ago in ages gray
I was fashioned out of clay:
Built with the sun and moon,
Kneaded to a holy tune:
And there came to me a breath
From the House of Life and Death.
Then the sun roared into fire,
And the moon with swift desire
Leaped upon her journey long,
Singing in the starry throng:
And I climbed up from the sod
Holding to the hand of God.
In a Garden fair and wide,
Looking down a mountain side,
Prone I lay and felt the press
Of Immensity's caress:
There a space I lived and knew
What the Power meant to do.
Till upon a day there came
Down to me a voice of flame,
"Thou, the corner-stone of man,
Rise, and set about my plan;
Nothing doubting, for a guide
I have quickened in thy side."
From the garden wide and fair,
From the pure and holy air,
Down the mountain side I crept
Stumbling often, ill-adept;
Feeling pangs of woeful bliss
Growing from the primal kiss.
Then from out my teeming side
Came the son who is my guide:
Him I nursed through faithful days
Till I faltered at his gaze,
Boldly staring, when he saw
I was woman, life, and law.
Life and law and dear delight:
I the moon upon the night
All alluring: I the tree
Growing nuts of mystery:
I the tincture and the dew
That the apple reddens through.
I desirable and sweet:
I of fruitfulness complete:
I the promise and the threat
Which the gods may not forget:
I the Weaver spinning blind
Destinies for human-kind.
Lifting, lifting ever up
Till I reach the golden cup:
Groping down and ever down
Till I find the buried crown:
I the Searcher sent to bring
Plumes for the Almighty's Wing.
Weaving Life and Death I go:
Building what I do not know:
Planting, tho' in sore distress,
Gardens in the wilderness:
Palaces too big to scan
By the little eye of man.
Knowing surely this is true
That the thing I have to do
Has been ordered by the breath
From the House of Life and Death:
It no wind of chance or wide
Doubting-Cloud may set aside.
Still the sun roars out in fire
And the moon with pale desire
Keeps the path was pointed her
In the starry theatre:
Sun and moon and I are true
To the work we have to do.

JAMES STEPHENS.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"Poems Written in Early Youth." By George Meredith. (Constable. 6s. net.)

"The Strength of England: A Politico-Economic History of England from Saxon Times to the Reign of Charles I." By J. W. Welford. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

"The Promise of American Life." By Herbert Croly. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

"Roman Life and Manners under the Early Empire." By Ludwig Friedländer. Translated by J. H. Freese. Vol. III. (Routledge. 6s.)

"Liberty and Authority." By Lord Hugh Cecil. (Arnold. 2s. 6d.)

"Aspects of the Hebrew Genius." Edited by Leon Simon. (Routledge. 2s. 6d.)

"A Wardour Street Idyll." By Sophie Cole. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)

"Les Pères de la Révolution de Bayle à Condorcet." Par Joseph Fabre. (Paris: Alcan, 10fr.)

"Etudes et Leçons sur La Révolution Française." Sixième Série. Par A. Aulard. (Paris: Alcan. 3fr. 50.)

"La Vague Rouge." Roman. Par J. H. Rosny. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)

* * *

LESLIE STEPHEN declared that nobody ever wrote a dull autobiography and, though some have achieved what Stephen thought impossible, writers who bore us when they tell us about themselves often bore us still more when they tell us about anything else. At any rate, books of self-revelation have so great an attraction for most readers that it is surprising we have had to wait so long for a study of the autobiography as a literary type. The first attempt in this direction comes from an American lady, Mrs. A. R. Burr, whose book, "The Autobiography," is issued in this country by Messrs. Constable. It is founded upon a critical analysis of two hundred and sixty "capital autobiographies," ranging from St. Augustine to Mr. Edmund Gosse. In this survey Mrs. Burr seems to have had two closely related though distinct objects: to determine the laws governing what she calls "the autobiographical intention," and to trace the rise and progress of self-study and introspection as revealed in literature. Her method is ruthlessly scientific. She quotes freely from such writers as Quételet, Le Bon, and Ribot, and she explains Sainte-Beuve's failure to "utilise his material as an aid to science" as due to the fact that he did not come under the influence of "the suggestiveness of the modern psychological laboratory." It is Sainte-Beuve's large fund of curiosity and his disregard of "science" that makes his biographical criticism so readable and so full of interest.

* * *

"AUGUSTINE, Cardan, and, later, Rousseau and Mill—these," says Mrs. Burr, "are the autobiographers who have influenced others, and these are the great self-students." Nobody can deny that Augustine was a great self-student, but, in our view, his "Confessions" ought to rank as a religious, rather than as an autobiographical, classic. Anatole France, who enjoys reading autobiographies, complains that the saint does not confess enough. "His is a spiritual book, which satisfies divine love more than human curiosity. He does not write for the curious; he writes for the Manicheans." Cardan's "De Vita Propria Liber" deserves a place in any list of autobiographies, but if we were to name the most typical and influential "self-revealer" before Rousseau, it would surely be Montaigne. Yet Montaigne is not even mentioned in Mrs. Burr's pages. Nor, except for one bare reference, is Sir Thomas Browne, although the author boldly tells us that "the reader may be sure that the omission of a work simply means that it contains no definite matter worth noting in the following pages." Another omission we have noted is the "True Historical Relation" of Sir Tobie Matthew, and, judging from the dates given in the appendix, there is a confusion between Marguerite de Valois, who wrote "Mémoires," and Marguerite de Valois-Angoulême who wrote none. In spite of these slight faults, and in spite of her parade of "psychology," Mrs. Burr's book is not unworthy of the fascinating theme she has chosen.

BIOGRAPHY and memoirs bulk largely in Mr. John Lane's list of spring announcements. Mr. Oscar Browning's "Memories of Sixty Years at Eton, Cambridge, and Elsewhere" is sure to contain a number of good anecdotes as well as personal impressions of the many distinguished people—among them men of letters, artists, politicians, sportsmen, dons, and, it is said, even emperors—whose friendship Mr. Browning has enjoyed. The book also deals with the education given in the Public Schools and Universities, a subject upon which Mr. Browning can speak with the authority that comes from a full and varied experience.

* * *

A LITERARY biography of special interest which the same publisher has in preparation is Dr. F. W. Moorman's "Robert Herrick: A Biographical and Critical Study." Apart from the biographical accounts prefixed to editions of his poems, no English life of Herrick has hitherto been attempted. Dr. Moorman has been able, from the Herrick papers at Beaumanor and from documents in the Record Office, to bring to light a good deal of fresh information about Herrick's career. He has also succeeded in fixing the dates at which many of the poems included in the "Hesperides" and "Noble Numbers" were written, and by this means to trace the progress of the poet's mind and art.

* * *

THE love letters of Alfred de Musset to Aimée d'Alton, of which we have already spoken in this column, have been published by the "Figaro," and given rise to a storm of controversy about Musset and his love affairs. The letters, together with a number of unpublished poems, have been edited by M. Léon Séché, and will be issued in volume form next week by the *Mercur de France*.

* * *

A NEW volume of poems by Mr. James Elroy Flecker is to be published during the season. Readers of THE NATION have had several opportunities of appreciating Mr. Flecker's poetical inspiration and mastery over English metrical devices.

* * *

THE news that Messrs. Routledge are bringing out a revised edition of Sonnenschein's "The Best Books" will be welcome not only to librarians and students but to the general reader as well. The world of books keeps increasing at so great a rate that a trustworthy guide to its population is more indispensable than ever, and this function has for more than twenty years been performed by "The Best Books." It was first published in 1887; a revised edition appeared in 1891, and this was supplemented by "The Reader's Guide," issued in 1895. The edition now in preparation contains additional notes and titles dealing with books published up to the end of last year. In its new form the work will consist of three parts, and Part I. (Theology, Mythology, Folklore, and Philosophy) will be issued in the course of the next few weeks.

* * *

GERHARD HAUPTMANN, the German poet and dramatist, has written a novel which is to be published shortly under the title of "Emanuel Quint." This is his first attempt at fiction in a non-dramatic form.

* * *

THE biography of Daniel Defoe, upon which Professor W. P. Trent has been engaged for some time, is now almost ready, and, together with a fuller bibliography of Defoe's works than has yet appeared, will be published shortly by the Columbia University Press. The trustees of Columbia University have also charged Professor Trent with the editorial supervision of a complete edition of Milton's works in verse and in prose, in English and in Latin. This new edition is intended to be complete, authoritative, and definitive. It will give special attention to bibliographical detail, and will contain facsimiles of manuscripts and of title-pages as well as a chronological sequence of portraits of Milton.

* * *

A COLLECTION of essays and addresses by Lord Esher is to be published by Mr. John Murray. The book will contain quotations from the unpublished journals of Queen Victoria and passages from private letters of General Gordon.

Reviews.

THE DECAY OF THE DRAMATIC SPIRIT.*

THERE are many significant and important sayings in this reprint of Mr. Arthur Symons's essays on the Play, the Players, and the Audience. And, to begin with the last words in the book, a paper called "A Paradox on Art," one sees that the ingenious author has failed to realise the vast gulf that yawns between Creation and Interpretation. For the thesis of the "Paradox" is simply this: that there is no such gulf in existence.

"Bach writes a composition for the violin; that composition exists in the abstract, the moment it is written down upon paper, but, even to those trained musicians who are able to read it at sight, it exists in a state at least but half alive; to all the rest of the world it is silent. Ysaye plays it on his violin, and the thing begins to breathe, has found a voice perhaps more exquisite than the sound which Bach heard in his brain when he wrote down the notes.

And the conclusion drawn is that "the man who writes music is no more truly an artist than the man who plays that music," and, one may infer, that Shakespeare is no more an artist than Mr. Forbes Robertson, which, with all respect to the most poetic and most gifted actor on the English stage, is something perilously like the reduction of Mr. Symons's argument to an utter absurdity.

Putting on one side the question as it affects music, it would appear either that the author has not read Lamb's remarks on "King Lear," or else that he has forgotten them. For, it will be remembered, the whole point of Lamb's essay is that Shakespeare *in excelsis* cannot be acted at all. "The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm that he (Lear) goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear. . . . What have looks, or tones, to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the heavens themselves, when in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that 'they themselves are old'? What gestures shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things?" So far, then, from the actor at his very best being co-equal with the creator, he is something perilously near an impertinence and a traducer; his gestures, his tones, his uplifted eyebrows, his contracted and grinning jaws, are but the property-man's red fire and a thunderstorm on an iron sheet. And it may be that it was the recognition of this aesthetic principle which made the Greeks hide the face of the actor behind a mask, and hide his personality as displayed in tone behind a rigid and appointed chant. Not very long ago there was a certain method of reading the English Church service which was called "impressive"; the prayers, versicles, and responses were, in fact, "acted." This method has been generally condemned as ridiculous, and indeed offensive; and it may be that the day will come when "King Lear" will be presented rather as a great Rite than as a play.

This heresy of the equality of interpreter with creator apart, Mr. Symons's book resolves itself in the main into an indictment of English plays, English players, and English audiences; and one must needs confess that there is a great deal to be said for the writer's pessimistic outlook. That is, be it understood, if we are to take even moderately high ground with respect to the drama; if we are to assume towards the plays which we can pay to see to-night anything like the attitude which we assume towards Sophocles, and Shakespeare, and Molière, and Sheridan. If not, *cadit questio*, there is nothing to write about, nothing to advance, and nothing to oppose. If the comedies and tragedies which are being exhibited this evening have only the name in common with the masterpieces of other days, then it would be idle and impertinent, indeed, to institute comparisons, and apply rules, and quote Aristotle. We should be like Mr. Curdle in "Nicholas Nickleby," who inquired whether Nicholas had "preserved the anities"—in a piece hastily botched and cobbled from the French, with due regard to Mr. Crummles's newly acquired properties, the Pump and Tubs. But if, with Mr. Symons, we are to talk of our plays

in something of the same spirit in which we talk of our poetry, then it is to be feared that his judgments are not too severe:—

"Our cleverest playwrights, apart from Mr. Shaw, are what we might call practitioners. There is Mr. Pinero, Mr. Jones, Mr. Grundy: what names are better known, or less to be associated with literature? There is Anthony Hope, who can write, and Mr. Barrie, who has something both human and humorous. There are many more names, if I could remember them; but where is the serious playwright? Who is there that can be compared with our poets or our novelists, not only with a Swinburne or a Meredith, but in a younger generation, with a Bridges or a Conrad?"

And yet, as Mr. Symons notes, "the ingredients are unchanging since 'Prometheus'; no human agony has ever grown old or lost its pity and terror." What, then, is the reason for the decadence of the drama; why is it that, with the rarest exceptions, the popular play by "the leading dramatist," once its run is over, ceases to be and is seen no more? Why is it that Pinero and Jones and Grundy—to adopt Mr. Symons's examples—are not and will not be classics of English literature? Why is "Judah" more obsolete by far than "Punch and Judy"; why would a manager as soon revive "Ralph Roister Doister" as "The Squire"?

The question is a complicated one; it cannot be answered off-hand; since the influences which make against Tragedy are many and obscure and subtle. But it may be remarked, in parenthesis, that the writer once had the privilege of witnessing a tragedy which was comparable to the great works of the old time. It was called "Ghosts"; and it had to be seen, if one remembers rightly, in some kind of secret chamber in Kensington, by favor of cards of invitation! And in the manner in which this great drama was presented, it is possible to trace one at least of the causes which make Tragedy an impossible, or, at least, an unlikely growth of English literature. Given a censorship which is the laughing-stock of educated people all over the world, it is hardly to be expected that the great drama will flourish. It would be as reasonable to anticipate a fine crop of water-lilies in the centre of a barrack-yard.

Then there is another deterrent cause, and a much more serious one. We may abolish the censorship; but can we give our audiences new hearts, new minds, new souls? To the playwright the audience is as an atmosphere; he must accommodate himself to the air which he breathes. In old Greece there may have been many men who, by some odd anticipation of fate, were in reality authors of musical comedy, who felt all their days, perhaps, a strange stirring, an ineffable longing, to write dramas called "In Gay Ionia," "The Merry Maids of Miletus," and "Olympus Up-too-late." And we know that they could never write these plays; that the time was not yet come for Imbecility Complete and Unabashed. Musical comedy was not in the air of Greece; and it may be doubted whether Tragedy is in the air of England to-day. Mr. Symons tells a story of a Swedish poet who went the round of the London theatres. He was surprised to find that

"The greater part of the pieces which were played at the principal London theatres were such pieces as would be played in Norway and Sweden at the lower-class theatres, and that nobody here seemed to mind. The English audience, he said, reminded him of a lot of children . . . of criticism, preference, selection, not a trace."

Exactly; and it is hardly reasonable to expect the nursery to blossom out into drama which sounds the depths and terrors and glooms of the human heart; which surges up to that high white heaven to which the soul may, if it will, aspire. Sophocles and Shakespeare wrote for men and not for Tiny Tots. As the atmosphere and the soil, so the vegetation: one must not hope to see the pineapple acclimated on the slopes of Ben Nevis.

Then—to put the same point in a new way—it is doubtful whether audiences or authors understand what tragedy and comedy are; whether they apprehend in their essence these two forms of dramatic art. There is the tale of the old lady who, witnessing the "Screen Scene" in "The School for Scandal," was heard to murmur to her friend in a voice choked with emotion: "Oh, pore dear. I 'ope she won't yield to him"—"him" being, of course, Joseph. And such in sober earnest is the fashion in which Sheridan's masterpiece is now played and witnessed. The decadence was in full progress in the lifetime of Charles Lamb, eighty years ago. Comparing the revivals of the 'twenties with the per-

* "Plays, Acting, and Music: A Book of Theory." By Arthur Symons. Constable. 6s. net.

formance of the original cast, he notes that the whole comic spirit had evaporated; the audience saw the piece unfold in a serious and sentimental vein, and when the screen went down, there was no longer heard that roar of laughter that gladdened the production of the play in the eighteenth century. And if the harlequinade were not dead—or well-nigh dead—we should doubtless wipe our eyes furtively and whisper in a husky voice, "poor man," as the Policeman fell sprawling on the buttered slide contrived by the Clown. So, if the plot of "The School for Scandal" could have occurred as a new thing to one of our "leading dramatists" of the present time, then we may be quite sure that the intrigue of the play would have been treated in the most serious spirit. Sir Peter's life with Lady Teazle would have become a terrible tragedy; Joseph would have based his temptations on the "New Ethics"; Charles Surface would have insisted on a man's right to realise himself by owing money to his tailor and drinking a great deal of Burgundy; and in all probability Lady Teazle would have taken poison in the last act. That is to say, a topic essentially comic would have been distorted into a tragic setting; the play would have run five hundred nights, and in five years' time would have passed into sheer nothingness. There were endless possibilities of comedy in the story of Paula Tanqueray.

Yet one may reflect with gratitude that even now there are two theatres in London to which the most critical may resort with whole-hearted enjoyment. At the St. James's one may see "The Importance of Being Earnest," a farce which is yet much more than a farce, which is, perhaps, a new genre in the drama, a gossamer web of queer and fantastic humors, a delicate masterpiece of the incongruous. And then, if one is for more valiant fare, the true spirit of burlesque presides at the Apollo. You have here no vein of "Musical Comedy," which is for the most part a mere gibbering in gay colors; but the broadly, bravely, irresistibly ridiculous, the very medicine for gloom and care. And it is probably on the line of farce, of broad farce and fantastic farce, that the modern English dramatist would find salvation and success.

NAPOLEON AND THE BOURBONS.*

To turn from the romance of Napoleon's career to the prose of the Restoration is like leaving the mountain side for the marsh. The one is instinct with grandeur, albeit of a somewhat terrifying type; the other belongs to low levels which seemed to have vanished for ever. The personality of the Emperor is enthralling, so much so that even to-day it dulls the reasoning powers in weak-minded adorers: that of Louis XVIII. has a soporific effect. The sharp ring of the letters of the born leader braces the thoughts: the self-centred moralisings and perpetual recurring to the subject of gout, on the part of the hereditary monarch, mark a drop to the commonplace.

The narrative of M. Stenger, which now appears in English, is confessedly that of an admirer of Napoleon. Quite early in the narrative we find the well-known signs. England is "that insatiable and treacherous nation," which cannot forgive France for being ruled by a genius, but must needs pick a quarrel with her and him, and also set all the other nations at him. Finally, *la perfide Albion* compasses her ends, after deluging the Continent with blood, and manages to impose on France the impotent Bourbon, whose exile she had so long sheltered. Such is the theme, written with a fine disregard of diplomatic history, and a pathetic belief in the trustworthiness of French Memoirs, even those emanating from St. Helena. Here and there, it is true, M. Stenger admits that the Emperor was fallible: that at the Congress of Châtillon in February, 1814, he was only seeking to trick the Allies in order to gain time. But these admissions are as rare as they are reluctant and slight. In the main, the moral is ardently Bonapartist and bitterly Anglophobe. The author does not seem to understand that, even in the eyes of the French

people, Napoleon's rule had become an impossibility by the spring of 1814. For him the critics of the imperial régime, such as Lainé, the outspoken barrister of Bordeaux, were mere traitors, bent on paralysing the national defence. He praises Napoleon's magnanimity for not arresting, or shooting, that courageous Deputy; but he does not see that the Emperor would have done so had not Lainé then been voicing the national sentiment. Certainly by the time the Allies were in Paris, the majority of Frenchmen had come to see that the rule of Napoleon meant perpetual war; and they were ready for any change which would give them peace. This was the reason why Louis XVIII. returned; not because the Allies, or de Vitrolles, or Talleyrand intrigued successfully, but because that solution of the difficulty offered the best guarantee that France would gain peace and escape partition by the Allies. These were the essential needs of the situation; and because Louis XVIII., unsatisfactory as he was in all other respects, satisfied these needs, he became King of France. It is astonishing that M. Stenger, who is not wholly without those French characteristics, clearness of insight and lucidity of statement, should range at large over the history of the period, and yet not comprehend this all-important fact.

M. Stenger's narrative is largely concerned with the details of the life of Louis XVIII. and of his numerous relatives, during the time of exile. Certainly it was necessary to show him and his brother, the Comte d'Artois, in their historical setting during the years 1790-1814; and the story is in parts interesting, but only in so far as it brings out the characteristics of these princes and enforces the strange contrast between the pretensions of the mimic Courts at Mittau, Holyrood, or Hartwell, and the brilliant future opened out by the political blunders of Napoleon. The earlier part of the narrative is overburdened with details concerning the advisers or satellites of the princes and their cousins, the Condés. Here and there, e.g., in the miserable Quiberon affair of 1795, we discern important traits of character, such as the absolute pusillanimity of the Comte d'Artois, and the selfish seclusion of the King, while the brave Bretons were staking their all for the throne and altar. We may note in passing that the reference to the Quiberon expedition is very loose and confused. Some of the descriptions of Louis XVIII.'s journeys in England (e.g., that to Warwick) are of some interest. That prince was certainly a cold and somewhat self-centred personage, but M. Stenger exaggerates this defect. After all, did not the prince, when he had an income of barely 600,000 francs, give away more than half to his nephew, or to the needy *émigrés*? That is not the act of an inveterate egotist. His coldness also probably sprang from belief in his divine right, which the world so long scoffed at or ignored.

M. Stenger paints a moving picture of the miseries of France during the invasion of the Allies in 1814, and rightly condemns the conduct of many of Napoleon's relatives and dependents in shamelessly abandoning him. The aim of the writer obviously is to discredit the Bourbons by associating them with that misery and that meanness. But readers who are endowed with a better sense of causation than M. Stenger, will see through this device, and will refer the woes and degradation of Frenchmen to their real author, Napoleon. M. Stenger has a curious *penchant* for Marmont, whose conduct in leading his corps over to the enemy was surely far less justifiable than that of Talleyrand, who labored might and main to found a constitutional monarchy. The duty of a soldier is to fight for his sovereign; that of a statesman, unjustly disgraced by that sovereign, is to provide for the safety of his country; and there is much to show that Talleyrand's policy, but for the obstinacy of Louis XVIII., would have met the needs of France, and brought about a lasting settlement. Such was the opinion of the late Lord Acton, whose cool and unbiassed judgment stands in marked contrast to the heated and warped opinions here given to the world. M. Stenger's account of the First Restoration would have been more convincing if he had printed documents so important as Louis XVIII.'s Declaration of St. Ouen, and the Charter or Constitution of 1814, which are far more necessary than the long extracts from French memoirs with which the author burdens his notes. As regards the terms of peace of 1814, he tries, on page 207, to convey the impression that England exacted the utmost possible from France; and in order to

* "The Return of Louis XVIII." From the French of Gilbert Stenger by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. Heinemann. 18s.

"The Bourbon Restoration." By Major John R. Hall. Alston Rivers. 21s.

do this, he omits all mention of the numerous French colonies which England did restore. A worse case of *suppressio veri* it is hard to conceive.

After this, it is not surprising to find the second Restoration treated as a piece of selfish statecraft on the part of Wellington. We are first informed that Pitt had declared that the war must be perpetual, a ridiculous assertion contradicted by his speeches, and still more by his sincere efforts for peace in 1796-1797. After this exordium, M. Stenger states (on p. 373) that Wellington, on whose advice Louis XVIII. entered France very soon after Waterloo, was of an egotistical and ungenerous nature. The inference is that it was for purely selfish and insular motives that Wellington helped to force back Louis XVIII. on France. M. Stenger must know that Wellington had taken a prominent part at the Congress of Vienna in seeking to reinstate France in her rightful position in Europe and had stoutly opposed the efforts of the Prussian statesmen to partition her. Candor ought to have compelled the author to admit that Wellington desired the speedy return of Louis XVIII. in order to prevent the projects of partition which were now far more dangerous than in 1814. Wellington's advice as to the dismissal of Blacas and the appointment of Fouché testifies to the sincerity of his desire to promote a settlement satisfactory to all moderate men in France.

It is a relief to turn from M. Stenger's acrid and often untrustworthy narrative to that of Major Hall, which is such as to inspire confidence. He quotes his authorities for every important statement, and his handling of facts is that of a judge, not of a partisan. It seems to be impossible for a Frenchman to treat the events of that time with impartiality; but Major Hall possesses the detachment of view and evenness of temper which are essential. Some readers will perhaps find his measured description less attractive than that of M. Stenger. In the matter of arrangement it is sometimes defective. Thus, after plunging into an account of the events that led up to Napoleon's abdication in 1814, he harks back abruptly to the earlier events attending the "emigrations" of 1789 and succeeding years. His character sketches are also slighter than those of M. Stenger, but this results from the width of the field which he traverses. Above all, students will find in his notes the means of correcting his statements, and opportunities for further reading. His narrative is somewhat closely packed; but it is clear and businesslike, though rarely forcible or picturesque. One misses in his pages such happy characterisations as that of the Comte d'Artois by Sorel—"He had all the qualities required for gaily losing a battle or for gracefully ruining a dynasty." Major Hall, however, quotes *bons mots* galore, e.g., the reply of Louis XVIII. to Marmont's warning of the plot of November, 1814, and his request that the sovereign would not go to the theatre. "Not so," (replied the King) "it will be your business to protect me, my dear Marshal, while I go to the play to amuse myself." The plot designed by Fouché, Exelmans, and others, which so nearly coincided with Napoleon's return from Elba, is carefully described, along with other little known events of this interesting time. Major Hall exercises a severe self-restraint in not describing Waterloo. One or two of his references to the battle are a trifle incorrect. It was not the Prussian cavalry that pursued the French columns beaten back from Mt. St. Jean, but the brigades of Vivian and Vandeleur, to whose charge indeed Napoleon ascribed the final route. And Wellington cannot have uttered the words, "Oh that night or the Prussians would come" so late as 6 p.m.; for by then his allies had for more than an hour been assailing the French right. Probably the Duke never spoke the words.

Major Hall gives an impartial account of the Second Restoration, doing justice to the courage of Talleyrand in opposing the extreme royalist claims at Cambrai, especially his words "Truth compels me to say that Monsieur (the Comte d'Artois) has done a great deal of harm." The man who said that was a loyal son of France. Louis XVIII's prudence in virtually endorsing Talleyrand's words was equally noteworthy. We have no space in which to follow Major Hall in his scholarly review of the years that follow. Very interesting is his account of the secret societies in France. Clearly, too, he brings out the follies of the Comte d'Artois when he became King in 1824. Specially note-

worthy at the present time are the chapters, "Sowing the Wind" and "Reaping the Whirlwind." There can be little doubt that, had Charles X. loyally observed the Charter of 1814, and closed his ears to the advice of the Jesuits, he would have remained on the throne. Never was a Revolution so entirely attributable to the madness of a ruler, and of a few reactionaries, as that of July, 1830. We could wish to have a fuller account, reinforced by extracts from the British archives, of the diplomatic schemes whereby the Polignac Ministry hoped to distract the attention of the public from its obscurantist policy at home; for they are no less interesting than important. But Major Hall, though bringing to light no new materials, has made a careful use of those already available, and has produced what is perhaps the most compact and unbiassed narrative of the years 1814-1830.

DR. RASHDALL'S RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY.*

THIS is an exceptionally full and an exceptionally suggestive book. The author is a thinker, not a populariser of the results of other people's thinking, and his lectures are too compressed to be easy reading; in their small compass there is, perhaps, not a superfluous word. They are addressed to students; but they do not pre-suppose expert knowledge; and the man of general culture, who is prepared to take these inquiries seriously, will find himself in Dr. Rashdall's pages; by the half-educated and the smatterer such inquiries are best let alone.

"It is a good thing to have read Hegel," said Jowett to a pupil who had thrown himself into the study of that philosopher; "but now you must go and forget all about him." His meaning was probably that of Wordsworth's "close up those barren leaves." There is a point of view, and it is one to which men of Jowett's practical temperament are attracted, for which no metaphysical formula is more than a way—one of many possible ways—of putting things. And the thing is more than the formula; the one persists, the other passes away. The Hegelian dialectic had a cramping effect on not a few minds; its author himself, it is said, was unwilling to admit scientific knowledge which ran, or seemed to run, counter to it; and the positive, or positivist, reaction was a protest against the accentuation of formula at the expense of fact. There are signs that this reaction has spent itself; and that speculation is coming back. It is a return to its own. In vain would knowledge escape from its shadow. Whether he will or no, man is a metaphysician: the simplest statement of fact implies a philosophy, however unconsciously held.

The book opens with an exposition of the Idealist doctrine which, for vigor and clearness, recalls Professor Ferrier's "Institutes of Metaphysic." This position is the *Pons Asinorum* of speculation. A man must think himself into it, and for this a certain effort of reflection is required; sense, language, association, look the other way. But, once he has done so, it becomes self-evident: "So far from matter being the only existence, it has no existence of its own apart from some mind which knows it—in which and for which it exists." This is not Theism; but it is halfway to it, and the half is one which is more than the whole. It was the sense that this was so that led born sceptics like Pattison to distrust what they called the Neo-Kantian school. With regard, however, to the Theistic inference, the writer has a second string to his bow:—

"I should be sorry to have to admit that a man cannot be a Theist, or that he cannot be a Theist on reasonable grounds, without first being an Idealist. From my own point of view, most of the other reasons for believing in the existence of God resolve themselves into idealistic arguments imperfectly thought out. But they may be very good arguments as far as they go, even when they are not thought out to what seem to me their logical consequences."

Such an argument is that which infers that God is Will from the analogy of our own consciousness. It has been employed by Realists like Reid and Martineau, as well as by Idealists like Berkeley and Lotze. Yet though it

* "Philosophy and Religion." By Hastings Rashdall, D.C.L. Duckworth. 2s. 6d.

does not necessarily presuppose Idealism it does "fit in infinitely better with the idealistic mode of thought than with the realistic." The former is the key in which Theism is set: and, it may be added, the main current of thinking has moved from the first in this direction. The instinctive cry of the philosopher is, Back to the Idea.

Dr. Rashdall's doctrine of Personality is substantially that of Lotze, to whose "Logic" and "Microcosmus" he refers the reader. For him the notion is positive: it stands for "the highest kind of existence known to us, not for the limitations and restraints which characterise human conscious life as we know it in ourselves." The philosopher is apt to look askance at the term Person as applied to the Deity because, as with such notions as Substance, Nature, Law, &c., popular religion is apt to bring in under its cover more than is contained in it or than can be admitted in the connection. Therefore—

"if anyone prefers to speak of God as 'super-personal,' there is no great objection to so doing, provided that phrase is not made (as it often is) an excuse for really thinking of God after the analogy of some kind of existence lower than that of persons—as a force, an unconscious substance, or merely a name for the totality of things. But, for myself, I prefer to say that our own self-consciousness gives us only an ideal of the highest type of existence which it nevertheless very imperfectly satisfies, and, therefore, I would rather think of God as a Person in a far truer, higher, more complete sense than that in which any human being can ever be a person."

Dealing with the problem of evil, the writer falls back on the presumable limitations of things. The notions of Infinitude and Omnipotence require interpretation. "The popular idea of Omnipotence is one which really does not bear looking into. . . . The only sense which we can intelligibly give to the idea of a divine Omnipotence is this—that God possesses all the power there is, that He can do all things that are in their own nature possible." This view, which is that of Aquinas, was brought out with effect by the late Professor Mivart. It does not, perhaps, wholly escape the danger of arguing from the physical to the moral sphere. The latter is not, indeed, one in which anything can develop out of anything, and law has ceased to reign. But "with God all things are possible"; the possibilities of the lower are transcended in the higher province. And the "greatest wave," Dr. Rashdall admits, of the theistic controversy, is the chance that a limited God may be defeated in the long run. The fundamental proof of the ultimate optimism essential to life is that its denial involves the final defeat of the Uncreated by the created will.

The ethical argument for immortality is emphasised. In spite of the writer's reasonings to the contrary, it seems to us that its bearing on pre-existence is not easily got over. The note on p. 124, though weighty, is not convincing. Neither the correspondence of a certain type of body with a certain kind of soul, nor the resemblance between the individual and his parents, is persistent: the exceptions to each rule are so numerous that neither can be taken as more than approximately valid. Dr. McTaggart's speculations on this question are well known; and though he bases a non-theistic Idealism upon them, there is no necessary connection between the two. The criticism of Ritschlianism is acute. "The Ritschlian dislikes Dogma, not because it may be at times a misdevelopment, but because it is a development; not because some of it may be antiquated Philosophy, but simply because it is Philosophy." He is wrong: only—

"if we are to justify the development of the past, we must go on to assert the same right and duty of development in Ethics and in Theology for the Church of the future. In the pregnant phrase of Loisy, the development which the Church is most in need of at the present moment is precisely a development in the idea of development itself."

The last lecture brings out strikingly the divergence between the popular and the scientific theology of the Trinity. What the Greeks called Hypostasis "does not, and never did, mean what we commonly understand by Personality—whether in the language of ordinary life or of modern Philosophy. The great objection to the Creed (the Athanasian), apart from the damnatory clauses, is the certainty that it will be misunderstood by most of those who think they understand it at all." And this objection, it may be held, is the more serious of the two.

MENANDER.*

It is not altogether creditable to English scholarship that we have had to wait so long for an edition of the recently discovered fragments of Menander in our own tongue; and that which is here offered to us, though it may be the means of introducing the poet to a public wider than that of specialists, cannot (as "Unus Multorum" would be the first to admit) claim to provide the *apparatus* which the scholar needs in order to grapple with the difficulties presented by the reconstruction of the text. "Unus Multorum" is evidently an enthusiastic student of the classics, and on the basis of Lefebvre's original version and Van Leeuwen's improved text he has put together a provisional edition of the Cairo fragments, accompanied by an unpretending but quite readable translation. Unfortunately, he has not refrained from introducing drastic emendations of the MS. text, and, both in these and in the restorations of missing words which he proposes, he shows himself inadequately equipped as a textual critic. It would possibly be unfair to judge him by the standard of the line (professedly an iambic trimeter!)

ὁδόν· ἐγὼ δὲ πάντα δουλεύσομαι χρόνον

which he writes (without a word of explanation) for

ὁδόν· ἀλλ' ἐγὼ τὸν πάντα δουλεύσω χρόνον.

But a fair specimen of his performance is to be found a few lines further back, where the papyrus has

τογαστικὸν τὸ γύναιον ὡς ἐρπεθ' ὅτι
κατὰ τὸν ἔρωτ' οὐκ ἔστ' ἐλευθερίας τυχεῖν.

The first line has exercised the critics, whose emendations are various and not always happy: but it is fairly clear that ἀστικόν is contained in the first group of letters and that ἐρπεθ' conceals a verb. "Unus Multorum" would read Τεγεατικόν, which in itself is ingenious—the ladies of Tegea enjoyed a reputation for easy virtue—and would close the line with the words ἐρπετὰ λαβεῖν, reading τυχόν at the end of the second, with the comment, "The corruption of τυχόν to τυχεῖν caused λαβεῖν to disappear and confound everything." The effect of the assumed initial corruption is, to say the least, incommensurate with the cause, and the translation, "It is with liberty as with love, you cannot, it seems, lay hold of it as you would of creatures that walk on the earth," does not commend itself.

"Unus Multorum," as has been said, makes Van Leeuwen's edition—his first edition—the basis of his own reconstruction. He does not therefore take account of much that has been written in learned periodicals on the text of the Cairo fragments. Professor Carl Robert's useful edition incorporates many, though not all, of the results of criticism, and may be commended to the attention of "Unus Multorum" when he finds it necessary to revise his text. But we are as yet far from finality in dealing with the intricate problems of reconstruction, and much may be hoped from further discovery, as well as from the patient study of extant fragments of Menander. Professor Capps, in a brilliant article in the "American Journal of Philology," which perhaps appeared too late for the use of "Unus Multorum," has recognised in a fragment included by Kock among the "Adespota" (Comicum Atticorum Fragmenta III., p. 421) a scrap of the *Epitrepontes* of Menander, written on the back of a strip of parchment which contains a few lines already assigned by Van Leeuwen to this play. The result is to throw a welcome light upon the scenery and plot, which makes it unnecessary here to discuss the views put forward by "Unus Multorum."

The above example will suffice to show that this, the first English edition of the fragments, requires to be used with caution; it will, we hope, soon give place to a more adequate commentary. In the meantime, the labor of "Unus Multorum" will not have been wasted if it has furthered the study of the great master of the ancient comedy of manners. In Germany scenes from these plays have already been put on the stage with no small success; why can not we do the same in England?

In the Preface we read that "the outward appearance of Menander has long been familiar to us from the admirable statue in the Vatican." Alas! this is a legend which scientific

* "The Lately Discovered Fragments of Menander." Edited with English version, revised text, and critical and explanatory notes, by "Unus Multorum." Oxford: Parker.

iconography has long since destroyed. But "Unus Mul-torum" has not far to go for the true portrait. There is an example in the University Galleries at Oxford.

THE CAPTAIN OF KENT.*

THIS heading has nothing to do with a cricket eleven. It was the title given by his followers to one of the many fine rebels in our rough island's story. A fine rebel, we say, though he has been waiting four and a half centuries for his vindication, and throughout that time his name has been the common byword of abuse for every reformer who brought forward any proposal for the advantage of the poor. Why Jack Cade should have been chosen as the type of revolutionary demagogue we cannot say. Perhaps it was the Shakespearean tradition; certainly, the man did not go nearly so far in revolution or communism as Wat Tyler and his fellows seventy years before him, though in many points the movements were similar. But hitherto anyone who, like the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been compared to Jack Cade, may have felt a certain irritation at the comparison; after reading Mr. Clayton's book he will know it is an honor.

There has always been some mystery about the rebel. His very name is uncertain, and to his contemporaries he was generally known as Mortimer. He may have belonged to that semi-royal house, and certainly he was a man of property and position in Kent, though he appears to have been born in Ireland. As to his character, we read that:—

"Throughout the county (Kent) and in the neighboring counties of Surrey and Sussex the captain was known and trusted as an honest and brave man, a man of daring and resource, shrewd, alert, and withal a man of good appearance and upright character."

From his management of his undisciplined army (which amounted to the large force of 46,000 men) he was evidently a born officer, and from his conduct of affairs and the terms of his petition for redress of grievances he seems to have possessed the makings of a statesman. For about three days he was master of London; the feeble king had withdrawn almost without a blow to Kenilworth; two or three of his most unpopular Ministers were executed; and the citizens rejoiced in the restoration of their liberties. But in an evil hour the leader of revolt exacted money from a wealthy merchant of the town, and though the citizens rejoiced in liberty, they were as unwilling to pay for it as they sometimes have been since. A Sunday intervened, and when on the next day the Captain of Kent was entering the City again from Southwark, he found the road defended. In the battle of London Bridge his followers were continually repulsed. The Archbishops took upon them the holy work of conciliation, and secured a peace with holy promises that were never kept. Cade's army melted away; he made a vain attempt on Queenborough, and then sought cover in the Sussex weald, where he was killed. His quarters, with his head among them, were dragged through London, and despatched to decorate various cities. It is consoling to find that the sheriffs demanded extra payment for this part of their business owing to Cade's popularity: "because that hardly any persons durst nor would take upon them the carriage (to wit, of the aforesaid quarters) for doubt of their lives."

So perished another leader of revolt, undoubtedly a man of high worth and one of those patriot martyrs to whom our present liberties are due. "The Bill of Complaints and Requests of the Commons of Kent," which represents the motives of his rising, is an instructive document upon the social and political conditions of the time. The story of the whole movement, which Mr. Clayton has told with admirable judgment and knowledge, affords a brief glimpse into the state of our country when her fortunes were almost at their lowest. In the middle of the fifteenth century there is, at first sight, little that is attractive. It appears to be a time of mere dynastic quarrels, party distraction, and national degradation. Yet, if we look deeper, it is found to possess the fascination of all periods of rapid and violent transition. A century from Cade's death brings us to the

fourth year of Edward VI., and how vast a change has been accomplished! Though the actual condition of working people was certainly no better, the sixteenth century comes like the appearance of day, and yet there is often a more subtle beauty in the first glimmers of light a few hours before the dawn.

PSYCHOLOGY AND ADVENTURE.*

ONE is glad that there was the excellent Victoria at hand to smash and pulverise the social theories of David, the "hero" of "The Gateway." This is the gospel of David:

"I think that law should be inexorable, and that the law should rest on science. . . . I really do not think that charity does the slightest good in the case of the bad. I think it does distinct harm; it comes between the law-breaker and the punishment of the broken law, which is nature's method."

And we could not have a better expression of the doctrines of the scientific prig, an even more deadly species than the religious prig, or the scholastic prig. Mr. Begbie is wise enough and artistic enough not to parody the doctrines of the enemy, but simply to express them in their own true and naked absurdity. It is as if one should protest against the calling in of the doctor in a violent case of malaria, because a "burning quotidian tertian" is "scientific," and because mosquitoes are nature's method! "The Gateway" is an eminently interesting book. One does not read it for its plot, though the story is sufficiently well done; but the fact is that there is a debate on every page; now on church vestments, now on the education of children, now on the duties of the rich, now on the case of Elijah versus Jezebel. The character of the old Welsh schoolmaster, Rhys Jenkins, prophet and transcendentalist and devotee of whiskey, is both charming and convincing. Here, for example, is Jenkins on the "great controversy of Carmel."

"The prophets of Baal stood for art and beauty, it is quite true, but they also stood for evil of the most frightful kind. . . . Whatever you may think of Elijah and Jezebel, he stood for righteousness, and she for iniquity. Elijah was the masculine element which is essential to goodness; Jezebel was the feminine element which exists in all evil."

"A Crucial Experiment" is a book which one would like to recommend to the young person who is thinking of commencing novelist. This is the first sentence:—

"The little town of Coltsford, in the county of Hampshire, had never been particularly famed for its cultivation of the fine arts. It is true that among its more refined families were several young ladies who painted flowers upon mirrors and handscreens, and that during the winter months it occasionally committed itself to an evening concert or two in aid of church funds."

In a sense nothing could be much "tamer" than this, and yet how absolutely it fulfils the counsel of Edgar Allan Poe—that in the opening phrases of a story there should always be something to "ring up" the attention of the reader. And it may be said at once that the hope of the first page is not falsified: here is a singularly attractive and well-written tale of a musician who marries the oppressed, puritan-ridden daughter of Coltsford, in order that she may develop her wonderful musical talents. The marriage, it is agreed, is to be a mere form, the only possible method of releasing Gabriel Arden from the tyranny of her music-hating father. It is at this point that the reader longs to interfere, to play the part of the enthusiastic gallery-men at transpontine melodrama, to warn the hero of the extreme folly of the course that he is pursuing. Greville, the musician, is foolish enough to keep to the extremest letter of the foolish compact that he has made, to treat the remarks of the ignorant and unawakened Gabriel Arden seriously; and so the book ends, inevitably, on a sorrowful, if not a tragic, note. But the serious and capable workmanship deserves all praise.

* "The Gateway." By Harold Begbie. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

"A Crucial Experiment." By A. C. Farquharson. Edward Arnold. 6s.

"My Lady of the South." By Randall Parrish. Illustrated. Putnam. 6s.

"Suse o' Bushy." By W. A. Allan. Arrowsmith. 6s.

"Litany Lane." By Margaret Baillie Saunders. Hutchinson. 6s.

"The Wine in the Cup." By Eleanor Wyndham. Werner Laurie. 6s.

"For Charles the Rover." By May Wynne. Second Edition. Greening. 6s.

* "The True Story of Jack Cade." By Joseph Clayton. Frank Palmer. 2s. 6d.

The civil war of the North and South has formed the theme of some remarkable literature. It is the chief topic of Mr. Ambrose Bierce's wonderful collection of short stories, called "In the Midst of Life"; and now it furnishes the motive for Mr. Parrish's capital tale, "My Lady of the South." Here again is a book well done, though as different as possible from "A Crucial Experiment." It begins with the very flame and fury and turmoil of the battle, with the guns charging to the front of the position; and before many pages are read one is deep in the intrigue of the story; in subterfuge, in disguise, in escape, in peril, and in mystery. There is a marriage in darkness—"cause de Yankees done took all de oil, and we ain't got no more to burn"—and it is not till the very last sentence of the book, that the heroine, Jean, confirms the sacrament which had united her to a man whom she had never seen before. The whole story turns upon a Southern "feud"—upon the relentless war waged by one family upon another—and it may be noted that the author could appeal to the newspaper of a week or so ago to prove that he has not overstated the virulence of these vendettas.

"Suse o' Bushy" is a west-country book. It deals with Exmoor, with the county of "Lorna Doone"; it is a powerful story of rustic love and rustic tragedy and final happiness. The village witch counts for a good deal in the development of the plot, and Mr. Allan's witch is a more serious character than Mr. Blackmore's "Mother Meldrum"—who was only a sagacious old woman in love with solitude. But Martha Trollop is more akin to the terrific hag who haunted the earlier novels of Mr. Blyth; and—it may be added—to the veritable sorceress of the English countryside. Mr. Balfour, it may be remembered, in one of his philosophic works, treats the question of witchcraft—its existence or non-existence—as an example of those problems which have been settled rather by fashion than logic; and this one thing is certain: that, whether the power of inflicting evil by the exercise of the will has existed or no, there are and have been many persons who believe that they possess this power, who are witches in intention if not in fact. And within the last twenty years a learned west-countryman wrote a book on the Evil Eye, and was able to illustrate some of the most ancient and hideous recipes of black magic with accounts of apparatus discovered, in the 'nineties of the last century, in the chimney corners of Somersetshire cottages.

One of the great misfortunes of language in recent years is in the loose employment of the terms "Realism" and "Realistic." For some odd reason—which, to the present writer, has always been obscure and undiscoverable—the inditer of things more or less unpleasant has come to be styled a "Realist." Of these, Zola has long been acclaimed chief; in spite of Addington Symonds's brilliant and veracious essay demonstrating the absolutely romantic basis of "La Bête Humaine." It seems hopeless to attempt to re-define these terms; even Symonds did not perceive that the Romantics are the only true Realists; but the author of "Litany Lane" need not, under any circumstances, or under any definition, fear the imputation of Realism. It is not realism to believe that a Cordwainer was a fashioner of cords; it is not realism to state that the making of a decree nisi absolute is anything more than a legal formula, unattended by scandal or discussion of any kind; it is not realism to represent the innocent party in such proceedings as a woman shunned and inevitably exposed to scandal and innuendo and contempt. And then, after the advanced "Anglo-Catholic" priest has firmly refused to remarry the divorced man, this divorced man weds a little guttersnipe at a registry office; and the priest, wholly forgetful of Anglo-Catholicism, compels the unfortunate girl to fulfil the vows which, from his position, he would have pronounced sinful and invalid!

This is wildness as regards facts; in "The Wine in the Cup," one gets the wildness of emotion and expression. Here is the language of the villain, disappointed in his designs on the heroine:—

"I'll wire to Zelig," he muttered, savagely, "she's a little devil—but she'll help me to forget. I'll wire to Zelig at once to join me in Paris." His face took a dark light, he saw before him the life he was going to lead, a life through dusky city streets redolent of women and wine, and the cheap applause of men. He felt the stifling heat of it in advance, and knew its acid taste.

It is a relief to turn from these lurid pages to the simple adventures of Irish Whigs and Jacobites in "For Charles the Rover." "Waverley" fixed the tradition that the Young Chevalier was a hero of romance, and Miss Wynne follows—*longo intervallo*—in the footsteps of Sir Walter, giving us O'Callaghans and O'Sullivans in place of Vich Ian Vohr.

TWO ILLUSTRATED POEMS.*

THOSE who have followed the career of Mr. Edmund Dulac since his first exhibition of water-color drawings at the Leicester Galleries will hail his illustrations to the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam as proof of a talent that has matured with surprising steadiness. Some, perhaps, will say that this set of drawings marks his final emancipation from the influence of Mr. Arthur Rackham. For our own part, we have believed from the first that the connection between Mr. Rackham and Mr. Dulac existed principally in the minds of critics at a loss for a plausible comparison, for there were many vital differences in technique and color between the two artists even at this early stage. However, it is enough that in the twenty illustrations that he supplies to the quatrains of Omar, Mr. Dulac's individuality establishes itself very completely, and his sense of decoration expresses itself even more emphatically than in his previous work. We miss a little of that sheer joyousness of tint that distinguished the drawings to Shakespeare's "Tempest," which he did rather more than a year ago; but if the exuberance of individual colors has given way to the harmony of all of them, it is only what one expects and hopes for in an artist's natural development. The clarity of his color remains unimpaired, and the surface quality of the drawings is again—they give the illusion of colored marble—a tribute to his technical proficiency. Whether he is altogether the best illustrator for the poetic philosophy of the Rubáiyát is another question, which we need not discuss.

Both the color plates in this book, and those which have been done for Kipling's "Song of the English" by Mr. W. Heath Robinson, are enclosed within colored borders of varying ornateness. In some instances the border helps the picture, as a frame would. But in others there is altogether too much border, and it cramps the effect even where, owing to a too greatly elaborated pattern, it does not spoil it entirely. It is partly on this account that Mr. Heath Robinson's pen and ink line drawings strike us as being a greater achievement than his color work, imaginative in conception and fine in color as much of the latter is. Nothing disturbs the simplicity of the black and white. The design, without any external embellishment, takes its chance on the white page. And what a lot the artist obtains by working this unsullied background into his design! It gives him light and air, spacious horizons, the immensity of sea and sky, the blaze of a sunset, the blankness of a sandy shore. Often it happens that three-quarters and more of the allotted space is without as much as a scratch, and if in some cases Mr. Robinson attracts us by the beauty of his decorative line and the eloquence of his pattern, his drawings are, in others, an object lesson in how to leave out, rather than what to put in. The color work is a little less uniform in excellence. Just as Mr. Kipling sometimes halts in his efforts to poetise imperially, so Mr. Robinson's illustrations do not always reach the height of lyrical fervor obtained by the one that goes to the lines:—

"He has smote for us a pathway
To the ends of all the earth,"

or by that which pictures "The Swinging, Smoking Seas," or that which embodies the solemn vision of "Follow After." The allegories of the world's great cities are more or less conventional. But those who know Mr. Robinson chiefly as a humorous artist for the illustrated Press, should see this book of drawings, if only that it will help them to appreciate the deeper qualities that underlie the most humorous things his versatile hand produces. One is very

* "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam." With 20 illustrations in color by Edmund Dulac. Hodder & Stoughton. 15s. net.

"A Song of the English." By Rudyard Kipling. With 30 illustrations in color and many other designs by W. Heath Robinson. Hodder & Stoughton. 15s. net.

apt not to discover the art for the humor, and to believe that the faculty for perceiving the lighter side of life is incompatible with an appreciation of serious and even transcendental ideas, and their interpretation through an artistic imagination.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"THE LITERARY PROFESSION IN THE ELIZABETHAN AGE" (Manchester University Press, 5s. net) is based in part upon a thesis presented by the author, Dr. Phœbe Sheavyn, to the University of London in support of her candidature for the degree of Doctor of Literature. As a study of the economics of the writer's trade during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., the book has a distinct value, and it is obviously the fruit of careful research. The lot of the Elizabethan author, unless he could secure a generous patron, seems to have been hard. He was, says Dr. Sheavyn, in the economic position of an ordinary wage-earner, but he "offered for sale a commodity not too greatly in demand, and even, as was also to some extent the case with manual labor—artificially cheapened by legislation." It is not surprising, therefore, to find that, according to a list given at the end of the book, most authors of the period were drawn from the classes who could afford to do without adequate payment for their work. The usual price for a play was from £6 to £10, and even the industrious Ben Jonson did not get more than £50 a year out of his plays. In order to get modern values these sums should be multiplied by eight, but still Dr. Sheavyn does not exaggerate in describing the professional authors as "invariably poor, and this in a society tending more and more to measure men by financial standards." When an author secured a patron his case was better. The Earl of Southampton is said to have made Shakespeare a present of £1,000. This, however, was exceptional, and the more usual method of patronage was to recommend the author for a Court pension or other sinecure. A fulsome dedication was the usual bait offered to the patron, and Robert Greene, who had sixteen patrons for seventeen books, must have almost exhausted his "fawning eloquence" in the process. Dr. Sheavyn has a chapter on "Personal Relations Amongst Authors," from which we learn that literary squabbles had a great interest for the general public. The record of these quarrels makes dismal reading, for even when the ponderous jibes can be understood, they show, as a rule, more coarseness than wit. Dr. Sheavyn presents a dark picture of the Elizabethan professional author, "harassed, suspected, poverty-stricken," but she has done good service to literary history both by her choice of theme and the thoroughness with which she has treated it.

* * *

To Messrs. Black's color books has been added a volume on the "Isle of Man" (7s. 6d. net), written by Mr. W. Ralph Hall Caine, and illustrated by Mr. A. Heaton Cooper. In one respect Mr. Hall Caine's work is disappointing. While it tells us a deal about the geography and scenery of the Isle, traces such history as it possesses, and explains with vast elaboration the local marriage laws which are held to render a Married Woman's Property Act unnecessary, it does not reveal as much about the character of the Manx people as we feel we have a right to expect from one who has had such ample opportunities of studying them. True, he relates a delightful story of a lady who, asked for her impressions of the Manx, replied: "All the common people are ladies and gentlemen, and all the ladies and gentlemen are common people"; but this brilliancy might have been uttered with justice of so many parts of the British dominions that we feel it is inadequate as a keynote to the distinctive character of the Manx. Otherwise, the book is very readable, even if journalistic rather than literary in its tone and its effects; the high-water mark being reached, perhaps, in the tales from Manx folk-lore, which are told simply and yet with a certain distinction. Altogether too much space is given up to an account of the late Mr. Gladstone's visit in 1878, and to that of the King and Queen in 1902, the incidents connected with both being too trivial to excuse their recital at this late date. Mr. Cooper's water-color drawings deserve a paragraph to them-

selves, but we must content ourselves with saying that they visualise the beauties of Manx-land with immense charm of color and deftness of execution.

* * *

IN "By the Waters of Egypt" (Methuen, 16s. net) Miss Norma Lorimer presents the reader, in the form of a diary, with the impressions and reflections created in the mind of an observant tourist who has visited the show places in Egypt and also studied Dr. Budge, read Mr. Weigall's "Antiquities of Lower Nubia," and knows something of the theories of Professor Maspero. Miss Lorimer disclaims any scientific knowledge of Egyptian antiquities, and addresses her book to those who know no more about Egypt than she did at the beginning of her trip. Whether a book produced under these circumstances deserves to be published is open to question. So much has been written about Egypt by competent authorities, and the country is so well within the beaten track of tourists, that a mere travel book which treats of it is not likely to win many readers. Miss Lorimer's descriptions have, however, the merit of coming from a fresh and lively mind. We are sometimes bored by the intrusion of insignificant details and trite reflections, but the general impression is that of listening to a sharp-eyed traveller who has a good memory and who likes to chat about what she has seen. The book contains sixteen pictures in color by Mr. Benton Fletcher, and thirty-two other illustrations most of which are from photographs.

* * *

THE possession of plate was, as Mr. E. L. Lowes states in his "Chats on Old Silver" (Unwin, 5s. net), a passion with our ancestors. It was the mark of high respectability. Nowadays the family plate is neither so much seen nor so much thought of; its utility properties have been ousted by those of modern china; there prevails a habit of keeping it, or such part of it as has been handed down, at the banker's; and its display is mostly represented by something very modest like a silver tea service. But it was far otherwise when display was the spice of life, and a meal-time an opportunity for pomp and circumstance which no self-respecting citizen could neglect. The modern collector of old silver will find much to encourage and instruct him in Mr. Lowes's entertaining and omniscient volume. The writer begins by pointing out that old silver has this advantage over other curios, that the exercise of commonsense alone is sufficient to secure its proving a sound investment. The marks of every maker in England from the fifteenth century onwards can be seen at the various provincial Assay offices, so that there is comparatively small chance of the collector being deceived. Then silver is not perishable, as are prints, pictures, furniture, and other objects of *vertu* that the collector seeks for. The history of its manufacture is traced from the earliest times, special mention being made of the fine Greek and Etruscan work of 500-400 B.C., of the Irish work of the fifth to tenth centuries A.D., to which we owe the Ardagh Chalice in the Royal Irish Academy, and of the English plate produced from the tenth to the thirteenth century, especially that of the twelfth century. There is a short chapter devoted to Paul Lamoine, one of the French Protestants driven to this country by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, who was to plate-making in eighteenth century England what Chippendale was to furniture. In conclusion, we are given an account of the Royal Plate at the Tower. As was the case with other arts, plate-making was confined to the monasteries until the thirteenth century, when the guilds sprang up throughout civilised Europe. The various styles correspond closely with those of architecture, and the different periods are designated by the same terms. Mr. Lowes's book is profusely illustrated, and its wide scope, embracing the new world as well as the old, renders it a peculiarly valuable handbook to the student of a vast and far from unromantic subject.

* * *

"LONDON IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY" (Black, 30s. net) is the concluding volume in the Survey of London through the centuries which Sir Walter Besant planned, but did not live to complete. It is divided into seven sections headed "History and Government," "Education and Entertainment," "Open Spaces," "Societies and Clubs," "Charitable Work," "General Improvements," and "Miscellaneous." Some of the chapters make excellent reading.



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OCTOBER		NOVEMBER		DECEMBER.	
1	255,506	1	265,665	1	\$327,673
2	256,812	2	237,741	2	311,126
4	259,268	3	264,550	3	315,865
5	250,572	4	264,357	4	319,533
6	250,714	5	267,536	6	325,221
7	260,340	6	264,803	7	316,329
8	260,291	8	265,511	8	317,118
9	250,755	9	265,082	9	315,596
11	*224,070	10	265,055	10	315,810
12	260,690	11	265,583	11	342,630
13	260,850	12	265,272	13	320,298
14	261,550	13	265,895	14	319,435
15	261,771	15	265,948	15	319,600
16	262,822	16	265,459	16	319,315
18	265,321	17	255,669	17	327,008
19	265,628	18	265,215	18	320,657
20	265,513	19	269,058	20	320,150
21	266,027	20	265,934	21	319,042
22	265,555	22	268,409	22	322,161
23	266,165	23	270,980	23	316,830
25	264,429	24	277,346	24	316,019
26	266,767	25	277,293	25 Xmas Day	254,695
27	263,982	26	280,798	27 Boxing Day	307,328
28	263,548	27	281,649	28	317,872
29	265,873	29	281,179	29	316,804
30	264,158	30	281,097	30	316,254
				31	316,477

Yours truly,

GIBSON & ASHFORD,

Chartered Accountants,

20, BUDGE ROW, LONDON, E.C., and

39, WATERLOO STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

31st December, 1909.

* Mr. Lloyd George's Newcastle Speech.

† Lord Lansdowne's Notice to reject Budget. ‡ Mr. Balfour at Manchester.

§ Lords' Rejection of Budget. ¶ Mr. Asquith at Albert Hall.

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The first, and one of the best, in the book is one of those written by Sir Walter Besant himself. It gives an account of the changes in London manners and society, as well as in London streets and buildings, that took place during the century. Mr. George Turnbull contributes a good account of the coronations and other public ceremonies, but his chapter on the City is rather over-loaded with dates and statistics. Only eleven pages of the book are given to education, and the halls available for public meetings are dismissed in a catalogue occupying but a single page. Much of the contents of the work properly belongs to a guide-book. Its chief interest is to be found in the illustrations, which number 124, together with a reproduction of Crutchley's map of London in 1835. The task of selecting these illustrations has been well done, and by their help, even more than by the letterpress, we are able to form a notion of the changes London has undergone during the nineteenth century.

* * *

IN "Irish Ways" (Allen, 15s. net), Miss Jane Barlow gives us a fresh collection of short stories and studies of Irish peasant life. They are written in the graceful style and marked by the quiet humor that distinguish Miss Barlow's former volumes. But, with all her sympathy, we often feel that her pictures of the Irish peasant are the fruit of observation from an outside standpoint rather than of that power to enter into the deeper recesses of his mind, which makes the work of writers like Mr. Colum so vivid and effective. The rollicking, harum-scarum Irishman of Anglo-Irish fiction is almost a thing of the past, but it should not be forgotten that, in spite of its exaggeration, it had a basis of truth, and we think that Miss Barlow paints the condition of even the poorest peasant in somewhat too sombre tints. As an account of Irish life the book is not so good as Mr. Lynd's volume, which we reviewed some weeks ago. Miss Barlow is at her best when describing Irish scenery, though she is also remarkably successful in rendering the characteristic phrases employed by the Irish peasants. The book contains some beautiful color illustrations by Mr. Warwick Goble.

* * *

"THE TWO EMPIRES: THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD" (Macmillan, 6s.) is the title given to a number of lectures on ecclesiastical history, chosen from among those delivered by the late Bishop Westcott during the earlier years of his tenure of the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge. The opening lecture, which deals with Eusebius, is an excellent survey of the faults and qualities of the "Father of Church History," and some of Dr. Westcott's criticisms on Eusebius are in advance of much later writing. Thus Dr. Westcott states that "it is almost unnecessary to add" that Eusebius is uncritical. Dr. McGiffert, in a translation of the "Church History" in the series edited by Dean Wace and Dr. Schaaf, goes so far as to say that "we can hardly fail to be impressed by the wisdom with which Eusebius discriminated between reliable and unreliable sources." The references given by Dr. Westcott show the baselessness of Dr. McGiffert's contention. This is but one example of the scholar's impartiality which marks every page Dr. Westcott wrote. The other topics treated in the volume are the Persecutions, the Age of Constantine, the Early Heretics, and the Council of Nicaea. Dr. Westcott's care in weighing evidence and caution in promulgating theories are seen to advantage in his discussion of several controverted points, especially in the history of the fourth century.

* * *

THE matters dealt with in the greater number of the twenty-four chapters of Mr. Thornton Hall's "Love Intrigues of Royal Courts" (Laurie, 12s. 6d. net) have formed the subject for separate volumes within recent years. Catherine the Great, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lola Montez, the Chevalier D'Eon, Ludwig II. of Bavaria, Christina of Sweden, and the Man in the Iron Mask, have employed a crowd of pens. For those who like to discover the source of distinction for people of this type, but do not care to wade through a separate volume upon each of them, Mr. Hall's book should prove useful. He writes well and he has mastered his subjects, though his historical judgments are sometimes more trenchant than convincing. Take, for instance, his

treatment of the mystery surrounding the Man in the Iron Mask, in regard to which he adopts the fancy of Dumas as to a twin brother of Louis XIV. Otherwise the book requires little notice. It is better than the average of its type, though we would suggest to Mr. Hall that there is an abundance of historical studies, even of a popular kind, more worthy of his attention.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, Jan. 14.	Price Friday morning, Jan. 21.
Consols	82 $\frac{1}{2}$	82 $\frac{1}{2}$
Midland Def.	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	59
Union Pacific	202 $\frac{3}{4}$	197
Mexican 1st Pref.	133	134
U.S. Steel	89 $\frac{1}{4}$	86

ALL through the week the City has given itself up to a debauch of politics, but the debauch very soon produced a violent headache. In anticipation of a sweeping Unionist victory, the Tories of the Stock Exchange laid in parcels of Consols and bought options in Home Railway stocks, Brewery stocks, industrial shares, and other securities which, in their curious wayward imaginations, were regarded as likely to benefit by Tariff Reform. Seeing that one of the first measures alleged to be certain if the Unionists were returned to power was a Naval Loan, it seems scarcely probable that the price of Government stocks could have been raised by this expected increase in their amount, however convenient to the present generation the policy of leaving posterity to pay its bills might seem. As for Home Railway companies, since a large proportion of the goods that they carry and handle consists of the imports and exports which it is the avowed object of Tariff Reform to diminish, it is even more difficult in their case than in that of Consols, to see how the return of a Tariff Reform Government could have improved the prospect of their being more valuable to holders. But in the matter of stock market movements reason is by no means always—perhaps comparatively seldom—the most influential driving power. If a sufficient number of short-sighted people think that a stock is worth buying, its price will go up. If the Tories had come in there would certainly have been a rush of quite absurdly reasoned buying, with a consequent boom, probably followed by a severe reaction.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

Happily the common sense and sound political instinct of the people has prevailed, and the question of what might happen if a Tariff Reform Government were returned is now purely academic. For even if by some miracle a Tory majority were won, after the polls in the great industrial towns, it would not attempt to bring in Tariff Reform, which is acknowledged to be a "dead horse till next time." But the failure of the Unionist boasters to fulfil their promises was marked by severe depression in the early part of the week, and it was amusing to see the frantic efforts of the Tory Press to demonstrate in their leading articles that they were winning handsomely, while their City pages had to acknowledge that the slump was due to the slowness of reactionary progress.

A HAPPY ENDING.

On Thursday came a reduction in Bank rate and the Unionist victories in the counties, and the Stock Exchange was happy again. The Bank of England's position has been greatly strengthened lately by receipts of gold from abroad and the return of coin and notes from the provinces, after the usual outward flow at the end of the year; and since the great international monetary outlook is, on the whole, serene, the Bank rate has been again reduced, and it would not be surprising to see it 3 per cent. before long. Cheap money always tends to make prices of securities rise, and the long list of Unionist gains, announced one after another during the length of Monday, made the Tories of the City so happy that they quite forget that less than a week ago they were talking of sweeping the country, and sending back a Protectionist majority to Westminster. So markets ended the week in good style, with the marked exception of American shares, which have been demoralised by the pressure of liquidation in New York.

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE elections are almost concluded, and the Government should emerge from them with a majority of about 120, and a surplusage of over half a million votes, making due allowance for the unpolled constituencies and the proportion of votes in them which should be allotted to the two sides, the Peers' Party and the Anti-Peers' Party. The country will thus have given its verdict (a) against the Lords, on which question the majority is absolutely solid; (b) in favor of the Budget, the only objection of the Irish members being to the whisky taxes; (c) for Free Trade, as to which the British verdict, in seats, in voting strength, and in the character and quality of the judgment, is conclusive. The issue was not fought in Ireland, and none can say that the Nationalists are Protectionists. Even if they were, they would be anti-English and anti-Birmingham Protectionists.

* * *

EVENTS, therefore, must march in harmony with these decisive happenings. The Budget, we imagine, will be put through, in a few hours, *verbatim et literatim*, and any slight changes that may be necessary will be reserved for the second Budget. It is possible that legislation consequential on the passing of that great instrument of social reform, such as the insurance schemes, will be necessary. But the main task of the Ministry will be to restore the smashed Constitution and make progressive Government again possible. Liberal members are talking of a Plural Voting Bill, but the Lords are like the neck of a bottle, and until the block is removed nothing passes through. The financial and legislative issues cannot well be separated, so that the Veto Bill will deal with both. The country, therefore, will look to the Crown to restore representative government—i.e., the system by which our temperate Kings act through the screen of Ministerial responsibility to the elective House, which, in its

turn, expresses the will of the nation. Unless that is restored by the King, the Constitution dies.

* * *

THE English counties have not maintained the decisive anti-Liberal swing of the early contests, and the later results show no strongly marked deviation from the voting in 1906. Scotland appears likely to reproduce that situation almost exactly, losses in one or two agricultural counties, under strong feudal influence, being balanced by gains in the more industrial centres, even when Labor and Liberalism contend for the progressive vote. The same is almost true of Wales, where only two friends of Protection and the Peers have been elected.

* * *

THE Yorkshire and Lancashire returns also reproduce the results in the boroughs; the only losses in the latter county being due to splits. Agriculture is divided. In the East, Norfolk is almost solidly Liberal; Suffolk predominantly Tory. In the West, Devonshire and Cornwall remain Liberal; Wilts and Somerset are shaken. The true seat of the reaction, however, continues to be the Birmingham area, and the great southern recreative and residential districts, Free Trade suffering most in the places where it has yielded the most abundant and luxurious wealth. Here and there feudalism, making its great stand for political power, and using all available methods, has shown great power of recovery; but it has failed in the North, where, for example, an able member of the able Durham family is thrown out by over 2,000 votes. The Prime Minister, whose position in the party was never stronger, was returned with a greatly increased majority, and has not lost a single member of his Cabinet. In Ireland the chronic Healy-O'Brien schism, based on clerical support, has had a slight revival.

* * *

A FIRM breakwater to the Tariff Reform wave has been set up in the north-eastern suburban constituencies of London, where Mr. Simon, in particular, has won a brilliant argumentative victory. Even the general results in the counties may be too gloomily regarded. Away from the London influence the anti-Liberal majorities have often been small or trifling, standing out in marked contrast against the sweeping verdicts of the Northern centres. We note also that up to Thursday noon, at least, nearly half of the Unionist gains in the English counties—26 out of 56—occurred in constituencies that were never Liberal before 1906, and were retained for Toryism even in the year when the agricultural laborer first joined the electorate. Finally, the "Daily News" publishes a long list of constituencies where the majority was entirely or mainly made up of plural voters, whose multiplying power has been greatly increased by the motor car.

* * *

THE Protectionist party is busily occupied in jettisoning cargo. Mr. Balfour and the "Times" have already proclaimed that this Socialistic and revolutionary Budget must pass, and the "Times" is even willing to consider a Bill which would "secure to the Commons full power over finance."

Mr. Balfour, indeed, in killing Tariff Reform, affects to predict for it a glorious resurrection at some unspecified date. The "Daily Mail," on the other hand, whilst sticking to Protection, is quite willing to drop the Union. Its issue of Thursday contained a letter signed "Irishman," printed in prominent type on its leader page, which proposes a Home Rule Bill giving Ireland a "National Assembly" on the Colonial model. To this body was to be joined a Ministry dependent on a Dublin Parliament. "Is this Separation?" asks "Irishman." He proceeds to suggest to his countrymen that the Tory Party is alone capable of "persuading the Lords to consent to Home Rule." Such a policy, he says, might lose Belfast and Liverpool, but regain Ireland, and incidentally secure Tariff Reform, which would by implication be forced upon industrial Britain by a joint vote of Irish Nationalists and Southern English Tories.

* * *

WE do not know what Mr. Balfour has to say to this proposal, though we must not lightly assume that the statesman who betrayed Free Trade will stand by the Union. But there is no reason at all why Mr. Chamberlain should not embrace it. "I am in favor," he wrote in 1886, in a letter signed by his own hand which lies before us, "of the widest measure of Home Rule that can be granted consistent with the continued integrity of the Empire." As for English Liberals, all we can say is that, while not one member of the party would consent to betray Free Trade, a Tory Home Rule Bill would be welcomed as warmly to-day as it would have been by Gladstone himself twenty-five years ago.

* * *

ANOTHER section of the Tories appears to be still under the impression that it has won the General Election, or come so near winning it that the fact of being in a minority of over one hundred is hardly worth mentioning. Thus it insists that the Liberal majority is so small that it cannot ask for a measure of constitutional change. But the total majority against the peers is not small; it will be one of the largest recorded in our constitutional history. The King, says the "Times," cannot disregard the wishes of "nearly one-half of his subjects in the British isles." In other words, he is to disregard the wishes of considerably more than one-half of his subjects in the British isles. Mr. Balfour claims that the peers must in any case retain the power of rejecting the Budget, *i.e.*, of dividing the control of the purse with the Commons. Thus, again, the leader of the Opposition, badly beaten in two successive elections, claims the right to govern the country. Mr. Lloyd George pertinently said that this supersedes the Monarchy. Acts are to be counter-signed, not with the Royal name, but with "A. J. Balfour." If much of this talk goes on, and action is taken upon it, the political situation, which is serious enough to-day, will be revolutionary a few months hence.

* * *

ON Sunday and Monday, however, the Opposition definitely hoisted the white flag on the Constitutional question. The "Observer" asked whether it was to be "conflict or conference," and the "Times" and its correspondents talked of Ministries of moderate men. Unable to resist the attraction of its favourite color, the "Westminster Gazette" flew an answering signal. Its chief suggestions were that the country would not have single chamber government—an issue which it has

never debated—and that it would "view with suspicion" all schemes which could be "plausibly represented" as having that effect—a sentence which we can only regard as the average "plausible misrepresentation" of the Campbell-Bannerman resolution. For these reasons the policy of attacking the veto was to be dropped for that of the reform of the House of Lords—*i.e.*, the Liberal plan for the Tory plan. This end was to be obtained by means of the "co-operation of men of goodwill in all parties." We are unable for the moment to discover the special party to which this counsel is directed. It cannot be the Liberal Party or the Liberal Government. The first is in the act of receiving a majority of between 100 and 120 for the purpose of dealing with the veto, while the second, through the Prime Minister, has declared that object to be the sole condition of its resumption of office.

* * *

WE hear from time to time the suggestion that the Budget lost rather than won Liberal seats. On this matter the elections happily furnish the most conclusive evidence, even more conclusive than the testimony of the by-elections which occurred between the introduction of the Budget and the General Election. Nine seats were won by the Opposition between 1906 and the appearance of the Budget; we omit the seats won from the Liberals by Labor candidates. Six of them have been won back. In the other two the Tory majorities were reduced by 2,935 votes. In the ninth seat, the Budget had a real majority of 968, but the seat was lost through a split. We append a table of the results, which are really very striking, showing, as they do, a large numerical recovery of votes, in addition to the gains of seats, obtained in spite of the fact that in two constituencies votes were split between Liberals and Labor men:—

	Un.	Lib.	U.maj.	1910.
Peckham (L)	6,970	4,476	2,494	Maj. reduced to ... 83
Ross (L)	4,947	3,928	1,019	Maj. reduced to ... 395
(Hereford).				
Cockermouth (L) ...	4,593	3,903	690	Un. ... 4,579
		Lab. ...		Lib. ... 3,638
		1,436 (Split)		Lab. ... 1,909
				Un. maj. over Lib. 941
				Budget maj. ... 968
Ashburton (L)	5,191	4,632	559	WON ... Lib. ... 5,668
(Mid-Devon).				Un. ... 5,421
				Budget maj. ... 247
Brigg (L)	5,389	5,273	116	WON ... Lib. ... 6,548
				Con. ... 6,311
				Budget maj. ... 237
N.W. Manchest'r (L)	5,417	4,988	429	WON ... Lib. ... 5,930
		Soc. ...	(Split)	Con. ... 5,117
		276		Budget Maj. ... 783
Newcastle (L)	13,863	11,720	2,143	Highest Lib. vote 18,779
(2 seats).		Soc. ...	(Split)	" Con. vote 14,067
		2,971		Budget maj. ... 4,712
Haggerston (L)	2,867	1,724	1,724	WON ... Lib. ... 3,041
		Soc. ...	(Split)	Con. ... 2,585
		986		Soc. ... 701
				B'g't maj. over Con. 456
Pudsey (L)	8,444	5,331	3,113	WON ... Lib. ... 7,358
		Lab. ...	(Split)	Un. ... 5,934
		1,291		Budget maj. ... 1,424

OUR straggling election continues to call forth comments throughout Europe and the Empire. But little has been said which reveals fresh insight. The old Communiard exile, Albert Thomas, who happened to be in England, has written for "l'Humanité" what strikes us as a merely partisan estimate of the power and success of the Liberal Party. "Vorwärts" is more objective in its comments. It dreads the Irish ascendancy, and thinks that the Tories may in the end gain more in this new electioneering cry than Liberals will gain in votes. The "North German Gazette" is particularly struck by the absence of class-consciousness among the English workers. In Canada comment seems to follow party lines. The Liberal is Liberal, and the Tory is Tory, with a strong vein of hostility to the Lords. For the Australian Press and in the United States the one dominant issue is the battle with the Lords, and on this point feeling is almost unanimously with the Commons, and voices a sturdy, unquestioning democratic instinct.

* * *

THE enlarged Imperial Legislative Council met on Tuesday in Calcutta under the shadow of yet another political crime—the murder of a native detective, Shemsul-Alam, who had been conspicuous in hunting down terrorists. Lord Minto's opening speech, which gave an ungrudging welcome to the new era of reform, was notable for two points. It claimed for himself and his colleagues in India the honor of initiating the reforms. It announced that the first work of the new Council would be to consider yet another Press Law, more drastic than any of its many predecessors. The evil of an incendiary Press can hardly be exaggerated. But the history of recent years is a commentary on the difficulty of attempting to deal with it by repression. The net is always spread too wide, and the more honorable victims lend a halo of martyrdom to those who really are guilty. It is said that the Council applauded the announcement of this coming Bill, but it must be remembered that on this Council, owing to some unfortunate details in the scheme of election, the Moslems and the Conservative element generally are over-represented.

* * *

THE floods which have vexed France during the past week are a disaster on a national scale, comparable in everything save the loss of life to all but the worst of earthquakes. Most of the greater rivers have overflowed their banks, and some small provincial towns are said to have been almost totally submerged. But the Seine has been the worst offender. As the water rose to within two or three feet of their parapets, the bridges of Paris have acted as a dam, which sent the swirling stream pouring into cellars, sewers, and streets. Many streets have become navigable canals, and in some squares only the tops of the lamp-posts and the trees can be seen above the waters. Most of the underground railways are flooded, the electric tramways have ceased to run, and three of the bridges were closed to heavy traffic.

* * *

SOME 30,000 persons are homeless round Paris alone, and the general stoppage of work near the river has caused serious misery to the working classes. The great public buildings are clustered for the most part on the banks of the Seine. The Chamber has been talking of moving to Versailles; the Foreign Office is flooded, and in the cellars of the Palais de Justice divers are trying to recover the archives. The scene on the great broad river as it rushes past Notre Dame is said to have a novel and surprising beauty. Soldiers, sailors, and police are hard at work on the duty of rescue and prevention, and the Pantheon, the sleeping

place of the illustrious dead, has been turned into a dormitory for the obscure living. There were fourteen great floods during the past century, but the high watermark of 1876 has been covered, and for a parallel it is necessary to go back to the historic disaster of 1764.

* * *

OUR Paris correspondent writes:—"The Seine rose less than was expected last night, and if dry weather continues, not only in Paris, but higher up the river, no doubt there will be a fall. But this morning (Thursday) the water nearly reached the roadway of the Pont de Solférino, the lowest of the bridges, and was only twenty-five inches below the top of the parapet in the Quai des Tuileries. The destruction of property is appalling, and will inflict great misery on a large proportion of the inhabitants. Thousands of workmen are thrown out of employment, the nursery gardens in and near Paris are ruined, and the distress will be acute for some time to come. In one respect, some of the London papers have exaggerated the gravity of the situation; it is not the case that there is yet any scarcity of provisions, nor has there been any general rise in prices, though that is to be feared. There has been a slight rise in the price of fresh vegetables, eggs, and butter; that is all. The price of bread has not risen, and there is no scarcity. One or two bakers in populous districts tried to put up the price of bread, but the shop of one of them was promptly wrecked, and the example is not likely to be followed. There is an ample supply of flour in Paris." Should there not be a national subscription for the relief of the victims? The area of suffering is enormous.

* * *

IN "high politics" two events have this week affected the relations of the Great Powers. Russia and Japan have both rejected, firmly if with courtesy, the hasty proposals of the United States for the neutralisation of their railways in Manchuria. Mr. Knox aimed at reconciling the two rivals; he has certainly brought them together. It is unlikely that more will be heard of the scheme. The other event has made some stir in Vienna. Baron Aerenthal, in an interview with Mr. Wesselsky of the "Novoe Vremya," made the odd statement that Germany has no influence on Austro-Hungarian foreign policy, but Russia has. The general accuracy of the interview has been admitted. It is improbable that it represents any cooling in the Austro-German alliance; it is merely a clumsy approach to Russia after an angry and protracted feud. St. Petersburg is pleased, Berlin slightly annoyed, and Vienna scolds Baron Aerenthal for demeaning himself to "polish Russia's boots." His prestige, badly damaged by his general policy, and by his folly in the Friedjung case, has suffered yet another diminution.

* * *

LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON seems to us to have caught out the prison system, if she has caught out nothing else. She entered the prison, not as Lady Constance Lytton, but as a common working-woman. When she was Lady Constance, she was carefully and scientifically examined for heart-trouble, and when that was diagnosed, was released. As a common working-woman, she was forcibly fed without any such examination, and, according to her account, was not too gently treated. This does not show that the authorities were wrong in their treatment of Lady Constance Lytton. It does show that they were seriously wrong in their treatment of the working-woman.

Politics and Affairs.

THE DOMINANT ISSUE AT LAST.

"The rule that the powers of the Crown must be exercised through Ministers who are members of one or other House of Parliament, and who 'command the confidence of the House of Commons,' really means that the elective portion of the legislature, in effect, though by an indirect process, appoints the executive Government; and further, that the Crown or the Ministry must ultimately carry out, or at any rate not contravene, the wishes of the House of Commons. But as the process of representation is nothing else than a mode by which the will of the representative party, or House of Commons, is made to coincide with the will of the nation, it follows that a rule which gives the appointment and control of the Government mainly to the House of Commons, is at bottom a rule which gives the election and ultimate control of the executive to the nation. The same thing holds good of the understanding or habit, in accordance with which the House of Lords are expected in every serious political controversy to give way, at some point or another, to the will of the House of Commons, as expressing the deliberate resolve of the nation, or of that further custom which, though of comparatively recent growth, forms AN ESSENTIAL PART of modern constitutional ethics, by which, in case the Peers should finally refuse to acquiesce in the decision of the lower House, THE CROWN IS EXPECTED TO NULLIFY THE RESISTANCE OF THE LORDS BY THE CREATION OF NEW PEERAGES."—Dicey, "*The Law of the Constitution*," pp. 360-1.

By the admission of the more frank among our opponents the elections may be taken to have settled certain questions. In the first place, the country has pronounced decidedly in favor of the Budget, and this great foundation stone of future social reform will be duly laid as one of the first acts of the new Parliament. This pronouncement is, in itself, a sufficient condemnation of the action of the Lords, who, if they could have been justified at all in violating the Constitution, could have been justified only by an overwhelming verdict of the constituencies in their favor. In the second place, Tariff Reform is condemned, not merely by the majority of the constituencies, but more decisively by the character and composition of the Free Trade majority. So weighty is the verdict of the North that even had a Tariff Reform majority been scraped together by the returns in the rural districts, the cathedral cities, the "residential" quarters, and the plural voters, it would have been recognised as impossible to impose tariffs against the will of the great organised industries of the nation, who have now twice indicated their determination to adhere to Free Trade. Thirdly, as the "Times" recognises, the verdict of the electors carries with it a formal condemnation of the intrusion of the Lords into the sphere of finance. Mr. Balfour has, indeed, indicated that there will be a fight at this point, and a fight, no doubt, there will be. But it will be a fight which will combine every element in the majority in an unswerving and unanimous resolution to vindicate the ancient prerogative of the popular House.

On all these heads we have really passed beyond controversy. The vital point between parties is, of course, the question of the legislative veto. But here, again, there are some points which have been made perfectly

plain. In the first place, the election has been fought on the entire question of the veto, legislative as well as financial. The issue was put with all his usual incisiveness by Mr. Asquith, first at the Albert Hall, and, secondly, in his election address. So far as it is possible for a party leader to concentrate the whole question of an election on a single point, Mr. Asquith concentrated the question of this election on the veto of the Lords. If there ever was a referendum in this country, this election has been one. We have consistently maintained therefore that the majority for his Government, be it small or great, would be a majority for the destruction of the absolute veto of the Lords. To this result it is the duty of Ministers to give effect. In the second place, Mr. Asquith not merely placed the issue before the country, but gave a distinct pledge on behalf of himself and his colleagues that they would not "assume" or "hold" office without adequate guarantees that their labors would not in the future, as in the past, be rendered nugatory by the action of the Upper House. There can, accordingly, be no doubt that he will advise the Sovereign that such guarantees are a necessary condition of the continuance of that system on which the stability of our constitutional government has long depended. The essentials of this system are that each party is equally free to serve the Crown and the country, and the condition of this freedom is that each, when returned to power by the electors, should have something like a fair field for its work, and something approaching to equal opportunity for the fulfilment of its pledges. No such equality, nor anything approaching to it, exists as long as the absolute veto on legislation remains.

In the third place, it must be remarked that it is not the composition of the House of Lords, but the powers of the House of Lords, and its relation to the House of Commons, that are primarily in question. The problem cannot, therefore, be solved by the reform of the Upper House. Such reform may be desirable, but no reform that has been suggested, or is likely to be suggested, would touch the vital point of the dis-harmony between the two Houses, and thus remove the block upon Liberal legislation. Unthinking suggestions of a compromise on these lines, therefore, serve only to darken counsel, and we regret that they should be put forward at this stage on the Liberal side. The proposals of Ministers might, indeed, include reform as part of a general solution, but they would be totally ineffective, and would not for a moment command the allegiance of the party, unless they provided that the deliberately expressed will of the Commons, and through them of the nation, should in future prevail.

On the other side, it will be contended that the majority which the Government is likely to secure is not sufficient to justify an important constitutional change. We reject this contention for reasons stated, but it will be urged. The Veto Limitation Bill can be carried through the Commons, but it must also be accepted by the Lords themselves, and this acceptance can only be obtained in one of two ways. Either an arrangement must be found to which

the consent of the Lords can be obtained, or we fall back on the ultimate power of the Crown, tenaciously and rightly maintained, to decide a conflict between the Houses by the creation of peers. Here we reach the real centre of the political situation. The expedient of creating peers in order to restore the broken balance of the Constitution is no foreign or revolutionary part of our governing system. Professor Dicey, in the important passage which we cite at the head of this article, declares it to be a necessary part of the constitutional machinery. Without it the two Houses cannot, in case of recalcitrancy on the part of the Lords, be brought into harmony. The House of Lords undergoes no change as the result of a general election. It sits *en permanence*, looking down like a god on the emotional disturbances at its feet. Nay, more; it claims to decide the conditions under which there is any call upon it to acknowledge the existence of an anti-Tory majority in the representative House. In particular, no Irish votes are ever to count, unless, happily, they can be drawn into the Protectionist net. But this is absolute Separatism. The House of Commons is a unity, and it is on behalf of that unity and its rights, when declared through a majority, that the ultimate power which the Crown possesses of bringing the Lords into harmony with its will must be evoked. The Crown, says Professor Dicey, is "expected" to nullify the resistance of the Lords by the creation of peers. Has a Government commanding, on the constitutional issue, a majority of about 120 votes—that is to say, a majority well above the normal—no claim on the King for this customary exercise of his powers? Is it to be held that this election has settled nothing, except the passage of the Budget, and that the Prime Minister's continued and deliberate affirmation of the constitutional issue is idle breath? We are certain that the majority will take no such view. It cherishes a deep and passionate feeling on the question of the Lords, and it looks to the King, and has a right to look to the King, for it is clear that there is a point beyond which representative government is powerless without his help. If the Lords resolutely shut their ears to every proposal of accommodation, however moderate, it will, we believe, be felt by the power most directly interested in the stability of our institutions that the conflict between the Houses must be ended, and ended in favor of the representatives of the people. Throughout the controversy our opponents will do well to look behind appearances and consider the real forces that support the House of Lords. Their friends in the Press freely acknowledge that the rural constituencies which have impaired the Liberal majority have been won—so far as genuinely political motives availed, and apart from forms of pressure of which, in this relation, we need say nothing—by the Tariff Reformers. Nowhere have the Lords as such received any serious electoral backing. "Defeat would be certain," says a writer of authority in the "Morning Post," if the issue were joined on the maintenance of the House of Lords as it at present exists. Their offence in regard to the Budget may have been condoned on Tory platforms, but we do not believe that in any part of the country it has been mistaken for a meritorious act. Apart from the Tariff Reformer and

the publican, we doubt if the party of the peers could have mustered a hundred members in the new House of Commons. On the other hand, our majority acquires its maximum strength on the question of the veto. Whatever may be said as to the ultimate Irish attitude to a kind of Protection—certainly not the Protection of the Birmingham school—no one supposes that the Lords have gained a single Nationalist recruit from Erin. On that question we cannot but win; they cannot but lose. And it is an issue on which the mind and will of the progressive party, in all its sections, are unalterable.

THE LIMITS OF THE MONEY POWER.

THE elections are all but over, and the Liberal Party is already in a position to congratulate itself on the character of the majority it has obtained, and the sources from which its power is drawn. The party comes back united, splendidly led and manned, full of power to hold the present situation, and the promise of power to control its later issues. It will probably command a majority of seats in Great Britain of over fifty votes. It counts a majority of voters for the Budget and against the House of Lords to be numbered by the hundred thousand. Its area of solid conquest extends right through Scotland, Wales, and the North of England, in all of which places it stands at its top strength, measured even by the astonishing results of 1906. It is predominant in several of the Eastern and Western Counties of England, industrial and rural. Excepting the Midland or Chamberlainite area, and the Orange vote of Liverpool, it retains nearly every important industrial constituency; a rule which applies not only to the urban but to the county areas. All the great staple trades but agriculture, which has historic associations with Toryism, adhere to it. No hesitation is seen in the vote of these hives of men, which give the country her place in the world. The industrial North has gone Liberal or Labor, not by hundreds, but by thousands and tens of thousands. The Government's working majority, including the Nationalist vote, is likely to approach 120. If this figure is attained, it will hold power by a plurality which has only been exceeded four times since 1832. Should the majority be between 110 and 120, the strength of the Administration will be about equal to that by which Gladstone governed in 1868 and in 1880, and nearly three times that by which he and Lord Rosebery held power in 1892, while it also equals the strength of the Unionist coalition of 1886, and is far superior to the run of majorities by which Liberal and Tory administrations alike held power during the middle part of last century. In a word, if we are out of the earthquake zones of 1832 and 1906, we are back to normal politics, or to normal politics under the group system which now rules them. The new elements are that in England a marked geographical and class cleavage has set in, and that the issue largely depends on which of the two Englands proves to be the stronger.

The question almost answers itself. The money-power, multiplying itself by means of the plural vote and the motor-car, has done its worst. If Progress

and Free Trade have been smitten anywhere, it is precisely in those parts of the country which could most be dazzled by the wealth piled up under the system of free imports. The country was invited to proclaim itself ruined by men and women seated in motor cars costing a thousand pounds apiece, by candidates who spent small fortunes in coaxing and nursing the simple folk who voted for them, by one industry, agriculture, that has not been so prosperous for years, and one trade, the liquor interest, whose profits were made out of the increased earnings of all classes, and the enormous profits and the luxurious habits of the wealthiest. A more observant and critical working-class than our own might, indeed, have seen in this meretricious display of the money-power a pretty stiff object-lesson in favor of revolutionary Socialism. But it is one of the little ironies of politics that anyone should take it as a reason for going back to the pinched days of Protection.

It is still more significant that where the money-power was concentrated mainly on its pleasurable side, as in the Home Counties, the Tories did best, while they did worst where the actual business of industrial production went on. Where labor was isolated or parasitic, it could be influenced or frightened; where it was organised and independent, and had developed the character and powers of political thought that organisation and independence bring; where a strong racial feeling, backed by a passion for education and a free Church system, kept it self-respecting, and free from our besetting English fault of snobbishness, as in Scotland or Wales; wherever the country chapel stood as a little fortress of social and spiritual freedom, the money-power could do little or nothing. Much of what was swept into the innumerable Protectionist flat-traps was something which either had deep personal suffering behind it—like depressed Sunderland—that neither Free Trade nor Protection can cure, or more often represented a small pocket of industrial misfortune looking blindly for a tariff to save it either from its own lack of skill and enterprise or from a passing gust of bad business. But above everything, the Tory rally in the counties, such as it was, meant that the timid class of small traders, small professional men, and day laborers cannot hold out against a regular planned descent of our barbarians, backed by masses of gamekeepers, beaters, domestic servants, chauffeurs. Here is no reasoned assent to Tariff Reform or anything else. Ordinary politics do not count, when, as happened in hundreds of cases after the election of 1906, the hall gives notice to the village tradesman, or even to the local doctor who has voted Radical, that he may "send in his account," or when the neighborly instinct of the country-side is turned into a deliberate and often successful inquisition into the poor man's voting. Very little actual terrorism is wanted. One case of dismissal, or even one threat, may settle the vote of a village.

At the centre of this system is the attempt to get behind the secrecy of the ballot. If that is maintained, coercion in the end falls to the ground; if disbelief in it spreads, and nothing can be done for the actual victims of pressure, the counties will never yield the

results which a progressive policy ought to obtain from them. The sending out of circulars inviting electors to promise votes for the Tory candidate, and to fill up the forms accordingly, is a direct attempt to break down the ballot, and the device was widely used during the election. Here, we think, the Liberal Party may well be called upon to act. We hope that the county candidates will meet, and exchange experiences, and convey them to the official heads. There are two possible methods. If the evidence is definite enough, and documentary proofs have been accumulated and retained, an Amendment to the Address should be moved and a call made upon the Government to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the conduct of elections, with special reference to breaches of the Corrupt Practices Act and of the Ballot Act. Or a voluntary proceeding can be set up which may prove as effective in England as in Wales. In 1868 the Tory landlords avenged themselves on the Welsh farmers who helped to usher in the Liberal Ministry of that year by issuing a shower of eviction notices. Welsh Liberalism retorted by raising a great protection fund, under which scores of victims were set up with farms or with a livelihood under the noses of the landlords who had thrust them out. This and the disclosures before the Land Commission broke the power of coercive landlordism in Wales, and it has never been revived. Some such process may well be set up here. The poor man in the country must be made to feel that he has something stronger to look to than the boycott of the local squire. The Budget will do something to break that power; and with it should be linked a force of protection and appeal which will make it look not only odious but ridiculous.

BRITISH POLICY IN TURKEY.

A new Grand Vizier has once more been installed at the Sublime Porte—the seventh since those troubled days, eighteen months ago, when Ferid Pasha fell before the first rising of the Young Turks. Hakki Pasha has an anxious task to face. Merely to maintain equilibrium is a sufficiently onerous problem, and as yet Turkish statesmen have hardly had leisure to think of more than that. Outside, the European Powers stand massed in rival camps, and Ottoman diplomacy must reckon with the jealousy between Russia and Austria, and the competition between the Germans and ourselves. The Cretan question does not near a solution. Greece is in chaos, Servia unstable, and Bulgaria, ready and firm, needs adroit handling. At home, there are once more the beginnings of racial unrest in Macedonia. The massacres of Adana have not even yet been adequately punished, and while civilised opinion deplores this failure, there is a school among the Young Turks which thinks that even the hesitating punishments which have as yet been meted out to guilty Moslems were rashly severe. The Armenians are disillusioned, and in the back regions of Asia Minor the ancient fanaticism lurks angry and sullen. The finances have yet to be set in order. The Christians have yet to be incorporated in the army. The demands of the centralising faction have

somehow to be reconciled with the ancient privileges of the Christian churches and schools—a faction which would repress even a nationalist literary club or a workmen's trade union. In the capital it has not yet been found possible to dispense with martial law. These are the urgent problems, and while they are still unsettled, it is vain to hope for the re-organisation of justice, or for the promotion of an economic revival. The chances are that Hakki Pasha will come and go without transforming the conditions which he finds around him. The making of a new Turkey will be the work of a generation at least. A revolution effected by a small if enlightened minority creates the possibility of an organic change; it does not and cannot effect the change itself. It will be well if Turkey can make in thirty years the progress which Bulgaria made in ten. "Yavash, yavash"—ca'canny—is the first phrase which the traveller picks up when he crosses the moral frontier of Europe. Against the temperament which it expresses the almost European energy of the Young Turks is destined to fret and wear itself through long years of friction and trial.

It is well at such a moment to ask ourselves what part we have played in helping the Turkish people through the first phases of their difficulties. That we unanimously desired to help them is certain, and that Sir Edward Gray personified this tendency is equally beyond question. An outspoken contribution to this discussion has just appeared from the veteran pen of Sir William Ramsay ("The Revolution in Constantinople and Turkey," Hodder & Stoughton). Twenty years of travelling and digging in Asia Minor, a colloquial knowledge of Turkish and Greek, many friendships, and a shrewd habit of judgment, have made him a witness of high authority in the affairs of the Near East. No British Ambassador since Sir William White, and no journalist save Sir Edwin Pears, could claim so intimate a knowledge of the Turkish people. An ambassador, indeed, must always depend on such second-hand knowledge as he can pick up in the capital from a limited circle of informants through the medium of English or French. Sir William Ramsay, in this diary of his residence in the capital during the April revolution, records the same very critical opinion of British diplomacy which we had ourselves expressed at the time in these columns. The history of a deplorable blunder goes back, we believe, even further than Sir William Ramsay carries it. Throughout the period of German ascendancy under Abdul Hamid our Embassy formed its own forecast of the future. His death could not be far distant, and when he died it was believed that a group of the better Pashas, most of them very old, and most of them Anglophile, would emerge to save the remnants of Turkey. Kiamil and "Kutchuk" Said Pashas, who both owed their lives to British protection, were the most notable members of the group. On them our diplomacy based its hopes. Of the Young Turkish movement it knew nothing. It might have known more. The editor of "l'Humanité" knew something six months before the revolution, and a member of the Balkan Committee published early in January an article which proved that a sympathetic student of Turkish affairs could even then glean something of what was

coming. When the revolution did come, this official opinion clung to its earlier diagnosis. It did not realise that the Young Turks were the real masters of the situation, and imagined that against an army, a great secret society, and a fervent idea, the mere experience of men like Kiamil Pasha would enable them to rule. Kiamil early allied himself to the little Liberal group, which had no footing in the army, few roots in the provinces, and a following in the Chamber, which, in moments of crisis, numbered no more than eight.

This group had done nothing effective to make the revolution or earn a disinterested admiration. It was linked with cosmopolitan finance, and latterly it, or some of its members, formed an alliance with Yildiz and the reaction to overthrow the Young Turks. Even then it did not seem to forfeit a certain measure of official sympathy, and the "Times" actually welcomed the *coup d'état* which for a few weeks imperilled the Constitution. Sir William Ramsay is justly severe, especially to the "Times," while he recognises the good work done by the Balkan Committee to counteract the mistakes of official England. It had built on Kiamil Pasha and his faction. His fall for the moment destroyed our influence—and, indeed, our too ostentatious and partisan patronage did something to promote his fall. Meanwhile, the Germans had read the situation with a simple, realistic good sense. They saw, what everyone outside a narrow circle in Constantinople could also see, that the army of the Young Turks must be for many years to come the one force to reckon with in Turkey. The result is, as Sir William Ramsay thinks, that German prestige, which stood at zero during the revolution, is now second to none in Turkey, while our influence, which was higher than it had been since the Crimean War, is now gravely compromised.

The chapter of mistakes unfortunately does not close with the period covered by this book. For a generation British diplomacy had been reproached, and justly reproached, with its indifference to the interests of British traders in Turkey. Sir William Ramsay gives an amusing illustration. The late Sultan would never tolerate electricity, because he supposed that dynamos have some connection with dynamite. But the importation of electrical plant was none the less legal. An English trader, who wished to buy this machinery in England, went to the British Consul to ask him to secure for him the right to import it. He refused. The German Consul was more enterprising, and the order, soon followed by eight others, went to a German firm. In this instance we failed to give the sort of protection which our traders have the right to demand. A somewhat violent reaction from this indifference seems to have set in of late, and our diplomacy has now gone to the other extreme. The giving of an order to Krupp or Schneider used to be a question of high politics at the German and French Embassies. From that sort of competition we were proud to stand aloof. To-day we intervene to back our subjects in the hunt for concessions and monopolies. There is little doubt that Hilmi Pasha fell from power primarily because he had been induced to grant to the Lynch Company a monopoly of navigation on the Tigris and

Euphrates—a privilege at which the people of Bagdad naturally looked askance. The Young Turks wish to develop their country, and they welcome foreign capital. But above all they prize their independence, and nothing is so certain to make any Power suspect as the use of pressure to secure an unpopular monopoly in trading. This tendency, if it should be carried much further, will certainly ruin what is left of our influence. The most disastrous form which it could take would be a nagging rivalry with Germany for facilities of profit. We are glad to see that Sir William Ramsay advocates an understanding with Germany in the commercial development of Turkey. If it were to be carried out with some regard for the susceptibilities of Turkish public opinion, and, above all, for the interests of the peasantry, who are now fleeced so cruelly to make the guaranteed revenues of the railways, it would contribute, not merely to the good-will of the two Powers, but also to the material advancement of Turkey.

THE RE-ORGANISER OF THE FLEET.

It is impossible to pass unnoticed the retirement last Tuesday of the remarkable man who, for five-and-a-half years, has held the highest command in our first line of defence. Without disparaging his predecessors, we may say that his own genius and the circumstances of the time combined to render his tenure of office as First Sea Lord by far the most memorable of recent years. During that office he succeeded in carrying into effect a sweeping and comprehensive scheme of changes which had taken definite shape in his mind at least two years before his final promotion. His plans met with inevitable opposition, for of all conservative mankind the Navy runs neck and neck with the Army as to which is the more conservative. His methods were criticised, perhaps, more violently still, and, indeed, a certain brusqueness—the impatient intolerance of a reformer in action—laid them more open to criticism. For the change to be accomplished was incalculable, and the time short. With more truth, it may be said that he worked for “a good Press,” that his rule suffered from these tactics, and that on one occasion he yielded to an idle scare. But now that his task is over, there are few that would withhold their praise from the imagination of so daring an innovator, and the thorough-going capacity which has organised a vast naval revolution. The sincerest flattery has come in the imitation of his designs by all the naval Powers of the world. Writing on the day of his retirement, Count von Reventlow, the chief expert of the German Navy League, thus summed up the opinion of the Continent:—

“With Lord Fisher’s retirement one of the most important organisers the British Navy ever possessed quits the service. He leaves the fleet to his successor prepared in the fullest measure for the war demands of the present, and—as far as energy and foresight can do—also fully equal to the demands of the future.”

His memory in our naval records will be connected with two points chiefly: the introduction of the “Dreadnought” type, and the reconstitution of our strategy. These two points were in origin quite independent. We mean that the fleet would have been re-organised on its

present basis if the “Dreadnought” had never been thought of. But at the same time the invention of the “Dreadnought” undoubtedly increased the necessity of the other far more important change. It has been often said that the idea of the “Dreadnought” was a disaster. So it was. Every advance in armament from the days of flint chips and bows and arrows has been a disaster, especially for the nation that had special skill in flints or archery. Our long-bows were ever victorious till gunpowder came; the sailors of our wooden walls cursed at steam for the ruin of seamanship; and when ironclads came in, we had to reconstruct our navy. The “Dreadnought” was bound to come, though the method in which it came, and the way in which its coming was advertised, were most unfortunate. Before our own ship was conceived, the Japanese had begun laying down the “Satsuma,” which will rank as a “Dreadnought” in spite of her twofold armament. Before ourselves, the United States were working at the same idea. Admiral Fisher’s service was that he seized the idea and carried it out with such rapidity that we still hold a long lead in construction, whereas we might otherwise have been racing behind, and, perhaps, in vain. We are not among those who take no account of pre-“Dreadnoughts.” We give full consideration to at least forty of those battleships, of which the two “Lord Nelson” class would fight in line with “Dreadnoughts,” and the sixteen “King Edwards” and “Formidables” would match any other fleet at present on the seas. Still, the improved types of “Dreadnought” are likely to remain the most powerful ships for many years to come, and by April we shall have ten completed (not counting the “Lord Nelsons”) against Germany’s two (her other two being behind time); by April, 1912, we shall almost certainly have twenty against Germany’s thirteen at most.

Even if we grant that everyone gets the sum of “Dreadnoughts” different, Admiral Fisher has secured to us the superiority of speed and construction. The cost is appalling, but without his economies it would be almost intolerable. In the criticism of his concentration of the fleet in home waters this point of economy is often overlooked. Yet it has been calculated at a saving of £28,000,000 in five years, and the saving is permanent. It is not only that about 150 ships that were useless for fighting have been scrapped, and their upkeep saved; nor only that by this means 11,000 officers and men have been added to the efficient navy without extra expense. The mere proximity of our greatest fleet to the central base at home is in itself an immense saving in the cost of coal, provisions, and general supply. Strategically, the wisdom of the concentration is hardly questioned now. In these days of wireless telegraphy and rapid movement, where else should the mass of our fleet be but at the heart of the Empire, always ready to move to the point of danger? If Germany had no navy at all, the Home fleet would still be where it is—the first and second divisions with eight battleships apiece always in full commission; the third and fourth divisions with their full numbers of every class of ship constantly manned by nucleus crews that, in the third division, now amount to three-fifths of the full complement, and

can be brought up to strength at once by the balance-crews from the depots. Formerly, on mobilisation about one-third of the necessary complements were drawn from the reserves. Last summer some 350 ships were mobilised at extraordinary speed without drawing on the reserves at all. And the men of the nucleus crews go into active service, not only with a knowledge of their ship, but with a knowledge of their officers and each other—the very basis of discipline and concerted action.

Besides the Home Fleet, with its full complement of armored cruisers, protected cruisers, and destroyers, there is the Atlantic Fleet always ready to come to its assistance with six battleships and a cruiser squadron; the Mediterranean Fleet with six battleships, a cruiser squadron, and destroyers; and the Eastern or China Fleet with a cruiser squadron, to say nothing of smaller bodies of cruisers in Australia, the Cape, India, and elsewhere. But we have ceased to scatter isolated ships all over the world, so that they could be snapped up by the enemy at the first outbreak of war, as the unhappy Russian cruisers were. If we want to "show the flag," we show it in more effective and economical fashion. Nor do we any longer leave the men hanging about on foreign stations till they run slack or sulky. For all commissions Admiral Fisher has reduced the limit from three years to two.

It would be impossible here even to mention his numerous reforms in the internal economy of the Navy. First come his great reform in the status of the engineer officers, and his change in the educational system, by which all officers are now trained together on the same lines till greater specialisation begins, and officers of all grades obtain sufficient knowledge of engineering to be able to work the ship. As to the improvements in the men's comfort, from increases of pay right down to the introduction of periodicals, lantern lectures, and manufactured tobacco, a very useful list of all such reforms during the Fisher régime was published in the "Army and Navy Gazette" for last Saturday. But most significant of all is the fact that never before have so many men been promoted to commissioned ranks from the lower deck.

Lord Fisher is a democrat and reformer by birth and nature. He has owed nothing to family, wealth, or influence. He has never been a man of words; it is true he has made significant speeches, but we believe there have only been two of them. By persistent energy he raised himself to the opportunity of command, and, using that opportunity to the full, he has raised the power of the navy to far the highest point reached in our history. And yet he has yielded to the outcries of panic less than most of his modern predecessors, and he has certainly not joined the Service men who, in Lord Salisbury's words, clamor for the fortification of the moon. On the whole, he has regulated his demands for expenditure, not by what he might hope to get, but by what the Navy needed. With a careful eye for economy, he has carried through one of the greatest and most daring schemes of reconstruction and re-organisation in the history of our Services, and the country is happy to retain his powers of imagination and efficiency on the Committee of Imperial Defence.

Life and Letters.

"SUGGESTION" IN ELECTIONEERING.

THE cynic, which most men seem to keep among their various selves, half as critic half as jailer, has a glorious time during a General Election. What a Human Nature he finds exhibited on platform and placard, in the railway and the street! What a contrast between the theory of popular self-government in which the free and independent elector, concerned for the welfare of his country, after reasonable consideration of the claims of rival policies and parties, registers his judgment, and the actual process by which he is "got to vote." When one studies the art of electioneering, one is driven to ask whether the ordinary elector is to be credited with the possession of any knowledge of history or current fact, or with any power of drawing correct inferences—in other words, whether, for electioneering purposes, truth enjoys any advantage over a lie. It is indeed usually assumed that a lie is more likely to be "found out" than the truth. But when it is a matter of single, short-time lies, even this assumption is deemed questionable in face of actual experience. Take, for instance, a champion lie of the election, the statement that the Tories gave Old Age Pensions; it is singular that in constituencies where this statement was used more electors went to the poll believing it than not. Or take, again, the monstrous inference, upon which Mr. Balfour staked the credit of a long political career, that food-taxes would cheapen food; did the inherent unreason of the statement gravely detract from its electioneering efficiency? "Magna est veritas," no doubt, "et prevalebit" in the long run. But the art of electioneering is that of getting the electors on a short run. The art is not, indeed, able to dispense with reasoning: among northern Britons, at any rate, there is a strong vein of intellectual curiosity running through their composition. Some of them want to understand the why and wherefore of the policy they are invited to approve; they want to test both fact and inference. Where there is a good stiffening of such minds in a constituency, it furnishes a strong barrier against the emotional rushes upon which the art of electioneering so largely depends.

For the popular art frankly discards all attempt to appeal to reason. By vigorous arts it works upon the primitive emotions of love, hate, greed, pugnacity, contempt, caution, gregariousness, servility, and pride. As Mr. Graham Wallas rightly observes, "The empirical art of politics consists largely in the creation of opinion by the deliberate exploitation of sub-conscious non-rational inference." In other words, to suggest facts and inferences constitutes the chief task of the electioneer, so far as he is concerned with forming opinion. Now, the nature of the suggestions will, of course, vary with the emotions which are to be unconsciously exploited. Some people are moved more powerfully by hopes than by fears, by hatred than by love, by combativeness than by caution. In America or in Australia the democracy would respond feebly or not at all to the appeals to authority and respectability which operate so effectively in English rural districts. In new countries, where men are sanguine and development proceeds apace, the staple of skilled electioneering consists of bright, confident promises of early material gains. In Great Britain, especially in this contest, the unprecedented bitterness of the struggle is largely due to the depressing or exasperating nature of the suggestions. Almost all the powerful appeals are to fear, hate, and contempt. Promises of positive gains, appeals to a brighter and a better future, to pride and glory, are rare and unconvincing. On both sides it has been a campaign of emotional intimidation. On the one side the peer, the landlord, the brewer have been held up to reprobation; on the other side the German, the Socialist, and Mr. Lloyd George. The Liberals did not succeed in making much play with their policy of national development for the positive betterment of the life of the people, nor can it be maintained that the

claim that "a tariff meant work for all" formed a particularly alluring prospect. The really profitable suggestions on the Conservative side were those of fear: fear of the foreigner, of a German invasion, of increased taxation, of unemployment most of all. Against these the Liberals staked other fears, of landlords, dear food, trusts, the destruction of representative government. They were fighting reaction; their positive promises counted next to nothing. The large number of Conservative gains obliges us to admit that they made their "fears" more effective. Perhaps they may be described as better electioneering "fears"; they were certainly more widely and more effectively advertised.

This is precisely where the money-power comes in. Suggestions gain by reiteration: this is the first law of advertising. The same suggestion, however, does not work in every mind. Unemployment, German invasion, Socialism, Home Rule, have different emotional values and meanings for different parts of the country and for the several trades and classes. The Press, the platform, the hoarding, the public-house, the pulpit, can all be utilised for hammering these fears into the weak intelligence of the weaker-headed elector. Why have these fears worked so differently in North and South, in big industrial cities and in country villages? It is no doubt partly a matter of education. Everybody is liable to be afraid when he is in the dark. The standard of working-class education and intelligence is quite undeniably lower in the South than in the North, in villages than in towns. The bogeys that frighten the rustic out of his wits are a subject of derision to the town artisan.

It is not, however, merely a question of superior intelligence. Electioneering does not consist merely in the fabrication of opinion, but in coercion or the forcible direction of voting power. Never within living memory have the acts of individual intimidation and corruption, legal and illegal, been used so freely and with so much effect. This seems inevitable wherever there is money in politics. With a shallow pride Englishmen have contrasted the purity of our politics with the bribery, booting, and knavery of American elections. Hitherto such corruption and personal intimidation as have prevailed in our elections have mostly proceeded from the unorganised individual pressure of local landowners or employers, a blend of menace and servile submission among shopkeepers and laborers, usually concealed and never openly defended.

This election marks a signal change, bringing us definitely nearer the machine politics of the American party system with its organisation of trades and localities, its armies of paid agents and bosses, its corruption fund, and its elaborate business methods of pumping false suggestions into the electorate. The liquor trade has, indeed, for a generation been in this business. But Bung's methods are clumsy; the "booze" gets into his head and blurs his plans; the American politician uses the saloon, but does not go there to learn strategy. The new feature in our electioneering is the entrance of organised trades seeking for "spoils." The proposal to revert to a protective tariff has already begun to befoul and poison our politics by streams of electioneering money furnished by business men who hope to get it back with ample interest in protective duties on their goods. Allied with these are resentful landowners anxious to defend the privileges they have hitherto enjoyed against the just demands of the Budget.

But the constructive underlying policy is that of the conspiracy of trades which have delivered themselves up to the protectionist design. The explanation of the Birmingham sphere of influence is not found only in the personal magnetism of a defunct statesman, but in the fact that Birmingham is the Philadelphia of England, standing in the midst of a Pennsylvania, which has developed a powerful political system directed to secure tariff-plunder to the local trades. In Pennsylvania the Republican Party levies its tolls upon the manufacturers of the State; it freezes out any business or professional man who does not loyally contribute; local as well as State and national politics lie entirely in its hands; all State and municipal officials are appointed on a political

test, must perform party service and pay their contribution to the party fund. Magisterial justice is debauched, profitable "franchises" and contracts are exchanged for party services, the manipulation of the electoral machinery is entirely in the party hands. Though "boodle" and "graft" take various shapes, the central object of all the elaborate machinery of corruption is the tariff, the legal right to loot the consumer and the non-protected trades.

The Birmingham machine, though originally fashioned for other purposes, has been conveniently adapted to this end, and it may be regarded as the nucleus of a wider national system of corruption which, with the now sharpening hope of a protective tariff, will grow among those trades which calculate that they can get a sufficient pull upon the next Conservative Government. The nature and purposes of the system cannot be too carefully studied. At present the constructive policy of Protection has not spread widely outside the groups of metal trades round Birmingham, though its false gospel of "employment" has been preached with efficacy wherever poor, ignorant, and unassociated working men are found.

One great lesson of the election is to indicate the extent and modes of the political suggestions which Protection can employ. Though the plain interests of our great staple manufactures and the great commercial and financial industries related to them have proved a stout bulwark of defence for Free Trade, history does not justify us in relying upon these defences as all-sufficient. Education and a vigorous policy of social reconstruction, designed primarily to secure fuller employment of our natural and human resources, are the essential methods of combating the false suggestions upon which Protectionists rely for promoting their nefarious designs. A Liberal Party should appeal more insistently to the positive motives of hope, development, further progress, and prosperity, expelling the emotional suggestions of reactionaries by a sane and practical idealism.

THE BATTLE OF THE SCHOOLS IN FRANCE.

THREE months ago one of the new Provincial Councils in China was discussing by what systematic means the superstitions of the peasantry could be eradicated. The dragons still lurk under the hill where the treasures of ore and coal are concealed. The pots and pans of a million homes are made to rattle at the demon which devours the moon in time of eclipse. On fire with their faith in positive knowledge, never doubting the absolute supremacy of reason and the final authority of science, the younger literati and the Westernised mandarins, fresh from their Japanese schools and their American colleges, proceed to use their embryo Constitution to sweep away this refuse of faith, and to establish in its place a new dogmatism more absolute than the books of Confucius. Last week in Paris itself, city of light, cradle of this positive spirit, the greatest masters of French prose, the illuminati of our most recent thought, mounted the tribune of their national council to break a lance for the old ways, to put a spoke in reason's wheel, and to plead the rights of instinct and arbitrary choice and revealed authority. It is a startling contrast. In the things of the mind as in the things of nature, is it destined that one half of the earth shall move into shadow, while the other half swings into dawn? Lucretius sang the emancipation of the human mind from fear and superstition, and hardly was his poem a classic before the mysteries of the East, the rites of Osiris, the initiations of Mithras, were enthralling the race whose freedom he had sung. They do not deal in dragons in the French Chamber. But MM. Denys Cochin and M. Barrès were ready to cite pragmatism and to appeal to Bergson in their attack upon a national system of education based on reason and experimental science. The thin, perfervid rhetoric of the professed Clericals had passed unheeded in the controversy. It was the exquisite sceptic, the doubter of all reasoned thinking, who was called in to render intellectually

formidable the argument which aimed at re-establishing a Roman education in France. So among ourselves it is the author of "Philosophic Doubt" who is the most determined advocate of denominational schools. The sceptic wishes he were as sure of anything as the scientist is of everything, and straightway he works to enforce that other certainty of the priest.

It is sometimes the fashion among ourselves to depreciate the moral and intellectual value of Parliamentary life in France, but assuredly it would be impossible to parallel from our own debates those formidable discussions in which MM. Cochin, Barrès, and Jaurès took part. Lord Londonderry does not cite Bergson—we do not suppose he ever heard of Bergson—nor would Mr. Henderson refute the pragmatist position in an oration of three hours. Beneath these fascinating excursions into metaphysics a very practical problem awaited decision. The Clericals, backed by the sceptics, were engaged in an assault upon the whole spirit of the State schools. Their neutrality, so ran the argument, is a sham. While they profess neither to attack nor to teach revealed religion, they do, in fact, instil a positive spirit and a human morality which is at variance with all the traditions of the Church. To extol the supremacy of reason is itself an offence; to found conduct on any basis other than commandment is a defiance of authority. A Protestant mind may seize the standpoint with difficulty, but in a Catholic country the complaint is sufficiently serious. A clever boy, who has caught, from an enthusiastic teacher, anything of his own attitude, may leave the school without any formulated agnostic tenet in his mind, but he has none the less learned to reason on lines which must make him proof against the simpler influence of the village *curé*. The Middle Ages are far behind him, and little though he knows of science, he has divined something of the scientific temper. He is raw material for the various forms of progressive propaganda which will seek to attract him as he grows to manhood—for Socialism, or militant Radicalism, which, in France, is violently anti-clerical, for Free Masonry, and for the popular workmen's colleges which have of late years reached such a hopeful development under the wing of Socialism.

The influences, moreover, against which the Clericals protest in these State schools go far beyond the inculcation of a positive way of thinking. The teaching of history is linked with lessons on civic duty, and a teacher who wishes to exert a real influence on the mind of future citizens finds here a text as intimate and instructive as all the books of Kings and Chronicles. One orator, for example, in these debates complained of a text-book which denounced the wars of Louis XIV. and the first Napoleon as an offence by France against its duty to Europe. What, he argued, was this but the seed of anti-militarism and anti-patriotism? And in a sense he was right. A boy who has learned to abhor the ravaging of the Palatinate, may come to have his own point of view about the bombardment of Casablanca. The manuals in use in the Clerical schools have, it appears, their own theocratic reading of history, in which every national success is the reward of fidelity to the Church, and every national disaster the punishment of rebellion. But one doubts whether it is a pure concern for the souls and consciences of the children which inspires this hostility to the lay school. The real objection to it is, one suspects, that it is apt to be a nursery for trade unionism or Socialism. That is doubtless why, in some departments, employers have lately taken to dismissing workmen who send their children to the "Republican" school. It is from the Clerical school that the peasant is recruited who will vote for a "Nationalist" deputy, and there the workman is trained who will enlist in one of the "yellow" or "black-leg" organisations.

Underneath this controversy lies that profoundly militant conception of nationality which explains so much in the history of France. There rarely prevails a placid sense of unity among all who happen to be born of one race within her boundaries. The unity is always something which has to be won against foreign foes and internal enemies, against the traitor on the right flank and

the undisciplined pioneer on the left. The experiences of the early years of the Revolution have moulded all the imaginations of a century. Most citizens, it is true, are Republicans, but they must be for ever closing their ranks and sounding the rally. Nor does Republicanism mean a mere passive acquiescence in a certain established form of government. It implies a whole attitude of mind. It is scarcely to be reconciled with any acceptance of the Church. It has its intellectual basis, not merely in the Rights of Man, but also in the denial of authority. The nearest approach to it in our own experience is the Orange tradition in Ireland, save only that the Orangeman is Protestant instead of being Agnostic. It is easy to denounce such a conception of nationality as intolerant and narrow, but it does, after all, put into practice Mazzini's definition of a fatherland based on the community of history and ideals. A State which aspires to have such an intellectual basis will use its schools as its organs. They are its established church. Of what service is it that a nation has a common history, unless it has reached in some degree a common reading of that history? If modern France is consciously founded on the Revolution, she acts reasonably in teaching to all her children the accepted view of that revolution, and in training their minds to grasp its broad ideas. Disaster, moral and intellectual, may come of it. The ideas themselves may be defective. The attempt to reach a positive and humane morality may fail.

But this, at least, one must recognise. There is here an attempt to give content and meaning to the idea of nationality. Men trained on this system will have a solidarity, a capacity for working and thinking in concert, which no mere neutrality or anarchism in education could render possible. The alternative, the demand of the clericals, is really the sterilising of all education. They claim to teach in their own "free" schools a view of life which is simple indeed, but very definite and far-reaching. They would exclude from the State schools any teaching of a view of life at all. Reading and writing, it is true, the child would acquire, but history for him would be only a mass of dates, and the Heavens would neither tell the glory of God nor illustrate an iron law. The child would grow up immune from the pieties and traditions of the past, innocent alike of cosmogony and legend, yet a stranger to all the thinking of the present. Nothing should be taught, said one orator, to which any parent not a lunatic could take exception. That rule might include useful knowledge and the practical branches, but it would exclude all that makes knowledge live, and deprive the teacher, who joins in France an enlightened civic spirit to a high sense of his professional duty, of his deepest ambitions.

The mass of thinking Frenchmen are evidently satisfied with this secular teaching. It answers their needs and satisfies their ideals. It was defended in the Chamber with the utmost enthusiasm, not merely by a brilliant thinker like M. Jaurès, but by one of the worker-miners among the Socialist deputies, who told in homely phrase how his teacher in the elementary school taught him to think. It may be that in our present phase of development we stand in need of this collective intellectual discipline. But the price paid in the loss of individual liberty is a heavy one, and the risk of creating a drab uniformity of mind is no less real. The better the school is, and the more completely it realises its conception, the less room does it leave for the growth of varieties of temper and belief. There may be no actual dragooning of the conscience, no deliberate sin against tolerance. But there is a steady pressure towards sameness, a drilling and regimenting of minds. But to dwell on that loss is a sentimentality. The practical alternatives are a dead education or no education at all. The Church would impose a still harsher uniformity, and a really "neutral" schooling would not cultivate the mind.

"THE DECENT CHURCH."

To exult over a powerful but fallen foe may be excused as human; but if the foe was weak to start with, and the conquering force an overwhelming multitude, the

vulgarity of exultation admits of no forgiveness. When the poor leavings of an enslaved and homeless people crept in shuddering haste from the sea to the desert, and turned to behold the walls of water falling in thunder upon the chariots and cavalry of their oppressor's host, then Miriam with her timbrel could sing to the Lord because He had triumphed gloriously. Sisera the Canaanite had three hundred chariots of iron, and when they were discomfited, and Sisera slept with a nail fastening his head to the ground, then the prophetess could raise the shout, "Awake, awake, Deborah, awake, awake, utter a song!" It was a fine boast of an Assyrian King that he would avenge himself on all the earth and send out captains to destroy all flesh that did not obey his commandments; and when Judith had put his captain's head in her bag of meal, she could sing with just triumph how her sandals had ravished his eyes, her beauty took his mind prisoner, and the fauchion passed through his neck. To victories of such deliverance it would be inhuman to refuse exultation, but to celebrate triumphs upon the weak, the destitute, and the oppressed no timbrels sound over the dark sea, and none but the vulgar call on each other to awake and utter a song.

Such illustrations from sacred history may be the more readily admitted because we have the Church of England in mind. The Church of England, though still militant in common with the whole Church here on earth, is rather apt to play the Church triumphant, and in one or two instances lately she has been triumphing far from gloriously. The Vicar of St. John's, Plumstead, has probably heard enough of his intended "Special Thanksgiving Service to Almighty God for the timely deliverance of Woolwich and Plumstead from the hands of the Socialists and Sabbathbreakers," at which service the *Te Deum* was to be used instead of the processional and recessional hymns. We are not acquainted with the parochial circumstances that made the Vicar specially anxious to do something for the Fourth Commandment, and led him to suppose that Socialists are more addicted than other people to the sin of Sabbath-breaking. But, though we are aware that the Christian Powers of Europe have long celebrated the glories of their national arms by a solemn *Te Deum* chanted in the cathedrals of their metropolis, it seems hardly worthy of our national Church thus to rejoice in St. John's, Plumstead, over the defeat at the polls of Mr. William Crooks, late Labor member for Woolwich.

Happily, the Bishop of Woolwich agrees with us, and the special thanksgiving was prohibited. Dr. Leeke forbade it for the reason that it was "an offence to the religious instincts and feeling of fellow Churchmen and Nonconformists who honestly take a very different view of the situation from that held by the Vicar." We recognise the ironic simplicity of the sentence, and are grateful. But the Bishop passes over the deeper offence of the proposal without notice. Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Crooks was standing for what he honorably believed to be the cause of the poor, and in the school of poverty he had himself learnt the meaning of that cause. The view of the situation held by the Vicar was violently opposite. It is a view that has a right to be represented and never fails of representation, but without offence we may call it the view of the rich, the powerful, and the comfortable class, as contrasted with the Labor cause of Mr. Crooks. We do not here complain about the success or defeat of one side or the other. We only say that to celebrate Mr. Crooks's defeat by a *Te Deum* was to triumph over the cause of the weak, to sound the loud timbrel over the destitute and oppressed, and Miriam could not have done that without vulgarity.

We do not expect much from the Church of England, but her constant alliance with prosperity sometimes seems a little inconsequent when we remember that her priests claim succession from men who were sent out to preach the Gospel to the poor. Canon Lyttelton, the Head Master of Eton, belongs to that succession, but we need not go back to his remarks about back-doors and blind kittens, for he may plead in excuse that he is compelled to make that kind of speech in order to maintain the reputation of his school for manners, and

to keep up its numbers by flattering the class from which it draws. This is the sort of thing that Canon Lyttelton's public wants, and we ask no man to quarrel with his bread and butter. Still less would we disparage the Rector of Barton Seagrave, whose remarkable almanack for the present year has been revealed, "Sub Rosa," to the world in the "Morning Leader." He therein calls upon his parishioners to choose this month between Lloyd George & Co. on the one hand, and on the other "God and our grand Constitution . . . God and the British Tar. God and the Grenadiers. God and the Fatherland and the fellowship of the loyal Colonies," concluding his adjuration with the words, "As for me and my house, we will serve God and the Conservatives"—a very binding pledge upon himself and the other occupants of his rectory. No one could seriously object to that. "God and the Grenadiers!" Let us remember it with thankfulness. It beats the Kaiser on his own field, and the Rector is cheaper at the price. We only think, as before, that it comes a little strangely from the successor of those men who were sent out to preach peace, and were commanded to provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in their purses, nor scrip for the journey, nor bread, nor shoes, nor staves, nor two coats apiece.

As we said, we do not expect much from the Church of England. The English nature, rich in so much that is admirable, has never been rich in sanctitude, and every "Establishment" sinks almost necessarily into the bog of stagnation. The best that has been expected of our Church in the past has been a certain decency on which she prided herself. To quote Oliver Goldsmith's line, "The decent Church that topp'd the neighboring hill" has been her emblem. To quote Dean Church of St. Paul's, "a sober worldliness" has been her character. Hume praised her as "a Church tending to keep down fanaticism." Wordsworth commended her as supplying one man of culture in every village, and it is, perhaps, noticeable that this clerical gentleman of culture should be represented in our literature by two such drivelling lines as "A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman," and Tennyson's "That good man, the clergyman," who told the May Queen words of peace. But still, there he was, and Wordsworth, who spoke with knowledge, having written a dreary pageant of sonnets upon the Church of England's history, thought him worth preserving. The village clergyman represented the religious aspect of the country. "When I mention religion," said Parson Thwackum in "Tom Jones," "I mean the Christian religion; and not only the Christian religion, but the Protestant religion; and not only the Protestant religion, but the Church of England." In Handel's church at Little Stanmore there is a tomb to a Countess of Pembroke, whereon we are informed that, besides being the chaste partner of her husband's bed and board, she was religious without enthusiasm. No doubt, the phrase was a side-stroke at those troublesome Wesleyans, but it was at that time a very suitable epitaph for the Church of England herself.

From religion without enthusiasm there is but a stride to the country parsonage with paddock and wall-fruit, tennis-court, and charming daughters, suitable conveyance for visits in the county, and a cultivated acquaintance with a terrestrial lord. Such were the outposts of Conservatism in which, as John Sterling said, the Church kept "a black dragoon for every parish, on good pay and rations, horse-meat and man's-meat, to patrol and battle for these things." From religion without enthusiasm arose the ignoble alliance between the Church militant and the world at rest—between the sword of the spirit and those that are at ease in England. For this reason the Church throughout the country must still be described as the Church of a class, and not of a nation, and that class is the one furthest removed from the workpeople and the poor. It was to the poor that the Apostles were sent, but how the villagers would jump if they saw their parson leading the life of the Twelve and following the Order of the Empty Purse! So it is that the Church as a body has enrolled itself on the side of contentment and inertia. That is why it is not

even worth while to run an opponent against the Tory candidate for Oxford University, for the country parson, outdoing Mark Pattison's precept, not only dines with the Tories, but votes with them, too. And that is why one or two of the clergy, with less decency of restraint than the rest, boldly vow to serve God and the Conservatives, describe the Liberal statesmen as worse than blind kittens, and call upon their congregations to raise the *Te Deum* for the defeat of Mr. William Crooks.

We are aware that within the dry bones of the Established Church there is a spirit moving; in that rather stodgy dough a leaven is here and there mysteriously at work. Among her clergy there are many to whom the *Via Media* remains an abhorrent path unless it can be converted into a *Via Sacra*, or even a *Via Dolorosa*. The passion for sanctitude, so rare in the history of our country and our national Church, has here and there been kindled, and, like all high passion, it is an incalculable thing, multiplying itself like flame. As with the passionate saints of Italy and France, it has brought in its company the sense of fellowship in mortal things, and the dignity of a devotion that fears no earthly loss, whether of position or repute. In such men as Father Dolling and a few living names that we could mention, we see that even the respectability of an Established Church cannot altogether stifle the spirit that seeks continually to transfigure the world. Yet, like other English saints—like Bunyan and Fox and the Wesleys and Newman—Dolling was not allowed a sphere for his spirit within the national communion, and this is the account he gave of the reason only eight years ago:—

"Though to-day nearly all the things which the Bishops condemned twenty years ago they recognise and approve, still, they have but one opportunist canon of conduct: Be commonplace, be respectable after the sober manner of the ritual of the Church of England. On the day of Pentecost it was said of some that they were drunk with new wine. Would to God we could see our prelates thus inebriated, or, at any rate, permitting some of their followers to be so!"

Perhaps it is because the Established Church has so little use for such men that the country has so little use for her, except as a picturesque relic or a symbol of gentility, steady in its support of comfortable abuses. So paralyzing has been the touch of religion without enthusiasm; so reluctant is mankind to rise to the call of mediocrity, no matter how golden.

Short Studies.

THE DECLARATION OF THE POLL.

THE life of the little market town is quiet enough on ordinary days. Some might call it dull, but life is never dull, and life goes on there, with neighbors' gossip, and buying and selling, and the humdrum worship of the gods, as it must have done two thousand years ago in a town of the Sabine Hills. But on Thursday of last week it was the scene of unwonted excitement, for that was the day of the declaration of the result of the poll. The contest between two worthy gentlemen had been fought out with great rowdyism and good humor, and the grey flat fen had been filled with color and with noise. The Liberal candidate was a gilded youth with a winning boyish face; the Tory a burly man of the people with a fine presence and grey massive head. Their colors were blue and red, and these colors were to be seen everywhere, together with the images of the candidates. Their pictures were in every window, and the butcher and the baker and the chimney-sweep drove about their business with reins twisted with red and blue ribbons. Many wore medals of the boyish face, or of the massive head, as a pilgrim wears a vernicle. There was in all

the countryside a briskness and cheeriness, as of the neighborhood of some great pilgrimage shrine.

Last Thursday was to be the climax of all that cheery time. The writer resolved to leave his usual seclusion and journey into the market town to witness the declaration of the result. The crawling train, as it stopped at the little country station, was already packed. The writer anxiously scanned compartment after compartment, and saw no place literally for the sole of his foot, but made a hasty dive into the last carriage, where a seat was found for him with ready courtesy. He saw at once that he was in a very fervid atmosphere. The carriage was very red indeed. These young farmers were going to witness the triumph of the good friend and neighbor for whom they had worked so hard. They were such thoroughly good fellows, under the thick coating of irrational prejudice in which they were encased. They had a bad opinion of Radicals. "I never knew a decent Liberal yet," said one. "Ever see such a lot as were on Phillips's platform?" put in another, to all appearance a country butcher; "I saw just such a lot once before, when I went up to London. I went to a wax-work show, and I went downstairs into a little room—dirty little hole, they called it the Chamber of 'Orrors. There they all was, just such a lot o' Radicals. There was Marwood among 'em—just in his right place, *he* was—just where he was wanted." "Whatever happens," said another, "I've had the best time of my life. I wish there was an election every week." "As I got home one morning," a youth put in, "Mother was gettin' the breakfast ready." "If that boy gets in," a young fellow said doubtfully, "Gibbs will never try again." But no!—it could not be. The carriage would not hear of it. The train stopped, and a rag-and-bone man, or perhaps a mole-catcher, thrust himself into the crowded carriage. There was a movement of indignant protest, which the mole-catcher dexterously turned into a shout of welcome by his first words. "I'm coming to cheer the return of my neighbor, Mr. Gibbs—the best man we ever had in Withington." Then came many stories of Mr. Gibbs's goodness, his kindness, his riches, many prophecies of his certain return. The writer parted with regret from the company; he differed from them only in opinion, and he liked them very much.

The market-place of the little town was a seething mass of twenty thousand people. A touch of spring in the air added to the keen brightness of the scene, and flower-sellers moved about among the crowd with the first mimosa and snowy bunches of narcissus from Scilly. There was tense excitement, and much good humor. The time for ferocity was passed; the uses of labor were surely done. Still, here and there one caught remarks which showed how strongly the tide of feeling on both sides was running. The obiter dicta of the blues had not the picturesque, bloodthirsty attractiveness of those of the reds, but they were significant. "They're all Liquorites," a poor woman remarked, wearily; "when did you ever know the Lords give a vote against liquor?" "If these 'ere Lords and Dukes had their way," said a poor little white-faced man, "such as we wouldn't have a vote at all." The writer moved about among the crowd, and shook hands with many Tariff Reformers, who greeted him with a certain suspicious cordiality. They were anxious but confident. The piazza was alive with red and blue, but the red seemed greatly to predominate. The poll had been so heavy that the declaration of the result, which had been expected at half-past eleven, did not take place till nearly one o'clock. In a barber's shop the assistant was strongly Radical, but cynical. "I'd gladly sell my vote for fifty quid," he remarked. It was suggested that he was hardly likely to be offered so much. He at once replied: "I know a man in Sibthorpe who got five pounds for his this time, and he never takes less for it."

When the long-expected moment came, the flying of a blue flag was met by what seemed the larger part of the crowd with blank amazement, stupefaction, refusal to believe. As the news ran among the people the blues grew every moment bolder, and, it seemed, more numerous, but yet hardly dared to trust their eyes and ears. The newspaper boys soon put an end to doubt,

running among the crowd with the blank space in their sheets filled in:—

Result—Phillips, 6,660; Gibbs, 6,024.

A tumultuous cheer went up, and the market-place became a sea of wildly tossing blue streamers and handkerchiefs. The long-repressed enthusiasm became every moment wilder. The youthful candidate, now M.P., stood a smiling, boyish figure, above the heads of the surging crowd of his supporters. It was pleasant to think of the lad beginning his career with such a success.

Still, anyone with a little of the milk of human kindness in his composition could not but feel for the disappointment of the defeated candidate, and the genuine personal sorrow of his friends. They took it very hard. Great bitterness was expressed against "the boy." "His mamma's taken him to see the pussies," one young lady remarked. The writer felt that he had now had his fill of politics, and his thoughts turned to luncheon. He went into the inn and sat in solitude over the soup and fish and claret, listening to the roar outside, as the poet sat in Fleet Street at the Cock. The smiling damsel murmured as she brought the dishes, "I am so thankful that Mr. Phillips has got in." With the fish appeared an old fresh-faced, apple-cheeked farmer—one of Stevenson's "old plain men with rosy faces"—and his son. "I've never been so upset by anything in my life," he began, "but I can't understand it. I know Tilney went all right—bless my soul, I took dozens of 'em to the poll yesterday. You should have heard 'em sing out 'Give me a bit o' red ribbon, missus,' as they left their cottages. No—it wasn't Tilney that went wrong. It's them chapel parsons as does it. I been among 'em, and I know 'em. They talk about the tyranny of the Roman Catholic Priests, but it's nothing to their tyranny. They holds a Brotherhood every Sunday night after service, and tells 'em how to vote." "There were only about half a dozen in Tilney as we knew would vote Radical," put in another. "I gave Brown a shilling not to vote, and I know he never went near the polling place all day." (Votes, it appears, did not command so high a price in Tilney as in Sibthorpe.) "Dr. — kept four Radicals in bed, he told me so himself—said it was as much as their lives were worth to go outside. If Lloyd George had shown his face here," he went on with increased ferocity, "he'd never have got away alive." "Lloyd George!" said the old gentleman, "it would be a blessed thing for this country if some one would do for him. I've been reading a little French history lately," he went on, "and I find that about sixty years ago they had just such a fellow in France, and he set 'em all fighting with one another, and when they were weakened by civil war, the Germans came and took their country, at least they would have done, if the French had not paid three millions. If the Germans come here, I'll not fight them, it's the Socialists I'll go for first. One thing in this election I am thankful for—and that is that — has been kicked out. It's been proved that he is a German spy. What we have to do," he concluded, "is to educate the laborers. We've given them their vote before they are fit for it—that's where the whole mischief is. They got the vote too soon." He hesitated a moment, and then said: "I take it, sir, you think that Tariff Reform would raise the price of the food of the poor." "I do, sir," the writer replied, and after stating that, on the contrary, food would be cheaper if taxed, the old gentleman rose and shook hands with him courteously and in a very friendly spirit.

The writer had not yet done with political eloquence. On the return journey an out-voter, who had travelled from the Land's End to vote for the Tariff Reformer, was delivering an impassioned harangue to a crowded carriage. "Sir Edward Grey is a traitor to his country, who ought to be hanged," he was saying. "We must choose between Tariff Reform and Socialism—there is no other alternative." "I understand Tariff Reform to be taking the taxes off necessities," a workman put in, "and putting them on luxuries." "And what is Socialism?" the writer enquired. "Socialism," said the out-voter, "is that we should all be bossed by a Parish Council, who would like nothing better than to set the parson hoeing.

The Drama.

THE CRUDE WOMAN.

THE word "adapted" on a theatrical programme arouses all the worst passions in my soul. Probably, then, I shall do scant justice to "Dame Nature," adapted by Mr. Frederick Fenn from "La Femme Nue" by M. Henry Bataille. Not that the adaptation is ill done, as such things ago. Mr. Fenn has shown ingenuity worthy of a better cause in transforming the play into a sort of Franco-British nondescript, which has ceased to be French without having become English. He has hit on the device of making the male characters, or most of them, English, and bringing the scene, after the first act, over to England, while leaving the female characters French. But by doing so he merely gets his languages into a hopeless tangle, and emphasises the unreality of the whole thing. We are asked to suppose that the Paris Salon on varnishing-day, or its equivalent, is practically peopled with English artists; that the few French painters who wander in and out speak English with a French accent; but that the artists' womenkind—wives, models, &c.—Lolette, Mimi, Suzon, and so forth—all speak free and fluent English, without a trace of accent, unless it be that of Chelsea or Notting Hill! Of course, it is perfectly nonsensical, a jumble of incompatible conventions. How much better it would have been to leave the characters, in name as in nature, French, and simply translate their dialogue, as freely as need be, into natural and speakable English! But perhaps these verbal absurdities and contradictions jar on me disproportionately, because they remind me of the bad old times when there was little else to be heard on the English stage. Nowadays, we can accept an adaptation or two without feeling hopelessly humiliated. But this semi-Anglicisation of French plays is at best a stupid business, on which one is sorry that the author of "Op-o'-me-Thumb" and "The Convict on the Hearth" should waste his time. "Dame Nature" is an anachronism, even if it be an acceptable one.

But is it? Well, that depends, I think, on whether you go to the theatre mainly for the sake of the acting, or mainly for the sake of the play. In the former case, Miss Ethel Irving's performance of Lolette will certainly repay you. It is very remarkable. It shows not only great emotional gifts, but extraordinary originality, daring, and power of rapid transition. I have seldom seen on the stage a more thrilling or more convincing effect than her paroxysm of rage and grief at the end of the second act; while in the third act she runs the whole gamut of vehement emotion with a facility—which means, in other words, a nervous mobility—not often seen among English actresses. The power of working up gradually to an emotional climax is not uncommon; but very much rarer is the gift of flying at a moment's notice from one end of the keyboard to the other, and hitting each note with absolute accuracy. For Miss Irving's acting has restraint as well as power. Its intensity never passes over into extravagance; wherefore it can always be seen with pleasure. There is a good deal of emotional acting which one would pay considerable sums not to see; but Miss Irving's style is far remote from this. From the youthful buoyancy of the first act to the heart-broken melancholy of the last, she portrays every shade of feeling with perfect command of her resources, shirking nothing, overdoing nothing. To anyone who wants to see real acting, as distinct from the more or less accomplished playing-about on the stage which sometimes passes for acting, Miss Irving's Lolette may be warmly commended. Its only flaws occur in an occasional phrase which is so unnatural in English that the actress's instinct gives her no guidance for its intonation.

If, then, it is acting you want, by all means go to the Garrick. (The rest of the company, by the way, are but so-so, always excepting Mr. J. D. Beveridge, who makes the most of a poor enough part.) But if you are—as I am—one of those people to whom the acting means less than the play, I cannot advise you so confidently.

Divesting my mind, so far as possible, of prejudice, I cannot think that "La Femme Nue" was worth doing into English at all. Some of my colleagues, who take the French drama very seriously, assure us that the play, from the title onwards, is symbolic; on which I am tempted to exclaim, in the appropriate idiom, "Oh, là là!" I do not know whether this interpretation of the catchpenny title has been put forward by the author himself; but if that be the case, he has either a very keen sense of humor—or none at all. What! this commonplace little grisette fighting for her man is the essential Woman, is Womanhood laid bare and anatomised! Here be brave words indeed! The same theme has been treated fifty times before, both realistically and symbolically. It has been nobly treated by four of the greatest of modern dramatists—by Ibsen in "The Master Builder," by Maeterlinck in "Aglavaine et Sélysette," by Hauptmann in "Einsame Menschen" and "Die versunkene Glocke," by D'Annunzio in "La Gioconda"—and it has been quite ably handled by a score of lesser men. The struggle between the faithful, unassuming, perhaps rather maladroit, wife, and the brilliant, fascinating enchantress, is actually one of the commonplaces of latter-day drama. Perhaps it is less hackneyed in France than elsewhere, simply because the marriage tie is there taken less seriously (at any rate on the stage), and the usual impulse of the neglected wife is not to fight for her husband's love, but "se venger" with somebody else. Still, one could easily put together a long list of French plays in which the theme is treated in one tone or another—such plays as "Le Sphinx" by Octave Feuillet, "Andréa" by Sardou, "La Princesse Georges" by the younger Dumas, "Le Député Leveau" by Jules Lemaître. And here, in the fulness of time, comes M. Henry Bataille, and furbishes up the old story, and gives it a "daring" title, and tells us—or, at least, his interpreters do—that it is all very profound and symbolic! All I can say is that if M. Bataille has not inspired and sanctioned this view of his work, I think he has a right to complain of his interpreters; for they attribute to him a rather absurd pretentiousness.

It is not by way of reproach that I have dwelt on the extreme familiarity of the subject. It is familiar on the stage because it is ever-recurrent in life, and will be so long as men and women—but especially women—suffer the whole happiness and endurableness of life to depend on the permanence of a certain state of sentiment in another person. For a great many reasons, some obvious, some more subtle, the protagonist in this tragedy is usually the woman, not the man. It is the old story:—

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence—"

and so long as women are content that it should be their whole existence, they are exposed to the disaster which befalls Lolette. M. Bataille has a perfect right to treat this typical theme, and one cannot say that he has treated it without originality. Never before has it been so crudely, squarely faced; never before has the deserted wife been suffered to fight her battle with such a reckless abandonment of all dignity, such an open avowal that no humiliation is too great for her if only she can retain her right of proprietorship in the pitiful personage she calls her husband. In order that these alternations between the fighting vixen and the fawning spaniel should be possible, Lolette is made an uneducated, unchastened, purely instinctive creature, with a good heart, but no manners to speak of. The character is vividly drawn, no doubt, else it would not afford Miss Irving the opportunities of which she makes such brilliant use; but I cannot find any special subtlety in it; and as it certainly has neither beauty nor distinction (except such as the actress lends it in the author's despite), I can take no great pleasure in it as a work of art. Lolette is certainly a very distant relation of D'Annunzio's exquisite Silvia, or Maeterlinck's mutely appealing Sélysette. If M. Bataille had called his play "La Femme Crue," the title, if not symbolic, would at any rate have been exact.

Apart from the central character, the merit of the play is of the slightest. Possibly the first act, with its picture of Bohemian life, its personal portraiture, and its satire on the ambitions, cynicisms, and jealousies of artists, may be amusing in Paris. In London, with half the characters transformed into Englishmen, and the rest quite incredible as Frenchmen or Frenchwomen, it is simply colorless and dull. In the second act, the enchantress comes on the scene in the person of a certain Princesse de Chabran. A more amazing enchantress I have not yet encountered. She may mean something in the French—may represent a recognisable type of character—but in her English form she signifies nothing at all, and is a pure melodramatic convention. In the figure of Robert Bertram one seems to divine, through all the unreality, an attempt to depict the deadlock which occurs when passion pulls in one direction and a remnant of kindness, or rather a shrinking from cruelty, still exercises an effective counter-pull. There was an opportunity here for genuine and telling analysis—for an almost quantitative discrimination between the forces of passion and snobbishness on the one side, and those of kindness and cowardice on the other. A great writer might have given us a classical dissection of a typical case. M. Bataille, unfortunately, has been so intent on making a violent part for his heroine that he has given the barest indications of Robert's frame of mind. And with the same view—that of securing scenes of hysterical vehemence—he repeats in two successive acts the same situation of facile conventionality and improbability. The embrace of Robert and the Princess in the second act is madly improbable, because they know that there is every chance of Lolette (or someone else) coming on the scene; while in the third act the embrace is probable enough, but the presence of Lolette is extremely improbable, and is only secured by the most strained device. If an English playwright had committed such a double-barrelled error of technique, he would have been promptly called to account; but as the playwright's name is not Smith or Brown, but Bataille, nobody thinks of complaining. So hard does a superstition—or rather a tradition—die. Thirty years ago the French were our masters in drama; and we cannot get out of the habit of thinking that they are so still.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Letters to the Editor.

THE COUNTY ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Nearly every rural constituency in Essex and Suffolk has been seized by the Unionist or Tariff Reform party in the last week. It was my lot to contest one of these seats. In blissful ignorance of what was going on below the surface in the last few days, I was hopeful to the end. There is nothing more exhilarating or interesting than a county contest, provided only that the weather is tolerable and failure is not certain.

I will not bore you with the local circumstances, some of which were highly unfavorable—a neglected constituency, a very bad register, wretched railway communication, miserable roads, a dwindling population, and some rather decadent industries. There were seven small towns—three predominantly Liberal and four predominantly Tory. In one of them the chief inspector of police was an official in the Tory club, and one of his constables was seen sticking up Tory bills early in the contest. Stern measures were taken, however, and the police protection (which was wanting at first) became quite a feature in this town and district at the end of the contest. Here the Tory efforts were completely checkmated, and we polled even better than we had expected. In three of the towns, however, there were veritable landslides, and I think half our promises voted Tory. The most extraordinary pressure was put upon timid shopkeepers and ill-paid laborers in the last few days. This pressure was spiritual, spirituous, and economic. In one place a rector canvassed a large Bible class on the Sunday

before the poll. In another place a vicar issued a lampoon on the night before the poll identifying the Liberal candidate with the atheistical opinions of Mr. Blatchford. In another a doctor treated all comers in a public-house. Free beer was freely promised and freely given before, during, and after polling day. The constituency had been deluged for years with rabbits and pheasants. Of actual money bribery by shillings and half-crowns (which was rife in a bordering constituency), I have not yet heard. With us, rabbits before and beer after the actual contest began were the predominant forms of corruption.

Of intimidation, apart from spiritual efforts, there was more than can easily be imagined by those who live in freedom. I do not know whether to be more astonished at the timidity of the shopkeepers in some little towns or at the conduct of vulgar and often impecunious men and women who badgered them. But on the farms and in the small villages the intimidation was no joke. "If the Liberal candidate is returned, you will be dismissed, your wages will be reduced, you will be a marked man"—these and similar menaces told in hundreds of cases. In others men suspected of Liberalism were kept at work till it was too late to poll.

An odd feature of the election to me was the way in which the Tories employed and paid as sub-agents or in other capacities schoolmasters, relieving officers, and other public functionaries. I heard of a man whose official duty it had been to prepare the register getting a job from the Tories during the election. At meetings we had the best of it. Our chief difficulties were the rise in the price of bread, the pauper disqualification, and the Small Holdings Act, which is a dead letter. Of the first and the second the most unscrupulous use was made by the Tories. They tried the naval panic, but soon dropped it, as we pointed out that the pensions were only possible because Liberals had abstained from war and had spent less on armaments than the Tories had wished to do. I think that in spite of the loaf, the pauper disqualification, and a good deal of unemployment, we should have won if we had had enough competent aid to stop bribery and intimidation.

Tariff Reform did the Conservative cause no good; but the men hired by the Tariff Reform League to sow false reports had some success. The enthusiasm of the Liberal stalwarts was magnificent, and I should not be surprised if the verdict were reversed next time. Most of the dodges which succeeded will not succeed twice. From the standpoint of the future they overdid it. Everything was sacrificed to an immediate success. Organised bands of roughs were transported in vehicles for miles to interrupt or break up meetings, and in some parishes a reaction of disgust had set in even before the poll. The Tories would certainly dread, and the Liberals would certainly welcome, another contest. The sooner the better, if the King will not support the Government and the House of Commons against the Peers.—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL CANDIDATE.

January 27th, 1909.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The Conservative candidate for this division of Herts has just got in. I notice last week in *THE NATION* that you wish to receive any particulars of corrupt practices in the rural districts. I have been canvassing this district for the Liberal candidate for some weeks, and you may be interested to hear of some of my discoveries.

On Saturday last in the village of A—near here there were distributed all the Christmas charities which, as you know, are usually given out Christmas week. Coals, blankets, pheasants, &c., were given to the cottagers. Also, a tradesman doing his rounds on Monday was asked to change three sovereigns and one half-sovereign, a thing he has not to do in a year as a rule. Laborers who earn 15s. a week have few facilities for obtaining sovereigns. This village is wholly agricultural, dominated by the farmers and landowners.

There has been a good deal of drinking, and public-houses are very numerous; and the publicans are nearly all Conservatives. The brewers have been supplying them lately with the "Daily Mail" and the "Daily Express," and I understand the men can take them home for nothing. One

such house I have never known to be rowdy, but on Saturday night it was discovered full of men drinking and shouting the name of the Conservative candidate. Many of the farmers here say to their men: "If you vote for the Liberal candidate, I'm afraid we won't be able to keep you on any longer, as we shall be so short of money." The people are shockingly ignorant, and a crusade that has for its object the explaining of the principles of Free Trade is needed badly.

This constituency was won on the tariff question solely—"The foreigner taxes us, let us tax him"—and the Conservatives actually circulated a leaflet in which the people were asked not to vote for the Liberal *because* he was a food taxer. The Conservative ladies have been very busy helping the sick and ailing lately, discharging voteless gardeners, and getting married voters who have been out of work. Also, there are several old age pensioners who have supported the Conservative because the church people have been good to them, or because it has been put into their heads that they will lose their pensions if a Liberal Government is returned. One woman said to me: "I don't care if food costs more, because we'll have more money to buy it with."

The intelligent members of our small community are usually Liberals—I mean among the working people. The Tories have a hold on the ne'er-do-weels. These men one cannot argue with or influence. They are won by money and position, but with time and patience we may capture any moderately intelligent one among them. Unfortunately, one seems to convince them, but a glass of beer or a Tory motor at the last minute changes them.

We have lost many votes by the scarcity of vehicles on our side. The Conservatives had all the motors among the richer people, and the farmers have each one or two vehicles in which they drive their men to the poll. They capture many in this way, as the men think they must vote for the party that carries them to the village. The intelligent Liberal laborer is not affected, but he is in the minority. What we suffer from greatly is this lack of conveyances to visit farms and outlying districts early in the day. Also there are a great number of out-voters in these county districts—over 600 in this one—and they are usually on the Conservative side.

There have been sold, it is rumored, this week, numbers of rabbits, with a blue ribbon round their necks, for 1d. each. In the outlying districts, the tiny hamlets where ignorance and the public house flourish, and the farmer and landowner rules, the cause of Liberalism has few supporters.

The Liberals in the village indulge much less in hooting and annoying individuals on the other side. An old and strong Tory said to me that his house has had no attention paid to it in this election, the Liberal element being more and more drawn from the intelligent section of the population. But the Tory hoots and jeers at the defeated Liberal. We say here that the election has been won by beer and motors and private influence. But it is a pleasure to see in the Liberal committee rooms the earnest and enthusiastic working-men and to compare them with their rowdy brothers who swell the Conservative majorities.—Yours, &c.,

A. C.

January 26th, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In this constituency they sent out a circular to every elector with a form of reply, "Will you support the Tory candidate?" Suppose a Liberal farmer or a laborer gets one of these and does not fill it up as desired, he is liable at once to a visit from the agent, and in some cases from the landlord himself, to know why he had not signed it. You cannot persuade these men that the ballot is secret, and in fact it is not. They cannot tell how any individual has voted, but they can tell how each district has.

Take a polling station with, say, 200 or 300 voters—nearly all tenants of one landlord—what happens is this: In the counting room each box is brought out separately, and by name. It is emptied, and the clerks proceed to count out the votes for this box. Each paper is spread out *face* upwards, and the landlord stands over the clerk and counts how many Liberal votes in each 25. He knows how many men have *broken their promise*. In one case, say, 386 votes, 270 polled—only 20 Liberal votes. The landlord says,

"My men have kept their promises," and the odd twenty are looked up.

In face of this it is useless to say the ballot is secret. If it is necessary to count each box, the papers should be opened face down, or the boxes should be numbered, and only the Returning Officer should have the key to the numbers.

Another element in our defeat was a poster put out by the enemy, setting forth that Mr. Asquith's education policy would cost £6,000,000 for our schools, which would double the rates, and there is no point on which the farmer is so sensitive as the rates.

In all our huge centres of population, wherever argument and reason had any effect, we did better than before. We are simply beaten in the rural areas where terrorism was possible.—Yours, &c.,

LIBERAL.

January 26th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—Now that the county elections are largely over, I think it may be well to examine the cause of the backsliding of the rural voter, and see if any remedy can be found, and as one who has been actively engaged in the present fight, both on the platform and behind the scenes in three of our rural divisions in Yorkshire, it may be of some interest if I state what I believe to be the causes which have been at work.

First and foremost, the farm laborer, who as a whole has been well employed, has rightly felt keen sympathy for his unemployed brothers in our large towns, and is anxious for some method of alleviation to be found. The cry of more work and cheaper food if a tariff is put on has actually appealed to large numbers, and even some of the more thoughtful ones still think that the foreigner will pay the tax. Place all possible arguments before these men, they are still unconvinced, and think it might be well to have a try, and see what Tariff Reform will do.

The other great factor is the fear of the Hall, which unfortunately has a widespread existence. In one instance on one of our largest estates I got the agent to say that it was their "wish that everyone should vote according to his conscience, without fear of reprisals," and I took care to see that this was made known all round in that district—I have every reason to believe the statement was *bonâ fide*, and has been and will be honorably adhered to—and yet many Liberals hardly dared let it be known what they believed, and on no consideration would they drive up to the poll with me, but would rather go in the landlords' carriages, so as to hoodwink the Tories, decked out in blue, who wait around the polling booth in considerable numbers. This fear is largely caused by the methods used in canvassing. The parish was mapped out, and about five electors were assigned to each canvasser, care being taken that the man most likely to be of influence to the persons to be canvassed was chosen in each case. These men reported to the Committee, of whom, of course, the Agent was President. Whilst the more responsible men carried out their work honorably, the same cannot always be said of the underlings, who did not scruple to use considerable pressure, and the poor tenant, be he small farmer or laborer, who has for generations been used to feudal methods, can hardly be blamed when he put more faith in what the canvasser said than he did in the abstract statement from the Estate Office.

I believe the remedies for this lapse lie, firstly, in showing a positive policy towards the workers, and any schemes of insurance must be applicable to rural laborers, or woe betide the Liberals at the next election.

The remedy for the second cause is a fresh Corrupt Practices Act, which must prohibit canvassing—difficult though I know this to be—have a polling booth in each parish, and allow no loitering near the doors. The police should move anyone on who is not coming to vote. Buttonholing at the door would then be done away with, and the necessity for carriages and motors would be reduced to a minimum. Of course, it goes without saying that all public houses should be closed on election days. Then something should be done to reduce the expense now incurred at election times by societies quite other than the actual political parties fighting. In my district every wall is plastered with Tory posters, many of which are frigid and calculated falsehoods. This method does not stop here, but along the road-sides

the lordly landlord has had posts erected in his tenants' fields bearing other notices of the wickedness of the Radicals in taxing him, so that the whole neighborhood is rendered hideous.

Plural voting must be abolished, and all elections should be on one day. Then, and only then, shall we get a real idea of the feeling of our rural districts, which we cannot do to-day, with ownership votes and landlords' influence swamping whole divisions.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED ROWNTREE.

Field House, Kirkby Overblow, near Leeds,
January 26th, 1910.

THE REFERENDUM AND THE CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Now that the passage of the Budget is assured, it is incumbent upon Liberals carefully to consider the next step, namely, the measure for dealing with the House of Lords. It is generally assumed that this will be passed by the Commons during the next Session. What then? All parties agree that much will depend on the attitude of the Crown; and the responsibility of a decision will be no light burden. Should the Crown desire some further indication of the opinion of the nation it would be difficult to refuse so reasonable a request. But how is it to be obtained?

The Tory Press, for obvious reasons, suggest another General Election. Your contemporary, the "Westminster Gazette," advocates a conference. Either alternative appears unsatisfactory.

Another election means another campaign of confused issues. Tariff Reform and the Navy would again oust the constitutional issue in the minds of many electors. The Tory war-chest is easily replenished. We should again be handicapped by the electoral anomalies which have lost us at least fifty seats during the past fortnight. Liberal candidates are generally not rich in this world's goods: and it would be difficult to obtain enough men to fight. Lastly, so long as the immediate ideal is the return of one of two men it is impossible to eliminate personal considerations; and these might lose us many seats.

A conference under certain circumstances and with some of the Tory leaders of the last century might have served admirably. But experience has shown that conferences with Mr. Balfour are useless. You cannot arrange terms with a man who has no sense of responsibility, no mind of his own, no settled policy. A sceptic with a strong desire for personal predominance is an impossible negotiator.

Is there any alternative? The question will be a great constitutional problem, such as has not fallen to Englishmen to decide for more than 200 years. Then the nation had recourse to blood and iron. Now, unlike every other civilised country, we have no special machinery at hand for constitutional revision. Under these circumstances I venture to suggest that the feasibility of a referendum deserves the earnest consideration of all Liberals and Labor men. I am keenly alive to the objections which make a referendum useless as a means of avoiding a deadlock between the two Houses on ordinary legislative proposals. But this will be no ordinary proposal, and these considerations do not apply. On the other hand the advantages are many. A fair and simple franchise could be adopted without raising the many controversial questions which will inevitably render electoral reform a lengthy and complicated process. The expense would be infinitely less than that of an election, and all official expenses would be defrayed out of public money. Above all, though the Tories would, no doubt, attempt once again to prevent a simple issue being presented to the people, their task would be infinitely more difficult. And the answer, whatever it was, would be one which could relieve the Crown of all responsibility.—Yours, &c.,

F. BENTHAM STEVENS.

January 26th, 1910.

THE NEED FOR LIBERAL PROPAGANDA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Most progressives must feel that the elections have been a much nearer thing than they expected. The forces of reaction and feudalism have not and will not give up the fight.

They will gather force from the encouragement, and it behoves all progressives to put their houses in order.

Unless we are prepared to make sacrifices and still further increase our enthusiasm, it is only necessary for us to be taken at an unlucky moment to be beaten.

The strength of the Liberal Party lies in its programme of social reform, but this must be used more vigorously than hitherto in the country districts. We must educate the county voter as the town voter has been.

To do this it is necessary to raise a considerable fund and send paid lecturers into all the country districts. In many parts a laborer will not attend a Liberal meeting, but a tract left with him at his dinner hour will often prove a germ that will grow.

I counsel all Liberals to go in for a course of social literature so that they may thoroughly understand the subject.

I am, unfortunately, debarred by ill-health from taking any active part in politics, but I have given twenty years on and off to the study of social subjects.

My policy is to try to induce my friends to study social literature and then challenge their Tory friends to argument. The careful studying of the subject is the essential of success. I have coached many of my young friends, and have been gratified by evidence of good work done by them. There are a large number of young Conservatives to whom it is only necessary to explain the Liberal programme to draw them into the most fascinating of all pursuits—the improvement of the race.

Every Liberal should be a centre from which should spread the ideas embodied in the programme. It is only by each of us taking up a part of the task that the battle can be won.—Yours, &c.,

A WEST COUNTRY LIBERAL.

January 28th, 1910.

ELECTORAL REFORM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Cannot public opinion be stirred up to demand that house-to-house canvassing be made illegal when it is given for any particular candidate or party at the time of a General Election? The canvasser at such a time encroaches upon the liberty of the individual in the privacy of his home. The workpeople, the small shopkeepers, and the farm laborers have the right to be protected from an annoyance which the well-to-do would resent. And is it fair for one candidate to obtain the loan of more conveyances than his opponent can muster, thus giving wealth an advantage? In constituencies where voters live far from the polling-booths, breaks could be provided out of the Parish Council rates. Even omitting to wear a candidate's colors may prejudice the voter, so that the display of all party favors might with advantage be discontinued; nor is it necessary that the candidate's portrait should appear in the windows of private residents to tell us who is the people's favorite! The publican, besides, who has now become a "political force" and a strong partisan, should not be allowed unlimited control over the sale of his beer on polling days. It must be admitted that Englishmen are intolerant of restrictions, but they love fair play, and no unbiassed observer can say that party pressure has not been carried too far at the present election. Something must be done to ensure that another General Election shall not take place under similar conditions. Let the House of Commons appoint a Committee of Enquiry, and then legislate if necessary.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM POEL.

January 25th, 1910.

SOME ELECTIONEERING TRICKS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If all the tricks and dodges that have been resorted to throughout Great Britain and Ireland by Tory candidates and their canvassers and advocates were gathered and printed, they would constitute a goodly sized and very curious volume. Many of the expedients employed could only be practised effectively upon the unsophisticated working classes.

I can vouch for the following, which came before my personal notice: A "lady" canvasser called on an old age

pensioner who was naturally a supporter of the Liberal candidate, and assured him on her honor as a lady that if the Conservatives were returned his pension would be increased to 10s. per week. Result, the immediate appearance of a Tory bill in the window of his humble abode, and it took some time to convince him that he was being fooled.

About half an hour before the close of the poll on the election day we hunted up one of our "promises," who, we considered, had not voted, as he had not given up his voting card, and learned that earlier in the day he had been called upon by a gentleman, who said he was sent to get his vote, got him to sign his name on a blue paper, and then told him that he had voted for Free Trade.—Yours, &c.,

P. M. REA.

Herne Hill, S.E.

January 24th, 1910.

WELLINGTON AND WATERLOO.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Nothing could be more gratifying than your able critic's review of my "Bourbon Restoration." In thanking you for it, may I be allowed to suggest that the following quotation from a letter of Lord Vivian to Captain Siborne, dated June 3rd, 1839, might induce him to reconsider his statement "that it was not the Prussian cavalry that pursued the French columns beaten back from Mont Saint Jean, but the brigades of Vivian and Vandeleur."

"In the 'Memoir of Richard Hussey Vivian,' by his grandson, the Hon. Claud Vivian, p. 330, Hussey Vivian writes: 'I think his (Wellington's) words were, on my telling him that my brigade was re-formed and ready to pursue -- 'Our troops have had a hard day's work, the Prussians will pursue the enemy, do you bivouac your brigade.' . . . The morning after the battle, at, or soon after, daybreak I proceeded from the village of Hilaincourt over the field of battle to Waterloo. I called on the Duke, it must have been about, or soon after, four o'clock. He had just breakfasted.' At that hour the Prussian cavalry had reached Frasnes (three miles beyond Quatre Bras and sixteen miles from the battlefield), where Greisenau halted for a few hours' rest at an inn with the sign of 'A l'Empereur' (v. Houssaye, 'Waterloo')."

Again, with regard to your critic's statement that Wellington cannot have used the words, "Oh, that night or the Prussians would come" so late as 6 p.m., I would point out that the best authorities agree that La Haye Sainte fell about 6 p.m., and that that hour was a most critical one, notwithstanding that the Prussian attack upon the right rear of the French had begun. It was sound strategy which assigned Planchenoit to Bulow as his objective, but his appearance in that part of the field could have neither a tactical nor a moral influence upon the battle raging at Mont Saint Jean. Very different was the effect, about 7 p.m., of Yiethen's junction with the British left. I quite agree, however, that Wellington, probably, never used these words at all.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN HALL.

Guards' Club, S.W.

January 24th, 1910.

Poetry.

AT THE DOOR.

My heart it is aching
For lost delight;
I come to your door
In the deep, dark night.

My fire it is ashes,
My candle is dead,
I shiver with cold
While you lie a-bed.

Thro' the deep darkness
I come once more,
For the dear God's sake
Open the door.

R. L. G.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books, which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"Darwinism and Human Life." The South African Lectures for 1909. By J. Arthur Thompson. (Melrose. 5s. net.)

"Historical Essays." By James Ford Rhodes. (Macmillan. 9s. net.)

"The Law and the Prophets." By Professor Westphal. Translated and Adapted by Clement Du Pontet. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

"Social Relationships in the Light of Christianity." By W. E. Chadwick, D.D. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

"The Master-Singers of Japan." By Clara E. Walsh. Wisdom of the East Series. (Murray. 2s. net.)

"No. 19." By Edgar Jepson. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)

"John Keats: Sa Vie et son Œuvre." Par Lucien Wolff. (Paris: Hachette. 12fr.)

"La Duchesse du Maine, Reine de Scéaux et Conspiratrice, 1676-1753." Par G. de Piépape. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 7fr. 50.)

"Les Religions: Etude historique et sociologique du phénomène religieux." Par H. Beuchat et M. Hollebecque. (Paris: Rivière. 2fr. 50.)

* * *

THE biography of Samuel Foote by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, announced by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, will recall to the general reader the author of more witticisms than any other writer in the English language. Foote's first work as an author was a pamphlet giving an account of one of his uncles, who was executed for murdering his other uncle. This gained him ten pounds from an Old Bailey bookseller, and was the first of a long succession of writings which made him one of the most famous and one of the most dreaded men of his generation. "There is hardly a public man in England," said Davies, "who has not entered Mr. Foote's theatre with an aching heart, under the apprehension of seeing himself laughed at." Johnson was one of the few whom Foote did not mimic, and, when questioned by Boswell on the subject, he explained that "fear restrained him. He knew I would have broken his bones." Macaulay does Foote something less than justice when he says that his mimicry was exquisitely ludicrous, but it was all caricature. Forster, who devotes one of the most entertaining of his essays to Foote, takes a fairer view. Foote, he says, was "an Englishman eccentric, humorous, and satirical, as any this nation has bred. His name once expressed a bitterness of sarcasm and ridicule unexampled in England; and a vivacity, intelligence, and gaiety, a ready and unfeigned humor, to which a parallel could scarcely be found among the choicest wits of France." Mr. Fitzgerald's thorough knowledge of the history of the English stage will enable him to treat adequately of a man who towards the end of his life could claim that he had added to it sixteen quite new characters.

* * *

A NEW and completely revised edition of Mr. Bryce's "The American Commonwealth" may be expected shortly. That work was first issued in 1888, and was at once accepted in the United States as the best account of the American Constitution. Several revised editions have been published, but the book in its new form has been largely rewritten in the light of Mr. Bryce's fuller knowledge of American affairs, while events and tendencies of the past twenty years will also be discussed.

* * *

AMONG the books which Mr. Fisher Unwin has in preparation is a translation of M. A. Aulard's "The French Revolution: A Political History." This is the standard work upon the aspect of the Revolution which it treats, and is the result of an amount of research that has hardly ever been equalled by a single scholar. M. Aulard has been able to refute the views put forward by several other historians—Taine, in particular—and his knowledge and impartiality have made him the leading authority on the period. The book will run to four volumes, and Mr. Bernard Miall, the translator, has added a number of historical notes dealing with matters unfamiliar to the English reader.

* * *

UNDER the title, "The Reader's Library," Messrs. Duckworth are about to issue a series of reprints of works of

literary interest. The first volumes will be Leslie Stephen's "English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century," his "Studies of a Biographer," and Dr. Stopford Brooke's "Studies in Poetry." Last year Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. brought out Stephen's "Hours in a Library" in a cheap form. It is an encouraging sign that literary essays of the type are still in demand. Stephen's work has few graces of style, but no writer was more balanced in his judgments or more careful to overlook nothing in forming an estimate. For this reason an unusually large proportion of his criticism is "criticism of the centre."

* * *

A COUPLE of weeks ago we gave a list of works written by American literary critics, which are to appear during the present season. To these may now be added Professor W. L. Phelps's "Essays on Modern Novelists," Professor C. T. Winchester's "A Group of English Essays," and Mr. G. E. Woodberry's "The Inspiration of Poetry," all three of which will be issued by Messrs. Macmillan. Professor Phelps's book is a critical study of the chief contemporary novelists, and includes appreciations of Björnson, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, William de Morgan, Sienkiewicz, and Mrs. Humphry Ward. Professor Winchester's volume is part biography and part criticism, and deals with Lamb, De Quincey, Carlyle, and other founders of the modern essay. "The Inspiration of Poetry" is based on Mr. Woodberry's Lowell lectures. It treats of Camoens, Cervantes, Marlowe, and other great names in the history of literature.

* * *

SIR H. H. JOHNSTON has written a book on "The Negro in the New World," embodying the results of his study of the color problem in the United States, the West Indies, and Tropical America. It is to be issued by Messrs. Methuen, who also announce "Landmarks in Russian Literature," a series of studies by Mr. Maurice Baring, of Gogol, Turgéniev, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Tchekov, and other great Russian writers of the nineteenth century.

* * *

MR. YOSHIO MARKINO, the Japanese artist, whose illustrations in "The Color of London," "The Color of Rome," and "The Color of Paris," have won a large amount of attention, is now finishing a series of pictures to illustrate a book on Oxford which has been written by Mr. Hugh de Selincourt. Messrs. Chatto and Windus will be the publishers.

* * *

SOME dissatisfaction has been expressed in French literary journals at the neglect on the part of the members of the Goncourt Academy to carry out the directions of Edmond de Goncourt's will. During his lifetime Edmond de Goncourt published several volumes of a journal in which he gave his impressions of literary, political, and social events in contemporary Paris. He left instructions that the volumes of the journal still in manuscript should be issued ten years after his death. He died in July, 1896, but none of these manuscripts have as yet appeared.

* * *

SOME fresh material of value relating to the Irish rebellion of 1798 is promised in "The War of Wexford," by Mr. H. F. B. Wheeler and Mr. A. M. Broadley, announced by Mr. John Lane. The book is based on hitherto unpublished documents, including the correspondence of the first Earl of Mount Norris, the Detail Book of the Camolin Cavalry, and the Diary of Mrs. Brownrigg, a lady who was for a time imprisoned on the ship commanded by Captain Dixon, saw the massacre of Wexford Bridge, and was detained in the town until its relief by Moore's troops. From these, and from other contemporary writers, the authors have drawn up a narrative which aims at holding the scales evenly between loyalists and rebels.

* * *

PROFESSOR HUGH WALKER, of Lampeter, has completed a history of "The Literature of the Victorian Era," which will be published by the Cambridge University Press. It excludes all living writers, and a special feature will be the treatment of works in prose during the period. Professor Walker is the author of "The Age of Tennyson" in Messrs. Bell's "Ages of English Literature" series.

Reviews.

RELIGION AND THE MODERN WORLD.*

WE are so constituted that a thing is never so precious to us as when it seems to be slipping from our grasp. Effective possession is the greatest hindrance in the way of a deliberate realisation of values. The menace of loss, even if it be an illusion, will rouse the mind to justify and the will to struggle to retain what is ceasing to be a habit of either. The present writer is far from thinking that the world is either losing, or indeed, ever can lose, its hold upon those realities to which religion witnesses. Religion is and will remain the most intimate need of man. None the less, changed conceptions of the nature of religious truth and of the method of its apprehension have created a very general illusion of loss. And it is perhaps to that illusion rather than to any real deepening of the religious sense that the quickened interest in religion, which is so undoubtedly characteristic of this generation in at least all the advanced European countries, is due.

Our interest in religion is still mainly intellectual, but our conception of its nature has ceased to be intellectual. We want to justify it to the intellect, but such justification proves utterly inadequate to its nature. When religion was conceived of and generally accepted as revealed statement, the function of the intellect in dealing with its data was exactly determined. It had only to systematise the revealed deposit and to control all other knowledge in its interest. The intellectual revolution inaugurated by the Renaissance undermined the very foundation of this right to control, while nominally leaving the deposit intact. The eighteenth century assailed the deposit itself and sought to replace it by a purely rational religion. The nineteenth century had to learn hardly in the sweat of its soul that even the meagre remainder which its predecessor had left to it transcended the reason and refused to be imprisoned within its existing categories.

We have been forced in spite of ourselves towards a new view of what religion is, or rather how it comes to be the obstinate human fact which it unquestionably is. Religious experience is as certain, if not as universal, as sensible experience. And further, this religious experience has an instinctive tendency towards universality, a native power of generating itself. Through those who have felt it most intensely it is able to persuade others that they too have felt it. Religious experience thus concentrates itself about certain great religious natures, and again generalises itself, through their inspiration, in fixed forms which correspond with the average intellectual habit of a particular time and place. In this way the great historic religions have arisen and developed, and a study of their history has shown that they all tend to pass through the same general phases of development, and even to use very similar, in some cases practically identical, categories for the formulation of their beliefs. Salvation, redemption, sacrifice, forgiveness, retribution—these are the common expressions of the religious consciousness among peoples so far apart in place and time that they could not possibly have had any direct action upon one another. Religion, in short, is a great and universal human fact, and Comparative Religion has therefore claimed a legitimate place among human sciences. And again, critical history is at work to gain a more accurate view of the teaching and inspiration of the great Founders. But beyond all this historical and psychological investigation, the mind seeks to account for the fact of the religious experience itself. For such a universal effect there must be some objective cause. If sensible experience is possible only because there is an objective physical order which acts upon us through the senses, so, we feel, there must be an objective spiritual order to produce these experiences which control the whole life of feeling and action. Metaphysics has once more claimed its right of entry into the religious domain as an indispensable ally and servant.

This little volume is the outcome of this general intellectual interest in religion. It consists of addresses delivered before the St. Ninian Society, a society founded by

students in the various faculties of the University of Glasgow for the free discussion of religious questions. "Its method," Sir Donald Macalister tells us in an Introduction which he contributes, "is to invite essays or addresses from men of repute, belonging to diverse schools of thought, which shall illustrate from various sides some single general theme." The theme in this instance is so wide that a single University session could hardly provide opportunities for its adequate discussion. Yet both subjects and lecturers have been on the whole well-chosen, though perhaps the desire to make the discussion catholic is too obvious, and has in some cases detracted from the strength and unity of the volume. Scotland, however, is to-day, next to Germany, the land of theologians and theological scholars, and it is impossible not to be grateful for a book dealing with religion to which Scotsmen contribute. From Dr. Moffatt and Dr. George Milligan we know what to expect. Since "The Historical New Testament" appeared, the former has taken rank in the very first flight of our Biblical scholars, and he is as charming a writer as he is a profound and judicious scholar. His lecture on "Modern Criticism and the Religion of Jesus" is an illuminating account and a well-balanced criticism of the most recent results in that field of study. He accepts as the "real" Jesus, not the reviver of the prophetic tradition and the reformer of Judaism whom Wrede has thought to discover behind the primitive tradition, but the Jesus whom that tradition actually gives us. He admits the baffling nature of the problem, and it must be admitted by all, how to reconcile the view of the kingdom as inwardness with the peculiarly eschatological and apocalyptic view of it. It seems impossible to blend these two views, ascribed with almost equal prominence to the Jesus of the primitive tradition, without giving controlling authority to one or the other, and thus materially altering the picture which we form of the historical Jesus. Dr. Moffatt seems to incline with von Dobschütz and others to the predominance of the "inwardness" view. But it is doubtful whether the most disinterested scholarship is not being forced to affirm what Dr. Moffatt denies, that the eschatological element was the norm of the teaching of Jesus. Principal Carpenter is a prince among lecturers. He knows exactly how to place his massive knowledge at the disposal of the ordinary student in a form which satisfies the thirst for knowledge without ceasing to stimulate it. His art was never employed to better effect than in his lecture on "Christianity and Historical Science." It is an admirable synopsis of the points of contact between Christianity and other religious systems, which the comparative study of religion has revealed.

Mr. McCabe is another lecturer whose prowess in many a field we have long since learned to respect. He is always courteous, lucid, and inexorably rational. His contention here is that so long as religion and science endure, they are by their very nature pledged to inveterate enmity. He still holds to the conception of religion as a sum of doctrines, to be affirmed or rejected on the ground of their fruitfulness or unfruitfulness as hypotheses to explain the nature of the universal order. To the present writer it seems that no more effective refutation of their supposed unfruitfulness could be required than Mr. Walker's treatment of the same subject in his lecture on "Science and Religion." The hypothesis of God, says Mr. McCabe, explains nothing. "It does not resolve obscure phenomena into known or conceivable agencies." It may explain nothing, but at least it states something, something which is almost as universal as our sensible experience and much more profoundly of us, something which demands an objective order to correspond to it and motive it, as our sensible experience demands objectivity in the physical order. Mr. McCabe ignores this something, a whole world of fact which is the supreme constituent of our humanity. It is the highest reality we know, man himself aspiring by an effort of his whole complex nature towards an ideal which he will never reach, or will reach only to find that the ideal has receded still further beyond his grasp, that has forced men in all ages and under an infinite variety of intellectual forms to frame the hypothesis of God, of a transcendent order of spirit, in intimate relation with us. And it is because that highest reality has been shown in these late generations to be intimately associated also, by way of origin and development, with the world that we have

* "Religion and the Modern World." Edited by Sir Donald Macalister. Hodder & Stoughton 5s.

thought of as merely physical, that we are now being compelled to relate the hypothesis of God to the whole world-process in a far closer fashion than the old doctrine of creation provided for.

We are grateful to the St. Ninian Society for giving these lectures to a wider audience than those which filled the University lecture-hall. The whole world of educated men to-day, outside the specialists in particular fields of learning, is just as much in need of guidance on these questions as the students of a University. Our knowledge is seldom greater than theirs; and our intelligence may be more moulded to the exigencies of a particular calling, but is often not so acute or so readily stimulated. This book will serve by the width of its scope and the authority of its writers to enlist our intelligence in the most abiding of all interests.

JAPANESE ALLIANCES.*

JAPAN is a country where opposites are strangely united. The best warriors are poets, the best men of business are artists, and the most practical and rapidly progressive race in the world contemplates the unmoving calm of annihilation as the blissful aim of mankind's existence. Such contradiction lies deep in the national spirit. How else is it that they who dwell so lovingly on a single flower or a bird are continually haunted by the most horrible monsters, and invent masks and statues almost too atrocious to be looked at? How else is it, again, that the people whose islands are described by sentimental travellers as homes of silvery laughter, where grief is hidden in politeness and all is child-like and sweet, are, nevertheless, tinged with a sombre melancholy of intellect and spirit?

The two books before us contradict each other in this way, and they are full of inward contradictions too. They agree in being genuine Japanese thought transferred to the English language, as far as it is possible for any thought to be transferred to a language other than its own. Madame Ozaki has the advantage of thinking in English as her mother tongue, though her father and husband are purely Japanese. Her husband has long held a high position in Tokyo, and her works are already numerous and well-known. In fact, next to Lafcadio Hearn's they are probably the chief source of our knowledge of ordinary Japanese life and customs. She has now published this English version of ten ancient Japanese stories—the kind of stories that, we suppose, have no author in any country, but have grown up somehow among the people and so remain. We hardly know what to compare them to in our people's legends. They are not quite fairy stories, like Cinderella or Jack and the Beanstalk. Perhaps they are nearest to the Arthurian traditions or the ballads of Robin Hood, with just a touch of Spenser's allegories of the virtues added. They tell straightforward and adventurous tales of people who are supposed to be historic. Giants, demons, and goblin spiders come quite naturally into the history, and, as a rule, some acknowledged excellence is proclaimed—bodily strength, courage, wit, or family affection and acquiescence in destined duties.

There is nothing very remarkable about the stories themselves. The hero or heroine meets with various strange adventures, often supernatural, and usually comes through them with success. There is no subtlety, no "psychological interest," unless it be found in those contrasts which appear strange to us but not to the Japanese. There is a story, for instance, of Yorimasa, a man of ability and by far the greatest archer of his time, who, perceiving he gained no advancement at Court, sat down one day and composed a poem of thirty-one syllables—a long poem, that is to say, since the Japanese poem usually has only seventeen. His five lines, culminating in an outrageous pun, reached the Emperor's ears, and Yorimasa was at once promoted. There is something Elizabethan about that, but if a modern Member of Parliament desired a place in the Ministry, he might practise rhetoric, or flatter in newspapers, or sell his conscience in support of iniquity, but the very last thing

he would do would be to write a five-line poem to the Prime Minister ending with a pun.

The poetic tendency is deep in the Japanese warrior and statesman. This same Yorimasa, after he had slain a dreadful monster that was as large as a horse and had the head of an ape, the body and claws of a tiger, the tail of a serpent, the wings of a bird, and the scales of a dragon, performed many other marvellous deeds, till at length he found himself defeated by a party in a civil war. We do not always expect a general to commit suicide after defeat, still less do we expect him to write a poem on the event. But both were expected of a Samurai, and Yorimasa did not fall short of expectation. He at once prepared for *hara kiri*:—

"Calling his retainer, Watanabe, who had escaped unhurt and who never left his master's side, Yorimasa bade him act as second in the rite. Then, quietly taking off his armour, he composed a poem. He likened himself to a fossil tree that never knows the joy of blossoming, for he had never attained his ambition (the destruction of his enemies), and 'sad indeed is the end of my life,' the last line of the verse, were the last words he uttered. He took out his short sword, and, thrusting it into his side, died like a brave and gallant Samurai, without a groan."

Similarly, we read of a true Princess whose *koto* was broken by a clumsy servant, but she, being mistress of herself though china fell, at once expressed her grief in this impromptu poem:—

"Oh, from to-day
For my amusement,
What shall I do?"

It is a long way from these ancient tales to the modern work of Yone Noguchi. Almost the only connection is this deep love for a poetry that seeks to cram as much meaning as possible into a small and definite number of syllables, like the songs of crickets, the smiles and sighs of a flower. We have known Yone Noguchi before, in a collection "From the Eastern Sea," published seven or eight years ago. Since then he has returned from Western civilisation to his own, but he still continues to write in English—a slightly peculiar English, never quite native to his mind. He still uses an unrhymed metre, and perhaps he is wise, for it gives the effect of good translation; and, of course, in writing English he far exceeds the Japanese limits of space. He gives, however, a few examples of the seventeen-syllable verse as it might appear in English; for instance:—

"My Love's lengthened hair
Swings o'er me from Heaven's gate:
Lo, Evening's shadow!"

Except for one impassioned ode to the Mikado during the Russian war, the substance of his work is a delicate perception of moods called up by ordinary sights or sounds—a temple bell, a Buddhist priest, the moon upon a river, or the purple dome of night. Speaking, apparently, of his poetry, he says of "The New Art":—

"Her music lives in intensity for a moment and then dies;
To her, suggestion is her life.
She left behind the quest of beauty and dream:
Is her own self not the song of dream and beauty itself?
(I know she is tired of ideal and problem and talk.)
She is the moth-light playing on reality's dusk,
Soon to die as a savage prey of the moment;
She is the creation of surprise (let me say so),
Dancing gold on the wire of impulse."

Naturally, it is the English of one who has not been fed on it in babyhood, and we make allowance as to a foreigner in the street, only wishing there was any language we could write as well. But "the moth-light playing on reality's dusk" well expresses the temper of the poems. In many there is the strange yearning of return—the return of the native who has wandered far in very different scenes:—

"I say my farewell to the Western cities:
I will return to the Eastern sea,—
To my isle kissed first ever by the sun,—
I will now go to my sweetest home,
And lay there my griefs on a mountain's breast,
And give all my songs to the birds, and sleep long.
A wind may stir the forest, I may awake.
I will whistle my joy of life up to a cloud:
The life of the cloud will be my life there."

That is only half the poem, and it is a shame to divide when the syllables are almost counted. So let us take one shorter poem complete; it is also a scene of return:—

"Mist-born Kyoto, the city of scent and prayer,
Like a dream half-fading, she lingers on:

* "Warriors of Old Japan, and Other Stories." By Yei Theodora Ozaki. Constable. 5s. net.

"The Pilgrimage." By Yone Noguchi. The Valley Press, Kamakura; Kelly & Walsh, Yokohama. 2 small vols. in Japanese case.

The oldest song of a forgotten pagoda bell
Is the Kamo river's twilight song.

"The girls, half whisper and half love,
As old as a straying moonbeam,
Flutter on the streets gods built,
Lightly carrying spring and passion.

"'Stop awhile with me,' I said,
They turned their powdered necks. How delicious!
'No, thank you, some other time,' they replied.
Oh, such a smile, like the breath of a rose!"

There is a sweet simplicity about the girls' reply that we feel an English poet could not have given. It is part of that "creation of surprise" of which the poet speaks as an object of his art. And so we thank him for showing us in something like our own language what is the inward feeling of a spirit in most ways so different from our own. But while we owe him gratitude, we would ask him not to abandon his own natural language in the hope of diffusing his poetry in Western lands. No art but native art ever rises to greatness, and too often has the touch of Europe ruined the beauty of the East past recovery. It will now need all the courage even of Japan to resist it.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ'S COUSIN.*

BUSSY-RABUTIN hovers, as a picturesque if not very reputable figure, on the by-ways of French literary history. In the seventeenth century he enjoyed an amazing vogue. His "Correspondance," as M. Gérard-Gailly reminds us, was for forty years regarded as the most solid monument of the epistolary art in France. By an irony of fate he is remembered to-day because of his passages with his famous cousin, Madame de Sévigné, whose letters caused his own to be forgotten. He had a prevision of his fate. "I must take away from you the hope," he wrote to Madame de Sévigné, "that history will one day treat me better than fortune has"; and on another occasion he told her that posterity would pay regard to what she had written. Voltaire thought lightly of him. "There is, upon the whole," he wrote, "nothing remarkable about M. de Bussy-Rabutin, save the boundless admiration which M. de Rabutin professed for M. de Bussy." This, however, is hardly a fair estimate, and M. Gérard-Gailly is more accurate if less witty when he places Bussy between Brantôme and Saint-Simon, and rather closer to the latter than the former.

For, although M. Gérard-Gailly describes his book as an account of "un Académicien, Grand Seigneur, et Libertin au Dix-Septième Siècle," he makes it clear that the word, libertine, must be construed to mean freedom of speech and of opinion quite as much as loose living. Bussy was certainly a rake; but he plunged no deeper into debauchery than most of his contemporaries, and, if we compare him with the libertines of the Regency, his wildest exploits will seem almost harmless. His most reprehensible act was the abduction of Madame de Miramion, but even for that crime something may be said in extenuation. Madame de Miramion was a young and wealthy widow, Bussy an impecunious widower. Madame de Miramion's confessor led him to believe that the lady was not altogether unwilling to listen to his pleadings, and that it was her relatives who stood in the way. An abduction seemed the obvious solution, and a significant light is thrown upon the disorder of the period by the fact that the Prince de Condé, in whom Bussy confided, promised his protection, and placed his stronghold of Bellegarde at the disposal of this impetuous lover. Accordingly, Bussy had Madame de Miramion's carriage stopped on the road from St. Cloud, in broad daylight, and dragged her, frantic with terror, to the Chateau de Launay. When Bussy discovered the real state of Madame de Miramion's feelings he released her, but so great was the shock that for a time her life was despaired of. Naturally the episode did not help to brighten Bussy's reputation which had already grown somewhat dingy.

But it was the licence he gave his tongue and his pen that proved his undoing. He had served under Condé and Turenne with distinction, and a brilliant military career seemed likely to follow. A hail of epigrams and lampoons directed against his superiors, of which he was

known to be the author, put an end to these hopes. Turenne, who suffered from Bussy's shafts, when questioned by Louis XIV., drily remarked that M. de Rabutin was "le meilleur officier des armées françaises pour les chansons." Bussy felt he was a marked man, and sold to Fouquet his post as Mestre du Camp for 90,000 crowns. Nothing could have been more imprudent, for this, in Louis XIV.'s eyes, was an unpardonable crime, and Mazarin took note of the transaction for future use.

Bussy now employed his leisure in composing the "Histoire amoureuse des Gaules," a book which, under a thin disguise of fiction, related the most notorious scandals of the Court. It gained for its author a place in the Academy and a cell in the Bastille. The King heard that some manuscript copies were in circulation, secured one, read it, and nominated Bussy to the Academy. The book continued to pass from hand to hand, and, gathering fresh material as it ran, reached Holland, was printed there, and came back to France. There was at once a storm of indignation. Anne of Austria demanded the severest punishment for the author. Condé threatened to have him horse-whipped by his lackeys. Mazarin informed the King of the transaction with Fouquet, and Bussy found himself in the Bastille. Here he remained for thirteen months, the tedium of his imprisonment being varied by the receipt of numerous love-letters, and an almost incredible proposal from the Jesuits that he should write an answer to Pascal's "Provinciales." To the former he replied as might have been expected; to the latter, after some politic hesitation, he gave a distinct negative. "Unquestionably, my reverend fathers," he told the Jesuits, "you lead us to Paradise by pleasanter roads than the gentlemen of Port-Royal. But Pascal will never be refuted."

On his release from the Bastille, Bussy was advised by Louis XIV. to "take the air" in Burgundy. This sentence of banishment from Paris overwhelmed him. He occupied himself in writing the letters now gathered in his "Correspondance," and from the depths of his province he shared with Boileau the literary dictatorship of his generation. Of every new book the first question asked was: "What does Bussy think of it?" and Bussy replied in letters, which were handed round the salons, and accepted as giving the final verdict. The criticisms they contain are usually sound, though they sometimes show the prejudices of the age. Bussy was one of the first to appreciate Molière at his true worth. He placed him higher than Terence, whom most of his contemporaries, including Boileau and Fénelon, regarded as the greatest comic genius. He predicted immortality for La Bruyère's "Caractères," and he took up the cudgels on behalf of La Fontaine against Furetière. On the whole, Bussy's criticism forms the solidest and most respectable, if not the most entertaining, part of his writings.

When we turn to his relations with Madame de Sévigné we find that, in the chapter he gives to the subject, M. Gérard-Gailly has little difficulty in showing that all the blame does not belong to one side. Bussy made love to her during her husband's life-time. For this she forgave him after a short period of coldness. He drew a cruel portrait of her in his "Histoire amoureuse des Gaules," and for this she also forgave him, though less completely, and after a rather more prolonged interval. Madame de Sévigné promised to lend Bussy money, and when asked to redeem the promise denied it, and asserted that she had none to lend. M. Gérard-Gailly proves the fact of the promise, and also proves that Madame de Sévigné could have lent the money without inconvenience. Still, these incidents were but trifling interruptions in relations that were, in the main, cordial, and to the credit of both parties. Madame de Sévigné herself wrote that they "could hear each other's thoughts before they spoke," and Bussy's continual homage was grateful to the discreet Marquise. When, through a misinterpretation of her letters, the story ran that Madame de Sévigné had been Fouquet's mistress, Bussy was one of her most ardent defenders. On one occasion his brother-in-law, de Rouville, repeated the calumny. Bussy took him seriously to task. De Rouville in astonishment reminded Bussy that he himself had helped to circulate similar rumors. "I do not like such reports," replied Bussy, "unless I make them myself." The retort is typical of the impertinent wit which made and marred his career.

* "Bussy-Rabutin: Sa Vie, ses Œuvres, et ses Amies." Par E. Gérard-Gailly. Paris: Champion. 7 fr. 50.

HORSES AND HUNTING.*

A YEAR ago we were informed by the Board of Agriculture that during the twelve months which had just passed the number of horses in the United Kingdom had decreased by 12,312, and later statistics showed a further decrease. This depression in the horse market was, of course, directly attributable to the still rapidly spreading popularity of motor traffic in the country as well as in the towns, and pessimists were quick to prognosticate the complete extinction throughout the United Kingdom of horses of every breed. That the horse's reign will soon be over in Great Britain and in many other European countries, so far as his employment for drawing purposes is concerned, the most conservative of us must admit, and, when all is said, it is well this should be so under the conditions that now prevail, especially in the cities. There are sentimental though no doubt well-meaning persons who will tell you that they deplore the disappearance from our streets of "the poor horses." The writer has friends who still "make a point of going in horse 'buses instead of in those beastly motors," and of always driving in hansoms instead of using taximeter cabs, because they "hate to see the horses going off our streets." Yet well may "the poor horses" be pitied. Many of them were sufficiently badly treated, particularly in the towns, before the advent of the motor. But, since the petrol-driven drays, and lorries, and cabs began seriously to compete with horse-drawn vehicles, the lot of the traction horse has been truly deplorable. He has been over-worked, over-strained, flogged and starved in the futile attempts made by his owner to keep pace, metaphorically, with the petrol motor. It has been a fierce struggle between flesh and blood on the one hand and machinery and petrol on the other—almost an exact repetition of what occurred in the last century when the steam locomotive began to drive the horse coaches off the roads, and Mr. Wightman wrote his famous pamphlet to "prove" that no locomotive could ever be constructed that it would be possible to propel at a speed greater than about half the speed of the fastest coaches! To say, then, that the horse should still be driven in competition with motors; to regret his disappearance from the streets of cities; most of all to desire that he should continue to be flogged and starved, and yet to express a sentimental affection for "man's best friend," is to come very near to bathos.

The day is far distant, however, when the horse will no longer be seen in our midst. Shire horses will continue to be bred; so will hunters; and so, longest of all, will thoroughbreds for racing. Whether with the increasing development of motors and their employment in new fields of action, and the still more rapid improvements that are being made in aeroplanes, horses will long continue to be needed for purposes of warfare, is doubtful. At the present time hunters are more largely in demand than they have ever before been in the memory of any of us, and the prices of good hunters are still rising steadily. The increase in the number of men and women who come out with hounds, the majority to enjoy a good gallop across country, though more and more come out to meet their friends, or because it is the "classy" thing to hunt if you take a place in the country or if you are in the country much and in the way of mixing with hunting people, is remarkable. This fact has evidently been noted by the more go-ahead of our publishing houses, for within the last few years several handsome volumes dealing with various aspects of the chase have been issued at prices varying from one to five guineas, and now Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Company have excelled them all by placing upon the market at the price of ten guineas and fifteen guineas a truly *magnum opus* entitled "British Hunting," quite the most attractive book of its kind that has ever been produced, or, it is safe to say, that ever will be. The editor, Mr. Arthur W. Coaten, begins by giving rather a brief account of the early history of British hunting, and this section he has entrusted to Mr. William and Mr. F. Baillie-Grohman, who, though they have dealt ably with the subject, omit to mention that the first master of fox-hounds—according to trustworthy historians—was Simon de Montfort. On de Montfort's great seal attached to a deed dated 1259, which is now in Paris, Simon is shown galloping beside his hounds, urging them on, and

blowing his horn. He is said to have hunted largely in Leicestershire and Warwickshire, and, as he lived in the thirteenth century, the seal in question forms probably the first picture we have of a *bonâ-fide* run with fox-hounds. Some particulars are, however, given of licences granted in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries to certain privileged persons "to hunt fox, hare, cat and badger and lesser vermin," and there is reference to the Carta de Foresta of Henry III., "said to be of doubtful authenticity," by which "Whatsoever Archbishop, Bishop, Earl or Baron coming to us at our command passing by our forest, it shall be lawful for him to take and kill one or two of our deer, by view of our forester if he be present, or else he shall cause one to blow an horn for him that he may not seem to steal our deer."

In addition to lengthy sections on fox-hounds and fox-hunting in all the different counties of Great Britain and of Ireland, chapters on stag-hounds and stag-hunting, drag-hunting, hunting with harriers, basset-hounds and beagles, and otter-hunting, a considerable part of the book is devoted to such subjects as the breeding of hunters, the breeding of fox-hounds, stag-hounds and harriers, international hunting and foreign and colonial packs, hunting miscellanea, and the biographies of well-known hunting people.

The illustrations, of which there are no less than five hundred, among them twenty-three full-page plates in photogravure, reflect credit alike on the editor for his judicious selection of subjects, and upon the producers. Only one thing is to be regretted in this connection—the defect is common to almost all illustrated books that have to do with the chase—the pictures, with but few exceptions, are all of "still life." There is a full-page plate of one of Basil Nightingale's well-known pictures, the one that shows the late Tom Firr—who for so many years was huntsman to the Quorn, and the greatest huntsman there has ever been in that or in any other country—clearing a fence, and a picture of a point-to-point race of the Meynell Hunt, but for the rest there is little "action" in the great majority of the illustrations. It may be asked: In what way could there be "action"? Well, in these days of remarkable photography there is little difficulty in obtaining excellent "moving" pictures even of scenes in the hunting-field if the operator sets to work in the right way. Instantaneous photographs taken of hounds in full cry, of the huntsman making his cast, of horses jumping, of the fox stealing away, these and many more subjects of the same kind are infinitely more attractive, also more instructive, than pictures of hounds or of horses at rest, of kennel buildings, stables, country houses and their occupants, or portraits of hunt members, save in exceptional cases. Excellent photographs of the kind have been taken even by amateur photographers, but naturally the operator needs patience; also, unless he exercise discretion, he may become a nuisance in the field, if not a spoil-sport. This, so far as one can see, is the only fault worthy of mention that is to be found with "British Hunting."

HANDEL AS MAN.*

In his "Handel," Mr. R. A. Streatfeild has written the best short biography of the great composer which has yet appeared in the English language. Biographies of musicians are too often fulsome and ill-considered eulogies. This may be excused, perhaps, on the ground that music to some minds is a kind of magic, and the man who practises it a sort of magician. Each composer is looked upon as the inventor of music, and it is forgotten that a whole line of music-makers has gone to the making of him. Moreover, few biographers remember that even a composer owes something to his environment and that he does not stand outside the other activities of the human race. The merit of Mr. Streatfeild's book is that he does remember these things. Handel is shown against the background of eighteenth century London, and yet the portraiture is kept distinct from that background. If the other volumes of this New Library of Music, of which Mr. Ernest Newman is the general editor, deal with great composers in the same

* "British Hunting." Edited by A. W. Coaten. Sampson Low. £15 15s.

* "Handel." By R. A. Streatfeild. With twelve illustrations. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.

spirit, the series should be of distinct value. Who can really understand Wagner without also understanding the political ferment of '48, and the great reaction of the Romantic movement in literature and art?

Mr. Streatfeild is also a sound and capable critic who has a special knowledge of Handel and yet is in sympathy with all modern manifestations of the art of music. It is only a critic of such catholic tastes who can refocus Handel from the modern standpoint, and enable us to see more clearly what was permanent in the composer's genius. There is not much that is very new to be said of Handel's music, and Mr. Streatfeild quite properly does not attempt to write novel criticism at the expense of sound judgment, but he has managed to deal with the operas and oratorios in a spirit of discerning and yet sympathetic criticism. Several points are very well made, especially with regard to "The Messiah," which Mr. Streatfeild thinks is essentially a poem and not a didactic work of art: "it is not a sermon but a song—a magnificent effort of the human imagination, exercised upon the greatest and most inspiring of conceivable subjects." Much of the misconception of Handel as man is due to the belief that because he wrote religious oratorios he was a religious man in the sense that Bach was religious. There was nothing sectarian about Handel; nor, indeed, anything of the mystic. We can more easily understand Wagner having written "Parsifal" at the end of a free-thinking life than that Handel—the prosperous, materialistic composer of Brook Street—should have begun his long series of oratorios after having come to an end of his popularity as a composer of flimsy operas.

Indeed, Handel remains an enigma. Even Mr. Streatfeild, who has drawn upon all contemporary records most skilfully, does not quite explain him. Of Handel's greatness as a man there can be no doubt. All who met him were impressed by his dominant personality. He was always called the "great Handel," even in the days when he was nothing but a composer who was giving the town the kind of musical entertainments it desired. From our modern standpoint Handel was not an artist. He appears to have had but little idea of writing anything unless it would be popular. If his operas had not ceased to attract, would he have turned his ready pen to oratorios? It is very doubtful. He had to make a new start, for he was practically on the rocks, and the way in which he began the period of composition on which his name now rests was characteristic of the man. All his life Handel was a musician who sought for popularity. When "Judas Maccabæus" was successful because it appealed to the Jews in London, not then a large but a wealthy class, Handel bade his librettist, Morell, draw the text of the next oratorio from the same source. "Alexander Balus," which was not a success, was followed by "Joshua," "Susanna," and "Solomon." "Judas Maccabæus" itself was written to celebrate the triumphant return of Billy the Butcher from Culloden, and the Occasional Oratorio, although not actually written with that object, came in very handy as a celebration of the Young Pretender's defeat. Handel, who was never above borrowing tunes from other sources and reconstructing his own, actually constructed a new version of "Israel in Egypt" to make it go down. "The songs introduced were not the adaptations of Italian airs to Biblical words that are now occasionally given in performances of the oratorio, but popular airs from his early works and some new Italian songs apparently written for the occasion, which were thrust into 'Israel' without the semblance of any appropriateness." The oratorio was also shortened. There was certainly no false pride about Handel. Yet he was the veriest martinet as to the performance of what he had written. No singer dared take any liberties with his texts. In his biography of Gluck, Schmid relates a conversation Handel had with Gluck. "You have taken far too much trouble over your opera," said Handel. "Here in England that is mere waste of time. What the English like is something they can beat time to, something that hits them straight on the drum of the ear." He certainly succeeded in giving the English what they want, and perhaps for this very reason his music has never been so popular in Germany as here.

But if Handel always had his eye on the treasury, no composer did more for charity than he. There was nothing small about him, and when he fell on evil days,

as he did at least twice, he set to work with indomitable courage to retrieve his fortunes. It was not his fault that he was compelled at first to bow down to the Court and aristocratic patrons, for all composers were compelled to do that or starve. With native astuteness he recognised in the end that the growing power of the middle-classes would introduce a new factor in music. "The turning point of his career was when in 1747 he threw aside his subscription and appealed to the public at large. The aristocracy had failed him and he turned to the middle class. There he found the conscience which he had sought in vain in the pampered worldlings of the Court. The splendid seriousness of Handel's music, its wide humanity, its exaltation of thought, its unflinching dignity of utterance, had fallen on deaf ears so long as he appealed only to an aristocratic audience. It was in the heart and brain of the middle class that Handel found at last an echo to his clarion call." The difficulty in understanding Handel as a man lies, no doubt, in the fact that he was not one of those who express themselves in words. All that is related of his conversations amounts to very little. He wrote few letters, and as far as we can tell there was never any serious love affair in his life. It is almost impossible to create a human being of what we know of Handel, although he was familiar to the public of the period and had many friends. Mr. Streatfeild has marshalled all the old facts and some of the new with great skill, and has rounded off his portrait with judicious quotations from diaries of the period, but Handel still remains obscure. We can see him well enough; no celebrated man has been better or more often described; but it is almost impossible to get a clear notion of his mental life. Mr. Streatfeild disposes of the idea that Handel was ignorant and dull outside his music, but he is not able to bring forward any but indirect evidence, such as Handel's well-known taste for pictures, and the friendship in which many clever men and women held him. Yet no composer ever expressed himself more characteristically in his music. We know Handel through that, and perhaps that is all that need be known. "We feel," as Mr. Streatfeild says, "the tremendous personality of the man even in his most perfunctory strains."

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

EVEN those who do not share Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt's views on South African polity will recognise his evident desire in "The Northward Trek" (Melrose, 10s. 6d. net), to keep clear of party politics. We say "desire," because Mr. Hyatt writes as an Imperialist of the most unbending type; and like most thorough-going Imperialists, especially those who disclaim party spirit as a thing unworthy of their own high ideals, he is apt to descend at moments of strong temptation to the common plane of partizanship. Yet we have read many a less fair book on South Africa than this, which describes the northward movements of settlers which began after the first Boer war and culminated in the occupation of Rhodesia by the Chartered Company, and the foundation of the town of Salisbury. Although, possibly, the pioneering that was done by the Rhodes-Rudd concessionaires and the Chartered Company at this period was a little more romantic and a little less sordid than that promoted by the mining potentates of a later date, and although it included heroic incidents, it was not heroic in its essence. The Rhodes-Rudd scheme, to put it plainly, was nothing more nor less than a disreputable trick at the expense of an ignorant savage, Lobengula to wit; and even Mr. Hyatt admits that the Chartered Company, which grew out of the concession, obtained its charter cheaply from a home Government blind to the fact of its being mainly an authorisation for land appropriation, without any visible compensation for the dispossessed. Mr. Hyatt's clear-sighted estimate of Lobengula in this connection is a pleasure to read. Equally cogent are the facts that he brings forward to prove that after the first Boer War the "Colonial" party were as dangerous to the Imperial Government as the Boers themselves; and that Rhodes, the future hero of "Imperial expansion," was the leading spirit of these anti-Imperialists, as against John Mackenzie, missionary and first Deputy Commissioner in Bechuanaland, who was Mr. Hyatt's ideal Imperialist. True, he claims

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that Rhodes afterwards became the Imperial idealist; but his early record, apart from anything else, is surely justification for the suspicion with which he was regarded by a good many people in this country at the time when the foolish were crying patriotism as justification for the Jameson Raid. Mr. Hyatt's book stops short of where many interesting phases of South African development begin, but it is an eloquent account of the northward movement, and a good introduction—from the purely Imperialistic standpoint—to the study of more recent history.

* * *

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When he first saw Rome, its brusque modernity shocked and disappointed him. But after a while he grew to admit its fascination, in spite of the rampant vandalism and intrusive modern architecture that offended him, and to realise what one might call the psychic inseparability of old and new. Yet, though the spirit of Rome appeals to him, he owns to no allegiance to her material parts, and freely criticises features that are commonly venerated. Of the interior of St. Peter's he says:—"It is as though here alone one had tried to please both God and the multitude . . . the place is less a church than a city in whose streets one may wander all day long searching in vain for God." The mosaics in S. Maria Maggiore pleased him, those at SS. Cosma and Damiano being, in his judgment, inferior; and he has a good word for Latin architecture as a whole, for it possesses "a sort of gift for entertaining the sunshine." He praises the genuine Greek sculpture in the Museo Nazionale, but has nothing but reprobation for Roman taste as displayed in the Capitoline and Vatican. He paints from a full palette, and occasionally the writing is over-

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ERNEST JAMES WILDE, ESQ.

Solicitors.

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BALANCE SHEET, 31st December, 1909.

LIABILITIES.			ASSETS.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
CAPITAL—			Cash at Bank of England and at Head Office and		
40,000 Shares of £75 each, £10 10s. paid	420,000	0 0	Branches	10,073,249	1 5
215,000 Shares of £60 each, £12 paid... ..	2,580,000	0 0	Money at Call and Short Notice	4,637,666	19 8
	3,000,000	0 0		14,710,916	1 1
RESERVE FUND	2,350,000	0 0			
	5,350,000	0 0	INVESTMENTS—		
CURRENT, DEPOSIT, and other ACCOUNTS, including			English Government Securities	8,454,551	4 4
rebate on Bills not due, provision for bad and	59,541,573	9 6	(Of which £115,500 is lodged for		
doubtful debts, contingencies, &c.			public accounts)		
ACCEPTANCES and ENDORSEMENTS of FOREIGN BILLS,	794,549	4 9	Indian and Colonial Govern-		
on Account of Customers			ment Securities; Debenture, Guaranteed,		
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT—			and Preference Stocks of British		
Balance of Profit and Loss Account,			Railways; British Corporation, and		
including £7,590 6s. 4d. brought	£629,165	18 3	Waterworks Stocks	7,252,069	4 0
from year 1908			Canal, Dock, River Conservancy,	454,355	10 5
Less Interim Divi-			and other Investments	16,161,275	18 9
dend, 8 per cent.				30,872,191	19 10
paid in Aug. last	£240,000	0 0		33,468,609	9 10
„ Dividend of 9 per			BILLS DISCOUNTED, LOANS, &c.		
cent. payable 5th	270,000	0 0	LIABILITY OF CUSTOMERS for ACCEPTANCES, &c., as per		
February next			Contra	794,549	4 9
„ Applied to writing	20,000	0 0	BANK PREMISES in London and Country	649,937	18 1
down Investments... ..				£65,785,288	12
	530,000	0 0			
Balance carried forward to 1910	99,165	18 3			
	£65,785,288	12 6			

M. O. FITZGERALD,
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ROBERT WIGRAM,

} Directors.

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Violet Hunt

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Critical Attitude

And Political and Social Articles by
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the DRAMA, REVIEWS, &c.

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opulent; but the freshness of his criticism redeems it from heaviness, and the book is greatly helped by Mr. Maxwell Armfield's sixteen delicate and daintily decorative illustrations.

* * *

THE sketch book is decidedly of greater importance than the diary in Lady Butler's "From Sketch Book and Diary" (Black, 10s. net). Several of the pictures are familiar to us, particularly the Egyptian ones, and the examples of both color work and black and white recall pleasantly that gift for rendering animated movement which brought reputation to the artist. As with most "figure painters," Lady Butler's essays in pure landscape have been regarded as of secondary merit; but some of the water color drawings reproduced here are wholly individual realisations of nature truly seen and tenderly felt, and should serve to call attention to this less known phase of her talent. The diary is emphatically a painter's diary. It records the author's observations of things seen during a tour through the West of Ireland in the 'seventies, in Egypt in 1885, in South Africa and in Italy; and it records them objectively, and mainly from the painter's point of view. It is not concerned with historical reminiscence, and its philosophy is elementary; yet, if it adds nothing to our knowledge of the countries described, and does not particularly stimulate the intellect, it is readable by reason of its fresh enthusiasm and graceful word-painting. The Italian section shows, perhaps, the most intimacy; here the scenes described were scenes revisited; part of her childhood was spent in the Italian Riviera, and the old haunts brought back some fragrant memories.

* * *

THERE is so little of the writer's own in proportion to the lengthy extracts quoted from other authors in Mr. Alfred Allinson's "The Days of the Directoire" (Lane, 16s. net) that the book assumes the character of a compilation rather than an original work. This is no great fault, since Mr. Allinson makes use of good authorities—Thibaudeau's "Mémoires," the writings of Barras, the Goncourts, Mignet, the "Cambridge Modern History," and the "Mémoires sur Carnot"—and readers who are willing to content themselves with a readable, if not very profound, account of the Directoire will find it in Mr. Allinson's pages. Much space is given to the social life of the period, but politics are not neglected. There are a couple of chapters on the abortive Babeuf conspiracy, to which Mr. Allinson seems to attach an undue importance.

The Week in the City.

				Price Friday morning, Jan. 21.		Price Friday morning, Jan. 28.
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POLITICS, the Settlement, and the fall in Americans have been the chief items of interest in the City, interesting it in the order of precedence given. At the end of last week the Tory enthusiasm of the Stock Exchange was roused to boiling point by the triumphant re-appearance on its floor of the victor of Brentford, and a rather ugly demonstration was made against a defeated Radical candidate who had talked, during his contest, about the Navy and its Christmas festivities in a manner which the House resented very bitterly. This week the feeling has been more sober, as it has been gradually realised that the re-awakened Toryism of suburban and agricultural voters has made little real impression on the strength of the Radical position, and that the Government has serious financial problems to face, complicated by the early maturity of the War Loan. Already the City is agog with anticipations of a loan to cover the expected deficit and to provide for expenditure on promised Dreadnoughts. Naturally enough it loves loans and the commissions and business that they bring with them, and so it would be idle to expect Stock Exchange opinion to

recognise that a nation which begins to pay its way by borrowing in time of peace has taken a first long step towards financial disaster. And the example of Germany, so dear to the heart of the patriotic Tariff Reformer, comes in aptly with a loan of 24 millions sterling, announced on Tuesday, to be offered on February 5th. This Protectionist State makes the foreigner pay so successfully that for the third year in succession she has to pledge her credit for what it will fetch.

DEMORALISED AMERICANS.

Wall Street, after a short period of rally, was again plunged into depression which is all the more disquieting because on the surface there is no very evident reason for it, so that it can only be attributed to deep-rooted and widespread influences. Chief among these are the country's adverse commercial balance, due to the rapidity with which it has been helping itself to foreign-made commodities, while its exports have been on an abnormally low level. Consequently its exchange is chronically adverse and is only kept from rising to gold export point by the creation of credits in England and in Europe by the manufacture of finance bills and sales of securities, which operators on this side of the water are not very eager to absorb. Only a highly developed country, with a mass of capital invested abroad, can afford to import more than it exports. Debtor nations like the United States must needs pay their way by exports, or outrun the constable. Besides this bedrock difficulty, which at present menaces American finance, the public revolt against the tyranny of the trusts, expressed in a self-denying ordinance to abstain from meat, is a serious feature, and shows how widespread and strong is popular feeling on this subject. Tariff Reformers will please note this pleasant result of the blessings of Protection, and the rings that organise themselves behind its cover.

GENERAL MARKETS.

In other markets business has been much interfered with by political excitement and the arrangements of the account. Home Railway stocks had some good dividends and traffics to cheer them, but have shown a drooping tendency owing to realisations by weak bulls before the Settlement. Foreign bonds are firm as usual, though the spirits of the Paris Bourse are naturally damped by the floods. Rubber shares seem to be attracting the attention of speculative investors all over the country and from many parts of the Continent. An enormous business has been done in them and prices have risen very rapidly, the market being a narrow one. Prospects are being capitalised generously, but the strength of the movement so far shows little sign of slackening.

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BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1909.

LIABILITIES.			ASSETS.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
CAPITAL—			CASH—		
700,000 Shares of £20	£14,000,000		In hand and at Bank of England ...	12,533,244	7 4
693,577 Shares issued £5 paid thereon ...	£3,467,885		At Call and Short Notice	11,564,929	1 6
6,423 Shares allotted to but not yet taken up by the London and Westminster Bank Shareholders and outstanding fractions in respect of which £5 per share is in hand	32,115			24,098,173	8 10
			BILLS DISCOUNTED	12,524,853	3 7
700,000	3,500,000	0 0	INVESTMENTS—		
RESERVE	4,250,000	0 0	Consols (of which £1,352,000 is lodged for Public Accounts), and other Securities of, or guaranteed by the British Government ...	7,930,252	19 1
CURRENT AND DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS	70,197,849	18 10	Indian Government Stock, and Indian Government Guaranteed Railway Stocks and Debentures ...	990,933	4 8
CIRCULAR NOTES, LETTERS OF CREDIT, COMMISSION LOANS, AND OTHER ACCOUNTS, including provision for contingencies	1,680,461	0 9	Colonial Government Securities, British Corporation Stocks, and British Railway Debenture Stocks	1,736,240	0 10
ACCEPTANCES FOR CUSTOMERS	3,589,770	19 4	Other Investments	331,660	15 10
LIABILITY BY ENDORSEMENT (Bills negotiated for Customers)	45,717	0 6		10,989,087	8 5
Contingent Liability on Endorsements	£655,011		ADVANCES TO CUSTOMERS AND OTHER ACCOUNTS	30,988,092	5 8
REBATE on Bills not due	52,869	19 4	LIABILITY OF CUSTOMERS FOR ACCEPTANCES, as per contra	3,589,770	19 4
PROFIT AND LOSS BALANCE, as below	497,787	19 9	LIABILITY OF CUSTOMERS FOR ENDORSEMENT, as per contra	45,717	0 6
	£83,794,456	18 6	BANK AND OTHER PREMISES (at cost, less amounts written off)	1,558,763	8 2
				£83,794,456	18 6

Dr.			PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.			Cr.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.		£	s. d.
To Interest paid to Customers	382,999	1 10	By Balance brought forward from 31st December, 1908 (London and County Banking Co., Ltd.)	104,178	13 5			
„ Salaries and all other expenses, including Income Tax and Auditors' and Directors' Remuneration	906,220	14 0	„ Balance brought forward from 30th June, 1909, after payment of dividend declared July, 1909 (London & Westminster Bank, Ltd.)	30,714	12 11		134,893	6 4
„ Rebate on Bills not due carried to New Account	52,869	19 4				„ Gross Profit, after making provision for Bad Debts and Contingencies, and including Rebate brought forward	2,004,984	8 7
„ Interim Dividend for Half-year ended 30th June, at 20 per cent. per annum	200,000	0 0	NOTE.—This Profit and Loss Account covers the operations of the London and County Bank from 1st January, 1909, to 30th June, 1909, and of the combined undertakings of the London and County and London and Westminster Banks, from 1st July, 1909, to 31st December, 1909.					
„ Depreciation in Investments	50,000	0 0						
„ Bank Premises Account	50,000	0 0						
„ Dividend for Half-year ended 31st Dec., at 20 per cent. per annum	350,000	0 0						
„ Balance carried forward	147,787	19 9						
	497,787	19 9						
	£2,139,877	14 11					£2,139,877	14 11

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T. J. CARPENTER, *Chief Accountant.*

AUDITORS' REPORT.

We have examined the above Balance Sheet and compared it with the Books at Lothbury and Lombard Street, and the Certified Returns received from the Branches.

We have verified the Cash in hand at Lothbury and Lombard Street and at the Bank of England and the Bills Discounted, and examined the Securities held against Money at Call and Short Notice, and those representing the Investments of the Bank.

We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required, and in our opinion the Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the Books of the Company.

LONDON, January 17th, 1910.

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no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

So far as we can gather, the majority has come back firmly, unitedly, and passionately resolved to subordinate every question to that of the veto. On the main issue no division exists; but on the question of tactics Sir Edward Russell, the veteran editor of the "Liverpool Post," and one of the wisest, as well as the most moderate, advisers of Liberalism, has raised a point which tests the extreme keenness of the party. Sir Edward insists that the question of the veto must be put even before the Budget, and that to pass that instrument before settling accounts with the Lords would be to surrender the only weapon by which the privilege of the Commons can be maintained. The fighting power of the Government would then have disappeared, and when the question of the veto was raised, the answer might be made that the issue raised by Lord Lansdowne's resolution had been settled. "The Budget has been referred to the people, and now you have got it. What more do you want?" Strong and prompt measures will, we are sure, prove to be the wisest. The fear that Mr. Balfour can come back to power, which the "Westminster" cherishes, seems to us illusory. Mr. Balfour can do nothing. His Ministry, if he could ever form it, would be made up of items and firebrands; the majority would, of course, refuse him supplies, and the Crown a second dissolution, which, indeed, he has no constitutional right to demand. In a word, he could never reach power, and, in our view, does not desire power.

SURELY in such a situation the Ministry has all the cards in its hands. Both the Labor Party and the main lead of Irish Nationalists (the latter in a very able and friendly article in the "Freeman's Journal") have signified their general adherence to the policy of attack

on the veto, and their desire not to embarrass the Government in pursuing it. On their side, we hope that the Government will reciprocate this friendliness, and that especially in the new appointments. For example, it is most desirable that, if a change takes place in the Board of Trade, the Minister who succeeds Mr. Churchill should be in full sympathy with the Labor policy of his predecessor, and have the power as well as the will to carry it out.

* * *

In any case we are convinced that the Parliamentary Party will assent to the passage of the Budget, strongly desired as it is by all sections of reformers, only on the understanding of an immediate and practically simultaneous concentration upon the veto. On that condition alone can faith be kept with the constituents. Reports from Scotland and from the North of England are unanimous that the question of the Lords was even more closely and fervently debated than that of the Budget, and that Mr. Asquith's pledge at the Albert Hall has everywhere been interpreted as an earnest of immediate action. Many Liberal members have already made it known that they only hold their seats on condition of dealing with the veto. This is also the basis of the understanding with the Irish and of any closer relations that may be formed with the Labor Party. Upon it the Government possess a majority nearer 130 than 120, and we are clear that not a vote should be wasted nor a moment lost.

* * *

THE elections are now complete, with the exception of those for the Scottish Universities and for Orkney and Shetland. If these three constituencies adhere to the parties which now represent them, the new House of Commons will consist of 275 Liberals, 273 Conservatives, 72 Nationalists, 10 Independent Nationalists, or O'Brienites, and 40 Labor members. Thus the Protectionist Party is in a minority of 124 votes against a Government supported by a coalition of Liberals, Nationalists, and Labor men, who are unquestionably solid on the issue of the veto. The actual majority will even be larger than this, for Mr. Lowther is included in the ranks of the Conservatives, and he will undoubtedly be the Speaker of the new Parliament, while Mr. Chamberlain's, and probably Mr. Collings's, attendance is impossible. Leaving Ireland out, the Administration possesses a British majority of sixty-three. The results in the North are very striking. Scotland and the counties of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, Derbyshire, Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmorland, send to Parliament 175 Liberal and Labor members and only fifty-four Conservatives. But for splits, the supporters of the Government would have been raised to 180, and those of the Opposition would have fallen to forty-nine. The Progressive majority in votes amounts to 388,812.

* * *

MUCH has been said as to the quality of the respective votes for the Government and the Opposition. On this point we have before us an instructive piece of evidence. A leading publisher writes to say that, for the purpose of selling books, his travellers divide England

in half: one section takes the North, the other the South; the Northern section stretching from Birmingham upwards and including Ireland and Scotland. The returns of the Northern travellers are more than double the returns of the Southern travellers, the conclusion being that Northern England, with its great artisan populations, contributes the main body of the thinking and reading classes. Southern England, with its pleasure resorts, cathedral cities, and garrison towns, all more or less associated with wealth, is, in comparison with the North, a non-reading population. The Government, therefore, may fairly be said to rest in large measure on the working brain and the reflective forces of the country.

* * *

WE observe that the "Daily Chronicle" and the "Daily News" have both inaugurated and vigorously prosecuted a movement for raising funds for a democratic and Free Trade propaganda in the constituencies, to counteract the doings and sayings of the monstrous regiment of "Tariff Reformers" that has just retired into winter quarters. We strongly approve the object; but we hope that the movements will coalesce, and that the newspapers concerned will drop their special organizations as soon as a competent central machinery has been devised. This is a matter for the Liberal Party as a whole, and there could hardly be a more important one.

* * *

EIGHTY associated Labor Exchanges were opened on Tuesday, and Mr. Churchill, who made a tour of inspection of some of the London offices, has promised that by June next 230 will be at work. All over the country there has been a rush of workmen, chiefly of the unskilled classes, seeking registration. The women who have applied have been mostly clerks, shop assistants, and typists. Employers have been sympathetic, and in course of time there will, no doubt, be regular recourse to the Exchanges both by workmen and by capitalists.

* * *

THE Seine floods are very slowly but quite steadily sinking. The plain below Paris which stretches toward Saint Germain is still a lake, but in the city itself only a few streets beside the river are now under water. A thick and unclean coating of mud remains where the flood had been. Sanitary measures are being taken with the utmost energy, and as yet there has been no sign of an epidemic. But communications are still nearly everywhere broken, and the consequent unemployment continues. We are only now beginning to learn how serious is the suffering and loss in the villages and remoter suburbs. At Rueil the water on Wednesday still lay four feet deep in the streets, and out of 2,000 inhabitants as many as 1,500 need relief. At Saint Denis there are gathered some 1,500 refugees, and some 8,000 workmen are unemployed. There has been some marauding, which, however, was soon suppressed by popular indignation. The soldiers and sailors have behaved with the greatest energy and resource in the work of rescue and prevention.

* * *

OUR Paris correspondent writes:—"It is an experience worth remembering to have assisted at so splendid a demonstration of courage and coolness, of humanity and solidarity, as Paris has given to the world during this terrible week. We have been treated during the last few years to many laments over the decadence of morality in France. Paris has given the lie to the croakers. We need not be concerned for the future of a people that has faced a disaster as this has been faced. The rescue work was magnificently organised: soldiers,

sailors, firemen, police, and voluntary helpers were all splendid. And the measures taken by the authorities could not have been better thought out. Throughout Paris the Seine on Friday was above the level of the soil; it was kept back only by the parapets. These were strengthened or heightened and gaps caused by paths leading down to the river were walled up. The result was that we never had water on the Place de la Concorde, or the Champs Elysées, or the Tuileries; some of the Quais were flooded, but not, except in the few cases already mentioned, by the Seine itself."

* * *

TURKISH bazaars and Viennese cafés have been more disturbed during this week by rumors and fear than at any time since the acute stages of the late Balkan complication. This nervousness had several causes. Anything may happen in Greece; Crete is nearing some period or crisis in her fever; Bulgaria is restive, and Macedonia disturbed. But the real fear in the background is, we imagine, of some Austrian move. We know, for our part, of no warrant for this alarm, but the Turks clearly think they know something. The sudden and clumsy attempt of Baron Aehrenthal to patch up a reconciliation with Russia is probably the origin of the unrest. The Turks dread above all else a renewal of the partnership between the two Eastern Empires which used to control their destinies. They can hardly expect a wantonly aggressive move. But, in any one of the complications which Greeks, Bulgars, or Cretans have it in their power to cause in the immediate future, such a partnership would be an awkward and perhaps a dangerous factor for them. They trust the disinterested influence of Great Britain and France, but they will never bring themselves to confide in the two Empires which used to be grouped during the Macedonian complication as the "interested Powers."

* * *

TOWARDS Bulgaria Hakki Pasha seems to be behaving with a commendable prudence. She can make herself respected. Some eight Macedonian Bulgars have been sentenced to death at Salonica for the murder of a Servian agent. What the evidence was no man can say, for they were tried in secret by one of the summary "brigandage" tribunals—a detestable expedient in time of peace. Even were they guilty, such a punishment contrasts too sharply with the leniency shown to the Turkish contrivers of massacre at Adana. The Bulgarians of the kingdom at once manifested their anger, and Hakki Pasha has wisely sent a reprieve to Salonica. Towards Greeks and Cretans he shows no such gentleness. They are not formidable. He has issued a sort of circular which reads like an ultimatum, threatening drastic action if the Cretans should send deputies to the National Assembly. This is a merely provocative move, for the Assembly cannot meet in Greece for several months to come. There are rumors of warlike preparations, probably exaggerated. To us the most ominous fact is the resignation on grounds of "ill-health" of Sir Douglas Gamble, the English Admiral who commands the Turkish Fleet. Such a withdrawal would be inevitable if Turkey had decided on some aggressive action. A British squadron, consisting of a battleship and three cruisers, has sailed for Greek waters, and it is said that the Powers propose once more to occupy Crete—a very proper precaution.

* * *

MEANWHILE, the internal situation in Greece is one of steadily increasing anarchy. At the suggestion of M. Venezelos, the very capable Cretan Premier, who has been busily wire-pulling in Athens, the Military League

has unmasked a fresh battery. It has demanded the calling of a National Assembly to revise the Constitution. The Constitution may be faulty, but the changes which are publicly mentioned as desirable are relatively trivial. It is a natural suspicion that something much larger is contemplated—a constituent Assembly which might overthrow the dynasty, or establish a republic, or annex Crete. The King, the Ministry, and the wiser Opposition chiefs at first resisted this proposal, but the League followed its usual procedure of confining the troops to barracks, and the menace has had the usual effect. The King has yielded, and a new Cabinet is now in power, under M. Dragoumis, a respected personality, who was, however, badly compromised in the worst phases of the Greek raids in Macedonia. Colonel Zorbas, of the League, is his Minister of War. It is a part of the bargain that the League shall dissolve when the Assembly is convoked. But no one regards this promise very seriously. The Leaguers, through Colonel Zorbas, will still control the army. It is hard to see any end to this brainless military despotism, until, perhaps, in the fulness of time, the conspirators fall out among themselves.

* * *

THE German Ambassador delivered an interesting speech on Friday at a banquet in the Hotel Cecil. Protesting against the interpretations of German policy which have been current during this election, he said that since German unity had been accomplished Germans had no further thought of aggressive war as a means of attaining national aims. The very fact that Germany is a nation in arms gives her a sense of responsibility, and she will use her strength only for some just and great purpose. Her primary aim is to develop her export trade. That is the whole meaning of *Weltpolitik*, the policy which aims at the peaceful acquisition of new markets. War can play no part in that policy, for in international exchange the destruction of one of two rivals could not advantage the other. The commerce and credit of the world is far too closely knit to make war, under modern conditions, a profitable adventure to an industrial nation. The new German fleet does not aim at supremacy on the seas. It is required to safeguard and defend the growing interests of German commerce at sea. So far from being a secret menace, the building programme has been known to all the world for ten years, and is unalterably fixed by Act.

* * *

AN entertaining Cromwellian interlude has enlivened the sittings of the Reichstag. A typical Prussian Junker, Herr von Oldenburg, remarked that the obedience of the soldier should be so absolute that at any time the Kaiser may say to any lieutenant, "Take ten men and close the Reichstag." The Reichstag was divided between laughter and anger. Some members suggested that the Captain of Koepenick was really the proper person to give such an order. The Socialists demanded that the President should call Herr von Oldenburg to order. But the President, who happens to be the hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenberg, seems to have reflected that, in Court circles, these Junker sentiments would be popular. He refused to call Herr von Oldenburg to order, and fell instead, with all the weight of his censure, on the Socialist Deputy Ledebour. On a vote taken subsequently to remove this censure, only the Poles ventured to support the Socialists. The incident is pure comedy, but it does serve to show how little reality there was in the recent agitation against "personal rule." But the Reichstag is probably quite out of touch with German opinion. The Socialists

have just won another seat by a by-election, the fourth since last year's Budget.

* * *

LAST Saturday afternoon a terrible accident occurred on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, as the Brighton express to London was approaching the Stroat's Nest station. One of the coaches in the middle of the train left the line; the couplings parted, the four front carriages remaining on the line; but the carriages behind were all wrecked, seven passengers were killed, and forty-two injured. From the evidence given on Tuesday at the Board of Trade inquiry, it is difficult to trace the exact cause of the disaster. The points outside the station appear to have been in good condition, and the signalman found them in working order after the accident. The chief mechanical engineer to the railway company seems to have thought that a front bogie wheel may have shifted during the journey, but he considered it improbable, and the inquiry was closed without a conclusion, as happens too frequently in these cases. Whatever was the cause, it is evidently imprudent to run these heavy expresses over points or round sharp curves at something between forty-five and fifty miles an hour, which the guard said was the rate in this case.

* * *

WE observe with pleasure that the Women's Social and Political Union have decided to drop militant tactics—for the present. Even if this is meant to be truce rather than peace, it is an event of some consequence, because it opens the way to a healing of some of the wounds made in this wretched war between men and women. We have always understood that the Government attached importance, from a social point of view, to the closing of this strife. We hope the report that prisoners belonging to the Women's Social and Political Union have just been set at liberty is evidence of this view, and we hope further that the one or two women belonging to the Freedom League, which is, we understand, included in the cessation of violent tactics, now in prison will be released, and that the pending actions against members of this body will be dropped. Then we can all begin to see a little clearer.

* * *

AN addition has been made to the long list of business and schoolmaster bishops by the appointment of Dr. Pollock to the see of Norwich. Little known as a preacher, and unknown as a writer, or even as a figure in Church activities, Dr. Pollock's success as assistant master at Marlborough, and as head master of Wellington, may be supposed to qualify him for the management of a not very difficult diocese. He is also an old blue. We should have thought that more than enough stress had been laid on the administrative side of a bishop's life; but appointment after appointment shows that it still overshadows both scholarship and saintliness. Is not the Anglican Church in danger of being managed to death?

* * *

WE regret to record the death of Mr. J. G. Talbot, who was a member for Oxford University from 1878 to the end of the last Parliament. Mr. Talbot lacked the intellectual distinction of his brother, the Bishop of Southwark, but he belonged to the same school of Churchmanship, which was also Gladstone's, and though his style betrayed a certain unreadiness of mind and timidity of thought, he was of the best type of member of Parliament. Mr. Talbot's party hardly seems to require such service as he gave it, but his line of religious thought will now be represented afresh in the House by Lord Hugh Cecil.

Politics and Affairs.

THE KING AND THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

"The ultimate authority in the English Constitution is a newly elected House of Commons; . . . no matter whether it be the imposing of a tax or the issuing a paper currency; no matter whether it be a question relating to India, or Ireland, or London—A NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS CAN DESPOTICALLY AND FINALLY RESOLVE."—*Bagehot, "The English Constitution."*

"The House of Commons may, as was explained, assent in minor matters to the revision of the House of Lords, and submit, in matters about which it cares little, to the suspensive veto of the House of Lords; but when freshly elected it is ABSOLUTE—it can rule as it likes, and decide as it likes"—*The Same.*

"The head of the Executive can overcome the resistance of the Second Chamber by choosing new members of that Chamber; IF HE DO NOT FIND A MAJORITY, HE CAN MAKE A MAJORITY."—*The Same.*

It is, we suppose, the business of the managers of the Opposition to put before the people of this country, and, we are bound to add, before its Sovereign, their own view of the political situation. But it is none the less the duty of the Government and its friends to bring that view into some relation with the facts. One correction is, we think, indispensable. The Opposition, by a direct violation of the law and custom of the Constitution, and by a long course of action subversive of its spirit and fatal to its practice, have challenged the powers of the Crown and brought up the whole problem of its relations to Lords and Commons. Now, they say, let us "leave the King out of the question." They should have thought of that last year and the preceding years. They could have left him out of the question, had it not been for their blind rage against the Budget, and their resolve to cut down a Liberal Government at all costs. They could have shown some feeling for the difficulties of his position, when, without even informing him of their intentions, their leaders devised and compassed their plot against the privileges of the House of Commons. Historians of the twentieth century will have some pretty strong remarks to make on the way the King has been treated by the party from which he had a right to expect consideration. It might have been thought that even Mr. Balfour's selfishness would have been stirred when he surveyed the inevitable consequences of setting the two Houses in acute conflict, and leaving the Crown to find an adjustment. No such vision crossed the brain of the wreckers who brought about the revolution of last November. The Crown might shift for itself, while they settled their account with Mr. Lloyd George. The election might yield a victory, and then all would be well. Even if they failed, there were other tricks in the bag, with (best of all) the hope that the King might be induced to act against the Constitution.

Well, they have failed, and now, forsooth, when the King has authoritative counsellors, when the country has decided to retain the men on whose advice he dissolved Parliament, and to accept their policy, the voices to which he must listen are those of the defeated party, able to count only 273 votes in the new House of Commons. For the second time the country has decided that it will not have Mr. Balfour at

any price. Yet Mr. Balfour is to govern England. The Opposition is in the hands, not of Conservative, but of reactionary forces, which have been guilty of a flagrant *coup d'état*. Yet we are to proceed as if nothing in particular had happened, and as if the Constitution, which has stopped dead, were marching smoothly on. One party in the State, by virtue of an improper and unconstitutional use of the House of Lords, converts a trifling faction of 168 members into a winning party on four capital issues submitted to Parliament since 1906—finance, the land question, education, and the control of the liquor traffic. Now it is to continue and crown its work. "If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" If the Lords and their agent in the Commons, or Mr. Balfour and his handy-men in the Lords, thus thwarted and repulsed a majority of 340, what measure of gracious forbearance will they hold out to a majority of 124?

The Tory Party have, therefore, set a pretty dish before the King. Let us, without using the language either of insincerity or of mere flattery, be thankful that at such a moment the Crown is in such good hands. "The value," says Bagehot, "of a discreet, calm, wise Monarch, if such should happen to be reigning at the acute crisis of a nation's destiny, is priceless. He can prevent years of tumult, save bloodshed and civil war, lay up a store of grateful fame to himself, prevent the accumulated intestine hatred of each party to its opposite." The Tory Party, indeed, are prepared to see this store of good-will spilt on the ground. They contemplate, without dismay, the abandonment by the Crown of the position which has given it its firm hold on the affections of the people. They see the Sovereign descending from the lofty position of impartiality which he and his predecessors have so long occupied, to the admiration of the Empire and of the world. They call upon him to descend into the arena of party strife, to reject the advice of his Ministers and the representatives of the people; to exclude the Liberal Party from office, and to convert the entire forces of Liberalism, Labor, and Nationalism into a permanent Opposition. They call, in short, for an even more complete upset of constitutional traditions than that unsuccessfully attempted by the House of Lords on November 30th. In making this demand they ignore not only the natural disposition and character of the Monarch, but the essential conditions of limited sovereignty. The King is not the actual ruler, the final source of energy in the British Constitution. He is the permanent and impartial Chairman of our Board of Empire. He is set to watch the sway of its dominant forces, and to keep something like an equilibrium between them. But this is a work of interpretation, of guidance, not of initiation. All our constitutional writers agree that the final working authority exists in the will of the nation, expressed through the representative power. Thus our Constitution, unlike the American Constitution, possesses "a single determining energy." Obviously this will exists at its utmost strength and purity when the House of Commons is newly elected. Then—according to Bagehot, the most lucid and penetrative of our modern writers on the Constitu-

tion—it is really autocratic. A new House of Commons can do anything and will anything. *A fortiori*, it can brush all serious obstacles from its path, and need tolerate lesser obstacles only by its own free choice. On this point the authority we have quoted is clear, and he has Professor Dicey's powerful support. "The head of the Executive can overcome the resistance of the Second Chamber by choosing new members of that Chamber. If he do not find a majority, he can make a majority." In other words, so powerful is this organ of the nation when it has received a fresh impress of its master's will, that its chief instrument and spokesman, the Prime Minister, is himself clothed with the necessary power to end the opposition of the House of Lords. His recourse to the Crown is to obtain an endorsement of that authority, which he exercises by virtue of rights inherent in and essential to the British Constitution. Bagehot, indeed, insists that this "safety valve" of the constitutional system, as he calls it, is best exercised by the direct "appointee" of the Commons, and by him alone, because, he says, few kings possess the knowledge of affairs, and also the character and temperament, which difficult political situations require in a governing head. Happily, we have a Monarch who possesses this training and these qualifications. But it is none the less true that, in thus approaching the Crown, a Minister fresh from a national mandate and from the resulting vote of a new House of Commons, is himself vested with real and far-reaching authority.

The inference from these facts is, we think, clear. The nation has spoken. The Ministry, supported by the House of Commons, is alone entitled to interpret that voice. Its power of divination is direct, and fresh from the source. No one can go behind it and pick its supporting forces to pieces. The Ministry is united, and there is no question of an alternative Cabinet. All the schemes aiming at reform of the Lords obviously wait on the settlement of the dispute as to powers. The election was taken on an abuse of power by the one House at the expense of the other, and only when that has been determined does the question of the final composition of the House of Lords arise. Withal, Mr. Asquith makes a just and reasonable demand when he declares that, as the Monarchy has long abandoned its absolute veto on legislation, the House of Lords should follow its example. But if he is to be fully armed for his task, it is essential that he should act with speed, and with clear apprehension of the exclusive character of the issue. We therefore hope to see the Veto Bill introduced at the earliest moment of the Session, if possible within a few days of its inauguration. And we trust to see the King's Speech stripped bare even of the hint of legislation which does not point directly to the dominant issue.

THE USE OF THE MAJORITY.

ARITHMETIC was never the strong point of the Tariff Reformer, but we had supposed him capable of distinguishing between a plus and a minus quantity. From a perusal of the "Times," we are driven to conclude that

this was too favorable a view. The "Times" distinguishes three great Imperial issues on which the verdict of the constituencies has been given—national defence, the constitutional question, and Tariff Reform. On the third of them it admits some uncertainty, but on the first two "the answer is sufficiently clear," and "on both subjects it is completely reassuring to those who have upheld the Unionist and Imperialist view." One might suppose that there existed a majority of 124, comprising many Free Traders, but averse from Mr. Asquith on the supreme question of the Lords. An intelligent foreigner unacquainted with the actual figures, and reading the "Times" for the first time, might infer that on this Tariff question the country was pretty equally divided, but that the fear of constitutional changes had brought in the Unionists by a decisive majority. Now, this is worth pointing out, because it is not merely an eccentricity on the part of the "Times," but indicative of a state of mind, and also a deliberate and thoroughly unscrupulous tactic, which are widely prevalent among the Opposition. Having failed to destroy our majority, they profess to ignore it. They claim the verdict of the country for themselves, for the House of Lords, and against the Budget, and they claim it with just as much right as Mr. Gladstone would have had if he had claimed the verdict of 1886 as a decision in favor of Home Rule. Mr. Asquith's majority is larger than that which gave Lord Salisbury a six years' tenure of power. It is little inferior to the majority which defeated the Liberals in 1895 and inaugurated ten years of Tory rule. It is, moreover, a majority elected, as nearly as any majority can be under our system, on a single and comprehensive issue. With remarkable clearness, and with justifiable iteration, Mr. Asquith put before the electors the supreme question of the day. He declared his position at the Albert Hall. He confined his election address to the single point. He declined all promises of legislation on any question whatever until the authority of the House of Commons should be vindicated. The result is that he comes back to power with one of the largest majorities of modern times—a majority differing, indeed, within itself upon some issues, but united and concentrated on the one issue that governs all the rest.

There is no doubt of the opinion of the country. Tariff Reform has captured some of the agricultural districts and some of the decaying industries and ill-organised trades. But nowhere has the action of the House of Lords gained votes for the Opposition, and nowhere have its claims any serious social force to rely upon for a backing. It remains for the Government to execute the mandate of the constituencies, and with that object to subordinate everything to the vindication of the rights of the representative House. The Opposition places its trust in the inherent difficulties of the constitutional position. The limitation of the legislative veto, together with the formal extinction of the financial veto, must be incorporated in a Bill—it will, of course, be a single Bill—and this Bill must be accepted by the House of Lords. It is at this point that they expect to find salvation. The Lords are to throw out the Bill, and thus force a second dissolution within

six, perhaps within three or four, months—a dissolution which is to find the Liberals exhausted in energy and finance, and their opponents prepared to be borne to power on the ever-flowing tide of beer. But at this point they make a little miscalculation. There exists, as we remind our readers in the preceding article, an ultimate resource known to the Constitution, by which the unreasonable opposition of the Upper House can be overcome; that is to say, by the creation of peers. There is no doubt whatever, in view of his Albert Hall speech, that Mr. Asquith will advise his Majesty that the time has come when this instrument, disagreeable and objectionable as it may be, must be brought into play. With characteristic disregard of precedent and of constitutional ethics, the Opposition appears to assume that the King will reject the advice of his Ministers for the sake of those who, we must assume, rejected his advice in the autumn. They may not see the full implication of this position, but it amounts to nothing less than the permanent institution of the Unionist Party in power, without regard to the views of the electorate or the composition of the House of Commons.

A demand so extravagant must be met with firmness from the outset. Fortunately, Mr. Asquith has made his position perfectly clear. Speaking at once for himself and his colleagues, he declared that he would neither assume nor hold office without adequate guarantees that the work of the House of Commons would not be wasted and its energies spent in ploughing the sands. The nature of these guarantees is known to all men; they consist in the requisite power to overcome in the last resort the opposition of the House of Lords, and to this end there is one means, and one only, known to the constitution. In the faith that the requisite guarantees would be obtained, constituencies have been fought and won, and even if there were any thought of paltering with the question among our leaders, which there is not, members could not face their constituencies with a record of pledges broken in this vital matter. It is urged by a few faint hearts that by keeping his pledge Mr. Asquith risks the possibility of a second dissolution. That risk is always before us, but let us ask fairly in which direction lies the best chance of averting it, in facing the question now while the controversy is fresh upon us, when no new issue has arisen, when a second dissolution would mean the putting of precisely the same question twice over to the electorate, or in deferring the decision till some months have passed, when the situation will, in fact, have changed in some material respects, and a second election, if troublesome to all concerned, would not be too absurd to contemplate? If, to take the worst that could happen, we suppose that Mr. Asquith failed at this juncture to obtain the guarantees of which he spoke, what would be the alternative? Mr. Balfour might attempt to form a Ministry and to carry on the Government? What would be his position? How could he deal with the existing House of Commons, and what shadow of right would he find for recommending a dissolution? His task would be hopeless, and if he attempted it, it could only be with the result of re-establishing Mr. Asquith more firmly in power, with a more assured authority for insisting on the conditions upon which

alone he or any Liberal Minister can henceforward hold office. These conditions may be expressed in a moderate form, provided always that the fundamental object is secured, that after every allowance has been made for the claim of suspensory and revising powers there shall come a point at which the will of the people, expressed through their representatives, shall prevail. To secure this result has been the object with which the election has been fought, and upon which it has been won. Nor can any Liberal Government, now or in the future, hold power except with the assurance that this object is within its grasp.

THE VALUE OF LABOR EXCHANGES.

WHEN a factory manager wants a few more "hands" in one of his departments, a builder two or three more bricklayers, a tradesman another clerk or shop-assistant, his course of proceeding, so soon as our new Labor Exchanges are got into full working, will be greatly simplified. He will no longer be the creature of chance, taking on a man who happens to apply at the right time, or some one whom his foreman happens to know is out of a job, or some stray person who turns up in answer to a casual advertisement. He will ring up the Labor Exchange, stating his wants; they will tell him what men or women with the required qualifications they have on their register; if he comes down to the Exchange or sends his foreman, they will have the likely men on hand for him to inspect and interrogate; or if he will leave it to their discretion they will select the men that seem most suitable. If the local Exchange cannot directly meet his demand, it is in close, constant communication with neighboring Exchanges and can probably procure at short notice the labor he requires, or if this labor market is tight, the provincial Exchange is in touch with the whole national supply of labor through the National Exchange, and will be enabled to draw unoccupied men from some quite distant place to meet the particular demand. This will be an immense saving of time, trouble, and expense for the employer, securing him the pick of available labor from the widest area in the quickest time.

Not less advantageous is the new mechanism from the standpoint of the worker. It ought soon to banish from sight the pathetic spectacle of the workman, displaced by some new process or some trade depression, wandering from factory to factory, from yard to yard, with some dim and ever dwindling hope of being "taken on," sometimes led by vague rumor to tramp from town to town, gradually losing the expectation and even the capacity for regular employment. Hitherto, very little trouble has been taken to conserve the labor power which is the main source of our industrial civilisation: large masses of it have been suffered continually to waste and decay, poisoning by their enforced idleness the social system. Our postal, railway, financial, and other departments of profitable activity have long enjoyed clearing-houses which are veritable miracles of ingenuity. It is matter of regret, even of shame, that England, the most advanced country of the world in the arts of industry and commerce, should have waited for Ger-

many, Holland, and other nations to lead the way in establishing a clearing-house for labor.

The success of the seventy Labor Exchanges now set up in all our chief industrial centres depends upon the fulfilment of two conditions. The first is a favorable attitude of mind in employers and workers. This is a matter of goodwill and of faith, a conviction that an impartial regard for social welfare dominates the administrator of the Exchange. The whole idea of the Exchange is based on a reasonable belief that to secure the proper post for the proper man is of equal advantage to both of the parties concerned. When employers on the one hand, workers and their unions on the other, learn by experience that the Exchange officials are not endeavoring to interfere with or to restrict, but rather to facilitate and enlarge, their choice and rights of bargaining, they will, we are convinced, be willing to adopt the Labor Exchange in the same spirit as the telephone or any other labor-saving device of our modern civilisation. How far and how fast this habit grows, will largely depend upon the discretion with which the able men appointed to manage the local Exchanges perform duties which, particularly at the outset, will involve great resourcefulness and responsibility.

The other condition of success is the early provision of those other instruments required to give efficacy to an unemployed policy. Though Labor Exchanges will abate the worry and the waste of unemployment, they do not furnish a remedy. Their operation will not sensibly increase the aggregate volume of employment. When a general wave of depression spreads over the national trade, large numbers of workmen registering their want of work at the Exchanges will not be able to find employment until trade revives: skilled hands, displaced by some new labor-saving machine rapidly introduced into the trade, will not easily pass into any allied trade at ordinary times. Thus it may well come to pass that the inability of Labor Exchanges to find work for most or many of the applicants may lead to disappointment, disparagement, and neglect. For this reason, if for no other, it is urgently necessary that, so soon as political emergencies allow, the other related sections of the unemployed policy, especially the insurance scheme already promised, should be brought into being. If every man in the building or the engineering trades can look forward with confidence to the fact that, whenever he is out of work, he can either obtain employment through the Exchange, or, in default, an income sufficient to tide him and his family over the period of idleness, a most notable advance in social order and social justice will have been made. The extension of the insurance scheme to all the staple trades, accompanied by the provision through the Labor Exchanges of "a waiting salary" for workers in those trades to which a compulsory insurance scheme may be inapplicable, will be a practical solution of the gravest problem of unemployment. Until these proposals are clothed in legislation, and some further machinery is devised for dealing with the cases which the Exchanges will sift out as unemployable, the full utility of the Labor Exchange must rest in abeyance.

Though further delay in the development of this un-

employed policy will justly rank as one count in the indictment against the Lords, we cannot refrain from expressing our deep regret that the Government did not in the beginning of their career press forward this constructive policy. The defence of Free Trade, entrusted to them four years ago, urgently demanded it. Its neglect has placed in the hands of our Protectionists by far the most formidable weapon they possess, and one which they have wielded with immense effect in this General Election. It was evident four years ago that Free Traders had no arguments, simple and popular, by which they could meet effectively the passionate and specious appeals which their adversaries made for Tariff Reform as a cure for local trade depression and unemployment. Recognising as they did that Free Trade could not secure fullness and regularity of employment, and aware that Protection could not increase, but must diminish, the aggregate of national employment, they failed to take due account of the forcible appeals which could be made to the narrower local outlooks of ordinary men by politicians bent upon the art of electioneering. The only effective answer to these appeals consists in completing the machinery of which Labor Exchanges are the foundation. We must establish an instrument of social order, such as is most comprehensively described in the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission, which shall secure for the body of genuine working-men and women in the country the open road to adequate subsistence upon honorable terms. Nothing short of this satisfies the sense of justice in the breast of the worker as he confronts the hazards of his life.

THE PURPOSE OF GERMAN ARMAMENTS.

The speech which the German Ambassador delivered at a banquet in London last Friday was interesting, not merely as an apology for the German navy, but also as an innovation in diplomatic practice. It went far beyond the platitudes about amity and peace which are customary on ceremonial occasions. It was, for all its quietness of form and its tact in phrasing, a consciously polemical utterance. It was an answer to exaggerations and interpretations which have played a part in the General Election, and it was spoken before that election was technically quite completed. The speech in itself has been much noted and commented upon. But it is a tribute to Count Metternich's skill that its comparative novelty as a procedure has passed unnoticed. This new method in diplomacy is, after all, so natural and so salutary that we are all disposed to accept it as though it were the commonest instead of the rarest incident in the intercourse of peoples. It marks the abandonment of the fiction which used to regard an Ambassador, first, as a species of international courtier despatched by one monarch to another, and, later, as an official of the Foreign Office accredited to do business with other officials as remote and sacrosanct as himself. He is gradually becoming the recognised spokesman of one nation to another, and it is proper that a spokesman should speak. The Germans, who know how to combine modernity in method with a very rigid aristocratic and monarchical tradition, have gone further than any other

European people in discarding the reticences of the older diplomacy. It happened that Count Pourtales in St. Petersburg was making, almost on the same day, a speech as outspoken, and yet in all probability as calculated, as Count Metternich's. Our own tradition is bound as yet by all the old rigidities of silence. Our diplomatists abhor the platform as our Foreign Office ignores the Press.

The burden of the Ambassador's very quiet and temperate answer to English alarmists was a denial of the current Jingo suspicion that, in rebuilding her fleet, Germany aims at an eventual supremacy at sea. His statements, one fears, will make little impression in the quarter at which they are aimed. When an obsession has gone so far as this, any attempt to remove it is apt to be treated as one proof the more of a Machiavellian design. A Power which did scheme to build an Armada in secret would not scruple to use specious explanations as a screen. Yet the salient fact about the German preparations has been their candor and publicity. The whole scheme was mapped out in advance and published to the world. Its motives and aims were embodied with an almost startling frankness in the famous preamble to the Navy Act of 1900. That preamble, as the "Manchester Guardian" points out, is commonly misquoted. It runs thus, in its cold and almost brutal calculation:—

Under the existing circumstances, in order to protect Germany's sea trade and colonies, there is one means only, viz., Germany must have a fleet of such strength that even for the mightiest naval Power, a war with her would involve such risks as to jeopardise its own supremacy.

For this purpose it is not absolutely necessary that the German fleet should be as strong as that of the greatest sea Power, because generally a great sea Power would not be in a position to concentrate all its forces against us. But even if it should succeed in confronting us in superior force, the enemy would be so considerably weakened in overcoming the resistance of a strong German fleet that, notwithstanding a victory gained, the enemy's supremacy would not at first be secured any longer by a sufficient fleet.

There is here a perfectly sane and reasonable prevision. It would be folly to deny that it refers primarily to ourselves. But the eventuality which it contemplates is certainly not a German aggression. It is rather some such attack from our side as Mr. Arthur Lee coolly speculated upon in public. We have honestly to set this German ideal of a fleet strong enough to make an attack dangerous against our own consecrated standard of a fleet strong enough to crush those of the two next greatest Powers in combination. If we can, with any show of sincerity, maintain that our standard is unaggressive, the German criterion is modesty itself. For our part, we believe that the cold and open reasoning of this preamble, so far from concealing any ulterior ambition, is an exact and scientific rendering of the precise thought which does, in fact, inspire the German building. The presupposition in the minds of those who doubt its sincerity is, we suppose, the assumption that when once a Power begins to think in terms of force, no force is worth having which is not supreme. That is a crudity which all experience contradicts. One might as well argue that, because the French army must always

be numerically inferior to the German, the French might as well disarm and fling themselves on the pitiful toleration of Europe. They know, of course, that however efficient their army may be, it can never again dream of crossing the Rhine or march to the music of "à Berlin." But it can, by a well-conceived plan of mobilisation, and by some superiority in armament, maintained by constant sacrifices and the best aid of science, hope to oppose to an invader a resistance which would make aggression a too costly and fruitless adventure. The same reasoning which inspires the French to maintain their army has tempted the Germans to re-build their fleet. Each hopes by adequate preparation to avert a conflict from which neither could expect to profit, and the chief purpose of the army in the one case, and of the fleet in the other, is to render diplomatic intercourse possible on something approaching equal terms. The breaking point, or the yielding point, in any negotiations will be postponed so long as the stronger Power is persuaded that, in the clash by which it may hope to overbear its rival, it would itself lose much of its own weight and solidity.

Count Metternich's speech was notable, not merely for the skill with which he contrived to suggest the defensive purpose of German armaments, but also for the rare excursion into a more speculative field, when he argued that modern credit and industry have made wars of aggression senseless and obsolete. Mr. Norman Angell, whose powerful tract on "Europe's Optical Illusion" was noticed in these columns, may congratulate himself, we think, on having gained a disciple in Count Metternich. The phrases, the very illustrations which have given this little book a deserved success, reappear in the Ambassador's speech. Once grasp the simple fact that all trade is an exchange, and no nation can desire the ruin of another. It is probable, indeed, that international credit is now so highly organised that the victor would suffer from the losses he inflicted on the vanquished hardly less severely than the beaten foe. A triumphant bombardment of Hamburg would no doubt mean ruin to Berlin, but it would also shake every bank and every insurance office in the City. These elementary conceptions which underlie all the modern intercourse between nations cannot be too widely popularised. War was a sane adventure when the aristocracy of the successful nation could annex the lands of the vanquished and reduce its peasantry to serfdom. The Normans behaved quite reasonably. But under modern conditions, where one community of traders and bankers can only hope to ruin another community of customers and clients, it is an unintelligible folly. When once this simple truth is grasped, a corollary follows. If war is obsolete, then armaments are a superfluous barbarism. Step by step the progress of law and custom has removed the incentives to war. Pillage on land and the confiscation of estates are utterly out of date. It remains to make the preying upon the enemy's commerce at sea equally antiquated. The preamble of the German Navy Act starts from the necessity of protecting German commerce. To secure the commerce of belligerents by international agreement is to destroy the last cogent argument for costly naval defences.

Life and Letters.

WATER-CITIES.

To the water-cities among the hurrying towns of Europe belongs an eternal crown of peace. Where no wheel has ever rumbled, there is the enduring calm. Where no whip has ever rent the air, there is the repose of a lasting kindliness. It is a literary fiction that Eastern towns are drowsy. Their cobbles ring through the long daylight to the clatter of incessant hoofs. The water-carrier and the melon-seller cry all day through the bazaar. The dogs rise up from their noon-time slumbers to chase the intruder from their traditional quarter, and to remind the human stranger of his eccentricity and his foreign garb. The thong and the stick fall amid guttural shouts upon the hides of the oxen and the worn coats of the asses. Peace comes only at sundown, when the stray traveller lights his furtive lantern, and the muezzin chants his reminder that prayer is better than sleep. If there is a world of opium and silence, it is hidden in shady courts, behind latticed windows, or in the quadrangles of the deserted Arab mosque, where the feet sink in the sand that lies deep on the flags and tiles, and memory searches for the deeds that cling to the musical name of Ibn Touloun.

The drowsy cities are the seats of sea-empires, where the spoils came in through Zuyder Zee or Adriatic, where the churches and the tombstones gloat on triumphant robberies, and the calm reposes on a past of deeds achieved. They are gloriously decadent, the two great water-cities. The canals of Amsterdam mirror none but the tall seventeenth century houses, with the dolphins that curl on either side of their rounded gables. Venice stands untroubled by present or future, massive in her enduring past. It is the silent element of water which laps them in the dignity of peace. The spell, indeed, is broken in Amsterdam, where the new red Bourse rises in its strong simplicity among tramways and carts. But the intrusion of traffic only serves to emphasise the tranquillity of the streets which border the canals. Here where the bookshops line a deserted quay, there where the barges are transformed into a market of flowers, and down those long avenues where only the ripple of a passing boat breaks the slowly moving shadow of the trees, the peace of centuries is unbroken and unassailed. The silence is only half the charm. Subtler even than the silence is the pervading sense of rest that belongs to still and untroubled water. A hurrying stream is the prototype of unrest. But water which has reached its level is the symbol of attainment. One does not ask of a canal from what melted snows its waters came, or down what gorges and cascades it flung itself in its need of calm. It has arrived. It is still. It brings its unimaginative peace to the men who build upon its banks.

It has been said of Paris during these weeks of flood that it was *Venise malgré lui*. It had, indeed, become a water-city. Boats plied through its streets. The sound of wheels was forgotten, until men must have longed for the unquiet rumble and the dusty air of traffic. The harried beasts which still survive the coming of petrol rested in their stables through a week of Puritan Sabbaths—if, indeed, their stables were not inundated. But there the parallel ends. The water came with ruin, and it may go out with pestilence. To the chance foreigner or the curious crowd which descended from the safe heights of Montmartre, the spectacle of the lake on the Champs Elysées and the canal in the Rue St. Honoré may have seemed merely odd and astonishing. The Parisian gaiety is equal to the task of extracting merriment out of mud, and laughter out of danger. The solemn middle-aged merchants and matrons climbing up ladders into their first-floor windows, and the gilded youth concealing long sticks of bread under their fur cloaks must, indeed, have made an entertaining spectacle. One smiles to think of deputies walking along a raised plank as they left the Palais Bourbon, for all the world as though a buccaneer were behind them. There is a touch of comedy in the exciting hunts in tranquil suburbs in which sailors from the fleet chased

the pirates of the bakeries and the game shops. But the main note in all the chronicles of the flood is one of tragedy, faced, indeed, with energy and courage, but frankly realised in all its perils. While the good citizen felt anxious for the safety of the public buildings, the plain man watched for cracks in the walls of his jerry-built villa. And it was a triumphant destroyer, which swirled up to the parapets of the bridges. The dead shepherd chased his heifer past the closed doors of the Morgue. A wayside crucifix from some submerged Calvary told of ruined villages, as it crossed the shadow of Nôtre Dame. There was nothing in all this of the peaceful decadence of a water city. The Socialist newspapers chronicled day by day the miseries of the unemployed, and among the tombs of the disembodied great, the homeless slept on the marbles of the Panthéon. The ruin of angry waters surged even into the inner city through sewers and tunnels, and the engineer asked himself whether the street, which was a canal to-day, might not sink like the roof of a flooded mine to-morrow. It was a disaster which overshadowed its petty and ridiculous discomforts. Day and night the Seine and its island assumed a novel and tragic beauty. The Cathedral stood out in new perspective above the flood, like a tower isolated upon a lake, and the devil on its turret leered at the carcasses which swept past him on the waters. One fancies him, like the Gothic spirit on the "Auld Brig" of Ayr, rejoicing in the peril of the new bridges and presaging the ruin of the upstart world around him—

"As yet ye little ken about the matter.
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy dark continued a'-day rains
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains . . .
Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye ever rise!
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies,
A lesson sadly teaching to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost."

One can fit into that landscape the cruel birds from strange latitudes which float above the river and hail the devil of the turret in Méryon's mad, immortal etching.

The catastrophe sets one reflecting upon the incurable improvidence of our kind. These floods are no rare happenings. The last which attained to anything like the same proportions was in 1876. But as many as fourteen are on record during the past century. Below Paris, and in open country, they may be comparatively harmless. But the very precautions which seem to tame the river, the quays, the parapets, and, above all, the bridges, make the flood when it comes peculiarly ruinous. The engineers and architects of the Second Empire were well aware of the danger, and calculated the height of their parapets in accordance with a long experience. But a thriftless generation since their day has allowed the parapets to be pierced, and created a new and much more serious danger in the tunnels and sewers. Forestry is not a neglected art in France. Yet the first days of the flood brought from the Vosges and the hills, whence the Marne and the Yonne draw their waters, complaints of the destruction of ancient forests and of taxes which discourage the enterprise of the individual proprietor. Engineers came forward to explain how safety might be purchased by the cutting of a canal above Paris, which, in times of flood, would diminish the waters of the river before it could break on the obstacle of the island and the bridges. It would certainly be a costly insurance, but no one reckons the loss to Paris from this single flood at less than a million sterling. That million may be multiplied twentyfold before this century closes; for as the city grows and values enhance, the loss from each flood must inevitably break the record of its predecessors. Already, amid the pressure of relief work and the collection of charity, the Republic has found time to nominate a Scientific Commission. It will be a curious experience to watch how its recommendations fare at the hands of successive Ministers of Finance, as the memory of the flood is submerged by some naval panic, and the pressure of financiers eager for the penetration of Morocco obliterates the recollection of these weeks of dearth and peril. One foresees how Govern-

ment after Government will admit the imperative necessity, while Budget after Budget escapes the unwelcome burden. The law of averages is a poor stimulus to thrift and foresight. No generation is likely in the Seine valley to escape a disastrous flood. But the happy chance, verified by long years of immunity, is always there. Some Parisian Noah will acquire the name of crank by an annual interpellation in the Chamber. But the ark will not be built, nor the canal dug. It is a happy improvidence—the improvidence which digs the terraced vineyards on Vesuvius, and so kindly built Pompeii for our instruction. When every disease has its vaccine, when we cease to shake hands for fear of infection, when we restrict our diet to proteid pills and Metchnikoff curds, then, perhaps, we shall provide for floods and evacuate the zones of earthquake. But it will be a prudent and joyless and sterilised existence that is left to us, when the milk of human kindness has been Pasteurised and the wine of life has lost the bacillus of danger.

“LA VÉRITÉ VRAIE.”

By all means let us have the truth, the whole truth, and all the rest of it. If, as Mr. Edmund Gosse told the London Institute last Tuesday, there is a false and timid delicacy which hinders the truth of biography, let us shovel it away. Delicacy is all very well, and we are sorry to trample on anyone's feelings, but we are seeking truth—truth, though it blast us, as the Sartor said of spiritual things. We are out for truth, and are not to be put off with the golden syrup of relatives who keep one eye on the family credit, nor with the icy enumerations of an epitaph. The truth we seek may be harsh and unrefined and crude. It may poison our preconceptions, and disintegrate our reverence. That does not matter. Give us the truth about everyone, however unpleasant, however disillusionising, and we shall be grateful. Let no crook in the obliquities of character be smoothed over or concealed. Let the merciful darkness be explored, and the closest intimacies be uncovered. A mother may become merchandise, and a man play the Devil's Advocate over his father's bones. But at all costs we will have the truth about the dead, whether it be good or whether it be evil. For the truth is great, and will prevail over the defenceless.

No fear, no shame, no awe of shattered idols can deter us from that search, and, without jesting, we would only raise the further question, What is truth? It is very likely that Mr. Gosse raised the question, too, for the report of his lecture is skimpy as a ghost. But what is the truth of a dead man's being? How are we to get at the reality of his nature among all that jumble of contradictions, inconsistencies, uncertainties, and baffled desires? Take the simple and universal case of health alone. We would not fall into the heresy of the Manichæans, and separate body and soul as light from darkness; as in a Catholic marriage, the two are not to be divorced, being intermingled in one person. Certainly we must take account of the body with its strength or frailty, its endurance or collapses, its good circulation, which is happiness, its powerful digestion, which is will. But at once we are faced with the doubt whether the truth we are seeking is to be found only in health, or whether we must take account of sickness, too. The man we study will probably have been entirely different if ill, or if well; and the difference may have depended just on the change of a wind that blows as it lists. We should naturally choose the state of health for our discovery, but then we come upon men of high distinction whose life is a long disease, and we come upon others whose genius disappears when sanity breaks out again, as the soldier said of peace.

Shall we then catch the truth of a man's existence by describing every recorded side of his character, and every phase of his moods—good and bad, powerful and weak, healthy and sick together? The world would not contain the books that might then be written, and, though we outdid the hypnotists in the subdivision of the various kinds of self, or evoked qualities from the region

of dreams, no mortal would be the wiser. For the truth we seek is not a jungle of contradictions, but a clear prospect to be apprehended. Through want of time or sympathy or interest, we judge our fellows by a working rule of thumb. We know we can depend on one man's honesty or another's courage, while it is useless to expect action from this man, or eloquence from that, or politeness from a third. But the men themselves are probably quite unaware of their gifts or limitations. To self all things seem possible, and the brave man knows he might have run away, the coward that he might have stopped. Self will not tolerate the sense of limit, either in the way of good or evil. You may praise a man's imagination as celestial, but if you imply a want of arithmetical accuracy, he is hurt. Congratulate him on his careful sobriety, and next day he will drink the gutters of Bohemia. Commend a woman for her light and charming form, but if you add that the Venus of Milo measures so many more cubic inches in substance, you will not increase her favor. Rise to ecstasy over a poet's verse, but if you suggest that Homer might have written differently, he will think you jealous.

What, then, is the biographer to do? In this tangle of unlimited possibilities, where is he to find the clue of personality—the real self which suffers or creates all these varying and contradictory actions, moods, or emotions, and in the end, as it were, strings them together and sums them up into what is called its life? The difficulty is increased by the biographer's own nature, for that brings into play another spirit of unlimited capacities and a character of its own. In a portrait gallery the works of the same painter all have a strong family likeness, though they may represent people of entirely different temperaments. You may say of a living woman she looks like a Gainsborough, or a Romney, or even like a Lely, meaning she is like the aspect of the painter's own mind. And so in biography, the writer plays his part, nor is his light dry, but moist with personality. If Boswell has no second in biography, Carlyle still comes in sight, superb as Tacitus in phrase, endowed with passionate sympathy and a fearless penetration. Yet he is himself his own portraits; his soul speaks in his Cromwell, and between his Cromwell and his Frederick the Great there is the resemblance of brothers, though they had no two points in common, except, perhaps, the management of cavalry on the field. Macaulay thought it was Boswell's folly that put him first as a biographer and all the rest nowhere. “If he had not been a great fool, he would never have been a great writer,” he says, in that striking, slap-dash way of his; it was “because Boswell was a dunce, parasite, and a coxcomb that he became immortal.” Well, we know it is not true, but perhaps a certain humility of disposition—a colorless neutrality, not anxious to impress itself and its own value into the picture—might help the biographer towards the truth so difficult to reveal.

If we wanted to suggest a further difficulty still, we might remember that the ideal formed of a man during his lifetime reacts upon himself, and he becomes what other people think he is. Knowing his reputation as a wit and a bear, Johnson became more witty and more bearish. Knowing the popular esteem for his melancholy, Byron put on desperation like a garment. Knowing how highly his friends valued his courage, Tartarin crossed the sea. But, indeed, if we go on like this, we shall terrify future biographers from attempting their task at all, and then, about once in a hundred years, the world will be the loser. We must admit that what we really want is difficult to find. We are sure that when Mr. Gosse demands the truth and nothing but the truth, he would admit that, too. As was noticed lately in these columns in reference to a new biography of Sir Philip Sidney, it is not often, in speaking of a man's life, that we can say, “There is the man himself; there is the essential spirit, burning, though only for a moment, with pure flame, while all the rest, though it last for years, is mere twilight, clotted obscurity, or the unenumerated hours of sleep.” It is not often, but in a biography that is worth writing at all, the moment may occur once or even twice, and there, perhaps, we shall find the real

truth—"la vérité vraie"—that we and Mr. Gosse so much desire.

A week ago the members of the Thames Valley Legitimist Club were hanging a memorial wreath on the equestrian statue of Charles I. near Charing Cross. We do not belong to the Club ourselves, and are ignorant of the motives that impel inhabitants of the Thames Valley thus to expose their lives to risk of the hideous penalties inflicted on High Treason. But it can hardly be the Royal martyr's falsity, blindness, and family life that they commemorate, though in a biography of Charles all those things would have to come in as part of the truth. It is probably Van Dyck's pathetic portraits that stir their blood; or it is that verse of Andrew Marvell's. The reproachful look of passive dignity—those few minutes before death during which a king did nothing common or mean, appear to reveal the inner truth, the essential reality of the man, far more clearly than either loyal panegyrics or the detractions of the learned. Similarly, great biographer though Lockhart was, how chilly and uninforming is the elaborate conclusion in which he analyses the character of Scott! Let us but recall a few of those frigid sentences:—

"The grand virtue of fortitude, the basis of all others, was never displayed in higher perfection than in him; and it was, as perhaps true courage always is, combined with an equally admirable spirit of kindness and humanity. His pride, if we must call it so, undebased by the least tincture of mere vanity, was intertwined with a most exquisite charity, and was not inconsistent with true humility. . . . He was a patient, dutiful, reverent son; a generous, compassionate, tender husband; an honest, careful, and most affectionate father."

It smells of mortality and the chancel slab. With what relief we turn to our old friend: "Affliction sore Long time she bore!" But if we would have the true Scott, there are those last words he said to the same Lockhart: "My dear, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." Or, better still, there is that saying of his son's, who wondered why so many famous people came to visit his father, but supposed it was because he was always the first to see a sitting hare.

When "Christopher North" died, Carlyle wrote of him, "John Wilson had much nobleness of heart, and many traits of noble genius, but the central tie-beam seemed always wanting." Perhaps it is, after all, that central tie-beam—the keystone, as we rightly say of an arch—that we really seek above all else in biography. The rest may be true enough, but apart from the keystone, it does not matter much. Unless all the bits of truth are bound together by the tie-beam, they do not matter at all; and if, like "Christopher North," the man had no tie-beam—well, life is short, and we can only pass him with the hope he may do better in heaven. We have only time for the essential, for the moments of clear flame, and those brief combinations of spirit when, as Abt Vogler says, out of three sounds are framed not a fourth sound but a star. So it is that when biographers, mumbling like ghouls the pitiful bones, produce for our edification "the truth" about this man or that, the world remains tolerantly indifferent. In its own vision it perceives a truer truth. Let the ghouls do their worst, the ideal of portraiture must still be preserved, and if there were no Shelley, youth would have to invent him.

ON PAN-CAKES AND PAN-PIPES.

ONE of those kind people who take the trouble to let a writer know when anything he has to say interests them said recently in a letter to the writer of these lines (*à propos* of something he had published), "the Bretons and Spaniards enjoy their festivals as a schoolboy eats a pan-cake, without even a remote thought of Pan." The recipient confesses that he was both startled and delighted by the suggestion of a connection, hitherto by him unsuspected, between Pan and pan-cakes. To him a Shrovetide pancake had been a pancake flat and round, and it had been nothing more. It had smelt of the frying-pan rather than of the fair humanities of old religion. Skeat derives pan-cake from "pan," not the

god, but the broad shallow vessel, the Latin "patina," the Low Latin "panna." But what is the truth about this? The idea seems too good not to be true. The tossing of the pancake performed in some places has all the air of some old-world sacred rite. What more fitting than that the sacred cake should be solemnly eaten in honor of Pan on the day of "Carne Vale," of farewell to the *joie de vivre*, at the close of festivities and merrymakings before the wintry weeks of Lent?

Pan falls asleep every winter, but we do not say "farewell" to him till the Christmas merriment is over, and even then (unlike the schoolboy mentioned above) we look forward to his vernal woodland waking, and so our Shrove Tuesday pancake becomes the pan-cake of a prophecy. There comes every year some one day when Pan, the deathless, wakes from sleep, when the dead earth is alive again, and once more becomes life-giving and satisfying. In days now vanished and consumed by Time, the writer lived in a dilapidated cottage, behind which stretched miles and miles of deep green woods. There is nothing in the world like a spring wood in South-country England. As one writes one smells the good smell of wood where the woodcutters are at work in a clearing in the dry, warm air. These woods were to all intents and purposes his own careless park and pleasure-ground. Year after year he spent hours in them, day after day, all the long summer through. It was not quite "farewell my book and my devotion," but they were somewhat lazy pretexts for sauntering in that warm and still and solitary place. They were woods in which one might lose oneself—in which one never met another human creature, save now and again a game-keeper, or the wood-cutters at their work. Day after day each spring, one would ask the question, "Shall I try the woods to-day?" Sometimes one made the attempt too soon, only to be driven back by the chill, unkindly weather. But there always came some one day, when the winter spell was broken, and one felt again the old delight, the joy of the earth's waking. This was usually about the twenty-first of April. The last ten days in April and the first ten in May are the time of the fresh beauty of an English wood.

Long before that, of course, the primrose "ventures up," as Mr. Stephen Phillips says, and he is a poet, if but for that one word. It comes up, bud and stem and leaves all together, out of the earth, like the flower from an enchanter's pot, but it looks starved and stunted in the winds of March. By mid-April the stars are large and yellow on their long juicy stalks. One has no skill to tell of all the flowers, and cannot say which one loves best. The frail anemones in their shy clusters are the first venturers of all. How pure and gay they look when the one day comes! The orchises, with the strange mystical marks on their green leaves, bloom later on, in May, in their fresh beauty for a day or two, when the primroses are almost done. The different flowers had their haunts in different nooks and corners of the wood. One came now on primroses and anemones growing together, and now on violets. Here and there were banks of cowslips, and at the wood's farthest border a great sheet of bluebells. The flowers grew always best where there had been made a clearing in the wood the year before. One knows not what to speak of in the wood, or where to begin to praise. One thinks of the green woodland "rides," in spring, literally "primrose paths" which crossed one another in all directions. One remembers the bronze gold of the young oak-leaves, and the red and gilded oak-apples. One thinks, above all, of the silence, which made one long that tired town people might be bathed in it.

This silence was, for the most part, broken only by the noises of living creatures, by the notes of birds, and the whirr and rustle and hum of insects and furred and feathered and bristly things. These all knew the day of Pan's waking, and came to welcome him to his domain. Melissa knew when she would find the flowers. The sulphur-colored butterflies, flowers themselves, fluted out the self-same day. As for the birds, the trees were green Towers of Babel. The wood was haunted by nightingales, and the cuckoo mocked all day. The summer nights were filled with the scream of the night-

jar. (It was pathetic, by the way, to hear a tired-looking woman, passing through the country of the wood in the train, say, one day in spring, "I should so like to hear the cuckoo—I haven't heard him once this year.") The long months of Pan's reign were happy ones for all the creatures of his woodland retinue. One saw, indeed, sad sights sometimes, say, a bright-winged jay, caught by the leg in a trap, fluttering and screaming. The writer came suddenly one day on a tree from the lowest branch of which hung the sleek, glossy bodies of seven freshly-killed moles—*Septem Fratrum Martyrum*.

Lent tells us that we are greater than and different from all the sensuous world of which we form part, and should rise above it. In summer it may re-absorb us, but in Lent hundreds and thousands honestly try to gain a certain amount of detachment from it. On the day of pancakes they bid it, for a time, farewell. What form should this farewell take? What is the best way to keep the carnival?

If the writer could choose his own way of spending Shrove Tuesday evening, the entertainment of his choice would be a beautiful and elaborate rendering of Hayden's "Toy Symphony." The performers would appear in their appropriate costumes. The drummer would be the "Joli Tambour" returning from the war, from whom the King's daughter, looking from her window, asked a rose. By the gallant boy would be a trumpeter, a little girl in white and gold, holding her trumpet to red lips in a grave, sweet, dead-white face, with long, straight, gold hair. The woodpecker would be in feathers, like the actors in "Chanticleer." The cuckoo would be, not a bird, but a voice, haunting the Symphony as he will haunt the wood when spring comes in, and a plot of beechen green would hide the nightingale. From a ripening wheat-field would come the strident cry of the corn-crake, calling up the very heat and stillness and fragrance of the summer night. The rattle would be twirled by a green-clad dancing wood-nymph, in the very ecstasy of spring. And, amid the performers of the Symphony, Pan himself would appear and disappear, giving forth from his pipes a music of piercing sweetness, the alluring, bewitching music of the sunburnt earth.

THE BEE IN WINTER.

At about the end of October, flower and bee bid one another good-bye for a long, cold, and dreary while. It will always be another flower that keeps the appointment—sallow catkin instead of hawkweed, red dead-nettle instead of rag-wort, colt's-foot instead of ivy bloom. Usually, it is a different bee, but the most worthy members of the bee tribe are wont to keep the rendezvous that they themselves as individuals have made. The great humble bees, unskilled misers, simply go fast to sleep, and forget everything till balmy March calls them. Their workers are all dead, and in the spring they must be their own workers till they can rear the first citizens of their new colony. But higher, because more efficient than they, the queen bee rests in her hive surrounded by a band of the same bees that did "stake boot upon the summer's velvet buds," or, at any rate, on the blossoms of early autumn. With store-houses and winter store, food and the apparatus for distilling the first nectar of spring, with her retainers and artificers, she sits, not asleep, not without carousing in her hall, facing the winter instead of ignoring it, watching for the dawn instead of passively awaiting a resurrection.

It was past the middle of last September when, for companionship and remembrance of summer days, we took our bees into the house. In Cyprus they habitually keep bees under the same roof as the dwelling-house. It must be pleasant to hear their murmur in the wall and exchange with them the confidences of the family and the city. It is a poor thing to let them stay out in the field as some do, far from the house, and often completely forgotten for weeks together in the depth of winter. Ours would have passed this winter in a skep in a cottage garden, which is almost as good as living in the cottage itself—if they had not been put in the

brimstone pit and sent to sleep for ever. There was not a bee moving on the 28th of September, the day when we called for the condemned bees. The next hive was sending out rare foragers, but this was as still as the grave. We thought there could be no bees in it, but when the hive was turned upside down, it proved to have a greater population than the other. We took but half of them and their young queen into our little hive of four half frames. We wished to see how small a lot would come through the winter, carefully treated.

In their new quarters, the bees that had thought to have finished their summer's work awoke into new activity. A change will always so energise the bees, and some beekeepers use the fact to get the utmost yield of honey from a hive. Ours, though living in the room, were given flight under the window-sash till the end of October. Till the end of September they worked every day, some of them that had evidently discovered a bed of balsam somewhere, coming home like dusty millers. At the same time, they were taking syrup through the top of the hive and storing it at the rate of nearly half a pint a day. The wise beekeeper finishes his feeding before the end of September. It has not only to be stored, but medicated, by the bees, and capped before it can be a safe stand-by for winter use. The production of wax, even for capping, must be a wearing process. The handful of bees in our little hive only twice got up the wax-producing temperature, which seems almost like that of boiling water, and when they had taken some four pounds of syrup they ceased to take more. Towards the end of October they gave no signs of life for three or four days at a stretch, and then, on a fine day, would come out and fly round in a cloud for exercise, while even so late as October 14th one or two of them came home with signs of having visited the balsam blossoms. So much had they been awakened by transfer from their cottage skep to a frame hive in London.

At the end of October they had another change of locality, and at the same time were closed in the hive and kept entirely in the house. They stood upon a dressing-table, and were thus under close observation at shaving time. It was high time for them to be asleep, or at any rate to stay entirely at home. For the most part, the only sign of life was the daily conveyance of a little chipped wax and other debris to the furthest limit of the porch. Sometimes the little scavenger of the day could be seen at its brief work. A week or two later there was sometimes the body of a dead sister to be brought out, and when these grew to an average of two a day the bee-master had anxious moments. Sometimes, so quiet and without sign was the community, he thought they must all be dead; but the next inspection would prove them alive and well.

The bee books tell us that a hive must have for its winter sustenance from twenty to twenty-five pounds of honey. It is further stated that a few bees consume as much as twice their number, the problem being to convert so much sugar into heat as will keep the temperature of the hive habitable. Ours, which at first had seemed a solid hive full, scarcely covered in October one full frame. The four pounds of syrup they stored before November was nearly gone by December 12th. They had been living on this as well as storing it for ten weeks, which gives them little more than half a pound a week, or only twelve or fourteen pounds for a six months' winter. In the cold weather the stores went even more slowly than that. When they had finished the syrup, we gave them candy, of which they consumed half a pound in thirteen days. Then we moved them out of doors, the double-walled nucleus hive standing within a full-sized hive, also double-walled. They had cold weather, then a week of extraordinary mildness, when they came out quite busily, then fierce frost. Their first half-pound of candy out of doors lasted them more than twenty-four days, or at the rate of no more than seven pounds for the winter. There was, we are informed, not more than six pounds of honey in the skep whence our bees were taken, the swarm being a late one, and last summer disastrous from the honey point of view. On the twenty-four pound basis, then, thousands of skeps must prove tenantless

this spring, for the cottager seldom gives artificial food. Or have bees the unsuspected faculty of apportioning a short supply so as to make it go as far as a superabundance? The great strain upon the stores comes, of course, when the young brood is being fed; but we claim to have proved, by summer experiment, that less than a quarter of a pint of syrup a day and a pinch of peaflour will keep a comb of brood. It is likely that in a good year the honey bee is self-supporting from the time of full fallow blossom onward.

The bee's great peril in winter is a sudden chill on a tempting day. Our bees were so clamorous to come out that on November 2nd, November 30th, and December 23rd we took them from the dressing-room and opened the hive on a warm window-sill. They chose safe days, and only flew for the few necessary moments. But once, when it was very cold outside, a few of them escaped in the room, and we had to catch them one by one and put them back. When one flew against the window, it dropped as though shot, and lay motionless where it fell. So do they fall when, venturing out on the wrong day, a drop of cold rain falls on them in full flight. If you take them up and put them in some warm place, as under the quilt of the hive above the cluster, they will miraculously come to life again. We wished to be so careful of each unit that we frequently revived our "dead" bees. Even those that had been hauled out to the porch by the undertaker-scavenger would return to life and go back to the cluster. In most cases, however, they shortly died again, and that time beyond recall. But our winter bees had been so sweet in life that they were like the holy ones who see not corruption. Their bodies did not even stiffen; under the microscope they were always like newly killed insects. We had a sneaking belief that in the sunshine of spring they would revive and take up their work again like young bees.

Those who keep vigil in the hive are always awake. A few are more awake than the others, some to broach the honey cells and feed the others, which take the nourishment almost automatically, some to keep the hive clean, others to fan a little when the state of ventilation demands it. Some say that the queen is the most alive member of the community, and even that she keeps the others awake. We have not found it so. Her serenity seems at least equal to that of her semi-sisters. But in this respect, no doubt, there are personal differences. An old queen may have a St. Vitus-like fidgetiness, constantly peering into cells, as though about to begin laying. The healthy queen forgets all about such things till the first bit of outside pollen or the pea-flour substitute of the artful bee-master bids her once more be fruitful and multiply.

Short Studies.

THE CHOICE.

SOME years ago in Chelsea there used to stand at the crossing of a street leading to the Embankment an old man, whose living was derived from the cleanliness of boots. In the intervals of plying his broom, he could generally be seen seated on an upturned wooden box, talking to an old Irish terrier, who belonged to a house near by, and had taken a fancy to him. He was a Cornishman by birth, had been a plumber by trade, and was a cheerful, independent old fellow, with ruddy cheeks, grey hair and beard, and little, bright, rather watery, grey eyes. But he was a great sufferer from a variety of ailments. He had gout, and some trouble in his side, and feet that were like barometers in their susceptibility to weather. Of all these matters he would speak to us in a very impersonal and uncomplaining way, diagnosing himself, as it were, for the benefit of his listeners. He was, it seems, alone in the world, not having, of course, in those days, anything to look forward to in the way of a pension, nor, I fancy, very much to look back on, except the death of his near relatives and the decline of the plumbing trade. It had

declined him for years; but, even before a long illness ousted him in favor of younger men, he had felt very severely the palpable difference in things. In old days plumbing had been a quiet, steady business, in which you were apparently "on your own, and knew where you were"; but latterly "you had just had to do what the builders told you, and, of course, they weren't going to make allowances. If you couldn't do the job as fast as a young man, out you went, and there you were." This long illness, and the death of his wife coming close together (and sweeping away the last of his savings), had determined him, therefore, to buy a broom and seek for other occupation. To sweep a crossing was not a profession that he himself would have chosen before all others; still, it was "better than the 'house, and you were your own master." The climate in those days not being the most suitable for a business which necessitated constant exposure to all elements but that of fire, his ailments were proportionally active; but the one remarkable feature of his perpetual illness was that he was always "better" than he had been. We could not at times help thinking that this continual crescendo of good health should have gradually raised him to a condition of paramount robustness, and it was with a certain disappointment, in the face of his assurances, that we watched him getting, on the contrary, slowly stiffer and feebler, and noted the sure increase of the egg-like deposits, which he would proudly have us remark, about his wrists and fingers.

He was so entirely fixed and certain that he was "going in the river" before he went "in the 'house," that one hesitated to suggest that the time was at hand when he should cease to expose himself all day and every day. He had evidently pondered long, and with a certain deep philosophy, on this particular subject, and fortified himself by hearsay.

"The 'house ain't for a man that respects himself," he would say. And, since that was his conviction, such as respected themselves could not very well beg him to act against it. At the same time, it became increasingly difficult to pass him without wondering how much longer it would be before he finally sought shelter in the element of water which was so apt to pour down on him day by day.

It is uncertain whether he discussed this matter of the river *versus* the 'house with the dog, to whom he was always talking, but that there was a certain fellow-feeling between them on the subject of exposure and advancing age is more than probable; for, as he would point out: The poor old feller's teeth were going, and the stiffness across his loins was always worse when it was wet. In fact, he was afraid that the old dog was gettin' old! And the dog would sit patiently for an hour at a time looking up at him, trying to find out, perhaps, from his friend's face, what a dog should do when the enemy weighed on him till he could no longer tolerate himself, not knowing, of course, that kindly humans would see to it that he did not suffer more than a dog could bear. On his face, however, with its grizzled muzzle and rheumy eyes thus turned up, there was never a sign of debate; it was full of confidence that, whatever decision his friend came to in this momentous question between the river and the 'house would be all right, perfectly satisfactory in every way to dogs and men.

One very rainy summer our old friend, in a burst of confidence, disclosed the wish of his heart. It was that he might be suffered to go down once more to Fowey, in Cornwall, where he had been born, but had not seen for fifty years. By some means or other the money was procured for this enterprise, and he was enabled to set off by excursion train for a fortnight's holiday. He was observed, the day before his start, talking at great length to the dog, and feeding it out of a paper bag with carraway-seed biscuits. A letter was received from him during his absence, observing certain strange laws of caligraphy, and beginning "Honnored Sir and Lady." It was full of an almost passionate description of a regatta, of a certain "Joe Petherick" who had remembered him, of the "lucky weather," and other sources of his great happiness, and ended "Yours truley

obedient." On the fifteenth day he was back at his corner, seated on his box in the pouring rain, saying that he was "a different man, ten years younger, and ready to 'go' now any day"; nor could anything persuade him from the theory that Heaven had made a special intervention on his behalf. But only four days later, the sun being for once in the heavens, he was so long in answering a salutation that we feared he had been visited by some kind of stroke; his old face had lost color, it seemed stiff, and his eyes had almost disappeared.

Inquiry elicited from him the information that he was better than he had been, but that the dog was dead. They had put it away while he had been gone, and he was afraid that he should miss the "faithful old feller."

"He was very good to me," he said; "always came for a bit of bread or biscuit. And he was company to me; I never knew such a sensible creature." He seemed to think that the dog must have pined during his absence, and that this had accelerated his end by making his owners think he was more decrepit than he really was.

The death of the dog, and the cold, damp autumn that year, told heavily on the old man; but it was not till mid-November that he was noted one morning absent from his post. As he did not reappear, his lodging was sought out. It was in a humble street, but the house was neat and clean, and the landlady seemed a good, rough woman. She informed us that our old friend was laid up with "pleurisy and the gouty rheumatics"; that by rights, of course, he ought to be in the infirmary; but she didn't like to turn him out, though where she would get her rent from she didn't know, to say nothing of his food, because she couldn't let him starve while there he was cryin' out with the pain, and no one but herself to turn a hand to him, with his door open at the top of the house, where he could holler for her if he wanted. An awful independent old feller, too, or else she wouldn't hesitate, for that was where he ought to be, and no mistake, not having a soul in the world to close his eyes; and that's what it would come to, though she would never be surprised if he got up and went out to-morrow, he was that stubborn!

Leaving her to the avocations which we had interrupted by coming in, we went on up the stairs.

The door of the back room at the top was, as indeed she had led us to suppose, open, and through it the sound of our old friend's voice could be heard, travelling forth:—

"O Lord God, that took the dog from me, and gave me this here rheumatics, help me to keep a stiff and contrite heart. I am an old man, O Lord God, and I am not one to go into *that place*. So God give me a stiff heart, and I will remember you in my prayers, for that's about all I can do now, O God. I have been a good one in my time, O Lord, and cannot remember doing harm to any man for a long while now, and I have tried to keep upsides with it; so, good Lord, remember and do not forget me, now that I am down, a-lying here all day, and the rent goin' on. For ever and ever, O Lord. Amen."

We allowed a little time to pass before we went in, unwilling that he should think we had overheard that prayer. He was lying in a small dingy bed, with a medicine bottle and glass beside him on an old tin trunk. There was no fire.

He was—it seemed—better than he had been; the doctor's stuff was doing him good.

Certain arrangements were made for his benefit, and in less than three weeks he was back again at his corner.

In the spring of the following year we went abroad, and were absent several months. He was no longer at his post when at last we came back, and a policeman informed us that he had not been there for some weeks. We made a second pilgrimage to his lodgings. The house had changed hands. The new landlady was a thin, anxious-looking young woman, who spoke in a thin, anxious voice. Yes, the old man had been taken very ill—double pneumonia and heart disease, she thought. Anyway, she couldn't have the worry and responsibility

of him, let alone her rent. She had had the doctor, and had him taken off. Yes, it had upset him a bit; he would never have gone if he'd had his choice; but, of course, she had her living to get. She had his bits of things locked up all right; he owed her a little rent. In her opinion, he'd never come out again. She was very sorry for him, too; he'd given no trouble till he was took ill.

Following up her information, we repaired with heavy hearts to the 'house which he had so often declared he would never enter. Having ascertained the number of his ward, we mounted the beautifully clean stairs. In the fifth of a row of beds our old friend was lying, apparently asleep. But, watching him carefully, we saw that his lips, deep sunk between his frosty moustache and beard, were continually moving.

"He's not asleep," said the nurse; "he'll lie like that all the time. He frets."

At the sound of his name he had opened his eyes, which, though paler and smaller and more rheumy, were still almost bright. He fixed them on us with a peculiar stare, as much as to say: "You've taken an advantage of me, finding me here." We could hardly bear that look, and hurriedly asked him how he was. He tried to raise himself, and answered huskily that he was better than he had been. We begged him not to exert himself, and told him how it was that we had been away, and so forth. He seemed to pay no attention, but suddenly said: "I'm in here; I don't mean to stay. I'll be goin' out in a day or two." We tried to confirm that theory, but the expression of his eyes took away one's power of comfort, and made one ashamed of looking at him. He beckoned us closer.

"If I'd a-had the use of my legs," he whispered, "they'd never have had me. I'd a gone in the river first. But I don't mean to stay—I'm goin' back home."

The nurse told us, however, that this was out of the question; he was still very ill.

Four days later we went again to see him. He was no longer there. He had gone home. They had buried him that morning.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

The Drama.

FROM GRIM TO GAY.

MR. H. B. IRVING's performance of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" entirely conquered an at first somewhat recalcitrant spectator. The opening act seemed to me heavy and unpromising. Mr. Comyns Carr has not quite done himself justice in the dialogue, which is curiously stiff, conventional, and old-fashioned—the dialogue of an Adelphi play of 1850. I cannot but think that even now this would be worth amending. A few judicious touches would take the starch out of the conversation. As it is, the party of men in Dr. Jekyll's library never for a moment resemble any real dinner party in Harley Street or anywhere else. But this conventionality of tone and treatment was not the only thing that troubled me. After Mr. Irving's first transformation from Jekyll into Hyde, I felt that he had not overcome the inherent difficulty of the theme—namely, the difficulty of differentiating Hyde from Jekyll without making him such a fantastic monstrosity that no one could ever have accepted him as a normal human being. Jekyll's friends, in the first act, talk of Hyde with disapproval and suspicion, indeed, but not otherwise than they might talk of any other disagreeable and sinister personage; whereas, when Hyde is finally presented to us, we feel that such a horrible Caliban could never have been thought or spoken of except as a loathsome freak of nature—a thing to be bottled away in

spirits of wine. This difficulty was apparent in the late Richard Mansfield's performance, which had the additional disadvantage of being just as incredible in the Jekyll as in the Hyde incarnation. Mr. Irving's Jekyll is, of course, as dignified and austere as heart can desire; but when he changes into Hyde one feels that any possible plausibility in the action is gone, and that Jekyll's friends would certainly take strong measures if he was thought to be making a crony and confidant of a monster from a caravan.

This objection is, and remains, real. It is probably not within the resources of art to effect instantaneously such a change in a human personality as to render it unrecognisable, without at the same time making it grotesque. Mr. Irving's Hyde, in other words, is not prosaically and literally credible. But when once we have got over and accepted this fact, the power and horror of the thing quickly take hold of us. As the second act went on, I recognised the remarkable ingenuity of Mr. Comyns Carr's manipulation of the theme; and in the scene of the murder of Sir Danvers Carew, the requisite shivers began to run down my spine. The end of this act is surely not well arranged. The parallel bodies stretched on the floor are a trifle comic; and Lady Carew might certainly attain a better effect by merely shrinking appalled from her husband's corpse than by doing the conventional swoon. It is in the third act, however, that Mr. Irving's triumph comes. The agony of Jekyll in the first scene is finely portrayed; and the second scene, in Hyde's lodging, is a passage of grisly intensity worthy of the actor's father at the very summit of his power. I do not hesitate to say that Sir Henry Irving, master of the uncanny as he certainly was, never did anything more truly and irresistibly terrible than this. Mr. H. B. Irving has hitherto shown great ability in reproducing some of his father's achievements; but here he "goes one better" with no model to work upon. And the fourth act keeps well up to the level of the third. The whole performance is a masterpiece of the gruesome. Why one should take pleasure in the sensation of centipedes running up and down one's back is a curious question in æsthetics which at this moment I do not propose to examine. But the fact is patent and familiar; and lovers of the creepy may be assured that nothing creepier than Mr. Irving's performance has been seen in our time. Its merit does not end here, however. There is something really tragic and profoundly moral in the struggle of Dr. Jekyll against the recurrent and irresistible invasions of the bestial nature which he has incautiously allowed to concentrate and organise itself within him. Mr. Irving may be congratulated on having done, not only a gruesome, but a fine and memorable thing. One word of warning, however—he must beware of letting hereditary mannerism creep upon him. It would be a thousand pities if, through the very popularity this performance is pretty sure to attain, the Hyde in his artistic composition should gradually gain the upper hand of the Jekyll.

There are few things more difficult than to hit the just tone in writing of such a play as "The O'Flynn" at His Majesty's. To take it seriously is impossible; to dismiss it with contempt would be inhuman. It is an adroit, innocent, agreeable entertainment, without the smallest intellectual pretensions, but not without a pleasant literary savor, if only in the reminiscences it awakens. In describing it as "an original play derived from many sources," Mr. J. H. McCarthy resorts to the plea known in law, I believe, as "confession and avoidance." He has produced one of those shimmering patchworks of romantic frippery in which, ever since the days of "The Ballad-Monger," Sir Herbert Tree loves to drape himself. Scott, Hugo, Dumas, Gautier, Rostand—these are some of the collaborators whom Mr. McCarthy has taken unto himself—and a very pleasant company they are. How does his hero make his first entrance? Why, down the chimney, like Don César in "Ruy Blas." When the heroine drops in promiscuous-like to lunch at Wolf's Crag—I mean Castle O'Flynn—has not the hero his Caleb Balderstone to hand, in the person of his seneschal, Conacher O'Rourke?

What shall he do with the two bailiffs who happen to be in possession? Evidently he must take a leaf out of Goldsmith's book, and introduce them as noblemen and his friends. A little later, a suggestion is borrowed from Sheridan, and the process-servers, in the character of lackeys, take their place behind the hero's chair. Then the O'Flynn, like Cyrano de Bergerac, must be a fluent improviser; he must perform extravagances of self-sacrifice to save his lady-love a moment's pain; he must fight a duel, not, indeed, while improvising a ballade, but while drinking a bowl of punch; and at the last mouthful he must pink his man—"à la fin de l'envoi je touche." So we skip merrily from reminiscence to reminiscence; but the chief collaborator, as I learn from the "Times"—the contributor of by far the largest patch—would seem to be Théophile Gautier in "Le Capitaine Fracasse." The groundwork of the plot we may take to be Mr. McCarthy's own, and it is sufficient, if not particularly brilliant. It provides a number of picturesque scenes, and gives us, to balance the harum-scarum hero, a frank, amiable, womanly heroine. One or two of the scenes are extremely well put on. The picture presented by the Isle of Cyprus tavern during the colloquy of the two villains is quite unusually good. What an advantage villains possess in being able to dispense with limelight! The scene in Dublin Castle, too, is gay and effective. Altogether, the eye is gratified and the imagination pleasantly amused.

One or two of my colleagues, I observe, think the part of O'Flynn unsuited to Sir Herbert Tree. I should say, on the contrary, that he had seldom found a part more congenial to his humor or accordant with his methods. He plays it with buoyancy and infectious enjoyment; and he will presently be able to give it that little acceleration of pace which alone it lacks. The whole performance is competent in its kind. Mr. Henry Ainley and Mr. William Haviland are excellent as a polished and a sinister villain respectively; Mr. W. G. Fay is quite delightful as the Irish Caleb Balderstone; Mr. Edward Sass makes a clever grotesque of a bibulous Dutch General, and Mr. Hubert Carter is good as a heavy tragedian. Miss Evelyn D'Alroy has never been seen to greater advantage than in the part of the heroine, and Miss Auriol Lee shows tact and skill as a pert soubrette.

Mr. Lewis Waller deserves the greatest credit for having produced "The Strong People," by Mr. C. M. S. McLellan. It is not quite the great play it sets out to be, but it is extremely interesting and able. In Mr. McLellan's nature, the thinker and the playwright do not quite run in harness. They are apt to get in each other's way. The playwright cannot express the thinker's meaning, and when the thinker takes the stage, the playwright has to stand aside and mark time. Thus we have in "The Strong People" a powerful labor play of an old-fashioned type, but showing considerable ingenuity of invention, placed in an atmosphere of ideas which, though not precisely irrelevant, are too vague and high-flown to seem much to the purpose. At the same time there is real merit in both aspects of the play, which may, perhaps, be best described as a symbolical melodrama. The situations are strong and interesting, and the dialogue abounds in suggestive phrases and points of view; for instance:—

"The common man loves two things—himself and a woman. As for the truth, he hates it.

"When the madness for dying comes, it's stronger than the madness for living.

"Wherever there's a strong man, saviour or scourger, I back him to carry the world forward."

The general idea of the play, as I decipher it, is a very true one: namely, that half the ills of life arise from our failure to reduce material and moral values to terms of happiness, which, in a just acceptance, is the only real standard. Viewed as an exposition of this thesis, even the dramatically feeble last act is not without its value. The play is remarkably well acted by Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Lvn Harding, Mr. Guy Standing, Mr. A. E. George, and Miss Dorothy Dix.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Communications.

THE LABOR PARTY AND THREE-CORNER CONTESTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The position of the Labor Party at the end of the elections deserves separate consideration because this newest of Parliamentary combinations being itself a combination of groups, its actual strength is most often miscalculated, and because the relations of Labor and Liberalism in the near future present one of the most difficult and urgent of the problems with which the progressive forces in the country are now faced. The numbers of Liberals and Tories in the new House of Commons will almost exactly balance. Outside these two main bodies, lie the Nationalists and the Labor Party, both independent in constitution and ultimate aims, both cordially supporting the Government for the present, but very different in that the Irish are concentrated upon a single object lying largely outside the sphere of British interests, while the Labor Party is almost exclusively British, and competes directly with Liberal candidates for the popular vote, both in the large towns and in the industrial counties.

Free Trade, the Budget, and the campaign against the Lords have postponed what might have been in many constituencies a disastrous competition; and have given a breathing-time in which the future may be calmly considered. It is pretty certain that this defensive and preliminary work of democracy will occupy several years to come. If the time be used wisely, something at least of future trouble may be avoided. But there are two postulates. Neither Liberalism nor Labor can sacrifice its independence; and, if there is to be any accommodation, there must be give-and-take on both sides. There will be six or seven Liberal M.P.'s to every Labor deputy; but the Labor vote in Parliament is necessary, and the permanence of the Labor Party—although it has had the worst of luck in securing fewer Members for a large increase of votes—may be taken for granted. In the last House, it numbered forty-five members (including two of the miners' group); it now numbers forty. The main body of the miners' representatives were to sit on the Labor benches after the General Election. In all, there were seventy-eight Labor candidates, including twenty-six of the miners' list. Of these forty have been successful and thirty-eight unsuccessful.

Both successes and failures are exceedingly strongly marked. The men returned, especially the old leaders of the party (and it is remarkable that there are only three or four new recruits), have majorities which actually average nearly 3,500 votes. The men who have failed are very often left far behind. This fact points clearly to the practical spirit of the industrial constituencies—to the great popularity of the Labor men where success is certain, and to the determination of the working-masses not to risk giving away seats to the worst of their enemies. It may be said—and the figures in the constituencies where one Liberal and one Labor man have been successful against two Tories prove it—that Labor has polled thousands of Liberal votes. On the other side, it may be said, with equal truth, that Liberalism is always polling Labor votes, and that, throughout the country in constituencies lacking Labor candidates, the Labor organisations have worked as effectively as any against the common enemy. It is at least possible, for instance, that the 2,000 branches of the Independent Labor Party have done as much to keep the North true to Free Trade and the rights of the House of Commons as all the other agencies concerned.

Yet the Labor Party has lost nearly a half of its candidates, though they were chosen, as it was believed, in a conservative spirit with a view to avoiding unnecessary loss on the popular side. If we examine their failures, we shall find that, of thirty-eight, only ten occurred in straight fights with Tories. This, in itself, would be a smaller proportion of loss than that suffered by the Liberals in straight fights. But now we face the essential fact of the situation. In seventy-eight contests there were twenty-eight failures in three-cornered fights, and in twenty-three of the twenty-eight cases, the Labor man was at the bottom of the poll. At first sight, to Liberal readers, this will appear to

be a fact for Labor men alone to reckon with. In reality, it demands equal attention from both sides, firstly, because any aggravation of feeling between the two sections must react most injuriously upon the situation throughout the country, and, secondly, because, in these twenty-eight three-cornered disasters, the seat was handed over to the Tories in five cases (not including Portsmouth and Preston), although in all these constituencies the Liberal and Labor votes combined were in a majority over the Tory. That is to say, if, a month ago, the Labor candidate had withdrawn in half of these cases, and the Liberal in the other half, the anti-Lords majority, apart from the Irish, would be larger than it is by ten votes—a margin that may soon be by no means a negligible matter.

The question to be settled is whether, during what I have called the present defensive and preliminary stage of democracy, this sort of thing is to increase or to decrease. If it is to increase, then, indeed, the elements of popular government are in peril. But it can easily be decreased, without any prejudice to the independence of Labor, or the dignity of Liberalism, by an exercise on the part of the responsible organisations on either side of that common sense and give-and-take which, in fact, are already in operation among the rank and file.—Yours, &c.,

G. H. PERRIS.

February 1st, 1910.

Letters to the Editor.

THE COUNTY ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am surprised that one obvious reason for our losses in the agricultural constituencies seems never referred to. The party has practically kept county members in nearly continuous work at Westminster for ten months or more in 1906, 1908, and 1909, three years out of four.

It has been physically impossible for members to give the constant and specialised and localised attention to each town and village and almost each elector, which modern electioneering, unhappily perhaps, but most indubitably, demands. While we have been kept walking through the lobbies, our opponents have been attending three, four, perhaps six meetings a week, keeping a running or rather freely flowing demoralisation at smoking concerts and village dinners, and employing masquerading scoundrels by the hundred, with pockets full of money, to treat without disguise in the public houses, and to reel off falsehoods by the fathom about what they profess to have seen in Germany and other protectionist countries. These have been the agencies, and the tyrants who have told wretched laborers that for a shilling anyone can see at Somerset House how each man voted in any constituency.

Hirelings such as these, free beer, intimidation, and candidates whose sense of honor has grown so dim that they either knowingly or with carefully closed eyes let these infamies be carried on for their gain: that has been the course of the Tariff Reform campaign of the past four years, financed by Americanised syndicates of capitalist sharpers. Meanwhile, Liberal members have had to trudge lobbies, and leave organisation and political education to local workers, enthusiastic and loyal, but *not candidates* making a personal appeal, and to itinerant and no doubt devoted lecturers and speakers who did not treat or debase the electors.

These facts must be recognised in the new schemes being started for giving hope and confidence, and stimulating better organisation among the rural electorate. One vivid illustration of the truth of this contention can be found in the all but universal fate of those M.P.'s who have acted as private secretaries to Ministers. I may be wrong, but my impression is that every one of those members, with the exception of two, and one of them an East London member, have been beaten, and badly beaten, at the polls.

I am old fashioned enough to think that the "private secretary" business has been gravely overdone. Ministers never, in old times, relied to the extent they do at present on such incessant personal help. It is in itself absurd, and has obviously ruined the chances of these members, who

could find no time for work in their constituencies, besides making the serious sacrifice of losing the free opportunity of winning their spurs independently in Parliament, by taking up and pushing subjects of their own, and so getting that personal distinction which means always hundreds of votes.

If the party position is to be kept up or improved, these points, as well as all the rest, must have their weight.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS A. CHANNING.

February 2nd, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I wish to emphasise the point made by your correspondent "Liberal" as regards the want of secrecy in the ballot. I can corroborate his statement that "though they cannot tell how any one individual has voted, they can tell how each (smaller) district has." I was perfectly astonished at this last election to see how easily this could be, and was, done.

Where the polling district is a small one, mostly the property of one landlord, and the landlord, as often happens, one of the counting agents, the latter can tell almost to a vote whether the pledges given have been kept or not; and, if not, it is not a difficult matter, in a small parish, to "spot" the most probable delinquents and then to bring pressure to bear.

I do not wonder, under these circumstances, which I understand are nothing new, that it is difficult to convince the rural voter that the ballot is really secret. I do not wonder that he says "they have ways and means of finding out." I do not wonder that he temporises and votes with the powers that be over him, instead of according to his beliefs and his conscience. I do not wonder that he is afraid to act otherwise, for he has probably already bought and paid for his experience.

The matter can be remedied, as suggested by "Liberal," either by opening the papers face down, and then mixing with other polling districts before discriminating, or by simply numbering, instead of naming, the boxes.

Until something of this kind is done, small hope of unbiased electoral returns from the rural districts. It is a most important matter. Will not some of our newly-elected M.P.'s take it up?—Yours, &c.,

J. R. TOMLINSON.

Ryefield, Knutsford,
February 3rd, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In an article in your issue of January 22nd, I note the line of demarcation between North and South is very strongly insisted upon.

This has been fully justified by results during the present election.

I have worked in a very Tory constituency, and am amazed at the ignorance among the working classes, especially those engaged in agriculture. This ignorance is deplorable, and especially so when, in many instances, men were only too eager to hear and accept the truth about our Liberal politics. I do not despair of the South, if only men are persuaded that they will be supported and upheld by Liberals, when hard pressed by Tory landlords. We must promise them this, and educate them. Begin at once. We have no time to lose. Then, and then only, shall we bring the South into line with the North. In the meantime we must never lose hope.—Yours, &c.,

MARY FLORENCE COVENTRY.

Sutton, Surrey, February 2nd, 1910.

TARIFF REFORM AND THE ELECTORS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that, though the return of seven Tories out of the nine representatives might appear as if Liverpool was in favor of so-called Tariff Reform, such is by no means the case. At our Chamber of Commerce, largely composed of Conservatives, a resolution in favor of Free Trade was passed by a large majority. Most of our leading ship-owners are of the same opinion. Up to a few days before the election it appeared as if our party was going to succeed, and so serious did the position

appear that a meeting of 1,400 publicans was called and addressed by Mr. F. E. Smith, who urged each of them to use his influence on 10 electors—and they knew how—and then they would carry all the seats for the Conservative cause. This influence was used to the full, and, in addition, Mr. Gladstone, the respected chairman of the Mersey Docks Harbor Board, and a gentleman of great influence, wrote a letter in which he avowed himself a Free Trader, but advising those who were Conservatives, and others, to vote for the Tariff Reformers! This decided many of those on the fence. Notwithstanding all these factors, in a total poll of something over 63,000, we polled some 30,000 votes, and I am convinced of this—that, if a poll could be taken on this issue alone, it would be found that Liverpool was with all the great industrial centres of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the North of England in the maintenance of our Free Trade system.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD EVANS.

Liverpool, February 1st, 1910.

THE LORDS AND FINANCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The following quotation from an unimpeachable Conservative source is a useful instance of the way in which our unwritten Constitution has been taken for granted by other people than those whose business it is to record the exact legal letter of what can or cannot be done by the Houses of Parliament:—

"Money Bills always begin in the House of Commons, because the greatest part of the supplies are raised by the people; and for this reason the Commons will not allow the Lords to alter them."

It is from "The Curiosities of London and Westminster Described," one of Newbery's children's books, published in 1788, and forms part of a description of the House of Commons. Eighteenth century children certainly would have had nothing revolutionary offered to them by so respectable a firm of publishers, so that we must conclude that the quotation represents the normal opinion of the day.—Yours, &c.,

F. J. H. D.

January 24th, 1910.

THE CRISIS AND THE REFERENDUM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The General Election which has now taken place has shown clearly, what was, indeed, well recognised before, viz., that it is quite impossible to determine accurately the points upon which the votes have been recorded on such an occasion. Not only have the issues themselves been so varied, but the motives which have brought together all the political influences which have united their forces in the endeavor to defeat the Liberal Government have been equally numerous. Fortunately, they have failed, and a majority of 120 is an unmistakable approval on the part of the country of the general policy of the Liberal Government as indicated by their work during the past four years and their intentions for the future, as plainly set forth by the Prime Minister in his speech at the Albert Hall and his address.

Now the predominant issue put to the electors by Mr. Asquith is that of the veto of the House of Lords, which has been made use of in such a manner of late years, that it has become impossible for a Liberal Government to undertake the responsibilities of office without its being taken from them.

How is that to be done? Doubtless there are several ways, some of which depend upon the exercise of the prerogative of the King, such as the creation of new peers, the summoning of a limited number, and others which will not commend themselves to many thoughtful men of all parties if they can be avoided.

Is there any other, which is consistent with the principle upon which our government is based, viz., the decision of the electors themselves? There certainly is, and although it is a short and easy road and may be called an innovation, that is no reason why it should not be adopted.

All the members of the House of Commons accept the democratic principle that the will of the people must deter-

mine the policy of the country, and the only justification advanced for the rejection of the Budget by the responsible leaders of the Unionist Party in the House of Lords was that the judgment of the nation must be given upon what they described as a revolutionary proposal, before they could be expected to accept it. Here, then, is common ground.

Let a measure be passed which shall give to the Government of the day the discretionary power of appealing to the country, not by means of a General Election, but by a referendum of the particular measure, when the two Houses of Parliament are at issue upon it. This would be taken upon the total number of votes given for or against and not the constituencies alone. I know there are many arguments that can be brought both *pro* and *con* in reference to the referendum as an abstract theory, but we are a practical people, and to secure the important, more than important, necessary result, on lines which shall be in harmony with the democratic principles of the nation, and provide a sure and certain way of ascertaining the judgment of the people, appears to me worthy of adoption even if it be an innovation. —Yours, &c.,

W. H. SILK.

21, Salisbury Road, Moseley, Birmingham,
January 31st, 1910.

"THE DECENT CHURCH."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The article under this title in last week's NATION is very interesting. The writer finds a text for his subject in some recent ebullitions, notably in the Woolwich incident and in some country parson's proclamation. That the incumbents quoted are obscure does not matter. They serve (for the sake of argument) as representative of the Church. It is scarcely worth while to remind the writer that what distresses him in one or two humble clergy is the recognised and deliberate policy of ministers in the front line of Non-conformity. He need not examine the records of the Non-conformist rank and file, though a glance at the pages of "John Bull" would help him to understand what can be achieved even by common soldiers in the Liberal army. But he will certainly search in vain among the leaders of the Church of England for any partisan display in the way of speech or behavior which can compare with the demonstrations in which the leaders of the Free Churches excel. When he says, however, that "to celebrate Mr. Crooks's defeat was to triumph over the cause of the weak, to sound the loud timbrel over the destitute and oppressed," he must permit a reader to demur at his convenient assumption. It is so easy to introduce the righteous note and associate the opposite side with everything tyrannical, rapacious, and oppressive. But it is much easier to claim righteousness than to substantiate the claim.

It is fair to comment on the "decent quietness" of the Church, and show how this placid attitude is disturbed by such voices as those which the writer quotes, especially if the undignified utterances proclaim the wrong programme. It is fair also to criticise "religion without enthusiasm," though the records of the Church reveal what has been accomplished by quiet and patient work, carried through without fluster or fury. It is work that can be compared with the performances of many who shine in demonstration and revel in passionate declamation. But I venture to question the soundness of the writer's final jibe at the "Church of a Class," the "ignoble alliance" with wealth, and his amiable reproof, "it was to the poor that the Apostles were sent." Who live among the poor but the clergy of the Church of England? In the town parishes they are to be found, residing in the midst of the people. When various places of worship are abandoned, the Church remains in the slum districts. There are many just causes of complaint against "the decent Church," but it is still the Church that ministers to the poor.—Yours, &c.,

G. M. V. HICKEY.

St. Mark's Vicarage, Dukinfield, Cheshire,
February 1st, 1910.

[The Church in the towns does in a measure live with the people; but is that true, in anything like the same measure, of the Church in the country?—ED., NATION.]

ELECTORAL REFORM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—On February 16th, 1907, your predecessor, "The Speaker," published the successful essays in a competition—"The best suggestion for the Amendment of the Election Laws, with a view to Diminish Corrupt Practices and to cheapen the Cost of Election." As a prize-winner, I venture to send you again the summary of suggestions with which my essay concluded. I have been struck in reading the letters sent to you and to daily papers with regard to the conduct of last month's election, by the fact that a stringent Bill on the lines of these proposals—proposals almost echoed by the other prize-winner—would have gone far to remove the grounds of their complaints. Is it too much to hope for such a Bill in the new Parliament?

CORRUPT AND ILLEGAL PRACTICES.

A.—GENERAL.

1. A candidate shall be held responsible for the acts of any person (to include "woman") working in promotion of his candidature, and such person shall be held to be his agent, unless it can be proved that the work was undertaken without the knowledge or consent (a) of the candidate, (b) or of any of his authorised agents, (c) or any recognised association or club working in his interests.

2. Electoral offences shall be considered as offences against public order, and the magistrates shall be given power of summary jurisdiction in such cases.

B.—TREATING.

3. No political meetings shall be held on any licensed premises.

4. All licensed houses shall be closed on polling day.

C.—UNDUE INFLUENCE.

5. Under the definition of undue influence (Act of 1883, Sect. 2) shall be included the canvassing of tenants and workmen, by landlords, employers, or their agents. The addition might be in words to the following effect:—

"Whoever, directly or indirectly, by himself or any other person on his behalf, attempts to induce another person to vote or refrain from voting—such person being (a) in the occupation of any premises owned by the offender, or (b) employed by him for payment or the promise of payment."

6. The lending of any vehicle for the conveyance of voters to the poll shall be an illegal practice and shall void the election.

7. A polling station shall be provided in every elementary school district.

8. If any elector shall object to the continued presence of any person at or near the polling station during the hours of polling, the presiding officer shall require such person to leave the neighborhood of the polling station.

D.—EXPENDITURE.

9. The present authorised scale of expenditure shall be substantially reduced.

10. The expenses of the returning officer shall be defrayed out of public funds, subject to an audit by Government officials.

11. No expenditure on posters or placards shall be legal, except on (a) a reasonable number of copies of the election address, (b) notices of a reasonable number of public meetings, (c) notices by the returning officer connected with the conduct of the election.

12. Not more than two sets of election leaflets, &c., shall be sent from the committee rooms of any candidate to the electors during the course of the election, *i.e.*, one set containing the election address, and one on the eve of the poll with instructions as to the place of voting.—Yours, &c.,
LIBERALIS.

February 2nd, 1910.

THE POPULARITY OF THE BUDGET.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In showing the effect of the Budget on the General Election votes in constituencies lost by Liberals at by-elections between 1906 and 1909—*i.e.*, prior to the Budget's introduction—you omit the two seats won from Liberals by Labor and Socialist candidates. This would have been correct in dealing with a set-back to Tariff Reform,

but in their bearing upon the popularity of the Budget these two seats—Jarrow and Colne Valley—do, in fact, afford evidence more strikingly conclusive than can be obtained from any other results.

Both Jarrow and Colne Valley—as well shown by Mr. R. L. Outhwaite in the "Daily News" of October 25th, 1909—were lost by defections through disappointment at the Budget of 1907. Both seats were regained, in three-cornered contests, after the introduction of the more advanced Budget of 1909.

Jarrow in 1910 raised the Liberal from third place with 3,474 votes to first place with 4,885—an increase of 1,411 votes.

Colne Valley raised the Liberal from second place with 3,495 votes to first place with 4,741—an increase of 1,246 votes.

I had occasion to familiarise myself with all the contests in which Labor candidates have been concerned, and I do not hesitate to say that to the Budget, and the Budget alone, do the Liberals owe the remarkable way in which they have held their own, and even recovered lost seats, as at Haggerston, Jarrow, Colne Valley, and Lanark, in the three-cornered contests.—Yours, &c.,

January 31st, 1910.

AN ONLOOKER.

ONE MAN, ONE VOTE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*

SIR,—Will you kindly permit me to give your numerous readers a personal example of how the present system of plurality voting affects the representation of the electorate of the United Kingdom?

I am not, I regret to say, engaged in any of the great commercial industries contributing to the wealth and prosperity of my native land. My income, all told, does not amount to £400 a year, derived from a very diminished property rental, yet I have been enabled, under the present conditions of a three weeks' polling, to record three votes in three different constituencies in Ireland—one in virtue of my occupancy of my residence in this city, and two as a freeholder in two county constituencies situate one hundred miles apart.

Had the polls for those constituencies been all taken on one day, I would have been deprived of the opportunity of recording my vote in one at least of the three. I would contrast with that state of affairs the position of a neighbor, who is a large employer of skilled labor, disbursing in wages £5,000 a year, and who is only entitled to exercise the franchise to the extent of one vote in respect of the house in which he resides.

Under such circumstances, is not the present system of Parliamentary representation indefensible?—Yours, &c.,

JUSTITIA.

Dublin, January 31st, 1910.

A FREE TRADE FIGHTING FUND.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR.—Free Trade is again victorious. Specious promises of higher wages and cheaper living, even when personally guaranteed by the leaders of Tariff Reform, have failed to delude the workers of most of our great towns. By overwhelming majorities they have shown their contempt for Tariff Reform. Scotland, Wales, and the North of England have declared almost unanimously against Protection.

In this great victory the Free Trade Union can claim no small share. During the years 1908 and 1909, the Free Trade Union has carried on an incessant propaganda which culminated at the General Election in one of the most strenuous campaigns ever conducted since the days of Cobden. It has issued a monthly paper, "The Free Trader," and a very large number of publications, which are essential to every Free Trader who wishes to be armed against the fallacies of Tariff Reform. During the year 1908, the Union held 2,943 meetings and distributed 4,145,195 leaflets and pamphlets. In 1909 these numbers were increased to over 5,000 meetings, and no less than 16,255,000 leaflets and pamphlets were circulated.

The Union has lately employed fifty permanent agents in different parts of the country. These agents have carried out systematic and specialised campaigns. They have trained local speakers and workers, and in the recent contest over a thousand speakers were engaged on behalf of the Union. As soon as the General Election was announced, the Union increased the number of its local offices to 60, and from these offices conducted no less than 5,000 meetings and distributed over 20 million leaflets and pamphlets, and 250,000 posters.

Successful as our work has been, the officers and Committee of the Free Trade Union realise the fact that the fight for the maintenance of our Free Trade system is not nearly over yet. We

recognise that although Free Trade has more than held its own over the greater part of the field of battle, it can only retain its present ascendancy in the industrial centres by constant vigilance and ceaseless activity on the part of Free Trade workers. Free Traders are fully alive to the fact that periods of trade depression may render the very strongholds of our cause vulnerable to the attacks of the Tariff Reformers, who, having no definite cause to defend, adapt their policy to the particular interests in each locality.

But we have not only to defend what we already hold. If Free Trade is to gain a final victory over Tariff Reform, the ground which has been lost during the recent contest must be won back.

All Free Traders must view with great concern the apparent defection of the rural voter from the Free Trade cause.

For years past the agricultural laborer has been one of the most trusty supporters of Free Trade. The memory that Protection meant low wages and dear food has kept the laborer true to the principles of untaxed food.

Tariff Reformers have attacked existing revenue taxes levied on one or two articles of food and drink as an evil which they would remove. They have advocated protective taxes which they declare would be paid by the foreigner and would not increase the cost of living. We must expose the fallacy that commodities can become cheaper because they are taxed. We must do so in such a way as to make the truth obvious to the simplest mind. To accomplish this, occasional meetings are not enough. We must have a staff of Free Trade canvassers in every county, men and women who know their case, and who know the people, and who, in the cottages, in the fields, and in the lanes, can explain the great economic truths of Free Trade to the laborer and his wife, so that they will understand for all time. To do this work, the Free Trade Union must extend its forces in every direction.

We want to secure the best possible workers, and to commence the re-capture of the villages without a moment's delay.

This result can and will be secured, if Free Traders throughout the country are determined that it shall be. The present moment is the most vital period in the whole modern fiscal controversy.

Tariff Reform has twice suffered reverse at the polls. The great object which the Free Trade Union has in view is to secure a third victory for Free Trade, which, by including both town and country alike, shall be decisive. If the Union can secure a large annual augmentation of its funds, this crowning blessing for our people can be assured. To win Free Trade, Cobden raised £200,000. If we are to retain the untold boon which was then won for the British people, all Free Traders must be prepared to support the cause in a similarly generous manner. We earnestly appeal to Free Traders of all classes to assist us to the utmost within their power, even to the point of sacrifice, so that we may secure a fighting fund to enable us once and for ever to crush the conspiracy which seeks to gamble with the food of the people.

Full particulars of our plan of campaign will be forwarded to all subscribers who desire to become more fully acquainted with our work.

Contributions, both large and small, will be thankfully received, on behalf of the Free Trade Union, by either of the undersigned.—Yours, &c.,

BEAUCHAMP,

ALFRED MOND,

Hon. Treasurers.

Free Trade Union,

8, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

February 2nd, 1910.

Poetry.

OLD SUSAN.

WHEN Susan's work was done she'd sit,
With one fat guttering candle lit,
And window opened wide to win
The sweet night air to enter in;
There, with her thumb to keep her place,
She'd read, with old and wrinkled face,
Her mild eyes gliding very slow
Across the letters to and fro;
While wagged the guttering candle flame
In the wind that through the window came.
And sometimes in the silence, she
Would mumble a sentence audibly,
Or shake her head, as if to say,
"You silly souls, to act this way!"
And never a sound from night I'd hear,
Unless some far-off cock crowed clear;
Or her old shuffling thumb should turn
Another page; and rapt and stern,
Through her great glasses bent on me
She'd glance into reality;
And shake her round old silvery head,
With—"You—I thought you was in bed!"
Only to tilt her book again,
And rooted in Romance remain.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"Gambetta: Life and Letters." By P. B. Gheusi. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Working Faith of the Social Reformer and Other Essays." By Henry Jones, LL.D., D. Litt. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Metamorphoses, or Golden Ass of Apuleius of Madaura." Translated by H. E. Butler. (Clarendon Press. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. net each.)

"The Bridling of Pegasus: Prose Papers on Poetry." (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Louis XVIII." By Mary F. Sandars. (Hutchinson. 16s. net.)

"Aspects of Christ." By the Rev. W. B. Selbie. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

"Bound Together." By Mary E. Mann. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)

"Agrippa d'Aubigné." Par S. Rocheblave. Les Grands Ecrivains Français. (Paris: Hachette. 2fr.)

"La Duchesse de Duras et Chateaubriand." Par G. Pailhès. (Paris: Perrin. 7fr. 50.)

"En Angleterre." Par Raymond Recouly. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3fr. 50.)

"Paul le Normande." Roman. Par Jules Sageret. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)

* * *

THE Clarendon Press will shortly issue "Henry Fox, First Lord Holland: A Study of the Career of an Eighteenth Century Politician," by Mr. T. W. Riker, of Cornell University. The first Lord Holland has been painted in dark colors by historians. Macaulay calls him a needy political adventurer, and Lecky, after describing him as a man "of real ability and of indomitable courage," speaks in the strongest terms of the system of corruption which he fostered and by which he profited. Abraham Hayward claims for him "the very qualities most needed by a trading politician in corrupt, unsettled times," and adds, "it may safely be predicted that no arrangement or combination of his making was ever with his consent prevented or impeded by a principle." Holland had a dry wit which he used to advantage on occasion. He reproached Lord Bute for putting him off with a barony as a reward for his services, instead of the earldom for which he had stipulated. Lord Bute replied that it was only a pious fraud. "I perceive the fraud, my lord, but not the piety," was the answer. Again, when on his death-bed, he said to his servant, "If Mr. Selwyn calls again, let him in. If I am alive I shall be very glad to see him, if I am dead he will be very glad to see me." George Selwyn's "mortuary tastes" formed a frequent subject of banter among his friends.

* * *

THE biography of Lord Kelvin by Professor Silvanus Thompson, which Messrs. Macmillan are to issue this month, will present the great scientist under several aspects unfamiliar to the general reader. Very few people know, for instance, that Kelvin had a share in designing the "Dreadnought" type of battleship, or that he regarded the swift cruiser as more effective. The patent compass, which Kelvin invented, was offered to the Admiralty without any suggestion of payment, but received with such apathy that he decided to patent it and bring it to the notice of the mercantile marine. The book was, we are told, begun during Kelvin's lifetime and with his assistance, and among other matters recorded are Kelvin's part in the early history of the Atlantic cable, his university career, both as undergraduate and as professor, and his views upon several topics of current controversy.

* * *

THE same publishers have now almost ready Lord Acton's "Lectures on the French Revolution," held over from last season. The volume contains twenty-two lectures dealing with all the chief points of interest in the Revolution. It opens with a discussion of the writers whose work is generally regarded as heralding the catastrophe, and of the influence of America upon French political thought, and ends with a lecture entitled "After the Terror."

* * *

IN the "American Men of Letters" series there is to be issued a "Life of Bret Harte," which will probably be issued in this country by Messrs. Constable. The book is the work of Mr. H. C. Merwin, who has been engaged upon it for several years and has had access to unpublished manuscripts and other authoritative sources.

A BIOGRAPHY of Lord Morley, by Miss E. Major, is announced by Messrs. Nisbet. It deals with Lord Morley both as man of letters and as statesman, special attention being given to his Indian administration.

* * *

"THREE MODERN SEERS" is the title of a study by Mrs. Havelock Ellis of the philosophical teaching of Nietzsche, Edward Carpenter, and James Hinton. Hinton was a London surgeon of distinction, whose writings, though often striking and suggestive, have received little attention outside a small circle of admirers. The book will be published by Mr. Stanley Paul.

* * *

THE second of the three volumes of Sir Herbert Maxwell's "A Century of Empire" is to be published during the present season by Mr. Arnold. It begins with the year of the Reform Act, and it will be of special interest at the present juncture to see how the steps necessary to secure that great measure appear to a frankly Tory historian.

* * *

THE age of Henry of Navarre has been chosen for a volume of biographical sketches by the writer who calls himself "Le Petit Homme Rouge." It is one of the most stirring and attractive periods in French history, abounding in dramatic incidents and strong personalities, so that the author, who has issued several volumes dealing with the French Court, has a rich store of material at his disposal. Messrs. Chatto & Windus are to be the publishers.

* * *

AN interesting by-path of history has been explored by Mr. C. K. Bolton in a work called "Scottish Irish Pioneers in Ulster and America," which is to appear during the present season. Mr. Bolton has aimed at giving a systematic history of the emigrations from Ireland to the British colonies in America, before the time of the Revolution. His record is largely based on unpublished material, and is said to contain several new facts of interest, especially in relation to the Southern colonies.

* * *

By the sudden death of M. Edouard Rod on Saturday last the world of French letters is deprived of a serious and influential writer, if not a great novelist. M. Rod was a Swiss, and occupied for some time the position of Professor of Comparative Literature at Geneva. He left the University for Paris while still a young man, and threw himself enthusiastically into the campaign for realism in literature, which Zola, Maupassant, Huysmans, and the Goncourts were conducting. He modified his attitude in later years, becoming a "moralist" in the French meaning of the term, and using fiction chiefly as a means for expressing his social theories. He never attained the lightness and grace of style possessed by his French colleagues, but his books were widely read by thoughtful people. His most popular novels were "La Vie Privée de Michel Teissier," "La Seconde Vie de Michel Teissier," and "L'Inutile Effort," all of them *romans à thèse*. He also produced a critical work of value, "Idées Morales du Temps Présent."

* * *

THE first number of a new monthly magazine called "The Tramp" will appear in March. "The Tramp" will contain articles on little-known places in England and abroad, descriptions of walking tours, and articles on all subjects connected with travel. Short stories and sketches of an unconventional character will also be included, and a special feature will be made of modern verse. The editor, Mr. Douglas Goldring, has secured a strong list of contributors, and the venture is altogether a promising protest against literary and other conventionalities.

* * *

A SERIES, called "Masterpieces of the English Drama," has been arranged for under the general editorship of Mr. Alexander Jessup, who is also editor of Lippincott's "French Men of Letters" series. Each volume in the new series will contain four complete plays by a single dramatist, and will be edited by a different scholar. Amongst those in active preparation are "George Chapman," by Mr. Havelock Ellis; "William Congreve," by Mr. William Archer; "Christopher Marlowe," by Professor W. L. Phelps; "Ben Jonson," by Mr. Ernest Rhys; and "Beaumont and Fletcher," by Professor Felix Schelling.

Reviews.

OXFORD REFORM.*

It is difficult not to yield to impulse, and proclaim that Mr. Snow's book on the Reform of the University of Oxford is incomparably the best and wisest thing that has been written on this generally dispiriting subject. It is probably the sheer beauty of the book that is so persuasive, and beauty may be a dangerous guide. But, however that may be, Mr. Snow has converted the present reviewer—converted him, first, to a belief that Greek should be compulsory for the literary M.A. courses; and, secondly, to a belief in the mission of Oxford. If our present Oxford can really rise, shaking off the elements of mediocrity, snobbishness, and lack of faith which now stifle her, to be something like what Mr. Snow describes, she will, indeed, be a University for which men will be proud to live and die.

The great difference between this treatise and the various reforming articles which have appeared hitherto, the articles in the "Morning Post," those in the "Westminster Gazette," and the *grandis epistola* of Lord Curzon, lies not so much in the conclusions as in the spirit. True, the conclusions are different, too, but the spirit is more so. Roughly speaking—though the phrase does injustice to particular writers—the measures of the average "Morning Post" reformer, if carried out, would land us in a respectable and honest establishment for the rich, teaching a great many popular subjects, and attracting an increasing number of students by means of a shorter and less thorough course and a lower and wider entrance examination. The classical course would be lightened by throwing overboard the most difficult parts of it, which happen to be the most valuable; and, in Lord Curzon's scheme at least, business men would be attracted by a course in Commerce. We should get a University which, in spite of its many drawbacks in tradition, buildings, and situation, might in time be intellectually as good as Birmingham, though it could not hope to equal Harvard. A phrase constantly on the lips of this type of reformer is the argument that, if we fail to do so-and-so, the provincial universities will draw away our customers.

Now, what is the fallacy in all this? The fallacy is to suppose that the Universities are like rival shops, and that each University must contrive to sell all the wares that another does. The truth is that all the Universities between them are but imperfectly supplying the intellectual needs of the nation, and that in so doing they must co-operate. Glasgow has a great shipbuilding school, with an enormous tank for experiments. Is Oxford to make, with its utterly inferior resources, a little inland tank, in order that youths who wish to study shipbuilding may do so in the best public school society? Are we to start a school of brewing, because Birmingham has done so? No one urges either of these things; yet we have just established an Engineering School, with an excellent professor, but no plant at all, while Birmingham, barely an hour off by train, has the finest engineering plant in the world. And this at a time when an institution like the Bodleian, the pride of Oxford and a thing unique in the world, is crippled with poverty!

Why is it that anyone makes such a mistake? It is, we believe, partly that Oxford men are a little apt to forget the existence—and, we may add, the excellence—of the many new universities, and so to imagine that Oxford and Cambridge are the only real universities in the land. Partly, it is a widespread, unconscious snobbishness, which regards a university education primarily, not as an education at all, but as a class-stamp. The parent wishes to be able to say that he has a son at Balliol. Good, but, unfortunately, the son happens to be unfit for the higher studies pursued at Balliol. The boy is rich: let Balliol lower its standard a bit, or admit book-keeping by double entry instead of Greek or philosophy.

The answer to this is, first, to remember that the other universities exist and flourish, and deserve to flourish; and, secondly, that no university ought to lower its standard or risk spoiling its course in order to please persons who are

not suited for it, and can get what they are suited for elsewhere.

If the commercial man or the science man was in any difficulty about his higher training in those subjects, the case would be different. Provision for the highest scientific education is, of course, an absolute necessity. But he is not. Scientific and commercial foundations are plenteous as blackberries, and their endowments are increasing every day. There are sixteen universities in the United Kingdom; there are probably some fifty or sixty universities accessible to English-speaking students. Some excel in one department, some in another. Two of the number excel in the department of Literature, History, and Philosophy, based upon the study of antiquity. Is it a hardship on anyone if they insist on an entrance examination adapted to their particular form of education? There are fourteen other universities in the Kingdom for the non-classical boy to choose from.

There is no hardship. There is only a question whether the sort of education which Oxford and Cambridge give, and which can be had at no other university in the English-speaking world, is worth keeping, and worth improving. It is here that Mr. Snow's book comes in. "This literary spirit is, among its other qualities, historical. It is not content with knowing things unless it knows their origins, and on the spiritual and intellectual side half our origins are Greek. In religion, philosophy, political thinking, fine art, the formal and conscious side of literature, the mathematical side of science, we are building on Greek foundations. The rank and file of intelligent people, the world of interested but unlearned readers, has to take these origins on trust, but a University is not a place for the rank and file. It is a place for leaders, for the people whose business it is to know these origins, if the common thinking of the unlearned is not to degenerate into a repetition of second-hand commonplaces."

The University is a place for leaders, but it is not a preserve for any class or any standard of income.

"The studies that are rising now are those that 'have money in them.' The time when plutocrats are attacking Greek is the time for Socialists to take it up."

"For, indeed, so long as there continue to be rich and poor, literary studies ought to be the studies of the poor. They are the best way, as I believe, and certainly the cheapest and most portable way, of satisfying the mental and spiritual wants of life. People must satisfy those wants somehow, just as they must satisfy their bodily wants—*panem et circenses*. It depends on their education whether they are to get their *circenses* out of gambling and fighting and drinking, or, at best, out of sport and mere frivolity, or out of religion and knowledge and art and politics and poetry and humor and love—in short, out of the components of literature. As Bishop Fraser's friend told him, 'Drink is the shortest way out of Ancoats.' Give Ancoats a chance and Ancoats will find that Homer is a better way."

We say nothing here of practical methods. They are carefully stated in the book. But, in general, the classical course for entrance is to be lightened by omitting all composition—including Latin prose—and all grammar except what is necessary for translation. To read and understand, in some degree, the great literature is the first thing; to analyse the language or to write it yourself is a thing that may come afterwards.

"As things are now, if you ask an ordinary business man, who has been to a grammar school and left it early, whether he ever learned any Greek, he will say, I once learned *ὁ ἦ τό*. If elementary Greek is to mean that and no more, certainly it will be of no use in itself, and there will be something invidious in retaining it as a protection to the further Greek of more fortunate boys. But suppose we can make the same man's successors say, 'I once read about Hector and Andromache,' or 'I once read the Beatitudes'?"

"*Mater ubique tuus, liceat modo nunc quoque, miles*": so runs the motto inscribed on this book. And whether his Alma Mater listens or no, the author has indeed shown himself her soldier.

THE REIGN OF LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH.*

It would be difficult to name a period in which the failure of government has created so wild a world of blunder, anarchy, and disease as the last period of the French

* "How to Save Greek, and Other Paradoxes of Oxford Reform." By T. C. Snow, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College. Simpkin Marshall & Co. 2s.

* "Histoire de France: Tome Huitième. Le Règne de Louis XV." Par H. Carré, Professeur à l'Université de Poitiers. Hachette. 6 fr.

Monarchy. The death of Louis XV. leaves one brief moment for recovery, but the sands have almost run out when that disfigured corpse passes to the royal peace of St. Denis amid the jeers of jesting Paris. From his death-bed Louis the Fourteenth had warned his successors to remember the miseries of their people, and his words found their echo in the dying prayer of his great-grandson. But a death-bed repentance seldom amounts to restitution, and the French Monarchy learnt nothing from the remorse of dying kings. The truth is that the Monarchy was designed by Richelieu and Mazarin for other men than the last Bourbons. Louis the Fourteenth rescinded in one moment of pious zeal the religious settlement that had given its prosperity to France, and his hurricanes of pride and temper made shipwreck of her finance and her resources. Louis the Fifteenth had about as much self-control as one of the later Roman Emperors. If your Government is not a Government of laws, but of men, it matters enormously what sort of men are in power. Richelieu, in giving its final form to the French Monarchy, had taken it out of the reach of faction and civil war, but had put that omnipotent and absolutist throne at the mercy of the passions of individuals. Those passions destroyed it.

One attempt was made, indeed, to change that final form, and the beginning of the period covered by this volume is interesting for the Regent's experiment with the ideas of Fénelon. If the Duke of Burgundy had not been carried off by small-pox, he would certainly have made a serious effort to restore the power of the nobles, and to break down the centralised system of Versailles. It may be doubted whether the attempt would have succeeded if it had been made under the most auspicious conditions. Orleans was less of an enthusiast than Burgundy, and in his hands the experiment was a failure. It happened that France tried this plan at the very moment that Spain had abandoned it. Alberoni had just put the finishing touch to the process that introduced the French absolutist methods into Spanish administration. The Spanish Ambassador remarked at the time of the September declaration, announcing the departure from the old order in France: "Les Français ont habillé leur gouvernement à l'espagnole; mais la golielle leur ira aussi mal que la cravate nous allait mal à nous-mêmes au début." But the beginning of the Regency was marked by a reaction against the Versailles system, and men's thoughts turned to this aristocratic scheme as the only alternative. Seven Councils were created under the General Council of Regency, on which there sat the presidents of other Councils. The other Councils were those of Home Affairs, Conscience, War, Marine, Finance, Foreign Affairs, and Commerce. Saint Simon had wished to confine membership to the greater nobles, but Orleans took in some of his dissolute friends, and he was shrewd enough to know that government could not be carried on without the help of the trained bureaucrats. Thus the old and the new systems met in these institutions. Antagonism was inevitable. The Councils were not in all respects ineffective, for during these years there was a great development of roads and bridges. But the history of the Councils justified Louis XIV.'s scepticism; for, as the business was troublesome and tedious, the nobles soon lost their interest in them, and left them to their fate. Meanwhile, Orleans himself began to revert to the traditional methods. He began to withdraw important affairs from the Council of the Regency, and to receive the Presidents of the other Councils in private, thus reducing them to the status of the old secretaries. Dubois wrote to Orleans in August, 1718, urging him to suppress the Councils. He said that when the King became his own master they would certainly disappear, and that Orleans would have all the discredit of the destruction of the system he had introduced, and that he ought to lose no time in getting rid of the "grands seigneurs," and replacing them by simple Secretaries of State, who, as they had neither reputation nor family, would be simply his creatures. One by one the Councils flickered out, and the Council of the Regency itself disappeared in 1723. M. Carré (whose volume maintains the high standard of the series) summarises the causes of the failure of the experiment thus: the incapacity of many who took part in the Councils; conflicts between the nobles and the bureaucrats; the indifference of the public after the first excitement was over; the want of enthusiasm of the Regent; the opposition of many who had

a personal interest in the restoration of the old system; and the inadequacy of a reform which did not concede either a representative régime or a serious control of government.

With the failure of this scheme, everything turned on the character of Louis XV. But, as M. Carré observes, the restoration of the old prestige of the Monarchy would only have been possible if he had been a perfect monarch. In such a situation it was a cruel irony that gave Louis XV. as King to France. Not that Louis was stupid, though his nervousness made him seem stupid. He was so self-conscious and timid that when he found in Madame Amelot someone still more timid than himself, that fact alone made him enjoy her society. His dread of new faces made him cling to his old Ministers. M. Carré thinks that he had ability enough if only he had made up his mind to govern. Twice he formed such a resolution: once after the disgrace of Bourbon in 1726, and again after the death of Fleury; but his idleness and his love of pleasure overcame him. He took, indeed, a strange and morbid interest in politics, for he had a secret police and a secret diplomatic intelligence service of his own. But, as M. Carré says, he made no use of his information, and he did not attempt to prevent mistakes that he foresaw. He was paralysed by nervousness, indolence, and his passion for amusement. His whole time was given up to hunting, and this, the main business of his life, he arranged with the utmost care and mastery of detail. When he did not go hunting, it was announced that "the King does nothing to-day." His sensual life seems to have begun from finding his wife dull. His first intrigue was regarded with composure even by the more virtuous of his contemporaries, who were not a little taken aback as one sister succeeded another in those rapid developments which were celebrated in a lampoon:—

"L'une est presque en oubli, l'autre presque en poussière;
La troisième est en pied; la quatrième attend
Pour faire place à la dernière.
Choisir une famille entière
Est-ce d'être infidèle ou constant?"

There seems to have been from the first a morbid strain in Louis XV.'s character. As a boy he had cruel habits, enjoying torturing birds. As a man, he took a strange interest in corpses, funerals, diseases. He was superstitious, and never lost his fear of Hell, and was punctual and regular in all religious devotions. "He follows the processions, kneels in the street when the viaticum is carried, but neither his piety nor his dread of Hell preserved him from a single vice." He had scarcely any intellectual education. Before he had grown up he was "déjà ennuyé, blasé, indolent." He had plenty of physical courage. Madame de Châteauroux persuaded him to throw aside his idleness and go to the front in Flanders in 1744. At Metz he fell ill, and was believed to be dying. All France wept and prayed for him. Unfortunately for himself, and unfortunately for France, he recovered, to die thirty years later hated and despised by the world.

"Provida Pompeio dederat Campania febris
Optandas: sed multae urbes et publica vota
Vicerunt."

While the King was sinking into a condition of sensual lethargy France herself was full of energy and movement. The ideas of the Philosophers and the Economists spread fast in an aristocracy that was allowed no duties. In the decadence of the Monarchy there flourished the emancipating minds of Montesquieu, Voltaire, Diderot, Quesnai, and the passionate genius of the apostle of the Revolution. The King, almost alone, never gave a thought to improvement or to the regeneration of the community of which he was the costly ornament. De Tocqueville has some droll remarks on the way in which the intendants, catching the atmosphere of social sensibility, spoke and wrote of the trampled peasants. M. Carré thinks that, on the whole, the lot of the cultivators of the soil was better at the end of the reign than at the beginning, thanks to the influence of the Agricultural Societies, the Economists, and public opinion working on the local administration. But the burdens on the poverty of the nation, and the thousand and one obstacles to its enterprise and its freedom, became steadily more intolerable, and Louis XV., dying as he had lived, with a cynical selfishness in his heart, summed up alike the conscience of the consequences of his reign in the cry, "Après moi le déluge."

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY QUIETIST.*

To most English readers the very name of Antoinette Bourignon is unknown. In Scotland it is indirectly familiar to theological students, because in 1711 the General Assembly classed her with Arius Socinus, Arminius, and the Pope, requiring candidates for the ministry to renounce her errors. This test of orthodoxy was maintained till 1889; but long before this she had been forgotten; and Professor Macewen's suggestive study of her life (1616-1680) and writings reopens a closed page of history, the problems of which present not a few points of contact with those of our own day. The record, indeed, is one of singular interest and significance:—

"In the latter half of the seventeenth century the life of the Reformed and the Roman Churches was at a low ebb. Dogmatism, superstition, and secularism were in possession, and it is instructive to see how a serious and vigorous mind came to abandon all definitely Christian dogma and to indulge in extravagances. Light is thrown upon the position and attitude of the celebrated quietists who were her contemporaries, and also upon the prevalence of revivalism, mysticism, and rationalism in eighteenth-century religion."

The line between saint and heretic is narrow. A slight, a very slight, change in the circumstances, and Antoinette Bourignon might have been a Catherine of Genoa. The docile temper of post-Tridentine sanctity, indeed, was not here; but her protests against externalism in religion, her denunciations of the clergy and the clericalism of her time may be paralleled in writers of acknowledged orthodoxy; a turn of the wheel, "the little more" or "the little less" of the poet, and the charmed circle might well have embraced her. As it was—though she seems never formally to have left the Roman Church—in 1700 the Vicar Apostolic in Scotland exhorted his flock against "the errors of the Borigionites" (*sic*), the Nuncio at Paris warned Propaganda of their prevalence, and Professor Macewen tells us of an all but successful attempt to assassinate her, in which the Roman authorities joined. Her character, like her teaching, was strangely mixed. She possessed not a few of the distinctive virtues of Catholic sanctity; she also possessed certain notorious and exceptionally disagreeable faults. And the reflection suggests itself that the life of a saint written with Professor Macewen's detachment and candor would be a document of singular interest. The hagiographer levels down in the interests of edification; the result is a lay figure—the wires are pulled, and the puppet dances; but it is machinery, not life. She was pathologically a sensitive and a neurasthenic; on one occasion she remained in a trance for eight days. At an early age she developed tendencies to megalomania and asceticism. The religious life attracted her; but no convent would receive her without a dowry, and her father, who had a low opinion of these institutions, refused his consent. Her Jesuit director, sensibly enough, advised her to marry, upon which she dispensed with his future services, having recourse for confession to her parish priest. It throws a light upon the relations between the regular and the secular clergy, relations which are little if at all changed in our own time, to read that, upon this becoming known, "she was visited by the religious of the several orders, who warned her that she would certainly be deluded by the devil for want of a director." The Protestant reader will learn with less satisfaction that she discarded not only her director but her Bible. "I read no more, because God taught me all that I needed." For twenty years she made no use of it; her self-opinionatedness was abnormal; never, it seems, for a moment did she lose sight of the Idols of the Cave. A grim, dour woman, without a touch of charm or womanliness, greedy of gear, a hard bargainer, a contemner of the brethren—"she had an inward assurance that three-fourths of mankind had consciously given themselves over to the devil, and that she had a divine commission to bring this fact to light." Autocratic and overbearing to excess, she was intolerant of the slightest independence: "a man would injure his conscience if he contradicted her on a single point, so clear is it that she is directly guided by God!" Courageous withal, a firm friend, and transparently truthful, she possessed a rare spiritual insight: "she had thoughts of God and con-

ceptions of truth far above the level of those that prevailed about her"; hers was "a loftier plane, a larger view."

In the world of ideas she moved easily; but both her qualities and her defects were such as to unfit her for practical life. When, in 1653, she assumed the charge of an orphanage, she terrified the children by perpetually speaking to them of hell, and the "little black devils who were seeking to win their souls." The result, not unnaturally, was an outbreak of hysteria, put down to diabolical possession by the superstition of the age. It is creditable to the magistrates of Lille that, on the consequent trial, the children were acquitted of the charge of witchcraft, and the directors admonished to treat them with less severity. "The devil has his epochs," observes Professor Macewen; "and in the seventeenth century his power was great, reaching to every sect and nationality." The suspicion of magic attached to her throughout, probably by reason of the nervous disorders from which she suffered. The ground of her arrest in 1680 was that "she had power to contract and enlarge her person"—a not uncommon pathological phenomenon. It was as a witch rather than as a heretic that she inspired fear. The quality of her mind was critical: she stood aloof from the popular controversies of her time. A nominal member of the Church of Rome, she was neither Catholic nor Protestant, Jesuit nor Jansenist: the members of her colony at Nordstrand were forbidden to adhere to any sect or special religion, or to follow the usages and instructions of any; they must belong only to "the Christian Church." Disputes about sufficient and effectual grace, she held, were mere words:—

"It is indisputable that men require grace for salvation, but then God has given and will give to all men such grace as they require. He has created all, heathen and Christians alike, for salvation; the concealment of this truth is the chief offence of the Church. The Church of Rome, in particular, has become a great and boastful harlot. Monastic life is a fraud, and convents are the invention of the devil; the confessional is full of mischief and danger; modern churchmen have put the Eucharist in the place of Christ. The true Church is invisible, and exists only in the hearts of the faithful: if we bind ourselves by the opinions of the ancient Fathers we hinder the work of the Spirit; we must turn away from the so-called Church and seek for God in our hearts, remembering that He is always teaching new truths."

The Reformed Churches fared little better at her hands than the Roman. She disliked Calvinists and Arminians impartially: of the central doctrine of the Reformation, justification by Faith only, "it is an idea which stinks in God's nostrils," she wrote; "to propagate it is to sin against the Holy Ghost." Like the Modernists of to-day, while repudiating, or taking in a non-natural sense, every Catholic doctrine, she made vehement protestations of her Catholicism. Protestants took her for a Catholic, Catholics for a Protestant: the fact was that, in spite of her curiously unmythical failings, she was a mystic; the three-dimension space of denominationalism was not hers. Those who were sensible of the aridity of the religious world of the time were drawn to her. So wise and good a man as the Moravian Comenius held her in reverence, and clung to her for hope and consolation on his death-bed; Labadie was desirous of her co-operation—which she refused owing to her unwillingness to build up anything like a church. "The Holy Spirit," she wrote to him, "presides over no human assemblies": this settled conviction separated her even from that most unchurchlike of bodies, the Society of Friends.

Her theology, as such, did not escape the dangers that beset the narrow path of the mystic; a swerve to the right hand or the left and his balance is lost. She held the Scotist, as opposed to the Thomist view of the Incarnation: her doctrine of the Trinity was what theologians would label Sabellian, her Christology Socinian; the Atonement was "a cruel, hateful thought, set up, like the abomination of desolation, in the sanctuary"; she failed, says her biographer, to attach any unique office to Christ. It must be remembered that this, like other central truths, was presented by the current orthodoxy in its baldest and most unspiritual shape. A religious mind, just because it was religious, might well reject such a presentation, and fall back from Christianity upon conscience, from the Churches upon the light within. And it is probable that her formulas were more divergent from orthodoxy than her meaning. The clergy, Catholic and Protestant alike, dreaded less her

* "Antoinette Bourignon: Quietist." By Alex. R. Macewen, D.D., Professor of Church History in New College, Edinburgh. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

heresies than her anti-clericalism: this, for clerics, is the unpardonable sin.

Professor Macewen sums up her career with insight and sympathy:—

"Her condemnation of the Churches of her time had a very solid foundation. Their methods and ministrations had many unchristian features. The doctrines which they selected for emphasis were grim and depressing. Worship and sacraments were to a large extent regarded formally. The spirit of unfruitful contention and wholesale antagonism was rife. Above all, the religious importance of conduct was ignored or kept in the background. The ethical and social ideals which churchmen favored were at variance with the Gospel of Jesus. In no writings of the period, not even in those of George Fox, is all this made clearer than in hers. . . . She gains distinction from the darkness which surrounded her. The Christianity of those days was dominated by the notion that revelation was wholly a matter of the past, God having revealed Himself finally in Palestine, so that any claim to be directly guided by him was a profane pretence. It was something to insist strenuously and fearlessly for a lifetime upon the truth that everyone, by self-denying aspiration and without official help, can reach peace with the Eternal Being, with conscious enjoyment of His light, and that neither nature nor grace abates human responsibility."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*

To the half-dozen good books written about Abraham Lincoln we must add this commemorative address of Dr. Putnam. Aiming not at biography, but at informed appreciation, it achieves real excellence. For the writer in a few chapters has succeeded in so relating the man to his great national task as to exhibit his true place in history more effectively than any other writer we have read. The fascinating story of his boyhood, and the multifarious trades and wanderings which made him so representative an American, he touches lightly, leaving such matters to formal biographers. But Lincoln's political career, and the magnificent resources of thought and character it unfolded, are presented in a masterly manner by one who, in his youth, lived through these great days, and bore no unworthy part in the great struggle. The critical acts of Lincoln are described with a vigor which never runs to waste. We see the powerful grasp with which the national statesman set his mind of steel to the issue, "Can the nation exist half-slave and half-free?" developing the full essence of the politics of the situation in his great debate with Stephen Douglas. Why such an art of political controversy has perished from modern party struggles, is a question that deserves consideration. For Dr. Putnam well observes, "I can conceive no better method for bringing representative government on to a higher plane, and for making an election what it ought to be, a reasonable decision by reasoning voters, than the institution of joint debates."

The union of powerful principle with the capacity of compromise has never been better illustrated than in these few years of Lincoln's rule. On minor matters he was flexible, even to weakness; on major matters he was never bent by other wills, but often of set deliberation took a middle course. How essential was this strong moderation Dr. Putnam shows very clearly. With all his hatred of slavery, Lincoln steadfastly refused to lend himself to the demands of the extreme anti-slavery men, who would encroach upon the legal rights of the slave States. The extraordinary skill with which, an official novice hoisted suddenly into the Presidential seat, he encountered the pretensions of his State Secretary Seward, and the hardly less troublesome machinations of Mr. Chase, the blend of humor and contempt with which he handled office-seekers, his capacity of appeasing or of disregarding hostility, and his profound knowledge of humanity, have never found an equal among the trained statesmen of the modern world. Dr. Putnam tells equally well the political and the military story, with the details of which he shows a fine, but not embarrassing familiarity. Lincoln's troubles in the conduct of the war he summarises in a telling paragraph:—

"Difficult as was the task of the men who led columns into action, of the generals in the field who had the immediate responsibility for the direction of those columns, and of the fighting line, it was in no way to be compared with the pressure and the sadness of the burden of the man who stood back of all the lines, and to whom came all the discouragements, the com-

plaints, the growls, the criticisms, the requisitions or demands for resources that were not available, the reports of disasters, sometimes exaggerated and sometimes unduly smoothed over, the futile suggestions, the absurd schemes, the self-seeking applications, that poured into the White House from all points of the field of action, and from all parts of the Border States and of the North."

Besides all the trouble at home there were the constant threats of European intervention, which during the war hung over the Northern cause. For home-keeping politicians in America, foreign diplomacy has always proved a severe test. But Lincoln, as ignorant of European politics as of diplomatic methods, never made a blunder. One principle sufficed for him: he was not to take on any business but the one in hand. He just lived to see that through. Dr. Putnam tells how the news of his death fell upon the troops:—

"The Division Adjutant stepped out on the porch of the headquarters with the paper in his hand, but he broke down before he could begin to read. The Division Commander took the word, and was able simply to announce, 'Lincoln is dead.' The word President was not necessary, and he sought, in fact, for the shortest word. I never before had found myself in a mass of men overcome by emotion. Ten thousand soldiers were sobbing together. No survivor of the group can recall the sadness of that morning without again being touched by the wave of emotion which broke down the reserve and control of these war-worn veterans on learning that their great captain was dead."

THE INGENIOUS MR. HOGARTH.*

"OTHER pictures we look at—his prints we read," wrote Charles Lamb in a memorable passage on William Hogarth. In the same strain Horace Walpole had described the artist as "a writer of comedy with a pencil." It was the tendency among the literary critics of Hogarth's own time to regard him chiefly as a moralist and secondarily as a painter, and this view prevailed for many years after his death. But Walter Savage Landor wrote to John Forster that "in his portraits he is as true as Gainsborough, as historical as Titian," and the higher claim for Hogarth's position in the world of art has lately been pressed by many a latter-day enthusiast. The famous Portrait of Himself with his Dog Trump in the National Gallery, and that of "Captain Coram" in the Foundling Hospital, are held to establish Hogarth's equality with the great masters of color in the eighteenth century, with Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and the rest. In fact, the contemporary idea of Hogarth as the satirical moralist of London life has with critics, with literary critics especially, given place to a conception of his art that places him on a far higher pinnacle of fame.

Walpole's estimate of Hogarth, which denied to him any but the scantiest merit as a painter, was undoubtedly too narrow. At the same time we should hesitate about accepting Landor's extravagant eulogy of his portraits or taking as the last word in Hogarthian criticism the superlative modern estimate of his position on the Olympus of Fine Art. We are the last to deny to his "Conversations" and "Assemblies" a unique artistic power as well as a human moral, nor do we forget that Whistler set the seal of his approbation upon them. The two great portraits which we have mentioned undoubtedly rank among the finest work of the English School, and if more of his portraits were known to us—there are a vast number that have never been traced—it is possible that his fame in this branch of art would be greatly enhanced. On the other hand, a cool and reflective judgment might decree that such works were not up to the standard of the "Captain Coram," and, inferentially, that the portraits we know were such as an ordinarily mediocre portraitist might, and often does, produce in a moment of unusual inspiration. There are, too, at least two opinions possible as to the artistic and dramatic merits of some of the larger "Conversation" pieces. We frankly confess that when one or two examples of this kind were shown at the Academy winter exhibition of 1908, we were appalled by their woodenness. It seemed in no way less than that observable in Hogarth's confessed failures in the Grand Style; the drama at which the artist aimed came perilously near to the burlesque that his enemies taunted him with; the movement of the figures was the arrested movement of the jointed doll. The fact, however,

*"Abraham Lincoln." By George Craven Putnam. Putnam's. 6s. net.

*"Hogarth's London." By H. B. Wheatley. Constable. 21s. net.

that Hogarth, painting on the large scale, may have produced mature works that in point of color and movement were not conspicuously superior to a Zoffany or a very early Gainsborough, in no way interferes with one's appreciation of the "Marriage-à-la-Mode" and other series of small pictures by which he is mainly remembered. It only illustrates the possible danger, or if not this, the foolishness, of claiming more than is necessary to establish Hogarth's greatness.

For, if Hogarth had never painted a masterly portrait, if he had never produced anything but the small conversation pieces that in the aggregate make up a complete pictorial history of the London of his time, his greatness would none the less be assured. No better proof of this could be brought forward than Mr. Wheatley's book, which, dealing wholly with the significance of Hogarth's pictures of London life, and adducing only a brief and impartial summary of evidence for and against his title to a wider fame, shows us the painter-moralist in the most intimate light that painstaking research can shed. Hogarth appears as the Great Londoner, reverencing his city and drawn to its people even while he chided them; he is the great artist devoting himself to the immortalising of his age, careless of the labor it cost, and indifferent to what posterity might say of him. No man ever worked less for posterity. Mr. Wheatley carefully analyses each social phase that he treated, and it is shown how exhaustive a study of London custom and morality the total output is. One must remember, of course, the comparative unity of Society in those days. Not being split up into the many sections divided, as now, by subtle differences of taste, it was easier to comprehend as a whole; and this explains how it was that Hogarth, leading the quiet domestic life of the ordinary middle-class citizen, was yet able to seize and register with scrupulous truth the characteristics, virtues, and vices of every grade. His observation of the lower classes gave him a first-hand acquaintance with human nature, and it was his knowledge of human nature that enabled him to represent with the utmost truth the life, as in the "Marriage-à-la-mode," of an upper class that he could not have had the opportunity for studying otherwise than through an occasional glimpse of their drawing-rooms. And so we see this "strutting, consequential little man"—as Benjamin West called him—peering into High Life and Low Life, Life Political and Business and Professional, Theatrical Life, and the life of prisons and madhouses, always with the same keen eye for a subject for his satiric pencil, and always with a thought beyond the satire, a calculated artistic purpose.

"I have endeavored to treat my subjects as a dramatic writer; my picture is my stage, and men and women my players who, by means of certain actions and gestures, are to exhibit a dumb show," he wrote of himself, and the dramatic quality of his pictures cannot be too strongly insisted upon. It was serious drama, not burlesque; drama with a purpose; and no one was more bitterly resentful of the imputation of caricature than the painter himself. For the dramatic character of Hogarth's genius his close association with the stage of the day may have been partly responsible. The readiness with which he seized upon such a subject as the performance of Gay's "Beggar's Opera" for pictorial treatment is at any rate witness to the intense admiration and respect he had for native drama. He was no mean champion of its cause; not only glorifying the dramatic idea by making it the keynote of his art, but throwing himself heart and soul into the task of defending it against alien intruders. There are no more pungent satires in Hogarth's portfolio than those which deal with the public infatuation for Italian opera and masquerades. He condemned these "foreign fashions" just as he condemned the connoisseurs of the day for their extravagant patronage of the "Black Masters" and their consequent neglect of contemporary British art. His attitude on the latter subject has been severely criticised, and his enemies accused him of a wholesale philistinism, due to personal annoyance at the neglect shown to his own pictures. But this was not quite the case. His quarrel was not with the old masters, but with their ignorant appraisers.

Hogarth's life is a story of touching friendships and bitter enmities. His relations with Garrick, Gay, Fielding, and other eminent characters who helped to fill the stage on

which he moved, were of the pleasantest. The history of his long duel with Wilkes, the demagogue, and Charles Churchill, the poetaster, is a fine example of eighteenth-century amenities. It was an age in which the bludgeon was more serviceable than the rapier; and Hogarth used the bludgeon for castigating, not only his personal opponents, but also the sins of the corporate society at his doors. His irony and wit were of the sledge-hammer type. But it must be remembered that the times were rough and hard, and that a fine-edged tool would have blunted its edge ineffectively against them; and before one criticises the grossness of some of Hogarth's satirical prints one should think of the far greater grossness of the real subjects as they presented themselves to him. The London of Hogarth's day is set forth so vividly in Mr. Wheatley's pages that one should not have to think twice before realising that what this great Londoner has left us is no overstatement of what he saw.

THE CENSORSHIP IN ACTION.*

THE Library Censorship has already fallen into the trap which, in the present condition of English letters, awaits all censorship, literary or theatrical. It has assumed as its standard a certain type of marketable article, and has decided that it will not countenance any deviations from that standard. Two books have been refused circulation; whether by way of the major or the minor excommunication, by a refusal to sell them, or to recommend them for sale unless they happen to be specially asked for, we do not know. Neither, so far as we can discover, contains a gross word or an alluring description. One has a very incidental and subordinate sexual interest, being in the main concerned with carefully elaborated and quite conventional descriptions of the life which white men live in West Africa, under the unusual restraints of white women's society. We can imagine and sympathise with Miss Gaunt's indignation at her book being made taboo to English readers who know what a very different picture she might have drawn. Mr. Hyatt, whose novel shares the fate of "The Uncounted Cost," has greater matter of complaint. He has taken an old and serious subject, familiar to students of life and of literature, which he treats with reserve, and, so far as phrasing goes, with singular purity. It is the theme of "La Dame aux Camélias," of "Manon Lescaut," of "Joshua Davidson," of "Crime and Punishment," of "Resurrection"; it is the side theme of "Les Misérables"; it forms the most beautiful episode in de Quincey's "Opium Eater," and it happens also to be closely woven into the Gospels, and to be the ground-work of one of the most famous of Christian traditions. In other words, Mr. Hyatt's book deals with the mystery of human nature which its saints and thinkers long ago discovered and made plain to it, that it is possible to soil the body and yet for the soul to go free. It is easy to deny this truth, and to discover every kind of qualification to it. But so long as the Magdalen remains a Christian saint, and the thought of Ann, the child street-walker, brings tears to every eye, such work as Mr. Hyatt's "Black Sheep" cannot be ruled out of literature, and unless we are to people Heaven with Pharisees, cannot be held to be immoral. On the contrary, if it is to be compared with the kind of fiction which the old commercial freedom and the new commercial censorship (and they are mere varieties of the same spirit) usually encourages, the contrast is in the main between work which is moral in intention and in effect and work which has no kind of moral aim or result, between meretricious, venal, and absurdly un-Christian writing, and the effort to represent things as they are, or to discover regenerative forces wherever they may exist.

Why, therefore, was Mr. Hyatt's work deemed unfit for circulation in the chastened society which delights in the novels of Mrs. Glyn? Mr. Hyatt is an artist, not a perfectly original artist. His literary types, and his experiences, derive in a measure from Mr. Kipling. He is fond of showing us the "gentleman ranker," half-hero, half-black-guard, thrust back into the civilisation which drove him out for some slight or reckless fault of youth. This type is not so attractive as the companion figure which M. Pierre Loti

* "Black Sheep." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. Werner Laurie. 6s.

"The Uncounted Cost." By Mary Gaunt. Werner Laurie. 6s.

has invented for his Parisian public. It wants charm and delicacy; above all, perhaps, it wants culture and self-possession. Mr. Kipling's and Mr. Hyatt's wanderers seem to have learned nothing but the arts of killing or governing savages; their Ulysses, come back to Ithaca, is driven straight on to drink and boredom. But in Lalage Penrose, (who is very far away from Horace's "sweetly smiling, sweetly prattling" Lalage) Mr. Hyatt has lit upon a figure which in its turn gives true illumination to his pages. Jim Grierson takes her from the streets, and makes her what nature meant her to be, wife and mother to the man who chose her. But, indeed, she no more belongs to them by right of soul and character than Dostoevsky's Sonia or de Quincey's Ann. Betrayed in innocence, she remains innocent; incapable of cruelty or serious falsity, she is saved by the absence even of the instability and want of self-control which mark her lover. This may be a romantic view; certainly it is a gracious one. Mr. Hyatt chooses to contrast Lalage with the group of conventional sensualists who, in good faith, try to break her relations with Grierson. There, undoubtedly, he forces his point. Grierson's marriage with the selfless Lalage was a right solution; his marriage with the slight, unfeeling girl from his own class and early surroundings who throws him over would have been a wrong solution. But the protesting relatives had a good deal of tough human experience on their side; a more rigorous artist would have drawn them more sympathetically, and a more delicate artist would have kept the earlier tie between Lalage and her lover on a finer string.

For this fault the book suffers. But the practical point is whether it is to be condemned and boycotted. Yes; if all our national literature is to be written *virginibus puerisque*. No; if it cannot be so written. No, again, because with us the practical alternative is that in excluding such work as Mr. Hyatt's we fall back on work which is frequently and obviously immoral. We decree that much of our modern fiction shall pass into the experience of the people, laden with the view that outside the respectable classes exists a mass of glittering and amusing life, which may be tricked out in the brightest coloring, but never set in relation to moral truth. This is the practice of a great volume of our stage-work, which deals with average sensual experience. This, too, is the view of conventional society, which would like to treat the underworld as if it did not exist, or had no right to existence. But the artist and preacher never consent to this view, and never will. They refuse to cut life in two, and in so doing they follow the religious reformer who often finds in the sinners the material for sainthood for which he sought in vain among the respectable. Where, therefore, is Mr. Hyatt wrong? He cannot be accused of grossness of style or suggestion. So far as we have ascertained, the book contains no passage, no sentence, of this character. Does his fault consist in drawing Lalage at all? In this respect, as we have said, he follows all the masters of literature. Or does he offend in making her unexacting, gentle in manner, and essentially pure of heart? Again, he is in line, not only with the great writers, but with the Christian moralists. It is therefore an offence against common sense and enlightened experience to say that such a book as "Black Sheep" can affront minds of average balance. If it does, the details and literary method of "Resurrection"—that is to say, of the greatest of modern novels—will offend them a hundred times more.

Much the same may be said of Miss Gaunt's novel, only with less emphasis, because in truth her work is not directly concerned with morals at all, and is in the main a book of adventure. As far as we can see, the only possible point of objection is that she introduces a lady who has trusted her lover unwisely, and has failed, after two years of companionship, to keep him to his promise of legal union. This episode is not even described. It is over when the book begins; and the point of introducing it is to exhibit the woman's scruples in engaging herself to an honorable man to whom she makes full confession of the past. There are passages in this study of a woman's delicacy which strike us as rather amateurish. There is not one that approaches offence. If the moralist can object to the Censorship's refusal to sell "Black Sheep," the average reader can barely discover a plausible ground for the rejection of "The Unaccounted Cost." The libraries, indeed, are following the path set them by Mr. Redford. It will lead to disaster.

The Week in the City.

				Price Friday morning, Jan. 28.		Price Friday morning, Feb. 4.
Consols	82½	...	81½
Midland Def.	58½	...	58½
Union Pacific	190½	...	187½
Mexican 1st Pref.	132	...	133½
U.S. Steel	84½	...	81½

THERE are a good many moderate politicians in the City equally afraid of Tariff Reform and Socialism, who think the result of the elections rather satisfactory. They do not see that it is practically impossible for any Liberal Government to stay in office without effecting radical changes, and of course they are all averse to another General Election. "We could not possibly afford it," said one of them to me. Everyone agrees that trade is going ahead, and the money market looks firmer. It is to be hoped that the big fall of last month in the price of raw cotton will last. If so it should mean another run of prosperity for Lancashire. Corn merchants, too, are beginning to look for lower prices. The Rothschilds are very busy with the Brazil 4 per Cent. Conversion Loan, which cannot be strongly recommended. It is really a device for getting cash for ordinary purposes. There has been some bad news from New York and Mexico City. In New York, Fish & Robinson, a big and old-established stock exchange and banking house, has failed through the gradual but heavy depreciation of securities in the last few weeks. In Mexico City a run on the United States Banking Co. has compelled it to close its doors, and this suspension has brought down the Mexican Packing Company, whose recent issue in London will be remembered. There are some people who feel rather nervous about the banking and currency situation in the United States, and the New York bankers are just now pursuing a conservative policy which has awkward consequences for large open accounts.

COST OF LIVING IN THE UNITED STATES.

The people of the United States are becoming desperate. Prices are prohibitive. Trade rather drags. Financiers are more nervous and greedier than ever. The new tariff is a hopeless failure. The proposed reforms in banking and currency look more and more difficult of achievement. The following letter from a Brooklyn correspondent to the Editor of the New York "Evening Post," gives a very clear idea of living in the United States, and of the awkward conditions that are being developed in the big towns:—

"SIR,—A clergyman remarked to me, 'My salary is the same as it was ten years ago. The cost of living is forty per cent. higher.'

"The tariff is the most prominent cause of this condition, but not the only one. The writer, who is daily brought in contact with the custom house, often wonders that any dutiable merchandise can be imported and marketed. You have here a few illustrations:

"An invoice, foreign, \$1,500 value cotton goods, duty paid, \$1,214.

"An invoice, foreign, \$6,000 value, cotton goods, duty paid, \$4,200.

"An invoice, foreign, \$412, kid gloves, \$212.

"If Mr. Payne's friend, Littauer, had his way, the third item would have been \$340.

"The goods in question are of such a class that the plain people are the victims. Wealthy people would not use them. Another great cause of high prices is the enormous over-issue of paper currency, a large part of which is under a latent state of suspension of gold payments. Whenever there is a monetary stringency, gold can only be had at a premium. Every one is his own banker. Deflation is increased by the flotation of bank cheques practically uncurrent taking five to thirty days to collect.

"The legal tender act should be repealed; that would be the first step in real currency reform. If the Briton is wise, he will stick to Free Trade. A small duty is the thin end of the wedge."

At the present time both bread and clothing cost twice as much in the United States as in England, and all things are necessarily in proportion. The pretended prosperity is very largely a sham. It will be remembered that just before the election, Messrs. J. & P. Coats endeavored to turn the success of their thread works abroad, where they manufacture under cover of Protection, into an argument for Tariff Reform. But they refused to give any details, and they did not say they were about to close down their main factory

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The year 1909, writes a prominent authority on Japan, will not rank as one of Japan's good years. The country is still suffering heavily from the effects of the war, with the waste of capital involved, the huge debt thereby piled up, the expansion of the military forces that followed, and the consequent heavy load of taxation. The strain will be felt for many years to come, but probably the worst is now past, as the gradually expanding resources of Japan will enable the burden to be borne more easily. Perhaps the best feature of the year has been the abundant rice harvest and the consequent low price of rice, which is the staple food. The political centres of interest in the Far East have been Korea and Manchuria. In the former the principal events have been the suppression of the insurrection and the taking over of the judicial administration by Japan, which, together with the agreements signed at Peking on the subject of Chientao and the various railway problems in Manchuria, mark the steady advance of Japan towards a predominant position in the Far East. The movement is being watched closely, and Japan's attitude on the question of the open door and equal opportunity has

been sharply criticised, especially in America. Holding the principal line of railway running through the most fertile districts of the Three Provinces, Japan has a natural superiority over all other foreign competitors which is bound to tell, even with the most scrupulous regard to the open door. But so far Japan's Continental enterprises have not proved remunerative to the country as a whole. Not only has it been necessary to budget for a larger army and navy than would be amply sufficient to guard the shores of Japan, but there is the tendency of Continental exploitation to divert attention from national development. In foreign affairs the loss of Prince Ito is almost irrevocable. He was a great diplomatist, and on very good terms with the Powers.

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303,928 Shares of £60 each	3,799,100	0 0	Bank of England	13,063,799	19 9
„ Reserve Fund	3,419,190	0 0	„ Money at Call and at Short Notice	9,868,195	15 1
„ Dividend payable on 1st February, 1910	541,919	0 0			22,931,995 14 10
„ Balance of Profit and Loss Account	179,740	0 3			
	7,739,949	0 3	INVESTMENTS:		
„ Current, Deposit, and other Accounts	69,644,519	16 5	Consols and other British Govern-	3,901,252	4 9
„ Acceptances on Account of Customers	5,128,918	0 7	ment Securities		
			„ Stocks Guaranteed by British		
			Government, Indian and British		
			Railway Debenture and Preference		
			Stocks, British Corporation		
			Stocks, Colonial and Foreign	5,087,050	13 3
			Government Stocks, etc.		8,988,302 18 0
			„ Bills of Exchange		6,795,327 3 9
					38,715,625 16 7
			„ Advances on Current Accounts, Loans		
			on Security and other Accounts...		36,897,235 3 4
			„ Liabilities of Customers for Accep-		
			ances as per contra		5,128,918 0 7
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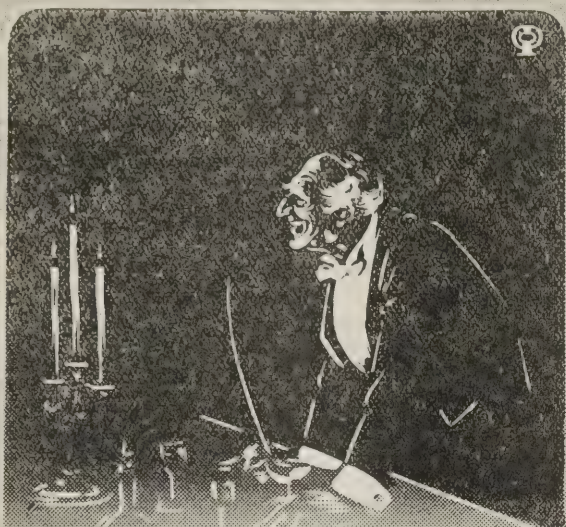
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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accom- panied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE party leaders have summoned their followers for the meeting of Parliament on Tuesday next, and the first Cabinet Council was held on Thursday. So far as tactics are concerned, the procedure, after the conclu- sion of the debate on the Address, will probably follow the more normal order of a Session. The necessary financial resolutions and the Budget will be passed in a few days under a strict form of closure. This order is dictated by the necessities of the financial position, which are serious, for the country has already lost heavily through the action of the Lords, and further large borrowings must, if possible, be avoided. But there is no doubt that the Liberal rank and file, passionately attached as it is to the Budget, regards this procedure with real doubt, and thinks that in some measure it qualifies the Albert Hall pledge. The average party man argues that if the Government proceeds with the Budget, it has already "assumed" and "held" office without dealing with the Lords. On the other hand, the pledge exists in substance so long as the Government fully adheres to its policy on the Veto, and produces, without delay, a Bill which embodies it. Judging from Mr. Asquith's speech at the Albert Hall, this measure will closely follow the lines of the Campbell-Bannerman resolution.

* * *

MEANWHILE, the Tory Press proposes to substitute for the policy of "Veto First" a policy of "Veto Not At All." The merits of this proposal from the Tory point of view are undeniable. The Government, having sur- vived the elections, would then be its own executioner.

This result would be obtained by a variety of methods, all equally destructive. The Ministry would first con- fuse its followers in the country by the tactic of chang- ing front in face of the enemy. It would then alienate the Irish and the Labor Party. It would finally pro- duce a Bill extremely complicated, open to criticism from a dozen different points of view, needing months to evolve and several more months to debate. In the end, it would satisfy no one, and would prove to be equally objectionable to the Crown, the Peers, the Commons, the Liberal, the Tory, the Labor, and the Irish Parties. The very few Liberals who urge this course appear to imagine that there is some way of reconciling the opinions of those who desire to strengthen the House of Lords and those who wish to strengthen the House of Commons. For these and other reasons Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman advised the Liberal Party not to touch the question of "reform" until they had settled the question of "veto." His advice was never more pertinent than it is to-day.

* * *

SINCE these lines, and our articles on the situation, were written, something like a thunderbolt has come from Dublin. Mr. Redmond, speaking at a Nationalist dinner at the Gresham Hotel on Thursday night, declared that the Irish Party had fought the election on Home Rule and the veto of the Lords, and that on both these issues there was a majority of 120. He quoted the Albert Hall pledge, and stated that it was "inconceivable" that the Prime Minister would "palter with" it. If he did, the Liberal Party would be driven into the wilderness for twenty years. Unfortunately it had been suggested by the "West- minster Gazette" and "other so-called Liberal organs," that Mr. Asquith should

"pass the Budget and deal with the question of the Veto at some convenient time in future. That is to say, it is seriously suggested that, having won a victory at the polls against the Lords, he should send the Budget back to them with a request to be kind enough to pass it into law. To do so would be to give the whole case against the Lords away. To do so would be to disgust every real democrat in Great Britain and to break openly and unashamedly the clear and explicit pledge on the faith of which, at any rate, Ireland gave her support to the Government. If Mr. Asquith is not in a position to say that he has such guarantees as are necessary to enable him to pass a Veto Bill this year, and proposes to pass the Budget into law and adjourn the veto question, I say that is the policy that Ireland cannot and will not approve."

Mr. Redmond added that he had no reason to sup- pose that Mr. Asquith would not stand by his guns, and that if he did he would have Ireland unitedly at his back.

* * *

WE cannot affect to be surprised at Mr. Redmond's outburst, or that he should be even more concerned at the tone and language of the "Westminster Gazette" than were the bulk of English Liberals. Nothing, we are afraid, was more likely to suggest that the Liberal Party were prepared to take the course which Mr. Red- mond deprecates, to drop the question of the Veto or to exchange that policy for the opposite course of a "re- form" of the House of Lords, conducted by agreement

with the Unionist chiefs. This tactic was eagerly adopted by the "Spectator" with marked approval of the line suggested by Liberal "moderates." It happened to involve a plain breach of faith, both with the electorate and with the allies of Liberalism. It was a grave error, and we are sure that the "Westminster" now sees it to be an error.

* * *

NEVERTHELESS we cannot regard the situation as lost, or think that Mr. Redmond's words mean that his party will vote against the Budget in alliance with the enemies of Home Rule and the supporters of the Veto. Some regard must be had to the Irish situation, and the spirit of faction which Mr. Redmond has to control. What it does mean is that there can be no paltering with the problem of the Veto, and no delay in producing the Government's plans for dealing with it. The ideal position would be that which both Radicals and the Irish equally desire—namely, a statement from the Prime Minister, on the meeting of Parliament, either that he had obtained assurances on the Veto and would proceed with his Bill, or, not having obtained them, that he had resigned office. The less heroic policy is to proceed with the Veto simultaneously with the Budget, which, after all, not only provides Old Age Pensions, but averts the serious loss to the Irish taxpayer that a continued recourse to loans must involve. We see no great difficulty in such a course, and it is apparently that which Mr. Redmond has in mind. Probably he will not vote for the Budget unless he is satisfied as to the Government going straight on the Veto. But we cannot imagine that he contemplates voting against it.

* * *

MR. KEIR HARDIE, speaking as President of the Labor Party's Conference at Newport on Wednesday, re-stated its familiar attitude to Liberalism, with a characteristic emphasis on its "independence." On the question of the Lords, he spoke as a single-Chamber man, saying that the battle against them was peculiarly that of Labor. As Mr. Churchill said, it was the growth of the Labor Party which had stimulated the Lords to set up obsolete claims as a bulwark against the new social advance. He thought that the policy of merely "weakening" the Lords' veto would be a "toying with democracy," said that to deal separately with the legislative and financial veto was to make "two bites at a cherry," and added that the question of whether a reformed Second Chamber should be "elective" or "hereditary" was a mere family quarrel among Liberals. All of which means that the Labor Party will be a propulsive force for the Liberals on the Lords' question, but will work with them against the veto.—On the same day the Irish Party unanimously re-elected Mr. Redmond as their chairman, resolved to exclude members refusing the pledge, and passed a resolution congratulating the Irish League of Great Britain on its success in returning candidates "opposed to the veto of the House of Lords, and in favor of Home Rule."

* * *

On Wednesday Mrs. Asquith named and launched the fast river destroyer, "Paramatta," which is to be the first ship of the new Australian Navy. Captain Collins, the representative of the Commonwealth in London, declared at the ceremony that the event marked the end of the conception of a highly centralised Empire with subordinate parts, which is, we may say, the dominant idea of Toryism and Imperialism, and the beginning of free naval co-operation "in times of emergency" between the various self-governing units. This was also the line of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the debates on the

Canadian Navy. The Canadian Premier maintained, against the Opposition, the idea of national defence and the right of the Dominion to decide when its new naval forces shall come to the assistance of the Mother Country. This policy somewhat weakens the central material force of the Imperial Navy. In compensation, it adds greatly to the moral power of the Empire.

* * *

THE Labor Party decided in conference on Tuesday to press for a change in the definition of Trade Unions, so as to enable them to make compulsory levies on their members for the purpose of labor representation. Mr. Hardie considered the question as one involving the existence of the Labor Party, and not merely whether its Parliamentary representation should rest on compulsory or voluntary levies. Unions must have power to spend their money in their own way, apart from the general question of payment of members. Should, however, this reform be carried, the need for compulsory levies would cease. The Conference was not quite unanimous, Mr. Clynes declaring for a Parliamentary fund collected by free contributions.

* * *

AN admirable criticism of all schemes for "reforming" the Peers appears in the shape of a letter from Mr. Bodley, the greatest living English authority on the French Constitution, in the "Times" of Thursday. Mr. Bodley shows that the creation of a Second Chamber consisting of superior persons was attempted in the National Assembly after the war of 1870, and completely broke down. He also points out that all proposals to represent or discriminate between sects, professions, or institutions are equally open to objection, and adds satirically that the only reform of the Lords with which the democracy are likely to agree is that party leaders should give up the sale of peerages in return for contributions to the party funds. When the question of powers is settled we may, indeed, attempt the problem of the constitution of a Second Chamber. Till then, all efforts to remodel the House of Lords must break down on disputes as to who shall elect it, or who shall be elected to it, or how it shall be elected.

* * *

THE official proposals for the reform of the Prussian franchise give the measure of Herr Bethmann-Hollweg's quasi-Liberalism. Prince Bülow himself could have done no worse. There is to be no redistribution of seats, though the anomalies are now too flagrant even for satire. There is also to be no secret ballot—the Government will not abandon its power to coerce Civil servants. The three-class system remains, according to which the taxpayers in the first and second classes have, in the aggregate, twice the voting power of those in the third class, who outnumber them in the ratio of twelve to three. There is, indeed, a new method of reckoning votes by percentages, which in no way affects the preponderance of the first two classes. The one concession is that certain categories of citizens, graduates, meritorious civil servants, officers, and elected persons may be "promoted" to a class for which their property would not alone qualify them. The ascendancy of mere wealth is to be reinforced by the accomplishments and the virtues. It remains to be seen whether the Prussian Diet will endorse this humorous essay in reform. There seems to be some prospect that the Centre may join the "Radicals" and the Socialists in demanding at least the secret ballot. On the other hand, it is a little doubtful whether the so-called National Liberals will in that case consent to act with the Centre. The three-class system in any event is safe.

SPAIN has passed during the week through a Cabinet crisis of which the origins are clearer as yet than the consequences. Señor Moret, at the head of a somewhat divided Liberal Party, supported by Republicans and Socialists, tried to revive the anti-clerical policy which was defeated in 1906. He successfully restored the lay schools which had been totally suppressed. He next attempted the bolder task of revising the Concordat in obedience to French precedents. The Vatican haughtily refused to negotiate, but made a direct personal appeal to the King. It is said that he gave the correct constitutional answer, blamed the Papal Nuncio for his refusal to negotiate, vindicated the right of Spain in these circumstances to legislate freely in her own interests, and left the responsibility for their future policy with his Ministers. If this were all, it would be difficult to understand Señor Moret's resignation. But apparently there was simultaneously a revolt among the more aristocratic Liberals. We are not clear, however, whether its motive was sympathy with the Church; it seems to have based itself on hostility to Señor Moret's Republican and Socialist allies. The result has been a fresh Liberal "concentration," with Señor Canalejas as Premier, and Marshal Lopez Domingues as his most conspicuous colleague. Both of them were in the past leading anti-clericals. We do not profess to understand what has happened. We are told that the Vatican has been defeated, yet its responsible enemy has been overthrown. The moderates have upset the Government, yet the new Premier has a past which no moderate can well admire.

* * *

THE expectation that United South Africa would begin its career under a Coalition Ministry has now been sharply dispelled. Mr. Merriman in a public speech has dismissed the idea with the sharpest emphasis. The idea of a coalition, he declared, could have been hatched only in Throgmorton Street. "My idea of a Progressive," he went on to say, with that slightly acid wit which the duller people in South Africa have always resented and dreaded, "is a man who is fond of borrowing money, wants to imitate Australia, and has one eye on South Africa and one eye on the English Stock Exchange." It is probable that the Transvaal Dutch were originally in favor of a less definite policy. Critics point out that General Botha, though he happened to be at the Cape, was not chosen to make this declaration. General Smuts in a later speech has attempted to tone it down. But it is clear that the new Parliament will be chosen after a conflict on the ordinary party lines.

* * *

THE unfortunate Persian Nationalists are at their wits' ends to rid themselves of the Russian troops, which are still, to the number of over three thousand, camped at various points on Persian soil. Their occupation is by no means passive. Punitive expeditions are not infrequent, and the individual Cossack is accused of maltreating Persian civilians. Every rascal in the country, so say the Persian newspapers, has hoisted the Russian flag over his house, and under that symbol defies the law. The Mejliss has questioned the Foreign Secretary on his failure to bring about the withdrawal of the Russian forces. The unhappy man had no answer to give—it is only too obvious that there are no cards which even the adroitest patriot could play—and an adverse vote forced him to resign. Russian opinion is pleased to regard this pathetic protest as a challenge.

* * *

WE discuss the new Indian Press Law elsewhere, but we are glad to note that the debate in the Legislative Council was closed by a speech from Lord Minto an-

nouncing the release of the nine British subjects who, fourteen months ago, were deported from their homes in Bengal without being informed of the offence they were supposed to have committed. The Governor-General, in stating the decision of the Indian Government, declared that the position had changed, and that the political movement with which these prisoners were connected had degenerated into an "anarchical plot," with which it could not be supposed that they were connected. It is hard to think that there was no relation between the deportations and the degeneracy in Indian political propaganda of which the Viceroy complains. If there was no such connection, the law of agitation in India follows a different course from that which it follows elsewhere. For the future, at least, we hope that no subjects of the King in India will be deprived of their liberty save through the sentence of a Court of Justice.

* * *

THE "Spectator," in its last issue, chose to express its disbelief in the charges of intimidation of rural voters brought forward in these columns and elsewhere, apparently on the ground that as the writer, when a Liberal, investigated one such charge and found it false, he now, having become a Tory, discredits them all. The question, of course, is one of evidence, and of the wish and capacity to receive and weigh evidence. But in this matter we have some tolerable guides to the truth. Intimidation and attempts to undermine the secrecy of the ballot are alleged by almost every Liberal member and candidate we have met or corresponded with. Intimidation, conveyed in the form of written threats and warnings to dependents, has been openly practised by great territorial magnates like the Duke of Sutherland. Intimidation in the shape of the withdrawal of custom has been admitted and defended by one of the most active of Tory propagandists, whose work should be specially dear to the "Spectator's" heart.

* * *

THIS gentleman, by name Mr. Millar, and by occupation the Secretary of the Liberty and Property Defence League, urged the boycotting of Liberal tradesmen by their Tory customers. Their politics, he said, could be ascertained through the local Conservative agent, and "heads of households" in "transferring their custom" should openly give a political reason. Interviewed by the "Morning Leader," Mr. Millar stated that he "knew" from statements made to him by "many Conservative property owners," that "the withdrawal of custom from Liberal tradesmen has been practised largely." "At my own place in Norfolk," he added, "a friend came to me and asked me where I got my groceries. I did not know, but found out and told him. 'Oh, but that won't do,' he said; 'he's a wrong 'un—a Radical.'" Is this intimidation, or only "moral influence"? The "Spectator" might examine the question.

* * *

WE much regret to record the death of Mr. J. Allanson Picton, who was a frequent contributor to the correspondence columns of THE NATION. Many who do not remember Mr. Picton as a Congregational minister, or even as a Radical member for Leicester, will have been attracted by his brilliant book, "The Mystery of Matter." But his resignation from the ministry of the Congregational Church, and his plea for a non-dogmatic basis for church membership, were sensations of more than thirty years ago, and formed one of the many landmarks of the advance to a broader spirit in Free Church theology and criticism. Mr. Picton's earlier book remained his best, but his "Life of Oliver Cromwell" contains some admirable and eloquent writing.

Politics and Affairs.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

"As for the possibility of the House of Lords preventing ere long a Reform of Parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination. I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of Reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm at Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with a mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen—be at your ease—be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington."—*Sydney Smith on the Lords in 1832.*

WHAT is it in Liberals that makes their opponents take them for abnormally simple folk? Is it their appearance or their character? Ought we to welcome such an attitude as a moral tribute, or to resent it on the ground that it is anything but an intellectual compliment? Certainly, when our leaders are asked by the "Times" in every other issue, or by the "Spectator," with weekly iteration, not merely to learn from a beaten enemy, but to take their policy and tactics from him, we must assume either that these journals imagine that a new race of Liberal statesmen has arisen, owning no kinship to the virile stock of Bright and Gladstone, or that the ties of honor which bind even the robber chieftain to his "band" have no force as applied to a leader fresh from such a token of confidence as North Britain has given Mr. Asquith. These disinterested counsels are various in form, but they have a single purpose. They suggest that Mr. Asquith is relieved from all obligation to follow the path traced by his predecessor, in the marking out of which he played a leading part. They hint that if he is absolved from adopting Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's principles, he is equally free to desert his own. They advise that the thoughts and plans of three years should go for nothing, or be switched on to the opposite track, and the King, the Lords, and the Commons presented with a new issue, which has little or no relevance to the elections. Next, the Prime Minister is invited to contemplate the weakness of his Parliamentary position. The majority is composite, and unstable; Mr. Hardie may be trusted to upset it, or, if not Mr. Hardie, then Mr. Healy; if not Mr. Healy, then Mr. Redmond. While Mr. Asquith is invited to destroy his party, he is not offered a substitute. He may enter on the "reconstruction" of the House of Lords, on the lines recommended by "A Peer," or "Another Peer," in the columns of the "Times," but let him and Sir Edward Grey beware of anything like "elective" "re-

construction." Thus does Toryism, flattered by the history of the last four years, please itself with the dream that, whether in office or in opposition, it will always remain in power.

Such criticism seems especially insulting to a character so loyal and a mind so steady as Mr. Asquith's, and there is only one aspect of it which deserves consideration. The majority *is* composite. Mr. Asquith has to deal with the political problem which has faced every German Chancellor since Bismarck, and to adapt his tactics to those on which most European Prime Ministers conduct their Ministries. He has to treat with three separate political organisations, united for certain definite purposes, not entirely united on others. There is no reason to suppose that this is a passing phenomenon in our politics. Exceptional circumstances—the Home Rule split, the South African War, the Tory disruption of 1906—banished it for a few years; but it has recurred, and will recur, for it is an inevitable and general consequence of Western as of British democracy. It betokens no weakening of the essential fibre of Liberalism, which remains both in ability and in governing force the predominant partner of the alliance, and the shaping element in its policy. So long as Home Rule and the organisation of industrial democracy remain unsettled questions, and the three parties agree in the main on their solution, there is a natural and stimulating character in such an association. But in fact the union which binds Liberalism to Nationalism and the Labor Party is direct and simple. It may not be a union for all purposes, but it is emphatically a union on the issue submitted to the electors. In other words, it represents a compact to get rid of the absolute veto of the House of Lords. So, while the Government maintains its own line of battle, it may treat its allies with the measure of confidence which it extends to its more regular followers, and will receive an answering measure of support. Such a degree of co-operation does imply the mutual communication of plans and methods. There is nothing unusual, nothing undignified, in such a "way of life"; it does not suggest the implied falsity under which Mr. Balfour for two years "led" a party acutely divided between Free Trade and Protection, while he gave each faction the impression that he was its friend.

These are tactical issues; but we shall underestimate the strength of the majority if we fail to reckon the impressive moral force which created and sustains it. Behind the Government which, this week and next week, will make or mar the destinies of the country, stand the best half of England and the three nations that have done so much to make England what she is. No statesman with imagination could desire a more admirable and powerful following, especially when he remembers the elements of which his adherents consist. If they are faithfully dealt with, the organised workmen of England, whether they belong to the Labor Party or whether they formally adhere to Liberalism, the flower of the middle-classes, the Scottish farmers and workmen, the Welsh and Irish democracies, will see this quarrel with the Lords through. They are not open to the Protectionist lure, as are the small traders of the Midlands, and they have reached a stage of economic and moral development

which puts them outside the petty circles of social pressure that environ the laborers and the dependent classes of southern England. The men who endured year after year of the American Civil war, and put behind them the temptation of slave-grown cotton, will not fail to the call when we reach the next decisive stage in the fight for representative government. Only they must not be met with indecisive or self-conflicting counsels; they must be led up to the redoubt where they were instructed that the force of the enemy lay. No British leader who thus handles his people need fear betrayal by them, whatever their sectional formation may be; and in the shallow manœuvring of papers like the "Times" and the "Spectator," and in the shower of contradictory and complicated proposals for the "reconstruction" of the Upper House which pours from their columns, we have the evidence of the fears that this emergency in our politics arouses in those who provoked it. Those proposals, those perturbations, mean one thing, and one thing only—the knowledge of their authors that the House of Lords cannot be defended, and that, if possible, a new rampart of privilege must be built up in its place. That policy can only succeed if the Liberal Party is induced by weak men on its own side and astute men on the other side to give it sanction and countenance. So long as Liberalism is united for Free Trade and against the veto of the Peers, neither Protection nor the House of Lords has a chance. Let its ranks be divided, or its aim deflected and obscured, and a grave and perhaps fatal approach will have been made to the double but really unified end of securing a tariff through the corrosive action of the Lords on the principles and practice of representative government.

"VETO" OR "REFORM?"

WE complained last week of some Unionist writers who appeared to have a difficulty in realising that a majority of 120 is not the same thing as a minority of 120. We are afraid that this week it is necessary to remonstrate with some of our own friends who, while conscious that they have a majority, seem already to be forgetting the issue upon which that majority was obtained. Yet, as we have often insisted, it is seldom that a leader has so clearly and narrowly defined the question before the electors as Mr. Asquith defined the issue of the late election at the Albert Hall and in his address to his own constituents. The election—we must be forgiven for emphasising the obvious and reiterating the familiar—was fought on the veto of the House of Lords. It was fought on the entire veto, not on finance alone, but on legislation as well. It was not fought on the reform of the House of Lords. It was fought on the supremacy of the House of Commons. Moreover, it was on this issue that it was won. Where we lost, we lost on Tariff Reform. Where we won, we won on the Budget which the Lords had thrown out, and on their right to throw out Budgets and other Bills. The Lords have no backing in the country and no popular force exists as an obstacle to dealing with them. Lastly, the Government

had a specific scheme for meeting the situation—a scheme maturely resolved upon after prolonged discussion in 1907, and adhered to during the two-and-a-half years that have since passed. The essence of this scheme was to secure the supremacy of the House of Commons, and it was in this form that the issue was presented to the people by Mr. Asquith.

In the face of these plain facts, we confess ourselves unable to understand the suggestions tentatively put forward by one or two of our Liberal contemporaries in London and the provinces, that the solution of the question between the Houses is to be sought through the reform of the House of Lords. We can quite understand the attitude of anyone who should maintain that this would be ideally the better plan. It is, in fact, the proposal of Sir Edward Grey, who, however, seems to us to have made it clear that there must be a preliminary dealing with the veto. If such a reform were sufficiently democratic, if it included the total abolition of the hereditary principle, and the substitution of a second chamber elected by the present constituencies, differently grouped and purged of the plural voter, it would, considered in itself, have much in its favor. But to those who contemplate such a reform we would put two simple questions. In the first place, do they for a moment suppose that anything so democratic or anything approaching it has any chance of passing into law? Do they consider that any of the social and political forces which will resist the limitation of the veto would be placated by a scheme involving the extinction of the hereditary principle? The "Times," which discusses Sir Edward Grey's proposal, declares emphatically that the Unionist Party will not look at it. But if this be the case, is it not clear that from the moment such a scheme came into existence a process of whittling down would begin, which would gradually strip it of its democratic character, and end by setting up that which all Progressives have feared, a new House of Lords, Conservative and partisan as ever?

But, secondly, we would ask a more pressing and immediate question. What do they suppose that the supporters of the Government and the members of the two allied parties would think of such a change of front, commended, as it is, to them by the appeals of the "Times" and the "Spectator"? The election has been fought on a distinct issue. Not a few doubts have been expressed in the course of the contest as to the sincerity of the Government in dealing with that issue. Everywhere Liberals have stood most stoutly by Mr. Asquith's Albert Hall pledge, and have, on the whole, succeeded in convincing doubters that that pledge would be carried into effect. Some strain may be put on the confidence of those who have given a strictly literal interpretation to Mr. Asquith's words, when they see Ministers remaining in office without assurance of power to deal with the Lords, even for the purpose of passing the Budget and introducing the Anti-Veto Bill. Many Liberals have all along assumed that an understanding existed with the King, and their disappointment at the discovery that no such understanding obtains must be reckoned with. It is fair to take into full consideration the urgency of the public finances and the intrinsic merits

and great public importance of the Budget itself. But the natural condition of passing the Budget as the first business of the Session is that the Anti-Veto Bill should be laid on the table without delay, and that on its rejection measures were either taken to force it through or to appeal once more, in one form or another, to the support of the nation. If the Anti-Veto policy be dropped, and the policy of a reformed Second Chamber substituted, the *débâcle* would be inevitable, immediate, and overwhelming. Ministers have had this question pressing upon them for three years; for more than twelve months they have repeatedly declared it to be the dominant issue; they have devised their own method of dealing with it, have put that method in the forefront of an electoral appeal, and have won the election on the issue formulated by themselves. They cannot be expected to discover at the striking of the twelfth hour that their solution was all along untenable, and that in principle their opponents were in the right. Will our reforming friends picture to themselves the position of an honest Liberal candidate fighting next May or next July the battle over again in the same constituency which was convinced by the cogency of his argument against the Veto in January? What chance, what time, would such a candidate have to convert the electors to an entire change of plan?

If they refuse to look into the future, our contemporaries may deign to cast a glance at the past. How do they conceive that the Campbell-Bannerman scheme was arrived at? It is not an ideal scheme, we have conceded. It is not a perfectly logical scheme. We imagine it was reached as the result of prolonged discussion by the process, we take it, of eliminating constructive schemes which only produced hopeless divergence. As soon as we begin a constitutional reconstruction, we get on to ground on which every man has his own opinion. There are two-chamber men and single-chamber men. All single-chamber men—including, we believe, the bulk of the Labor Party—are united in opposition to any scheme of reform. Among two-chamber men there are Whigs who wish to see a house of Milners and Curzons, and Democrats who think that that would be one degree worse than a house of Lord No Zoos. The Democrats, basing themselves on the Campbell-Bannerman resolution, would be strong enough in this Parliament to wreck a Whig reform. Similarly the Whigs and Tories would destroy a democratic reform. In short, no agreement could be reached on these lines, any more than it could be reached in 1907. In that year it became apparent that agreement was possible only on a preliminary step—the restriction of the veto. It was not, we imagine, supposed that this step would be the last step. It was not to be the final solution of the constitutional problem. It was to realise a condition preliminary to solution. It was seen that while the House of Lords remained in possession, the delicate work of constitution-making was impossible. It was like setting up the machinery of civil government under the guns of the enemy. The first thing was to take the fort, and clear the ground for a further advance. This was the rough logic of the situation, and it remains unaltered, or altered only to be reinforced by all that has passed since June, 1907.

THE PERILS OF THE INDIAN PRESS LAW.

It is characteristic of all experiments in repression, and all systems of exceptional laws, that they lack finality, and grade themselves in a continuous ladder. There is never a final stage in piecemeal coercion short of the total suppression of all civil liberties by martial law. At each step the puzzled and hesitating Government hopes that it has gone far enough, and stops short, astonished at its own moderation. Experience shows that sedition has only deepened into anarchy. But the Government, instead of realising that the coercion itself is a factor in the aggravation, persuades itself that the repression has failed only because it was a half-measure. The patient is visibly worse, and the doctor concludes that he must therefore administer a double dose of the original purge. The experience is as old as history, and its records are a polyglot book. It has its Spanish-Dutch chapter, its Italo-Austrian chapter, its Anglo-Irish chapter, and to-day the weary tale is being told anew in India. There have been more press-laws since the century opened than we care to task our memory to remember. Each was a little more severe than its predecessor. Each was followed, so runs official testimony, by the yet more daring licence of the Press which it sought to curb. And true to all its traditions, the official mind draws the conclusion that a little more of the remedy which has failed must at last produce the desired result. By such a process of reasoning have we reached the Press Law, which was presented, its first official business, to the reformed Imperial Legislative Council last Friday. It is not the end. One can conceive still more drastic laws. This law, as we gather from Sir H. Risley's speech, was based on Austrian models. It is by this mechanism that the Servian Press is reduced to silence in Bosnia. When it has failed there are other models left. There is the censorship by which Russia governs Poland.

The tradition of an inviolable Press is so deeply rooted in the English mind, that it is with reluctance that we bring ourselves to admit any limits to its freedom. But one limit there clearly is. No Government which has anything to fear from sedition can tolerate, if it rules an inflammable race, direct incitements to violence, or outspoken eulogies of crime. It is bound to provide for such offences a calm and impartial tribunal, but it is also bound to punish the offender as it punishes his dupes. The new Press Law departs in two ways from this principle. It makes the executive officer in the first instance the summary judge of all Press offences, and empowers him to confiscate literature, to decree the forfeiture of the printer's surety money, and finally to confiscate the press itself. An appeal lies, indeed, to the High Court, but before it could redress a harsh sentence, the press or the newspaper might find its business ruined. The second departure is the more serious. The common law and the previous exceptional laws have enacted summary processes and severe penalties for direct incitements to murder, violence, or sedition. The new law takes cognisance of wider and subtler offences—offences not as much against public order as against the Government itself. It will hence-

forward be a sufficient ground for suppressing any publication, that it has sought to stir up "hatred and contempt of Government or of a native prince." There is a sense in which all the writing of an Opposition, if it is vigorous and ruthless, is directed to this end. It is in all constitutional countries the common form of the "Outs" in their warfare against the "Ins." Any appeal to public opinion against the Government, if it is hotly worded, and if the grievances alleged are serious, may be fairly represented as an attempt to bring that Government into hatred and contempt. The more irreconcilable parties in all free countries would frankly avow this intention. "L'Humanité" in Paris, "Vorwärts" in Berlin, and "Justice" (*longo intervallo*) in London are busied in nothing else but an attempt to bring the government of the "*bourgeoisie*" into "hatred and contempt." No Irish editor would hesitate for a moment to admit that his ruling passion is to foster such an attitude towards the rule of Dublin Castle. It may be urged that while this phrase is dangerously wide, no Government composed of Englishmen, educated in English traditions, could desire to stretch it to its full and logical implications. But the apologist who urges that defence has omitted to read Sir H. Risley's speech on the Bill. He gave a long catalogue of the sort of criticisms with which he wishes to deal. A few of them, like the charge that the Government poisons the wells, would deserve punishment, if, indeed, they do not rather merit contempt. But in the list are the following proscribed opinions—"that the Government drains the country of its wealth," "that it has destroyed religion by a godless system of education," and "that it allows Indians to be ill-treated in the Colonies." If the Indian Press is forbidden to comment on the economic drain of Indian wealth to England, in pensions, salaries, and dividends, if it may not express an honest conservative prejudice against secular education, if it may not echo the complaints of Lord Curzon himself about the persecution of Indians in the Transvaal, there is an end of any liberty of printing. The newspaper which prefers to exist above ground and in the open will be driven to servility, to silence, or to such hints and periphrases as French journalism was forced to employ in the worst days of the Second Empire. The resolute man will do what the Socialists do in Russia; he will print underground or take to smuggling. The consequence in either case must be an increase of the existing resentment which will be no less formidable because it can find no public vent. The legal liberty to oppose a Government or to subject it to any fundamental criticism has come with this Act to an end. What remains of it in practice will depend on the individual good sense of the Judges of the High Court. The worst consequence of such a suppression of opinion is not that it fosters discontent. It is rather that it makes loyalty inoperative because it renders it perfunctory. If no publication may adopt a tone that is not loyal, the sincerest loyalty is discredited because it is no longer free.

It will be urged that the release of the "deported," or more properly "imprisoned," suspects, which the Viceroy announced on the passage of this Act, is in some

degree a counterpoise to the harm which it may do. That is, we fear, an optimistic calculation. To Indians, as to the leader-writer of the "Times," this "alternation of cane and jam" must be very puzzling. A quasi-representative Council is called together amid high hopes of a new era. It is then given the task of forging a snaffle-bit for Indian opinion. The suspects are, indeed, released, but for a reason which seems to condemn the whole policy of repression. Since their arrest, it is said, the movement of which they were leaders has degenerated from the sort of sedition which is frank and moral into a murderous anarchism. If this is a fair rendering of recent events, there could be no harsher verdict on the policy of the Indian Government than that it has itself pronounced. For the implication is that the men who were imprisoned as the source of all the mischief were, in reality, the forces which restrained its more reckless tendencies. And, clearly, a measure of repression which was outside all the regular forms of law, instead of intimidating, has only exasperated the extremists. The Reforms, which seemed so promising when Lord Morley first drafted them, are in some danger of being converted, by the detailed regulations of Simla, into a scheme which no longer moves the Hindoo element to any real measure of hopefulness. The repression which accompanied them stands confessed of failure. There is, in all this, evidence of mediocre statesmanship, on the Indian side, which is of ill augury for the future. An Indian Secretary reforms in vain, if the men who administer are themselves incapable of realising the true character of the task that confronts them. They will not understand that, on the intellectual side at least, the educated India which faces them is their equal in the field of criticism and dialectics. They see stirring about them a proud and assertive national spirit, to which they offer no career and no constructive work worthy of its ambitions. Their intelligence, when they face an audience or pen an official document, does for a moment emancipate itself in theory from the cruder forms of the doctrine of race-subjection. But in all the friction of race with race, and in all the restricted social intercourse of the natives and the invaders, the old tradition survives. It may be a decade, it may be a generation, that will pass before some event occurs which at last makes this uncertain policy finally untenable. The preparation for that inevitable event is too grudging, the process of readjustment is much too slow.

PARTIES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A SPEECH made a few days ago at Cape Town by Mr. Merriman, repudiating the notion of a coalition Government in the new Union Parliament which will meet next summer, has been received in certain quarters here as if it were a sudden abandonment of an accepted policy of peace in favor of a reversion to a policy of racial strife. There is no particle of truth in such a representation. No responsible leader of the dominant party in the Cape, the Transvaal, or the Orange Free State gave any countenance to the notion of a coalition in

which the responsibilities and, we may add, the spoils, of office should be shared among the two groups of politicians who in their several States had been opposing one another all their lives. It is, of course, undeniable that important new issues may arise in the national politics of the country, which may come to divide public opinion upon lines different from those which the narrower State issues hitherto disclosed. If so, we may expect changes to occur in the composition and character of parties. But, until such issues ripen, it is only natural that the parties and policies which have held the field in the separate States should become the basis of the party system in the national Parliament. For that Parliament has received by the Constitution a legacy of most of the important controversies which divided parties in the States. Moreover, as Mr. Merriman pointed out, so far as coalition implied dispensing with the two-party system, upon which the British Parliamentary system has always thriven, it would enfeeble and endanger politics by removing the only effective engine of criticism. If all the great, wise, and eminent men in South Africa were packed into office in the Union Government, is it not likely that their authority would be used to lull the popular mind to a security and apathy which would endanger the Commonwealth? For if the cost of liberty is eternal vigilance, it is surely unwise to imprison in office the most effective watchdogs.

However, it is needless to labor the theoretic disadvantages of a course which was never seriously contemplated by any of the South African statesmen. That the politicians of the beaten party in the Cape and the Transvaal should have fostered the notion of erasing the existing party lines by trading on the new fervor of nationalism, is *vieux jeu* in politics. Eminent politicians out of office have in this country from time to time proposed to lead a "national" party; practically, the Tory Party is proposing it to-day. So it was natural enough that Dr. Jameson and his financial colleagues in Johannesburg should have sought to put upon the public mind in South Africa and in this country this idea of a coalition Government which should secure for them by amicable agreement what they could not hope to attain by success at the polls. The notion was welcomed here, not merely for the obvious advantage it appeared to secure for the British in South Africa, but because it chimed in with a certain shallow sentimentalism which liked to think that the horror of the war and the concentration camps had passed into eternal oblivion, leaving behind no traces of animosity. So speakers at the Colonial Institute or other centres of Imperialism still continually represent the blood shed in the Boer war as the very cement of national union. History dispels such romantic illusions. There is, indeed, a working measure of genuine goodwill between the white races in South Africa, but that it should have been so strengthened by the events of the last twelve years as to erase all memories of past antagonism, and to reconcile all those differences of material interest and mental valuation which exist between the races, is no other than a paradox. It is far better and safer to face the stubborn facts which underlie South African politics.

The Dutch and the British are still widely sundered by the social and industrial conditions of their lives. The strength of the former lies in agriculture and their widespread hold upon the land, the latter are mostly town-dwellers, engaged in commercial, industrial, and mining enterprise, more concentrated and more mobile in their residence. This economic cleavage may slowly give way, chiefly on the side of a gravitation of the educated Dutch into town life and commerce. But this coincidence of racial with economic demarcation must continue to exert a dominant influence upon politics, both provincial and national, affecting many grave issues of native policy, railroad and fiscal questions. Growing social intercourse, with accompanying intermarriages, the most solid basis of union, cannot be expected to achieve rapid results, unless larger numbers of British settlers can be drawn into rural life in the Transvaal and Orangia. This remedy has hitherto proved impracticable.

It is therefore best to recognise that, for some time to come, the party government for South African politics will run along the familiar lines of racial and economic distribution. This generalisation, however, is subject to one very important qualification. Though Mr. Merriman foreshadows a South African party based upon a common action of the Afrikaner Bond in the Cape, the Unie in Orangia, and Het Volk in the Transvaal, he does not suggest the possibility of actual fusion between the powerful Dutch organisations. For he is well aware that in the future, as in the past, issues are likely to arise in which the Dutch of the Cape will not see eye to eye with those of the Transvaal, and that the members of the Unie in Orangia may range themselves sometimes with one, sometimes with the other State. Geographical position and its related problems of transport have usually furnished the substance of past disputes. These in some measure will survive the Act of Union, and it is likely enough that new issues, relating to native government and territorial rights, may come up and cross the lines of racial division. Indeed, we may trust the astute politicians of the Rand to evolve and foster such issues as may create division in the constituent parts of the South African party. This, we take it, will be a normal duty of the Opposition in the Union Parliament. In any case, the reasonable and legitimate conflicts of interest and of feeling between the Cape and the Transvaal, alike in economic and in constitutional questions, are likely to provide a strong and perhaps a salutary check upon the excess of racialism which might have prevailed had the Dutch used their superior political organisation to enforce a closely welded national policy upon the new Parliament. It must never be forgotten that the most salient fact in South African civilisation is the concentration of national wealth in a few small spots of earth. The possession and working of these national treasures by little cosmopolitan groups of able business men, who must find it necessary constantly to intervene in national politics, will inevitably, as time goes on, give increased prominence in South Africa to those problems of capitalism and labor, wealth and commonwealth, which tend in all advanced industrial nations of the world to swallow up the older and the minor issues.

THE NEXT STEP IN WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

WE must await exact information as to the effect which the elections have had in increasing or diminishing Parliamentary support for women's suffrage; but though we shall expect to find the friendly majority reduced, we shall be slow to believe that it has been extinguished. Of three elements in the victorious party it is safe to say that Liberalism is still overwhelmingly favorable, that the Labor men are practically unanimous, and that Irish Nationalism yields a clear surplus of votes in favor of reform. The Tory Party was always divided on the question; it will probably remain divided until it sees clearly where its material interests lie. It is more important to discover the real feeling of the new Parliament towards "votes for women." The Liberal majority will necessarily have been chilled by the electoral tactics of the "suffragettes," and by their campaign of petty injuries to Liberal Ministers. But it does not follow that the cause is lost. Behind the "militants" lies a permanent and powerful force of womanhood, with full right to speak for all that is best in the life of their sex. It includes large masses of the manual workers of the country. It speaks for the great body of professional and intellectual women, whose part in the national life grows more important every year, and whose claims to the vote the bulk of their fellow-workers among men long ago conceded. It has unfortunately happened that these women have been practically unheard during the tumults of the last two years. Ministers' ears have been shut to the rational argument, while the battle of physical force, which could only have one end, raged on their doorsteps. This phase of the controversy is over, we hope for ever. With its close, the banishment of women's suffrage to the police courts ceases also. The hostile case is still argued, ably enough, in this quarter or that, but the general intellectual assent of the community to the principle of the suffrage indicates one of the most absolutely finished causes that we know of in politics. Practical difficulties remain; the form of the vote is still a matter of discussion among women themselves and between rival schools of male suffragists. But it is a strong tribute to the moral strength of the case that it has not only survived the worst blows of its friends, but has emerged in a form which statesmen who desire a true representation of the national life are bound to recognise. The argument must clearly be heard again, and the strength of the party behind it fairly tested. Liberal statesmen must see that the demand for the suffrage is no flash in the pan; on their side, women are clearly bound, now that "militant" tactics have been dropped, to show what elements of sober strength they have gathered, from all orders and degrees of their sex, in support of their claim. For these reasons we hope that if the Ministry retains office for any length of time, its chiefs will again be open to the reception of deputations, and to other constitutional methods of discussing a grievance which cannot, after all, be fully and authoritatively argued in a Parliament of men. Liberalism owes a good deal to the part which women have played in its propaganda. We hope that the debt thus incurred will be freely paid to the entire suffrage movement.

MEMBERS AND THEIR MANDATE.

(BY A PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.)

ON the eve of the elections, a certain hierarchy of Birmingham exhorted the faithful to inaugurate the New Year with a new Ministry. In a sense, the behest has been fulfilled. Ministers are back with new hearts for their work, and with new instruments to carry it on. Strange to say, a good many of us have yet to realise this elementary truth. On all hands one hears and reads of the obligation imposed on the Government to a spirited course of action by virtue of their supposed dependence on the Nationalist and Labor Parties. People who speak thus are suffering from an illusion, of which, however, they will be happily and completely cured within the next few days. If the Government are dependent more on one party than on another, it is on the Liberal Party, and if able to satisfy that party in the mood in which it is now returning to work out its destiny, they need have no qualms about any other. As in the Budget fight, so in the coming conflict for the supremacy of the Commons, it is Liberalism that will lead. To imagine otherwise is to reveal an innocence of mind only to be dispelled by experience.

"Could you do it again?" inquired a Minister, addressing himself, a few days ago, to one of the sixty Liberal members who have been entrusted to bring back Scotland's answer to the challenge of the Lords. "Yes," was the reply. "Again and yet again—that is, assuming you do your part." From Lancashire comes much the same response. There, too, Liberalism, if its elected spokesmen are not in error, could "do it" again, and perhaps do it even better—granted the hour and the man. But the occasion must be worthy, and the leadership strong, unflinching, and clear. All through the North, as well as, generally, on the lips of the Northern members, the word is for action. Questions of tactics, such as the relative positions to be given to the Finance Bill and the Veto, do not appear to be causing much concern. On the whole, the wish seems to be to get the Budget into a position of security, to exhibit it to the electorate as a tangible and visible token of Liberal triumph, and, not least, to let it work out its own vindication in the eyes of the rural constituencies, deluded as those have been, in too many instances, into an erroneous conception of the aims and precise application of Mr. Lloyd George's great scheme. Shortly, it is now a question, not so much of whether this or that stage should have precedence, as of the precise character of the essential step. On this point the feeling of members representing the great urban centres is unmistakable. Novices and veterans—shrewd old Parliamentary hands as well as the most ardent 'prentice hands—are virtually at one in the demand that Ministers should concentrate on the Veto. In this sense, at least, all, or nearly all, are in favor of the "Veto first" policy. Schemes of reconstitution, even by way of reform, may come afterwards. In any case, urgency can scarcely be pleaded for such experiments, whereas the restriction of the Veto has been shown to be a matter of vital and pressing necessity. And that Liberals in the new Parliament feel it to be so, and desire to join battle rather on this than on any less definite issue, is pretty certain to become manifest as soon as the lists are set.

A fighting policy, some are objecting, may lead to another election within a few months. One is constrained to reply that even this threat seems to have no terrors for the men who will be sitting on the Ministerial benches next week. After all, to quote an expression used by one of them, they must do what they have been sent to do. Usually the Ministerial Party is the defending force, but in this Parliament it must, from the outset and by the nature of things, be in the attitude of the challenger. Moreover, in the opinion of those who will have much to do with settling its destinies, it must act as if prepared to go to the country at any moment. In short, it must concentrate on the Veto, even though everything else be sacrificed. Such sacrifices are sometimes the wisest policy. For instance, Scotland is still waiting for its Land Bills owing to the action of the

Lords, or, as the Lords would say, owing to the obstinacy of Ministers in resisting that action. Yet Scotland, though bereft of legislation, visits its wrath, not on the Government, which by assenting to a compromise might have obtained for the people something they did not want, but on the Lords, who, in three successive years, never wearied of renewing this Barmecidean offer. The lesson is plain enough, and one need not labor the moral by extending its application to schemes of House of Lords reform, elective Second Chamber, and so forth. Men fresh from the constituencies may be trusted to "do what they have been sent to do."

To complete this record of reflected impressions, note should be made of the fact that many of Mr. Asquith's supporters, and apparently not a few of his adversaries, are persuaded that the Prime Minister is approaching his task armed with the necessary powers to ensure its success. Perhaps they are right—at all events, they cannot be far wrong in assuming that the Minister at the head of the Government enjoys the confidence of the Crown. Moreover, there is an expectation, still more widely diffused, that from the many difficulties of the situation a statesman of Mr. Asquith's resource and courage will prove himself capable of plucking a certain profit. After all, he has one advantage over his rivals. To him the position may, indeed, be difficult; to them it is plainly impossible.

Life and Letters.

THE POLITICIAN'S SOUL.

THE cynic, whose métier consists in contrasting theories of conduct with practice, thoroughly enjoys himself at election time. Theory shows him the free and independent elector pondering in his equal mind the conflicting claims of various policies as set before him by skilled, impartial exponents, and after full consideration achieving a reasoned judgment which he duly registers upon election day. Practice discloses—well, what you may learn just now by sitting for a couple of evenings in the smoke-room of a party club. So we are invited to believe that the "politics" of a General Election are nothing else than the "art of electioneering," and that this art consists at bottom of playing on the passions and self-interest of the various orders of electors, irrespective of the merits of the cause, so as to "get his vote." The cynic shows you next the career of the politician who, having by these means secured the requisite majority of votes, takes his place in the great council of the nation. There, driven by the necessity of reconciling as he may the pledges given to his constituents with the demands of the party whip, he sacrifices his private judgment and conscience upon the altar of opportunism, and the same arts of "management" which he successfully applied to the electorate are now practised upon him by the "powers above." Nay, should he play the game so well that in due course he attains office, he is no nearer to the sphere in which liberty of thought and conscience have free scope: he must not only subordinate his personal feelings and judgment, but set himself to coerce and cajole lesser politicians. So our cynic warms to his task of exposure. The higher walks of politics substitute a more conscious roguery for dupery, until the master statesman is revealed as the Machiavellian monster who, by manipulating the elaborate instrument, sucks the heart blood of humanity to feed his conception of the State. Thus painted, politics, indeed, appears "a dirty trade," and the politician, what Adam Smith dubbed him, "a crafty and insidious animal."

Such an account of politics needs, of course, no refutation: it carries its own condemnation. If there were really in the elector, the candidate, the member, the official, no real bias in favor of truth, justice, and the public good, if the art of the electioneer, the demagogue, the wire-puller, the whip, were as unmoral and as absolute as was pretended, nothing deserving the name of a State, or even such an organ as a party, could have ever come into existence.

We need not, indeed, discuss so false a view, except so far as it suggests the more relevant question why it is that politics and politicians are terms which tend, in modern times particularly, to gather opprobrium. The theme is not novel, but Professor Pollard, speaking the other day at the Society of Arts, gave fresh point to it in a discourse which served upon the whole as a moral defence of the politician. Dwelling upon the difference between the most developed form of ancient society and our own, he drew attention to the fact that whereas politics virtually absorbed the thoughts and energy of every citizen in such a State as Athens, it plays but a trivial part in the life of the vast majority of our citizens, being delegated as the special function of a little class. This helps to explain part of the opprobrium, both its exaggeration and the tincture of truth it contains. For the passing of politics from a universal pursuit into a particular profession involves, on the one hand, a craft or mystery, and exposes its expert operators to temptations to abuse of power; upon the other, it raises suspicions based on ignorance and directed to exaggerated fear of these abuses. The modicum of truth underlying our cynic's picture explains the special charges usually made against the politician, the "economy of truth" which he is said to practise, and his habit of compromise on matters of principle. The former charge admits, no doubt, of an effective formal rebuttal. One has only to refer to the accepted usages and amenities of social intercourse, to the prevalent arts of advertising and of bargaining in most businesses, for close analogies to every form of *suppressio veri* or *suggestio falsi* charged against the politician. Even the diplomatist, "a good man sent to lie abroad for his country's good," differs little, if at all, from the good agent or traveller whose "country" is some line of cotton goods or some insurance policy.

Indeed, up to a certain point there is the same validity in the ethical defence which is set up in the two cases. The rigid moralist who insists that there cannot be a different standard for a man speaking in a public and in a private capacity, that a statesman supporting a policy which he does not privately approve is a liar just as much as if he fabricated a false statement for his private ends, disregards a vital distinction. Professor Pollard brought out this truth by a very forcible example when he reminded his audience that, since a Cabinet Minister was sworn not to reveal the King's counsel, it was evident that circumstances might arise requiring him to utter a formal lie in order not to break his oath. This embodies the essential truth that a politician, in acting as a member of a Cabinet, or even a party, is no longer a private individual bound only by the sanctions of private morality. He becomes a part of a larger composite personality, in which his own personality and the responsibility attaching to it are in a measure merged. Those who tell us so confidently that "the best men" will never enter politics because they will not submit to this sacrifice, speak without warrant. There exists, no doubt, a type of high-minded man who is temperamentally incapable of the sort of moral sacrifice required. But to describe him as "the best man" is to beg the whole question. Indeed, it may be urged that, if he be "the best," an impassable gulf divides ethics and politics, and the latter art, deprived of the finest human sustenance, must ever tend to degradation and decay.

This assumption we refuse to make. On the contrary, history discloses numerous instances of men who have not merely passed through the dust and strife of politics with their standards of private conduct unscathed and unimpaired, but whose personality has been matured and enriched by the very sacrifices which have been imposed upon them by consideration of the larger good of the company with which they acted. The practical ethics of politics is not so much looser than as different from the ethics of the mere individual. The ultimate standards, however, do not differ, though theorists have sometimes defended statecraft as an act of short-sighted national selfishness. The final condemnation of Bismarckism is

not that it takes "utility" for its good, and insists that all national conduct is legitimate which makes for that good. Its real intellectual and moral fallacy lies in an interpretation of national utility which leaves out all that counts most in the worth, true power, prosperity, and progress of a nation. A statesman who bends all his efforts to secure, by hard, selfish use of physical force, some narrowly conceived material gains of trade or territory during the present generation, at the cost of antagonising other nations, is not to be blamed for seeking the "good" of his own nation, and applying every method of expediency to attain it. His fault lies in a misconception of the national welfare, of the part which moral forces play in securing it.

There is nothing in the ethics of politics different from the ethics of all human co-operation. Wherever a man enters into stable agreement with his fellows to seek a common end by organised means, he undertakes to act and speak differently from what he would had he not entered this fellowship. He must no longer be judged by the standards rightly applied to him in his "private" life, for in this sphere of life he is no longer a private person but a member of a new moral personality. He may, indeed, be charged with an excessive sacrifice, a "slavery to party," and such partisanship is a real moral danger. So, too, the party or company to which he has attached himself may be chargeable with tyranny, or perfidy, or other vice, and he, as a member, will incur in his social capacity a share of the blame. But the view of political morality which treats the conduct of a Government, a party, or any other company, as if its agents or members had retained all the private liberty and responsibility which they possessed before they entered its service, is manifestly false. Those who are so deeply concerned about the politician's soul should bear in mind this difference between a politician and a mere man.

THE UNDERWORLD OF TIME.

SOMETIMES, for a moment, the curtain of the past is rolled up, the seven seals of its book are loosened, and we are allowed to know more of history than the round number of soldiers with which a general crossed a river, or the succession that brought one crazy voluptuary to follow another upon the Imperial throne. We do not refuse gratitude for what we ordinarily receive. To the general it made all the difference whether he had a thousand soldiers more or less, and to us it makes some. To the Imperial maniac it was of consequence that his predecessor in the government of civilised mankind was slain before him, and for us the information counts for something, too; just as one meets travellers who satisfy an artistic craving by enumerating the columns of a ruined shrine, and seeing that they agree with the guide-book. But it is not often that historians tell us what we really want to know, or that artists will stoop to our questionings. We would willingly go wrong over a thousand or two of those soldiers, if we might catch the language of just one of them as he waded into the river; and how many a simpering Venus would we grind into face-powder if we could follow for just one day the thoughts of a single priest who once guarded her temple! But, occupied with grandeur and beauty, the artists and historians move upon their own elevated plane, and it is only by furtive glimpses that we catch sight of the common and unclean underworld of life, always lumbering along with much the same chaotic noise of hungry desires and incessant labor, of animalism and spiritual aspiration.

One such glimpse we are given in that book of "The Golden Ass," now issued by the Clarendon Press, in Mr. H. E. Butler's English version, but hitherto best known through a chapter in Walter Pater's "Marius," or by William Adlington's sixteenth century rendering, included among "The Tudor Translations." It is a strange and incoherent picture that the book presents. Pater well compares it to a dream: "Story within story—stories with the sudden, unlooked-for changes of dreams." And, as though to suit this dream-like in-

consequence, the scene is laid in Thessaly, the natural home of witchcraft—where, in fact, the present writer was laid under a witch's incantation little more than ten years ago, and might have been transformed into heaven knows what, if a remembered passage from this same book of Apuleius had not caused an outburst of laughter that broke the spell only just in time. It is a savage country, running into deep glens of forest and precipitous defiles among the mountains, fit haunt for the robber bands with which the few roads were infested. The region where the Lucius of the book wandered, either as man, or after his own curiosity into mysterious things had converted him into an ass (whereas he had wished to become a beautiful bird)—the region recalls some wild picture of Salvator Rosa's. We are surrounded by gloomy shades, sepulchral caverns, and trees writhing in storm, nor are cut-throat bandits ever far away. Violence and murder threaten at every turn. Through the narrow and filthy streets young noblemen, flown with wine, storm at midnight. When a robber chief is nailed through the hand to a door, his devoted followers hew off his arm to set him free. They capture girls for ransom, and sell them to panders. When one is troublesome, they propose to sew her up in the paunch of the yet living ass, and expose her to the midday sun. One of the gang, disguised as a bear, slays all his keepers, and is himself torn in pieces by men and dogs. All the band are finally slaughtered or flung from precipices. Gladiatorial beasts are kept as sepulchres for criminals. A slave is smeared with honey and slowly devoured by ants till only his white skeleton remains tied to a tree. A dragon eats one of the party, quite cursorily. What with bears, wolves, wild boars, and savage dogs, each step in life would seem a peril, were not the cruelty of man more perilous still. Continued existence in that region was, indeed, so insecure, that men and women in large numbers ended the torments of anxiety by cutting it short.

And then there were the witches, perpetually adding to the uncertainty by rendering it dubious in what form one might awake, if one awoke at all. During sleep, a witch could draw the heart out through a hole in the neck, and, stopping up the orifice with a sponge, allow her victim to pine in wonder why he felt so incomplete. With ointments compounded of dead men's flesh she could transform a lover into a beaver, or an innkeeper into a frog swimming in his own vat of wine and with doleful croak inviting his former customers to drink; or herself, with the aid of a little shaking, she could convert into a feathered owl uttering a queasy note as it flitted out of the window. Indeed, the whole of nature was uncertain, especially if disaster impended, and sometimes a chicken would be born without the formality of an egg, or a bottomless abyss spurted with gore under the dining-room table, or the wine began to boil in the bottles, or a green frog leapt out of the sheepdog's mouth.

So life was a little trying, a little perplexing; but it afforded wide scope for curiosity, and Apuleius, an African, brought up in Athens and living in Rome, was endlessly curious. In his attraction to horrors, to bloodshed, and the shudder of grisly phantoms there was, perhaps, something of the man of peace. It is only the unwarlike citizen who could delight in imagining a brigand nurtured from babyhood on human blood. He was, indeed, writing in the very period which the historian has fixed upon as the happiest and most prosperous that the human race has ever enjoyed—those two or three benign generations when, under the Antonines, provincials combined with Romans in celebrating "the increasing splendors of the cities, the beautiful face of the country, cultivated and adorned like an immense garden, and the long festival of peace, which was enjoyed by so many nations, forgetful of their ancient animosities, and delivered from the apprehension of future danger." The slow and secret poison that Gibbon says was introduced by the long peace into the vitals of the Empire, was, perhaps, among the causes that turned the thoughts of Apuleius to scenes of violence and terror—to the "macabre," as Pater said—just as it touched his style with the preciousness of decadence, and

prompted him to occupy a page with rapture over the "swift lightnings" flashed against the sunlight from women's hair. He was, in fact, writing for citizens much like the English of twenty years ago, when the interest of readers, protected from the harsh realities of danger and anxiety, was flattered equally by bloodthirsty slaughters, the shimmer of veiled radiance, and haunted passages to the unknown gods.

Those passages to unknown gods were much affected by Apuleius himself. The world was at the slack, waiting, as it were, for the next tide to flow, and seldom has religion been so powerless or religions so many. Of one abandoned woman it is told as the climax of her other wickednesses that she blasphemously proclaimed her belief in one god only. Apuleius seems to have been initiated into every cult of religious mystery, and in his story he exultingly shows us the dog-faced gods of Egypt triumphing on the soil that Apollo and Athene had blessed. Here was Anubis, their messenger, and unconquered Osiris, supreme father of gods, and one whose emblem no mortal tongue might expound. It was at the great procession of Isis through a Greek city that the ass was at last able, after unutterable sufferings, to devour the chaplet of roses destined to restore him to human shape; and thereupon he took the vows of chastity and abstinence (so difficult for him to observe) until at length he was worthy to be initiated into the mysteries of the goddess, and, in his own words, "drew nigh to the confines of death, trod the threshold of Proserpine, was borne through all the elements, and returned to earth again, saw the sun gleaming with bright splendor at dead of night, approached the gods above, and the gods below, and worshipped them face to face."

It was this redemption by roses, and the initiation into virtue's path, that caused Adlington in his introduction to call the book a figure of man's life, egging mortal men forward from their asinal form to their human and perfect shape, that so they might take a pattern to regenerate their lives from brutish and beastly custom. And, indeed, the book is, in a wider sense, the figure of man's life, for almost alone among the writings of antiquity it reveals to us every phase of that dim underworld which persists, as we have supposed, almost unnoticed and unchanged from one generation of man to another, and takes little account either of government, the arts, or the other interests of intellectual classes. It is a world of incessant toil and primitive passion, yet laughter has place in it, and Apuleius shows us how two slave cooks could laugh as they peered through a chink at their ass carefully selecting the choicest dainties from the table; and how the whole populace of a country town roared with delight at the trial of a man who thought he had killed three thieves, but had really stuck three wine skins; and how the ass in his distress appealed unto Cæsar for the rights of a Roman citizen, but could get no further with his best Greek than "O!" It is a world of violence and obscenity and laughter, but, above all, a world of pity. Virgil, too, was touched with the pity of mortal things, but towards the poor and the laboring man he rather affected a pastoral envy. Apuleius had looked poverty nearer in the eyes, and he knew the piteous terror on its face. To him we must turn if we would know how the poor lived in the happiest and most prosperous age that mankind has enjoyed. In the course of his adventures, the ass was sold to a mill—a great flour factory employing numerous hands—and, with his usual curiosity, he there observed, as he says, the way in which that loathsome workshop was conducted:—

"What stunted little men met my eye, their skin all striped with livid scars, their backs a mass of sores, with tattered patchwork clothing that gave them shade rather than covering! . . . Letters were branded on their foreheads, their heads were half shaven, iron rings were welded about their ankles, they were hideously pale, and the smoky darkness of that steaming, gloomy den had ulcerated their eyelids: their sight was impaired, and their bodies smeared and filthy white with the powdered meal, making them look like boxers who sprinkle themselves with dust before they fight."

Even to animals the same pity for their sufferings is extended—a pity unusual among the ancients, and

still hardly known around the Mediterranean. Yet Apuleius counted the sorrows of the ill-used ass, and, speaking of the same flour mill, he describes the old mules and pack-horses laboring there, with drooping heads, their necks swollen with gangrenes and putrid sores, their nostrils panting with the harsh cough that continually racked them, their chests ulcerated by the ceaseless rubbing of their hempen harness, their hoofs swollen to an enormous size as the result of their long journeys round the mill, their ribs laid bare even to the bone by their endless floggings, and all their hides rough with the scab of neglect and decay.

The first writer of the modern novel—first of romanticists—Apuleius has been called. Romance! If we must make these rather futile distinctions, it is as the first of realists that we would remember him. For, as in a dream, he has shown us the actual life that mankind led in the temple, the workshop, the marketplace, and the forest, during the century after the Apostles died. And we find it much the same as the actual life of toiling mankind in all ages—full of unwelcome labor and suffering and continual apprehension, haunted by ghostly fears and self-imagined horrors, but illuminated by sudden laughter, and continually goaded on by an inexplicable desire to submit itself to that hard service of perfection under which, as the priest of the goddess informed Lucius in the story, man may perceive most fully the greatness of his liberty.

CARLYLE THE POET.

CARLYLE commended "the French Revolution" to his readers "that all men may know what are the heights and depths which are still in man." It is as a revelation of these "heights and depths" that his work stands to-day imperishable in literature. Mr. A. W. Evans, in his admirable introduction to a volume of well-chosen selections ("Carlyle," *Masters of Literature Series*: George Bell), reminds us of the distinction drawn by Huxley between his attitude and that of Tyndall. Tyndall "was disposed to regard Carlyle as a great teacher. I," said Huxley, "was rather inclined to take him as a great tonic." The time when Carlyle was regarded as a great teacher has long gone by. He has passed from the category of the preachers into that of the poets. He had, indeed, no teaching to give, though he preached, with fury and eloquent appeal, for nearly eighty years. He exhorted his hearers to "do the duty which lies nearest to them." If they asked him what that duty was, he called them blockheads. If they asked him why they should do it, he called them swine. A peasant, he despised the city peoples, with their facile, short-sighted enjoyments. A man of simplicity who had fought his way into intellectual supremacy, he condemned those whose strength failed to carry them through so arduous an enterprise. And he swept away in collective contempt as "the mob," "Democracy," the crowd, all who had never possessed ambition enough to essay the journey, or energy to attain that journey's end. He fought bitterly and scornfully against the best of that strange century in which he lived. He thought that meat was more than life and raiment than body. An effort towards freedom was to him an effort towards the consumption of the East wind. For Mazzini and his labors for the making of a United Italy from the inspiration of an Idea, he entertained a kind of contemptuous affection: seeing him drifting, an "ineffectual angel," through a world of iron purposes. Yet United Italy came; and so came also many other historic transformations outside the region of Carlyle's philosophy. Ragged men or great business communities felt new fire within them for an "Idea"—the Ideas of Liberty or Equality or Democracy which he despised so heartily—and in the strength of that fire were able successfully to exhort mountains to be removed, and to be cast into the midst of the sea. Lord Acton, who loved freedom and the struggle for it with a kind of personal passion, thought Carlyle, after Froude, the "most detestable of historians." His "honey" has been carried into the "aristocratic hive." His ideal of a nation was some-

thing near that of the dominant classes in the German Empire to-day, of some Poor Law reformers of yesterday or to-morrow. Men, regimented and drilled by an aristocracy of birth, breeding, and intellect, are to be sorted, classified, ticketed, driven by whip and goad into cleanliness and godliness and some measure of efficiency in the great revolving machine of a State hierarchy. All that is asked of the "horde" is, not "Government," but acquiescence—"consent" in dumb, patient fashion to let the efficient rule. Of Democracy as a mystic, sacred thing, of Liberty as an end in itself, and not merely as a means towards comfort or piety, he knew nothing at all. That is why, for all the magic splendor of his pictures of individual achievement, his "French Revolution" is so remote from a philosophy of history. He sees the "social movement" arising from discontent and boundless privation. He ascribes the Revolution to the misery of the peasants, and the misery of the peasants to absentee landlordism and luxurious expenditure at the Court. He thinks that if the landlords had maintained a just feudal rule, in strict hierarchical system, and if the peasants had been fed, no Revolution would have happened at all. He never saw that the Revolution was a child as much of Hope as of Despair, and that here also an idea was clothing itself in form and making the rocks dance at its advent in the world. So the fight for American unity and the liberation of the slave became for him merely cant and Quashee; and the admittance of the artisans of England into Government "shooting Niagara"; and the progress of the people in the second half of the nineteenth century, with widening education and an increasing standard of life, was hailed as "torpid, gluttonous, sooty, swollen, and squalid England, given up to the deaf stupidities, and to the fatalities that follow, likewise deaf."

It arose partly out of spiritual blindness, which saw only the worshipful man—the hero—as worthy of adoration; the spiritual blindness which terminated in the exaltation by others of the Superman. It arose partly also out of a great impatience with life's stupidities and futilities, and progress so long delayed, man's strength spent, and seemingly in vain. Tortured by bodily pains, "like a rat gnawing at the pit of his stomach," he was tormented no less by similar maladies of the soul. The rat was gnawing there also, exciting to fury as he looked out on the world of men, and saw how it was marred and ruined by folly triumphant, and incurable cowardice and ease. Mr. Evans, in kindly verdict, explains the former judgment, as blinded just by the glory of the individual, so commanding and desirable as to flare out, dazzling, against a grey indistinguished background of negligible lives. "His admiration for inspired men overwhelmed his belief in the inspiration of humanity, and led him to think that, provided a people went the right road, it mattered little whether they were driven or whether they chose it for themselves." In any case, his Social Utopia is shattered by all human experience. His Ireland, which would be justly ruled by the iron hand of alien authority, his fox-hunting squires, who are to give up their hunting (where, perhaps, they are doing least harm) to reorganise a beneficent feudalism, his Captains of Industry and regiments of Labor—the wind has blown them all away, into the region where Dr. Francia and his ideal Absolutism, and all similar Dr. Francias have been driven before man's demand for freedom. Anarchs would wander through the streets of his Empire of hierarchical efficiency and bring it all tumbling to the ground; such anarchists as exultations and agonies, and love, and man's unconquerable mind.

Turn from Carlyle, preacher and social reformer, to Carlyle, mystic and poet: you are passing from barren lands into a large and spacious kingdom. This man had the quality of enchantment about him, so that under his touch the daily experience of mankind became an apocalypse, and every common bush was burning with fire. He set the human story in the background of all the Eternities. He found life not dwarfed by this vast encompassing background, but adequate to its high challenge; lifted out of the dust, able to move easily in a region of supreme issues. The background became, of

necessity, mystic. Duty ceased to be the trodden way of an ephemeral race, but somehow kindled and inspired by a sense of countless influences and expansions amid a region secure from the triumph of time. Mankind, as in the great central passage of the "Sartor," is "marching from the fire origins of the visible universe to its fire consummation; 'like some wild flaming, wild thundering train of Heaven's artillery,' levelling earth's mountains and filling up her seas; marching, also, 'from mystery to mystery, from God and to God.'" That God is sometimes the Spirit behind the visible things, weaving at the roaring loom of time, sometimes the God of Mount Sinai, visible in lightnings and thunders, sometimes "the ancient elemental powers" who have fixed in "adamantine rigor" the laws of the life and death of nations, and who are "entirely careless how you vote." He makes no attempt to reconcile these conceptions of Deity. In "Sartor" the first is dominant, in his visions of history, the third. His is not here that God who declares His Almighty Power most chiefly in showing mercy and pity. His is the God who will put a hook in the mouth of the King of Assyria and turn him whither He will, who will destroy in one night the armies of Sennacherib, outside the holy hill of Sion, to whom the Song of Miriam is appropriate praise, exultant over the Egyptians lying dead by the sea shore. Above all, his is a God of Flame, a Man of War. Carlyle's test of all religions would be found in the traditional challenge on Mount Carmel. Build you here your altars: there build you yours. Call upon the Deities of your worship, with strong crying and sacrifice, and the "God who by fire shall answer, let Him be the God." The answer by fire was the only valid reply. His favorite hero, Ram Dass, had enough fire in his belly to burn up the sins of the whole world. That fire came to be his test of character also. All his heroes have it—Dante, Burns, Cromwell, Mirabeau—fire restrained, smouldering, choked down, only occasionally revealed; or fire flaming out into sudden action which leaves the world amazed.

"He is warming his hands by the fire of life," wrote Maurice of another, "but it will never burn or scorch him in the least." Were it otherwise, "the fire would be in his heart while he was arranging his knick-knacks and watering his flowers, and it would come out, though it burnt up the pretty cottage and garden and church, and all Borrowdale and Derwentwater." Carlyle never warmed his hands at the fire of life. The fire was in him, and it burnt up more than Borrowdale and Derwentwater. It came out in the drawing-rooms of Mid-Victorian England, with the pictures of Queen Victoria being welcomed by Louis Napoleon, and the be-whiskered heroes of the Crimean War under the Whig supremacy. In politics, he would be a Tory or a Radical, never a Whig; the coldness, the restraint, the moderation, the respectabilities, goaded him into madness. In religion, he saw the fire dying on the altars, a conventional rule of accepted morality replacing all the high ardors and aspirations. "Dust and ashes," he wrote over it all. Mill's luminous fairnesses and justices drove him into opposition; Emerson's rarified wisdom left him cold. He turned from all this appeal to reason on the heights, in order to sing the praise of those who fought in confusion far below, to those who had stormed through life, huge, shaggy, uncouth, passionate, but at whose advent the solid ground had shook and shifted a little. Mirabeau, in unforgettable picture, stands as the very type of his heroes, and the death of Mirabeau is the passage which one would choose of all others, to reveal the temper of the genius of Carlyle. His Puritan prejudice disapproved of all the spirit and action of this man—his lusts and excesses, his disorder of body and soul, his vanity and extravagance and display. But he is a Titan, fire-flaming, defiant to the last. "The giant Mirabeau walks in darkness; companionless on wild ways." "If I had not lived with him, I never should have known what a man can make of one day." "I carry in my heart the death-dirge of the French monarchy." He dies "a gigantic Heathen, stumbling blindly, undismayed, down to his rest." In future, "when difficult questions are astir, all eyes will

turn mechanically to the place where Mirabeau sat: and Mirabeau is absent now."

So he is one of the very few adequate to the painting of Revolutions, to the time when visibly the sun has been turned into darkness and the moon into blood and there has been loosened over earth and sea the thunder of the trumpets of the night. His endeavor was to exhibit this vision of reality, not only in those cataclysms when all men should be afraid, but in the ordinary experiences of every day: the world Phoenix, always consumed in fire; always in fire being born. Men turned reluctant from the glare of it, hoping to find in social amusement and various feeble charities escape from that conspicuous flame. He told them of the futility of such an effort, so often essayed, so often destroyed. He revealed beneath the thin surface on which were built the transitory palaces and banking houses and suburban villas, the untamed, ancient, elemental fires. He knew that all history is a record of combat, that human life only becomes tolerable under the impetus of action. He knew (in a word) that the passage from a fire cradle to a fire consummation is, in plain truth, a passage from God and to God.

THE BIRD-PLAY.

THERE is nothing new even in Paris. Before Rostand there was Aristophanes, and the birds which displayed their plumage at the Porte-Saint-Martin had fluttered and sung two thousand years before under the rock of the Acropolis. With a whirr of wings and a sheen of plumage, mixing Greek words among their twitterings and their cries, they had fled into the Orchestra at a *première* which Athens must have awaited as eagerly as Paris looked for "Chantecler." There are stray lines in the text of "The Birds," and notes in the scholia, which tell us even now that this antique experiment was thought in its day to be a unique adventure in stagecraft. Genius, even in Greece, did not always shrink from enlisting money on its side, and Aristophanes, like Rostand, belonged to the side which had the money. He had recruited for his troupe a famous woman flute-player, who was to make her first appearance in Athens in his chorus, apparently as the nightingale. Gossip boasted in the baths and the agora of the untold sums which had been lavished on the feathered dresses of the actors, precisely in the strain which the "Matin" and the "Figaro" have made so dismally familiar. The climax, the triumph of the whole amazing show was a realistic use of stage-thunder, heralded with bombast, and acclaimed in choruses, something apparently new and wonderful, an innovation in the mechanics of the theatre. But it would be difficult to push the comparison beyond these externals. Rostand's farmyard, for all its romances and its allegories, is a home of realism. The birds of Aristophanes were engaged in building a cloud-cuckoo-city. The creatures of the French farmyard are depicted as beings with a separate and autonomous life of their own. The Greek birds, on the other hand, to borrow the Looking-Glass phrase, are only things in Aristophanes's dream. Their king is a human prince metamorphosed into a hoopoe, and they are, throughout the graceful and ingenious farce, only a chorus which comments on the doings of actors who are either human or divine. The play is by turns a satire on Athenian institutions and a reckless comedy at the expense of Athenian religion, but a sub-human drama it never for a moment is. The chorus may flutter its wings and mingle bird-cries with its moralisings, but it is, after all, only a commentary on human affairs, a vehicle for literary satire and political suggestion. It never had entered the brain of Aristophanes to treat his birds as creatures interesting in themselves. His human hero does, indeed, propose to lead and organise them for the coercion of the earth and the confounding of the gods. But it is of the essence of the comedy that he interrupts his plot to make a savory bird-stew with that peculiarly appetising sauce which Heracles found so irresistible. His birds are not so much *dramatis personæ* as items in a menu.

Aristophanes was the very type of the sophisticated literary man who lisped in parodies and sang quotations. But it is a primitive tradition which Rostand has revived. He has done with art what the fabulists did naïvely. The essence of Æsop and his spiritual kinsmen in all ages and nations is that they were really interested in the characterisation of their birds and beasts. These are not men in masks and skins. They are the fellow-creatures whom primitive men observed and considered with a sympathy and an interest not yet distorted by the arrogance of the rational biped. The tradition reappears in all primitive literatures. It revels through some of the French *fabliaux*. It has its modern classic in "Uncle Remus," where memories of African animism and totemism have translated themselves into the language of the Christian English-speaking negro. The fund of wisdom that made these tales must be older by whole epochs than any literature, older even than any language which has survived. It seems to date from a time when man, himself a hunter, competed with the larger carnivora in the chase. He knew the beasts as formidable enemies, whom he did not affect to despise. He could not match their strength. He recognised in some of them a cunning like his own. He did not disdain to wear their skins, and to rob them for his own adorning. He shared with them the fortune of the weather, and faced with them the malice of the seasons. He had no pride of reason, for he conceived of thought and will as the function of everything which seemed to act and move. So far from despising the "brute" beasts, he did not even despise the inanimate stone. He lived in a democratic community, with no suspicion that any impassable gulf separated him from the creatures of instinct. It was in no vein of symbolism or allegory that he took this beast or the other for the ancestor of his tribe, consecrated it as a totem, and worshipped it as divine. The primeval fables of the beasts grew up while this kindly sense of equality still lingered. The wolf or the bear which spoke in the savage tale was not for the original fabulist an unreasoning beast which he consciously personified by a sort of literary fiction. It was the ancestor of his clan, which he venerated with divine honors. The conviction that the animal is hopelessly inferior to man must have dawned about the time that Artemis evolved from a bear-totem into a huntress-goddess, accompanied by a symbolic bear, while the owl-eyed Athene developed from a bird-totem into the spirit of wisdom associated with a heraldic owl. The memory of the stage through which his savage ancestors had passed vanished utterly from the traditions of civilised man. His mythology was an elaborate theory, formed to explain the symbols and ritual which had become, for him, unintelligible. He even inverted the historic process. The beast totem evolved into the anthropomorphic god. Mythology turned the development upside down, by fairy tales in which the god was metamorphosed into the beast. But in folk-lore and peasant fable the relics of the kindly consanguinity still survived. Nurses told tales of the days when the beasts could talk, little guessing that in sober history there really was a phase when man as yet claimed for himself no supremacy, and affected no aloofness. The wheel of thought in our own day has turned full circle. Man was never further from the beasts than when Descartes based a system on self-consciousness, and taught in bald, literal words that the animals are automata. The doctrine of evolution has bridged the gulf once more, and inscribed the abolitionists' legend, *Ab uno sanguine*, over all our thinking about the beasts. We do not naïvely conceive of them, as the first fabulists must have done, as our equals, our fellows, if not our ancestors. But they are once more for us the possible persons of a drama whose obscure passions and dim reasonings we can follow with a distant sympathy.

The primitive beast-fable had always its moral, and Rostand's play is true to type. Theirs was the pedestrian wisdom of daily experience. He has taken for his theme a parable which makes of his poem a profound and moving commentary on life. The critics see in his Chantecler the national totem, the Gallic cock. They are proud to recognise and adopt the pathetic megalomania

of the bird who imagines that it is his crowing which commands the dawn. The parable has certainly its bearing on French history. The Gallic cock began to indulge in this conviction under the "Roi Soleil." He was more than ever convinced of it when his crowing became a democratic *reveillé* at the Revolution. Nor was he by any means alone in that conviction. The woodland birds who fluttered to his farmyard were quite of his mind. The birds of darkness and reaction fostered his self-esteem by conspiring against the sun in his person. And did not Karl Marx say in 1848 that it was the crowing of the Gallic cock which would compel the social revolution? It may have been that this and no more than this was what Rostand had in his mind when he traced the grandeur and disillusionment of Chantecler. But the moral has a wider application. Chantecler is magnificently French, but he is also simply human. This cock who conceives that the sun rises at his summons, what is he but the human race which saw in its earth the centre of the universe, made its gods in its own image, and dreamed that all creation was a design for its own perfection and fulfilment? Chantecler was the author of the Ptolemaic system; he wrote the "Essay on Man"; he composed Paley's "Evidences." He is the name of every prophet and thinker, from the great Leibnitz to drunken Christopher Sly, who conceived of himself and his kind as the centre of the solar system. The disillusionment began with the uncomfortable discoveries of one Copernicus; it was completed by Darwin. And the human Chantecler, his world-romance over, convinced at last that he is but an item and a detail in the goings and comings of the sun, has fluttered back to the positive task of being master in his own farmyard. The world is agreed that Voltaire was the most French of Frenchmen. It divides the honor to-day between Rostand and Anatole France. They say that megalomania is the national vice. One is forced to the conclusion that typical Frenchmen come into the world to protest against the national vice. For the moral of "Chantecler" is the moral of "Candide." It is on the disastrous morning when the sun has risen with its usual imperturbable punctuality despite the fact that one has forgotten to crow, that one first resolves to cultivate one's own garden. What is really French is not so much the megalomania as the sanity which follows it.

The Drama.

MR. FROHMAN'S REPERTORY THEATRE.

ON Monday week, the 21st of February, London will again, after nearly fifty years, possess a Repertory Theatre. On that night Mr. Charles Frohman opens, at the Duke of York's, an enterprise which, whatever its success—and its chances are excellent—will always be accounted to him for righteousness. The programme for the first three weeks is already settled and published. Of its individual components I shall speak anon; for the moment it is to their arrangement and sequence that I call attention. In the course of twenty-four performances four different bills will be presented—three whole-evening plays, and one triple bill consisting of three one-act pieces. In the first week two different bills will be presented, and one new bill in each of the succeeding weeks. In no case will a bill be presented more than twice running. If we call the four bills A, B, C, and D, their sequence may be briefly and clearly shown thus: A, A, B, A, A, B, B, A, B, C, A, A, C, B, C, B, C, B, D, B, A, A, D, C. It is in this sequence, or something like it, that the essence of the repertory system lies. The management, indeed, has shown some austerity in denying itself the convenience of three or even four consecutive performances, in which it might have indulged without infringing the principle of the system. For example, the first week might have been arranged thus: A, A, A, A, B, B, B, B; the first play running from the Monday evening to the Thursday matinée, the second from the Thursday to the Saturday evening. There would have been no absolute objection

of principle to such an arrangement, which would have meant some economy of labor in the mounting and unmounting of scenery. But since it was found possible to carry out the method of more rapid alternation, it was vastly preferable to do so. Whatever else Mr. Frohman may "present," he here presents a perfect object-lesson in the marshalling of a repertory.

Now, the point to which I would draw special attention is that (opera apart) we have had no such enterprise as this in London for close upon fifty years. The last real Repertory Theatre—the last theatre which made a principle and practice of constant changes of bill—was Sadler's Wells, under Samuel Phelps. Of Phelps's management it has been written:—

"From May 27th, 1844, until March 15th, 1862, Phelps maintained the most gallant battle in English theatrical history, indomitably snatching success out of the very jaws of failure. In these eighteen seasons, he produced thirty-one out of the thirty-seven plays of Shakespeare. . . . Shakespeare's text was, in all cases, freed from eighteenth-century improvements, a purgation which even Macready had left very incomplete. . . . Not only Shakespeare, but Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Otway, Macklin, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and many other classic playwrights, found a place in the repertory; while of the moderns, Milman, Shiel, Knowles, Talfourd, Leigh Hunt, Bulwer, Browning, Westland Marston, James White and Tom Taylor, all had their turn. 'Louis XI.' was the only adaptation from the French admitted to the Islington stage, unless we refer 'The Fool's Revenge' to Victor Hugo rather than to Tom Taylor. . . . Phelps humanised and educated his suburban audiences, and he earned the respect of all intelligent men."

At the same time Charles Kean, in his spectacular productions at the Princess's, was yielding without a struggle to the economic pressure which begot the long run and has shaped the history of the London stage for half a century. That the long run has been an unmixed evil I am far from maintaining; but, whatever merits we may allow it, we know that "one good custom may corrupt the world." Long-run theatres will always exist in vast centres of population. They are to be found in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, no less than in London. The mischief is that London alone has yielded itself up entirely to this "one custom," whether good or bad. It had none of the theatrical endowments whereby certain theatres, in the other great capitals, were enabled to resist the economic forces that crushed out every form of theatrical art which had not the making of a sensational success or "boom" in it. The lack of endowment has still to be deplored, though measures are being taken to remedy it. Meantime, with the rise of a new generation of playwrights, too delicate in their effects and too subtle in their criticism of life to appeal to what may be called the hundred-night public, it has become more and more apparent, for the past ten years, that some loophole of escape from the long run must be discovered, else the movement would stagnate and come to naught. Various attempts have been made, with varying degrees of success, to provide such a safety-valve; but it has been reserved for that ever enterprising and sportsmanlike manager, Mr. Charles Frohman, to essay the foundation of a true Repertory Theatre.

Previous efforts in this direction have, for the most part, taken the form of "side-show" enterprises, like the Stage Society, very useful and praiseworthy, but exceedingly restricted in their appeal. We have seen, however, one spirited attempt to fight the long run, not by private co-operation, but in the open market, so to speak—I mean, of course, the ever-memorable Vedrenne-Barker management at the Court Theatre. Wherein does Mr. Frohman's enterprise differ from this? Simply in being—what its predecessor was not—a Repertory Theatre. Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker had not the resources to enable them to work on the true repertory system. They had not a large enough stage, a large enough company, or a large enough staff. What they did was, by an immense expenditure of energy and at a great sacrifice of pecuniary profit, to carry on for three seasons a most interesting short-run enterprise. But a short-run system—the policy of mapping out a season into periods of from four to six weeks, and declining to run a play beyond its stated term—is artistically unsatisfactory and financially un-

sound. It involves two evils: taking off a paying play at the height of its vogue, which can scarcely ever be recaptured on revival; and running an unremunerative production through its stated term, on pain of upsetting arrangements and confessing failure. The true repertory system avoids both these evils. It enables a successful play to be repeated three or four times a week until an indefinite number of performances has been attained; while an unsuccessful play can simply fade out of the bills, when the management has assured itself that it is not going to prove attractive. The system of constant alternation secures elasticity and adaptability. Relying on the interest of novelty, Mr. Frohman has announced his programme for three weeks ahead; but under normal conditions, I imagine, the management would scarcely bind itself for more than a fortnight. Many of the great Continental theatres do not announce their repertory for more than a week in advance.

It would be foolish to deny that Mr. Frohman's undertaking will have serious difficulties to contend with. The first and greatest is the difficulty of running a repertory in a theatre constructed with a view to long runs. That was the rock on which Mr. Herbert Trench's ambition foundered. Having set forth to establish the first English repertory theatre, why did Mr. Trench abandon the effort from the very outset, and content himself with becoming a very intelligent and successful long-run manager? Mainly, if not entirely, because he had not at his command the mechanism for running a repertory as he conceived it. The idea of alternating "King Lear," "Don," and "The Blue Bird" at the Haymarket proved to be wildly impossible; and even if he had chosen to restrict himself to more manageable plays than the first and last of these three, it is doubtful whether he could have secured the technical assistance which would alone have enabled him to deal with so difficult a problem. Mr. Frohman, on the other hand, has at the head of his technical staff the two men of all others most competent to grapple with the difficulties of the situation—Mr. Dion Boucicault and Mr. Granville Barker. They have their work cut out for them, but they will do it. After all, when once a start is fairly made, the work will be no heavier than that which fell on Mr. Barker alone at the Court Theatre.

I shall not enlarge on the advantages which Mr. Frohman possesses in the fact that he has so many other enterprises to feed, and (as is proved by the remarkable company he has recruited) so many actors and actresses at his command. But one has only to look at his opening announcement to realise one great advantage which the Repertory Theatre possesses, as compared with the Vedrenne-Barker management, in the far larger stock of probably remunerative matter that it has to draw upon. At the Court, Mr. Bernard Shaw was the financial pillar of the house. He was not the only author who paid, but the only author who paid largely and steadily. On the Duke of York's list, on the other hand, looking only at the authors announced as having new plays in preparation, we find not only Mr. Shaw but at least four others who are quite as likely to attract the paying public. In Mr. Barrie and Mr. Maugham we have absolutely the most popular playwrights of the day; Mr. Galsworthy, the author of "Strife," holds a very different position in the public eye from that which he held when "The Silver Box" was produced at the Court; and Mr. Granville Barker, practically unknown as a playwright when "The Voysey Inheritance" first saw the light, is now, perhaps, the man of all others to whose work the intelligent public looks forward with the keenest interest. I do not mean that financial success is assured in the case of all these writers. Financial success can never be assured for any writer or at any theatre. What I do mean is that, whereas Vedrenne and Barker had to make the reputation of practically all their authors, Mr. Frohman has at his back a compact body of dramatists, all of whom have already their public, and some of them a very large one. It would not be too much to say that there is no single theatre in Europe which has such a remarkable group of men pledged to work for it.

Certainly there is a striking contrast between the authors on Mr. Frohman's list and the living authors of the 'fifties whose plays were produced or revived at Sadler's Wells. On the other hand, the classical drama, on which Phelps mainly relied, is conspicuously absent from the programme of Mr. Frohman's first season. For this there are probably two reasons: first, the superabundance of modern plays to be compressed into a space of less than six months; second, the restricted scenic appliances of the Duke of York's Theatre. The first obstacle is in its nature temporary; the second will doubtless be removed before long, if the intelligent public does its duty and rallies to the support of the undertaking. It is gravely maintained by some people—it was one of the reasons alleged for Mr. Trench's abandonment of his repertory scheme—that the London public will never be at the pains of acquainting itself with the programme of a repertory theatre, and finding out on what nights a particular play is, or is not, to be acted. This is the veriest nonsense. The public is willing enough to find out what is going on at the Opera, at the Gilbert and Sullivan repertory performances, at His Majesty's during Sir Herbert Tree's Shakespeare week. Make your programmes interesting, and the public will be quick enough to study them. But there is one thing some people, even of the more intelligent sort, do not sufficiently realise—namely, the necessity of giving to such an enterprise as this active and constant, instead of casual and careless, support. The Repertory Theatre will scarcely succeed unless it can recruit a staunch inner public which will go to see everything it does. It should be able to rely on a fair number of good houses—say eight or ten—for even its least attractive productions. Let everyone remember this who appreciates the liberality of Mr. Frohman's effort, and realises how much depends on its success. When Hauptmann's "Thieves' Comedy" was produced—and admirably acted—at the Court, practically no one at all went to see it. Should any production at the Duke of York's be so utterly ignored, it will mean that London is not worthy of a Repertory Theatre.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Letters from Abroad.

A SHAM REFORM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Prince Bülow's successor has achieved a great feat. He has disappointed those Liberals who expected next to nothing in the way of Liberal reforms from him. His Bill on the Prussian Electoral Law has at last seen the light, and the verdict of Liberals all round is that it deserves any name but that of a measure of political reform. It is a mere shifting of some sections of the enfranchised population into a higher class of voters, calculated to consolidate the class system of voting and deliberately directed against the working-classes and their party.

One cannot expect a foreigner to dive into all the intricacies of the three-class system of voting as it exists at present in Prussia. It is sufficient to know that the possessors of the franchise vote in three separated classes, graduated according to taxes assessed and having between them equal electoral power, so that on the average in the country 3'36 voters of the first class have the same voting power as 12'02 voters of the second class or 84'57 of the third class, and the first and second class together; i.e., 15½ per cent. of the electorate can always outvote the other 84½ per cent. Besides, the vote is open, it must be given in public before the returning officer of the district who registers it, and it is indirect. The voters in each class elect an equal number of members of the electoral college, who afterwards elect the members for the division. The divisions in population and in the amount of taxes paid are as unequal as possible, so that twenty divisions with over a million of voters possessed at the General Election of last year no

more voting power than twenty other divisions with only 174,000 voters. The rural divisions have almost double the number of members as the town divisions which pay more than double the amount of direct taxes into the Exchequer, viz., 412 against 187 millions of marks.

Now the Government Bill maintains the open vote, the class vote, and the unequal divisions. It abolishes the indirect mode of voting, and provides for a different classification of the electorate by which the first class may in future embrace 5 or 6 per cent., and the second class about 20 per cent. of the electorate. In other words, one-fourth instead of one-sixth of the electorate may be in a position to outvote the remainder. The change in the classification of the voters is to be attained by not counting taxes exceeding £250 a year and entitling a number of representative people in town and country—provincial districts and town councillors and magistrates, graduates of the universities and other high colleges, members and some ex-members of the Reichstag and the Prussian diet, officers of the army or the navy of ten years' service—to vote one class higher than they would be enabled to vote by their assessments alone, and by constituting as voters of the second class all people with an income of over £90 a year who have either possessed for at least fifteen years the school certificate for the one year's military service or have been for at least five years entitled to an occupation, in the Civil Service on the ground of at least twelve years' military, naval, &c., service.

Now, what does this mean?

A closer examination of the list of the people enumerated reveals that the second class of voters will, or would, be swamped by people who, by an overwhelming majority, will, or must, vote against democratic and social democratic candidates, and that professors and members of the high and middle bureaucracy, who, by the vagaries of the present system of forming the electoral classes, are exposed to the degradation of having to vote in the third class alongside with their domestics and other common people, will in future be spared this horrible disgrace. In short, the whole reform will consist in clearing the monstrous three-class system of some of its more or less ludicrous excrescences and giving an alloy of mandarinism.

That is how Herr von Bethmann Hollweg proposes to redeem the promise made in the speech from the throne in November, 1908, when it was stated to be the *royal will* that the electoral system should undergo "an organic development, in accordance with economic evolution, the spread of knowledge and political intelligence, and the growth of responsibility towards the State." Readers of THE NATION remember, perhaps, what I wrote when Herr von Bethmann Hollweg took the Chancellorship. I said that in place of Bülow, the diplomatist aiming at modernism, we had a shrewd East-Elbe bureaucrat. The whole measure is calculation, calculation, calculation—with utter barrenness of creative statesmanship.

At the end of last year an official return was published, giving an analysis of the Prussian General Election of 1908. According to it, the principal parties received votes and seats:—

	Votes.	Seats.
Old Conservatives ...	354,786	152
Liberal Conservatives ...	63,612	60
Catholic Centre ...	499,343	104
National Liberals ...	318,589	65
Freisinnige ...	120,593	36
Poles, Danes, Guelfs ...	226,248	19
Social Democrats ...	598,522	7

With far fewer votes than the Social Democrats, the two Conservative parties shared between them almost half the seats of the whole Diet, whilst the Social Democrats got but seven seats, one of which has since been invalidated and lost at the by-election; so that the party which, in spite of open and controlled voting, received more votes than any other party, has only, say, six members in a House of 443. That is how the present system works. One can understand that a Conservative State Minister should shrink from granting democratic, equal, and universal suffrage, or

from making a leap in the dark where a Socialistic party of such strength as the Social Democratic party in Prussia fights in implacable opposition to the established institutions of the State. Nobody expected a Radical democratic measure from the present or any other Government of Wilhelm II. But even a Conservative statesman ought to understand that at least some proportionate representation of the ideas and tendencies agitating the people is an absolute necessity in a modern State. Herr von Bethmann Hollweg does not see it, or, if he sees it, he dares not act accordingly, for fear of his Junkers.

It is very doubtful whether the Bill, if it becomes law, will in any degree worth mentioning increase Social Democratic representation in the Diet. It may even annihilate some of the paltry privileges already obtained. The Bill prescribes that in the electoral division the votes of each class shall be calculated in percentages, and that the candidate who has obtained in the average of the three classes more than fifty per cent. of the votes, shall be declared elected. Consequently, a candidate who in the third class of a division has obtained 75 per cent., in the second class 54 per cent. of the votes, will yet be beaten if of the votes given in the first class—the big taxpayers, the high officials, &c.—he does not obtain more than 21 per cent. of the votes, which is all but unthinkable. The shifting of the above-named notables and lower officials into higher classes of voters than their assessments would justify, will only worsen the chances of the Socialist and Labor candidates.

Thus the Bill is a slap in the face of Prussian Social Democracy. As an answer to their great demonstrations for a democratic franchise reform, it offers them stones instead of bread. It is unthinkable that the Prussian workers will let such a measure pass without demonstrations of vigorous protest. On several occasions of late they have shown a much more refractory temper than at any time during the present generation. It is possible that disturbances or commotions of a graver kind may break out in the shape of a political strike, or some similar interruption of the everyday life of the body politic. But nothing of the kind can be predicted for certain, and still less is it possible to predict whether the action of the mass will be powerful and impressive enough to influence the vote of the legislators.

The disposition of the latter is known. The Conservatives want "no change," or a change that changes nothing. The National Liberals want a pluralistic vote in favor of the professional classes, and a redistribution of seats in favor of the towns. The Catholic Centre objects to a redistribution of seats, but has no objection to a more democratic franchise. This opposition of interests will almost to a certainty lead to a good deal of intrigue in the House when the Bill goes into committee, and has afterwards to pass the Herrenhouse, the Prussian House of Lords. A leader of the Liberal Conservatives, Herr von Zedlitz-Neukirch, has already, in "Der Tag," mapped out a plan for the prevention of any effective reform. He was prudent enough to present it in the shape of a conjecture as to how the Catholic Centre may proceed; but it was evident that the wish was father of the thought. This did not hinder the Radical Press from crying "treachery" against the Centre—the most foolish thing they could do at the present juncture. For with the present voting power of parties in the Landtag, a reform of any value can only be forced upon the Government by an understanding of the genuine Liberals with the Centre.

The three things, democratisation of the franchise, the secret ballot, and the redistribution of seats, will not pass through the mill of this Prussian Diet all at once. But for the first two measures the Catholic Centre can be won, and a majority of the Landtag can be got together, if the National Liberals agree. It is they who, much more than the Centre, block the way to a democratic reform. Just as the Conservatives wave the red rag to frighten the tradesmen and the farmers, they swing the black rag to blind the enlightened Liberal Philistine. The effects of their senseless game are the real danger of the hour as far as the question of the

Prussian franchise is concerned, and notwithstanding the bragging of that insipid Junker, Herr von Aldenburg-Januschau, it is the Prussian Landtag where the great questions of the policy of the German Empire are decided.—Yours, &c.,
ED. BERNSTEIN.

Berlin, February 6th, 1910.

Letters to the Editor.

THE "MITIGATION" OF THE VETO.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I should like to suggest to Liberal statesmen that they might do well to strive, not for the absolute destruction, but for the mitigation of the Lords' power of veto.

How would such a modification of the Constitution as this work? The Peers have one opportunity of meeting the proposals of the Commons with a simple negative; but if the same measure be presented to them a second time, after a given interval, it may then be rejected only by a majority of a certain size, say, three-fourths or even four-fifths. This is not absolutely to remove the weir which checks the flow of the stream, but greatly to lower it; and, at any rate, as a *modus vivendi* between an Upper House which, as at present constituted, will always be preponderatingly Conservative, and a Lower House which often will be preponderatingly Liberal, it would seem to offer some hopes of adjustment.

From the point of view of a public-spirited Peer who cares somewhat for the dignity of his order, it would have the advantage of lessening the probability of these wholesale creations of new Peers with which that order is now periodically threatened.—Yours, &c.,
HISTORICUS.

February 9th, 1910.

THE SECRECY OF THE BALLOT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is, I think, clear, as urged in your columns by "Liberal" and Mr. J. R. Tomlinson, that if the voting papers in any small district, such as a village, can be so examined as to see how the village has voted, it becomes possible to put serious collective pressure upon the voters in such village. I was sensible of this danger at the time the Ballot Bill was before Parliament, and wrote to Mr. E. A. Leatham respecting it. To meet the difficulty he drafted a proviso which was accepted and embodied in the Bill to the effect that the whole of the voting papers should be mixed before counting. I cannot here (Mentone) refer to the Ballot Act, but feel sure that it will be found to contain this proviso.—Yours, &c.,
J. R.

February 6th, 1910.

[Our correspondent is quite right. The words of the Act are as follows: "Before the returning officer proceeds to count the votes, he shall, in the presence of the agents of the candidates, open each ballot box, and, taking out the papers therein, shall count and record the number thereof, and then mix together the whole of the ballot papers contained in the ballot boxes."—ED., *NATION*.]

THE GLADSTONE LEAGUE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The Gladstone League, arising out of the Gladstone Fund and commemorating the centenary of Gladstone's birth, has now been formally constituted, with Mr. Lloyd George as President; and we venture to appeal to the readers of *THE NATION* to join and support it.

The object of the League is to organise a national movement for the defence of the liberties of the people, to educate the democracy, and to combat the methods of intimidation and social pressure so unscrupulously employed during the recent election. It will devote its main energies to the rural districts, where the need is greatest.

Among its specific tasks will be:—

1. The vindication of the secrecy of the ballot, the collection of evidence of bribery and intimidation, and the pro-

vision of legal advice and practical assistance for those who suffer for their political opinions.

2. The promotion of a policy of land reform which shall give the people access to the soil and secure to the public a fair share of the values which are created by the activities of the community.

3. The defence of the food of the people from taxation.

These vital objects can only be secured by the organisation of a great scheme of democratic propaganda in town and village, carried out by a network of agencies throughout the country, and co-ordinated from a central office in London.

Membership of the League is open to all subscribers of one shilling a year. Those who can afford more are urged to contribute more, as the expenses will be heavy. Workers are needed no less than money. The defence of their liberties must be taken up in earnest by the people themselves; and it is to organise the people that the League has been established.

Subscriptions, donations, and promises should be sent to the Treasurer, Gladstone League, St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP MORRELL,

G. P. GOOCH,

Hon. Treasurers.

February 10th, 1910.

THE RECENT ELECTIONS AND THE SMALL HOLDINGS ACT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—When I read the correspondence in the daily, and other, papers on the result of the elections in rural England, I marvel at the complete detachment of many of our politicians from country humanity. They seem to have no conception of what has been happening in the villages to cause so many people to change their minds about the virtues of the Liberal Party.

The matter is very simple. Two years ago a wave of almost passionate enthusiasm passed over the countryside. The men learnt from Liberal speakers that an Act of Parliament had been passed which would give them the chance of a lifetime in a piece of land, and perhaps a cottage. Moreover, they were told, as indeed the Act appears to direct, that if the County Councils did not put the law into force, in six months the Board of Agriculture could do so. Thus the men were at last to be freed from dependence and poverty and to be saved from the necessity of sending their children to the towns and over the seas.

Actual applicants for land were, on the whole, few, averaging about two per parish throughout the country, but for one who dared ask there were a dozen who decided to wait and see what happened. There must have been at least 100,000 men who wanted land. What has been the fate of the applicants? With some exceptions, a tragedy, that few have followed. For, so far, outside some dozen counties in England and Wales, no appreciable attempt has been made to secure the people land. The unfortunate men, alternately despairing and hoping, have meanwhile been subject to every sort of spiteful attack, of insult, and of petty persecution at the hands of County Councillors, farmers, landlords, and officials. Even when the applicant has not actually been made to suffer in pocket, he has been made the butt of everyone's jokes; whilst of the few men who have got land many have been forced to take it on most unfair terms. Appeals to the Board of Agriculture have in almost all cases been quite futile, for the applicants have very generally been ignored and often sharply snubbed. The attitude of the officials has caused grave and widespread distrust. All this greatly discredited the Liberals, for it had been fully explained by Liberal speakers the previous year and was fairly well understood that the Board of Agriculture had the complete control of the working of the Act, and the more intelligent applicants realised that the Government were alone responsible for its administration and for its failure.

So it will be realised that a considerable section of our country electors were in no very good humor at Christmas last.

"The Small Holdings business is the Old Age Pensions

business over again," said a keen country working-man politician well known as a Radical; "the Tories promised Old Age Pensions, and the Liberals gave it; now the Liberals have promised the land and perhaps the Tories will give it. Anyway, it's worth trying." He voted Tory, and by now he *may* have got his land, for a good deal has been doled out this winter, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, much more land will be given out by landlords in the next twelve months than has ever been got by the Liberals' Small Holdings Act. Another man I knew, a splendid fellow and an ardent Liberal, started canvassing—he worked like a slave for a fortnight. "Many men who wanted land and had not got it voted Tory," he told me afterwards; "I know that for a fact. When I went to talk to the men," he continued, "they used to say, 'What about your small holdings?' and then I had to shut up." It was notorious in the district that the County Council had hung up his application for two years, because of a personal objection of a member of their committee, and that an effort was being made to deprive him of his allotment and so drive him out of the village. Similar stories, showing how men voted come to me from many constituencies. But we country people are told by the town politicians that elections turn on other matters, and we were beaten by bribery and intimidation. There was certainly some bribery and a good deal of intimidation. An old friend of mine got at election time an allotment from the squire, two shillings out of a Tariff Reform agent, and two days off from his employer to work on his land—and yet he voted Liberal. Three men, I am told on good evidence, in the neighboring parish were had up together before their employer and given to understand that *one* would be sacked if the Liberals got in. Consider the cruelty of that way of putting it. But I doubt if there was more intimidation than usual. There was certainly not so much as in 1885; only, people notice it more nowadays.

Why we lost was, partly at any rate, this, when one got outside the political ring one found that the backs of the natural leaders of the men were broken by the action of the Government in refusing to put the Small Holdings Act into force, and their hearts were sore at the personal insults which had been showered upon them. They felt themselves deserted by the party they had so ardently supported; and though many did vote for us, they showed no fight against the campaign of lies carried on against us. The curious can take up the last report of the Board of Agriculture on the administration of the Small Holdings Act, and compare it with the result of the elections. In Norfolk, Lincoln, Gloucestershire, Somerset, and Cambridgeshire, where the Small Holdings Act has been administered in spite of the inertia of the Board, there has not been the serious relapse that occurred in other counties. In East Cambridgeshire a seat was lost to a Tory member of the Small Holdings Committee of the County Council, who made the most at the election of the success of his Committee. In Sussex, Surrey, and Suffolk, where practically nothing is being done, the Liberals have lost everything, and the same is true of Kent, where the administration has been tainted with most serious evils. A return of the actual number of applicants settled on the land, in the various constituencies, would be invaluable to country members and Liberal organisers. I am myself surprised the Liberals did so well. Six months ago they would, I think, have done far worse, but there is no doubt that the Budget helped them, and they have certainly gained ground recently. It is interesting to observe that the Women's Liberal Federation seemed to have grasped the situation some time ago, and issued last year a very instructive circular on the subject. Even now it seems doubtful whether Liberals will proceed to secure the administration of this Act. If they do not there will be further disaster. They would do well to act without a day's delay, and, recognising that the Board of Agriculture, being in essence a Tory body, has scotched the Act, should proceed to appoint an entirely new set of Commissioners to go at once into the villages, confer with the applicants, and give the six months' notices needed to put the Act into force, before the end of the month, and so secure that all applicants get their land this year. Has the party the pluck and energy to do it?—Yours, &c.,

A COUNTRY LIBERAL.

February 9th, 1910.

THE MEANING OF THE SCOTTISH ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Many people will be asking the question why has Scotland remained so true to the Liberal cause when so little has been done for Scotland by the Liberal Party. I have taken a small part in four English elections, and previously I have been amongst the Scottish people in the north. There have been various causes at work in moulding the thought of the people, but I think that I should put in the first place their religion. The Free Church of Scotland has, for nearly a hundred years, been a great educating force in the country. It has taught the people to think, and to think for themselves, and to stand alone in great crises. The difference in intelligence between the standpoint in Birmingham and that of Scotland is a century at least. As an illustration of this I will give two remarks made to myself in the two different districts. One was by a northern laborer, who said, "Yes, we know now the value of the vote, and we mean to hold on to it." A young man who keeps a quite respectable and tidy shop, in reply to a suggestion that his newspaper might have misled him, remarked "If I cannot believe in the (Birmingham) 'Daily Mail' there is nothing left to believe in." The religious life of Scotland is a great factor in the life of the people. It stands behind it, in the place of the daily paper, which is the gospel (and what a poor and sordid gospel!) in Birmingham. Another, and an enormous, influence, in forming the mind of Scotland, has been the rise of the deer forest. The deer forest has broken the loyalty and affection between the classes—the old feudal feeling which lived on so long in the north is gone. It must be remembered, to understand this, how the great value of the deer forest came about. When, through the introduction of steam power, foreign produce was brought to our doors (to the great advantage of the poorer classes), the cultivation of the land at home on the old lines became less productive, and the landlords in Scotland and Ireland had to look about for some way to restore their lessening incomes. In Ireland, the war of the classes began, and the vast emigration of the people, which has really solved the land question by raising the value of labor beyond what the landlords were prepared to pay. This (I am told) decided them to part with the land.

In Scotland, a different solution was found for land difficulties in the rise of the millionaire. The demand for sport and for pleasure places for the *nouveaux riches* offered to the Scottish landlord an income too tempting to be resisted. The old owner flitted from the home, taking with him all the old ties to his dependents and the sense of responsibility which had grown up with the centuries of contact, and the wealthy tenant, with new ideas, took his place. Thirty years ago I remember that, as I climbed the high stone stairs in the tall houses in Florence, I used to read the names, on visiting cards, nailed on the doors, of the old Highland chiefs. Round Florence, too, the houses were largely inhabited by the old Scottish families. As time went on the demand for the deer forests continued, and it became necessary to take in waste land, and to clear out the people. Financially this was very profitable, and no one saw then that it was effecting a much more important change at the same time. It was breaking for ever the old feudal ties between the classes; it was teaching the people to stand alone and to fight for themselves; it was, eventually, to send back to the Parliament of Great Britain a Government who must break the power of the great landlord, and release the land for the people.

Surely Scotland is not to save cheap bread for the people and to receive no reward? Those of us who know how deeply this question has sunk into the hearts of the Scottish people, and who have heard them say with tears in their eyes, "It cannot be for long, it cannot be for long, that this will go on, that the people of the soil must give place to the deer," think that the election of 1910 is the first step of retribution, the beginning of the end.

Other signs are not lacking of a decay of a system which has always been an unnatural one. "We find," said one of the large landowners, "that our tenants are becoming much more exigent." "They require motor-cars to take them up to their shootings: instead of its being a favor to introduce them to old families, the favor is now considered to be all the other way." The feeling is again becoming strained

between landlord and tenant. "These aliens will not take our side if our nations should go to war," said the owner of many shooting lodges. Moreover, motor-cars and flying machines are changing the playing grounds of the very wealthy, and Scottish shootings may cease to command such high rents. But all the while the other side of the story goes on. Thousands of young people are leaving the north and carrying to their new homes the bitter feeling the Irish took to America. Truly there is little hope for the Tariff Reform van which is about to wend its way to the far villages of Scotland.

Scottish people have long memories, and they do not want to "tax the foreigner," for he has nothing to do with their troubles. They only want the use of their own land again. They "know the value of the vote, and they mean to hold on to it."

History can give the Liberal reformer no more splendid lesson than the story that lies behind the Scotland of 1910.—Yours, &c.,

ENGLISH LIBERAL.

February 8th, 1910.

THE COUNTY ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—What Sir F. A. Channing says about our losses in agricultural constituencies receives confirmation from the way in which East Dorset was held, and a majority of 19 turned into one of 426. Here, the sitting member would have had little chance, but a fresh candidate, working as the Hon. Captain Guest did, achieved a splendid success.—Yours, &c.,

H. SHAEN SOLLY.

Parkstone, February 9th, 1910.

A FORECAST.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*

SIR,—The readers of *THE NATION* may remember that in your issue of November 6th I predicted:—

- (a) That the Lords would reject the Budget in November.
- (b) That there would be a General Election in January.
- (c) That the Conservatives would win several seats in London.
- (d) That the Conservatives would win several seats in the Home Counties.
- (e) That the political position in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland would remain virtually unchanged.
- (f) That the Government would have a majority of about 140.

I think I may fairly claim that no published prophecy has proved more accurate, which was also the case with a forecast that I published in the "Civil and Military Gazette" of Lahore concerning the elections of 1906.

With reference to the present political position, I think that two courses are open to the Prime Minister; the first being to decline forming a Cabinet unless he receives certain guarantees concerning the use of the royal prerogative, the second being to pass the Budget, and then to pass a Bill to prohibit any future interference on the part of the Lords with finance, reserving the general treatment of legislation by the Upper House for a second session. The first is the more heroic; but the second appears to me the more practicable, and therefore the more practical. Moreover, it would probably prove more simple to reform the constitution of the Upper Chamber than to alter the relations of the two Houses. One useful means of reducing both the influence and the numbers of the peers would be to revive the ancient royal prerogative of restricting the writs of summons, and so arriving at an Upper Chamber that should be at once more dignified and impartial, and less obstructive.—Yours, &c.,

JOSHUA BROOKES.

27, Park Road, Richmond,
February 9th, 1910.

RED RUBBER.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—While a feature in the Stock Exchange at the present time is what is described as "a boom in rubber," and new companies are being continually floated and fortunes

made, I do not find that any adequate attention is being paid to the labor conditions under which rubber is produced and these profits are being piled up. I venture, therefore, to ask the hospitality of your columns to invite consideration to the very serious tale of misery and wrong which has been disclosed in the development of this enterprise.

It is needless to do more than refer to the outrageous conditions which have been shown to prevail in the Congo State. But the cruel oppression which is alleged to be inflicted in South America is less well known. Charges of a circumstantial character have been brought forward in regard to the methods by which extortionate quantities of rubber are demanded from the natives by "chiefs" under barbarous penalties, including flogging, mutilation, torture, and death. These alleged misdeeds formed the subject of a question put by Mr. Hart-Davies in the House of Commons on October 21st last, and it is understood that the Foreign Office are inquiring into the matter. More recently, harrowing revelations of cruelty in Mexico have been brought to light in an article in the "American Magazine" of February by Mr. Harman Whitaker, who has just returned from a tour of the rubber plantations in that country, where he was an eye-witness of what he relates. I have only read extracts from that article, which have been reproduced in England. Mr. Whitaker declares that men, women, and children are being worked to death daily in the plantations, and he gives horrible details, too long for quotation here, of what is going on.

So much for labor conditions in foreign countries. I come now to territories under the control of the Colonial Office, and it is to be observed that the present boom relates principally to the Federated Malay States and the Indian Archipelago. There we have little or no information of what is being done. But in answer to a question put by myself in the House of Commons, also on October 21st last, it was stated that the rate of mortality among Indian indentured laborers employed in the Federated Malay States during the year 1908 was 84·8 per thousand. This is the death rate among adults and in the prime of life. It is an appalling figure and reveals an amount of misery and suffering dreadful to contemplate. It is a result that not unusually accompanies the employment of indentured labor, especially in a new enterprise. It is an aspect of the labor problem which calls for the earnest consideration of those who have lately made gigantic profits and whose "hundreds," as we are told, "are now worth thousands." I am thankful to hear that the matter has not escaped the attention of the authorities in India, who have placed themselves in communication with the Colonial Office for the protection of their Indian subjects. I know that Colonel Seely was fully alive to the grave situation involved, but it is no simple or easy task that the Colonial Office are now called on to undertake. The inherent vice of indentured labor is so deep-seated, the circumstances of rubber production are so special, and so many scandalous incidents are associated with the management of rubber plantations in other parts of the world where the credit of humanity has been staked and lost, that it will need more than ordinary vigilance, firmness, and publicity to ensure that the good name of British enterprise in this direction shall be beyond reproach.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY COTTON.

February 6th, 1910.

RELIGION WITHOUT ENTHUSIASM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As one who is personally no ardent admirer of the Anglican communion, I have no quarrel with the strictures of the writer of the article in last week's issue of *THE NATION* which bears the title "A Decent Church." But may I be suffered to point out that he has fallen into an error in his interpretation of the precise import of the word "enthusiasm," as it stands chiselled on the tombstone in Little Stanmore Church to which he refers? This is one of those cases, so familiar to the student of Alexandrian Greek or Silver Age Latin, where the exact meaning of a word depends on an accurate ascertainment of the date of the document in which we encounter it.

Careful students of English literature will have noted

in the course of their reading that "enthusiasm" is one of those words that have advanced in reputation within a comparatively recent period. Until the early part of the nineteenth century it almost always conveyed an unfavorable sense, much as the word *fanaticism* now does. In the Century Dictionary the reader will find *sub voce* quotations from Henry More, Locke, and Shaftesbury which agree in describing it as a deluded state of mind except when used for "poetical afflatus"; the examples furnished in the New Oxford Dictionary, in one of which Doddridge speaks of enthusiasm as a thing against which it becomes Christian people to be "on their guard," show this to have been its accepted connotation. Accordingly, Dr. Johnson, with an eye to its etymology, defines it in this connection as a "vain confidence of divine favor or communication." So recently as 1829, when Isaac Taylor published his "Natural History of Enthusiasm," he protests against the use of the word in a good sense, insisting that "where there is no error of imagination, no misjudging of realities, no calculations which reason condemns, there is no enthusiasm." Worshipping "common sense," it was, indeed, but natural that the eighteenth century should rate enthusiasm among the vices; and it is only since then that the *norma loquendi* has changed.

Enough has been said to show that your contributor is mistaken in assuming that at that date "religion without enthusiasm" meant what it now means—religion without fervor or passion.—Yours, &c.,
E. K. S.

January 31st, 1910.

AT THE DOOR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the lines "At the Door," by "R. L. G.," surely the writer ought to have acknowledged his indebtedness to the quaint old French song which begins:—

"Au clair de la lune,
Mon ami, Pierrot!
Prêtez moi ta plume,
Pour écrire un mot—

Ma chandelle est morte,
Je n'ai plus de feu—
Ouvrez moi la porte,
Pour l'amour de Dieu!"

—Yours, &c.,
February 2nd, 1910.

FRANCES F. HOUSMAN.

[The poem was on the face of it an adaptation of the verses which our correspondent quotes.—ED., NATION.]

THE ESSENCE OF RELIGION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the review of "Religion and the Modern World" in THE NATION of January 29th, is the expression "Historic Religions" in the plural?

Now it appears to me there can be only *one* religion in the world, and that is the *doing* of what is thoroughly believed to be the *will of God, our Heavenly Father*. If we love God with all our heart and mind and strength, and also our neighbor; if we visit the widow and orphan in their affliction, and keep ourselves unspotted from the world; and if we keep the "golden rule" of doing to others as we would wish that they should do unto us in similar circumstances, what more "religion" can any person want? Theology is not necessarily religion.—Yours, &c.,

E.

February 1st, 1910.

GLADSTONE'S SINGING VOICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I notice that Mr. G. W. E. Russell, the intimate friend of Mr. Gladstone for many years, in an address at Walworth in connection with the Gladstone Centenary Commemoration, stated the interesting fact that a great deal of Mr. Gladstone's recreation was devoted to the contemplation of music. But he would appear to have been a singer,

as well as a student, according to the following extract from the Greville Memoirs, bearing date September 30th, 1854:—

"The Gladstones came here on Wednesday. No one can dispute his extraordinary capacity, but I think there may be much difference of opinion as to the charm of his society. He has a melodious voice in speaking, but I was not prepared to hear the Chancellor of the Exchequer warble a sentimental ballad accompanied by his wife."

Another diarist has the following, under date January 14th, 1868:—

"On Saturday we drove to Hawarden, to an amateur concert, chiefly by Mr. Gladstone's children and their cousins, the Lytteltons and Glynnes. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone joined in the choruses, but the chief treat was to hear him take the solo in two verses of the National Anthem—viz., 'Thy choicest gifts in store,' and 'May she defend our laws.' His voice was soft and extremely pleasant to listen to. Of the multitudes who have listened to his speaking voice, but few have heard him sing."

I fancy these facts will come as a revelation to most people, although those who heard him speak often must have noticed a musical quality in his voice, especially in his earlier years, and indeed we gather from Mr. Russell's remarks that he was admired as a singer when he was member for Newark.—Yours, &c.,

R. W. J.

February 5th, 1910.

SCOTTISH LIBERAL JOURNALISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Is there no journalist in the whole of the United Kingdom sufficiently enterprising to start a Scotch Liberal penny daily newspaper? It is very painful, especially at such a crisis as a General Election, to have no resource but the "Scotsman" and the "Herald," which spend their time in sneering at Scotland's consistent Liberalism? Scotland shows its hearty disapproval of the House of Lords, and votes solidly for temperance reform and Free Trade, while its leading papers truckle to the Lords, and pour contempt on progressive ideas. Can we not have a paper which would express Scottish opinion, instead of deriding it?—Yours, &c.,

ANTI-MONOPOLIST.

February 7th, 1910.

[The Liberal daily press in Scotland certainly wants strengthening, though such papers as the "Dundee Advertiser" possess all the qualities of able and informed journalism.—ED., NATION.]

Poetry.

THE SUBURB.

ALL wild it lay not long ago,
In billowing curve and dip.
Where houses brood, the sweet hedgerow
Of hawthorn bush was seen,
And the white road was used to slip
Through golden hills and green.

A cottage, pinafores with rose,
Knelt under Balham Hill,
And where the tiresome traffic flows
Were many lilled lanes,
Echoing the throstle's raptured trill
To April's jewelling rains.

And still, though wire and petrol rage,
And many chimneys loom;
And surly smokes their struggles wage,
Over the grey bricks blowing—
Her streets, for me, are all abloom
With flowers of childhood's growing.

THOMAS BURKE.

February 8th, 1910.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Life of Lord Kelvin." By Silvanus P. Thompson. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 30s. net.)
 "The Story of the Negro." By Booker T. Washington. (Unwin. 2 vols. 10s. net.)
 "English Poor Law Policy." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "The Works of 'Fiona Macleod.'" Arranged by Mrs. William Sharp. Vol. I. "Pharais" and "The Mountain Lovers." (Heinemann. 5s. net.)
 "Zambezia." By R. C. F. Maugham. (Murray. 15s. net.)
 "Rest and Unrest." By Edward Thomas. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "The Faith and Modern Thought." By William Temple. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "A Call: The Tale of Two Passions." By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)
 "L'Echec de la Restauration Monarchique en 1873." Par Arthur Loth. (Paris: Perrin. 7fr. 50.)
 "L'Evolution de la Mémoire." Par Henri Piéron. (Paris: Flammarion. 3fr. 50.)
 "Charlotte Corday." Par Henri d'Alméras. (Paris: Librairie des Annales. 3fr. 50.)

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THE first number of a penny weekly journal, to be called "The Literary Post: A Weekly Newspaper," will appear next month. The venture will be a true newspaper, but it will only record events of literary interest. Reviews will form an important feature, and books of outstanding value are to receive special treatment. We wish "The Literary Post" a prosperous career.

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NAPOLEON as a man of letters is a theme that has the merit of freshness, and in treating of it in the introduction to "Napoleon in his own Defence," Mr. Clement Shorter deals with what is to most people an unknown side of the Emperor's activity. Mr. Shorter's book is a reprint of the 1817 "Letters from the Cape," which were attributed both to O'Meara and Las Cases, but are now known to be by Napoleon. A French critic claims that the two greatest letter writers of the nineteenth century were Napoleon and Paul Louis Courier, and he adds that the "Correspondance" of the former is "the most instructive that can be offered to a serious man to reflect upon." Another interesting fact is that in his early years Napoleon wrote a novel called "The Count of Essex."

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ANOTHER book on Napoleon, to be published almost immediately by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, is Mr. Tighe Hopkins's "The Women Napoleon Loved." Mr. Hopkins claims that, while the French themselves have discussed Napoleon's love affairs with native candor, the subject has not been dealt with before by an English pen.

* * *

MESSRS. METHUEN's spring list contains fewer biographies than usual. Indeed there are but four books classed under the heading "Biography and Memoirs"—"The Fascinating Duc De Richelieu," by Mr. H. Noel Williams; "Famous Blue-Stockings," by Miss Ethel Rolt Wheeler; "Dean Swift," by Miss Sophie Shilleto Smith, and "Edward, the Black Prince," by Mr. R. P. Dunn-Pattison. In the first of these Mr. Noel Williams has chosen a capital subject, for the career of Louis François Armand du Plessis, Maréchal, Duc de Richelieu, offers a combination of heroism and profligacy which an expert biographer can turn to advantage. He was, as Mr. Noel Williams says, the most notorious Lovelace of his age, but he had also a distinguished military career, undertook several diplomatic missions, was the friend of Voltaire and the philosophers, and had a hand in nearly every Court intrigue of his time. He had, moreover, the reputation of a wit, but this Horace Walpole disallowed, for, in a letter to Conway in 1765, he describes him as "an old piece of tawdry, worn out, but endeavoring to brush itself up," and adds, "he put me in mind of Lord Chesterfield, for they laugh before they know what he has said—and are in the right, for I think they would not laugh afterwards."

* * *

THE famous blue-stockings of whom Miss Wheeler writes are the three great blue-stockng hostesses, Mrs. Montagu,

Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Vesey, and a number of their guests, including Hannah More, Elizabeth Carter, Fanny Burney, Mrs. Delany, and Mrs. Chapone. Mrs. Montagu, "the female Mæcenas of Hill Street," as Hannah More called her, was to some extent a rival of Mrs. Thrale for Dr. Johnson's attentions. Johnson praised her conversation, but discountenanced her attempts at authorship. (When Sir Joshua Reynolds remarked that her "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare" did its authoress honor, Johnson's reply was: "It does *her* honor, but it would do honor to nobody else.") Mrs. Thrale has been recently paid court to by Mr. Thomas Seccombe, who has recorded her virtues and qualities in one of his introductions. Mrs. Vesey, Fanny Burney tells us, "united the unguardedness of childhood to a Hibernian bewilderment of ideas which cast her incessantly into some burlesque situation." The burlesque situations were not visible to Miss Carter. "There is nothing of mere vulgar mortality about our Sylph," she wrote. Poor Mrs. Vesey proved the contrary by dying in a literary as well as in a physical sense, but her literary resurrection along with the other "blues" at Miss Wheeler's hands can hardly fail to provide entertainment to a less sentimental generation.

* * *

THE interest caused by the publication of the two volumes of Lord Broughton's "Recollections of a Long Life" has led Lady Dorchester to prepare a further instalment of her father's memoirs for the press. Two fresh volumes will appear this spring through Mr. Murray. They cover the ten years from 1822 to 1832, and will include an account of Byron's last days, as well as a history of the political movements that led up to Roman Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Act. A number of incidents and anecdotes of George IV., William IV., Wellington, Canning, Peel, Lord and Lady Holland, and other leading personages of the period are promised.

* * *

M. ROSTAND's "Chantecler" will be published in volume form towards the end of the month by Messrs. Fasquelle. Advance orders to the number of 30,000 have been already received for the expensive first edition, though an edition at a cheaper price will be issued simultaneously with it. Messrs. Lafitte announce an illustrated edition of M. Rostand's complete works, together with a supplementary volume called "La Vie et l'Œuvre d'Edmond Rostand," by M. Emile Faguet, publication of which will begin on April 1st next.

* * *

AN edition of the Revised New Testament, with fuller references, is to be issued by the Oxford and Cambridge University Presses. The work of drawing up marginal references was entrusted by the New Testament Company of Revisers to Dr. Scrivener and Professor Moulton in 1873, but it had not been completed when the Revised Version was published in 1898, so that only abridged references were then given. Professor Moulton's son, Dr. J. H. Moulton, and Dr. Greenup have since been associated with the work, and the fuller references now promised are certain to be a great help to students of the New Testament.

* * *

JUDGING from the number of anthologies of French verse that have been issued in this country during the past few years, English readers are not so blind to the beauties of French poetry as is commonly supposed. "The Oxford Book of French Verse," and Mr. F. Y. Eccles's "A Century of French Poets" are two good recent collections. Messrs. Chatto & Windus promise us another, to be called "An Anthology of French Verse." The editor, Mr. C. B. Lewis, has paid special attention to the older poets, and has aimed, by notes and other helps, to make them easy for readers who have but a small knowledge of the old language.

* * *

A NEW book on the old question of the immortality of the soul is announced by Messrs. Harpers. It gives the views of a number of representative American thinkers, among them being Mr. Henry James, Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. H. M. Alden, Mr. John Bigelow, Colonel Thomas W. Higginson, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and others.

Reviews.

THE IDEA OF A FREE CHURCH.*

THE untheological reader will be misled if he turns away from "The Idea of a Free Church" on account of what may seem to him an unpromising name. Borrow's "Bible in Spain" tells us much of Spain and little of the Bible—hence, perhaps, its popularity as a "Sunday book." We will not say that Mr. Sturt tells us little of his Ideal Free Church, but certainly he tells us much of other and more interesting subjects, and that in a singularly interesting way. The book is an acute and outspoken criticism of current moral and religious ideas, and it possesses, in an exceptional degree, two merits rarely found in literature of the order to which it belongs—style and humor. The former is easy and clear—not a sentence has to be read twice to get at its meaning; the latter is incisive. We shall not soon forget the philosopher whose main interest in a question is "that there are at least two sides to it," and "whose wisdom is of the kind that suits best with a soft Scotch accent"; or "the widespread habit of Mental Indirection"; or the description of the Church of England as "the most ladylike of Churches"; or the contention that a youth spent in ministry is not the best preparation for the ministry, because "after some years of platitudinising the habit becomes difficult to shake off." And could the pseudo-asceticism not unfrequently found among persons the reverse of ascetic be more happily taken off than here?—

"A taste, for it goes with a taste for the finer sorts of bric-à-brac, for a suit of armor to stand in the hall, or an antique prie-dieu for the drawing-room, quaint old things pleasingly incongruous with the civilisation into which they have survived. This sentiment we find most strongly in places where, superficially, we should least expect it. Very worldly and frivolous people, decadents famous for verse and worse, like to think occasionally of nuns whose lives are meekness, vigilance, chastity, and perpetual adoration before the altar.

"Calm, sad, secure, behind high convent walls,
Those watch the sacred lamp; these watch and pray."

Nor is it the vicious only and the perverse in whom this paradox shows itself.

"Deep down in the smuggest souls there lives the elemental delight of imposture, the still silent joy of participating in a common consecrated act of make-belief. Principles of grasping self-assertion all the week; principles of utter self-renunciation in church-time: the more absolute the contrast, the keener the relish of relief. To some natures all this serves as a substitute for romance."

The upshot of Mr. Sturt's criticism of Christianity is that "it is unfree; that is, it does not give proper recognition to the personal will, but rather regards it as a thing to be diminished and depressed." The purpose of his book is "to suggest a religion and a church more satisfactory than the Christian"; and its fundamental proposition is that "the welfare of civilised men lies in the principle of freedom; that is, in the proper development of every essential part of human nature *under the guidance of the individual judgment*." If, as a safeguard against individualism, we add to this proposition the words, *in vital connection with the best judgment of the community*, it may be accepted, while the author's confession that these inquiries were suggested to him by "the unreality and futility of the ordinary sermon," will predispose not a few churchgoers in his favor. Our comment would be the suggestion that his sermon-tasting has been done in England, not in Scotland. If, however, his dream of a church whose pulpit shall be open to its members without distinction of office or sex should be realised, the refuge of slumber might become impossible, and the remedy be worse than the disease.

It is not only the dogmas and the institutions of the Churches that need criticism: a religious reconstruction that stops short of ethics will break down, and will deserve to break down. It is its insistence on this that is the distinctive point and merit of Mr. Sturt's book. It overflows with sound and pertinent ethical maxims.

* "The Idea of a Free Church." By Henry Sturt. The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd. 5s. net.

"Freedom is the right to do; it is not the right wholly to abstain from doing.

"Systematic bodily exercise is one of the surest marks of high civilisation, and the best natural antidote to what may be classed together as the servile physical vices, those of sloth, gluttony, dirt, and drinking.

"Teutonic self-assertion was wanting to the ancients.

"It is healthy for every man to have a large circle of people whom he regards as interesting.

"There are sections of the community who want exhorting not to be feeble. The character of our middle class, the class that has been softened by trade and sedentary occupation, is seriously marred by a strain of fat self-indulgence and flabby humanitarianism.

"Early piety is quite a morbid phenomenon.

"Protracted celibacy tends to produce a notable deterioration of character: the man whose soul and body have never thrilled with that magic (love) has not lived to the full, and, as age comes on, can escape moral and intellectual degeneration only by a half miracle.

"Incontinence prevails most where men have least opportunity to use their higher powers. A religion which would stimulate our energy towards great enterprises would do more for clean living than any amount of pietistic exhortation.

"The man who takes no interest in politics should be marked with a stigma, like the man who has no love of children and no zeal for business efficiency.

"The man who wilfully refuses the duty of fatherhood incurs a heavy responsibility, and stands as one who may be called upon peremptorily to justify his position. It should not be easy for him to be regarded as in the fullest sense religious or a good citizen: most emphatically he should not set up as a moral teacher and preacher."

Some of these are truths that emphatically require saying, and they could not be better said.

The criticism that suggests itself on the main contention—i.e., that "the Christian religion is obsolete"—is that Mr. Sturt sees this religion out of perspective. There are other factors in history and experience. Malebranche saw all things in God; but nothing less can serve as the universal mirror. The defects with which we credit religion are often those of human nature, which also contains their correctives; and it is a false abstraction which regards Christianity, not as connected with, but as isolated from and antagonistic to, that larger work of Reason—of which it is not, indeed, the whole, but a part—in the world. (1) Neither asceticism nor flight from the world is peculiar to Christianity. The temper which Mr. Sturt justly reprobates is common to men of a certain type, Christian and non-Christian, and is accentuated under certain conditions of place and time. If it is present in the New Testament and in the Church, it is present lying unmediated alongside of its opposite; and the moralist may be pardoned if he lays stress less on the virtues to which average human nature is inclined than on those from which it is averse. Taking men as they are, there is little danger to society from the excess of the quietistic virtues or from that "hypertrophy of the religious sentiment" which is so prejudicial to sanity and the right ordering of life. Ethics is a progressive science; the religious bias is effectually counterbalanced both by the virtues and the vices of the natural man. Again (2) Christianity, and even religion, is part of a larger whole. That the Gospel passes over and appears to disparage important sides of human experience and activity is true. That this is so is due to the circumstances under which it was originally preached; and the fact is, in any case, a sufficient answer to the pietist who would frame a social polity on the Sermon on the Mount. But to prove Christianity "obsolete," it must be shown not only to be "in part," but to claim to be co-extensive with what the theologian calls the work of the Spirit, the philosopher the self-realisation of Reason, in mankind. Only a fanatic will put forward this claim. And to conceive religion as static is to misconceive it. It is not a thing become, but becoming; the antagonisms between it and general culture, patent as they are, are relative and in process of being overcome. When, therefore, the alternative of secession or intellectual and moral servitude is proposed to us, we demur. The Reformed Churches, at least, have not cut themselves off from life. And, if the highest level of mental and moral excellence is attained even here only by the few, it is because they are Churches, not schools of philosophy, and appeal, as Churches must, not only to the exceptional, but to the average man. He is a sulky player who throws up his cards when the game goes against him. Life is a conflict whose chances vary; "the better and the best men in a community must always expect to be at war

with the inert and backward majority, and must strain every muscle to tow the passive, unwieldy barge up stream."

The sketch of the work and organisation of the proposed Free Church with which the book closes is its least convincing part. Much of this work is being taken in hand by the existing Churches; much, while the Churches do well to co-operate in its doing, is likely to be done more easily and efficiently by the community at large. And—the example of Positivism is a striking instance—a Church is a thing to take or to leave. It is the outcome of centuries; its roots lie in a state of society remote from ours, the conditions of which cannot be reproduced under other circumstances. Churches are not made consciously; they grow while men sleep.

Mr. Sturt has not avoided that over-statement which is the pitfall of the reformer. Original thinking, he tells us, is impossible for a modern Christian clergyman: we think of John Caird, of Jowett, of Harnack—and doubt. The Anglican Church, we hear, "was to all appearance the permanent ally of phthisis, anæmia, hysteria, neuralgia, dyspepsia, and all the other diseases incident to a timid, flabby, sit-by-the-fire-and-read-the-Bible mode of life"; we should, perhaps, wonder at what period the description held good, had we not read, on a former page, that this same Church, "with its commonsense and its compromises, its 'muscular Christianity,' and its 'Greek-play bishops'" —we can only, we regret to say, recall one occupant of the present bench to whom the epithet applies—"is at a higher level than other churches; it, at least, is not anxious to drive all thinking men out of its pale." That "the average gentleman, and still more the average lady, has no sympathy with working people, and does not understand their lives, their motives, or their morality," is perhaps less true of the landed gentry than of the class of landless rich, without either local ties or the traditions of race, which stands apart from the people because it has no root in the soil. This class is of recent origin, and it is in its increase and possible preponderance that a serious danger to English social life lies. Nor, even with the classical example of Mesopotamia before us, can we follow without reserve the criticism of "blessed words," pp. 267-269. Such words are centres round which religious feeling and association have clustered. That their original meaning has undergone modification—this holds good of secular as well as of religious terminology—is a good reason for explaining their history, a bad one for ceasing to use them; it is in its language that the record of a people's life lies. When all deductions, however, have been made, Mr. Sturt's book is suggestive and stimulating in the extreme; nor is the bias, which he does not disavow, the most formidable enemy of the system which he estimates. Its danger lies elsewhere.

"Against her foes religion well defends

Her sacred truths, but often fears her friends,"

Crabbe reminds us.

And in the same vein Mabillon:—

"Il n'y a que deux ennemis de la religion—le trop peu, et le trop; et des deux le trop est mille fois le plus dangereux."

LADY WESTMORLAND'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

LADY WESTMORLAND was the Duke of Wellington's niece, and her husband was a fortunate diplomatist. She was a prominent figure both in English and in foreign society, so that her correspondents included people of consequence in various ways. This collection of letters gives a very good idea of the manner in which her life was passed. They are indeed too miscellaneous, and too disconnected, to be of much use for historical or biographical purposes. This very fact, however, makes them all the more agreeable and entertaining to the general reader. They afford an amusing insight into the Tory opinion of the day, with its horror of popular movements, and its extreme dread of reform. There are letters from Metternich, which quite explain why he was unable to keep order at Vienna. The diplomacy of the period was perfectly helpless, and Lord Westmorland showed no more foresight than others. On the subject of the Crimean

War, and its causes, Lady Westmorland speaks with more than her usual discernment. She describes it as "a miserable war of personal feelings and wounded vanity, brought about by blunderers on all sides—perfectly unnecessary, and which can by no possibility have any result useful or honorable to England." "The exaggerations and false statements," she adds, "in all our newspapers, and the dexterity with which the Blue-Book has been concocted so as entirely to conceal the real history of the transactions, have created an enthusiasm in England which appears to be general and vehement, but it has no foundation in truth." Lady Westmorland wrote from Vienna, where her husband was Ambassador, and it must be remembered that Lord Westmorland had made Lord Aberdeen's Government believe in the readiness of Austria to take part against Russia, whereas the Austrian Government was never prepared to go beyond a moral and lukewarm support of England and France. On the fall of Lord Aberdeen's Ministry, Lady Westmorland wrote, "I am so pained, so *humiliated*, so furious, at the part my country is playing; so disgusted to see the nation come down from that elevation which no one formerly contested, to play the part of the obliging assistant to the Emperor Napoleon, that I blush to be English." Considering that this letter was written to a foreign Princess, the language is strong. But it expresses what many people who knew what was going on felt at the time, and it is only partly colored by the writer's indignation at the hostile criticism of her brother-in-law, Lord Raglan.

To read this book for the purpose of obtaining political information would, of course, be a mistake. The value of the work is quite different. It is full of social pictures and incidents, told with great freshness, and vividly described. It is thoroughly miscellaneous, and readers of all kinds may discover entertainment in it. At the same time it has a personal unity which prevents it from becoming merely discursive. It belongs to the small class of books which give at first hand impressions that deserve to be recorded because they are representative and characteristic of the passing hour. The Duke of Wellington's simple and affectionate side is nowhere else exhibited with so much artlessness and truth. Even Metternich shows in these pages a spirit of chastened tolerance, which contrasts agreeably with the arrogant temper of his earlier days. Popular movements of all sorts are regarded by Lady Westmorland and her friends with a comical mixture of indignation and dismay. But, apart from questions of political and social disturbance, they lived placidly enough, and their letters have considerable interest for the observer of traits and manners. Few books could be found to provide a better antidote against pessimism than this. The country is continually represented as being on the verge of destruction, and every institution appears to have suffered irretrievable decadence. Yet it all comes right in the end, and fresh material has to be discovered for a new series of lamentations. As for the Liberal party, sympathy with the Italian revolution completely destroyed what was left of it. Despite, however, all these changes and chances, despite even the catastrophes of 1848, the social life of European capitals pursued its inevitable course.

There are plenty of light and graceful sketches in this volume. But Lady Westmorland excelled chiefly in reporting conversations for her husband, and this art she practised with much assiduity. She is a conscientious narrator, always seizing the points, and never encumbering them with details. From her letters to Lord Westmorland the reader may glean a variety of information about persons and events of the time which he would not find elsewhere. He may be occasionally reminded of the simple comment made by Pepys upon the conversation of Charles the Second and the Duke of York, "Lord, what poor stuff they did talk." But there is an interest in the least distinguished dialogues of persons at the centre of affairs when they speak frankly behind the scenes. Lady Westmorland does not attempt anything like embroidery. She sets down what she heard, with such reflections as occurred to her, and there is a sort of fascination in comparing the ideas of the day with the light cast upon them by subsequent events. Metternich was convinced, in 1852, that Lord John Russell's political career had come to an end. No one seems to have expected anything from Otto von Bismarck, or from the young Prince

* "The Correspondence of Priscilla, Countess of Westmorland, 1813-1870." Murray. 14s. net.

who afterwards became the first German Emperor. Cavour, the profoundest diplomatist, and the greatest constructive statesman of his age, is a reckless and mischievous firebrand. These random speculations do not detract from the value of the book. On the contrary, the frank disclosure of contemporary opinion is the salt of the correspondence. Lady Westmorland regarded Sir Robert Peel as a man who ought not to be in society, and who gave a great deal of unnecessary trouble to the Duke of Wellington. With the exception of the Duke, great men were not heroes to her, and the part of them she saw was not the part which counted in history. Nevertheless she was a keen observer of what she understood, and much that passed before her eyes has a significance greater than she perceived. Although she did not always write the English language correctly, she looked at everything from an English point of view, and she had penetration enough to foresee that the alliance of the British Government with Napoleon the Third would be extremely embarrassing in its results. John Bright once described the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston as a gigantic system of outdoor relief for the aristocracy of Great Britain. Lady Westmorland was brought up in the faith of a diplomacy which did not tend to the promotion of pure merit. But it compares not unfavorably with the diplomacy of other countries, being, as it was, under some degree of Parliamentary control. One may lay down the volume with a sense of pride in a constitution which has withstood shocks that proved fatal to less enduring structures, and a belief in a race which has solved many apparently insoluble problems. British statesmen, although they have doubtless made many blunders, have never lost faith in their own countrymen. The Continental intrigues of which these letters afford so many passing glimpses belong to a category of which we in England know little or nothing.

THE LESSER ELIZABETHANS.*

THE fourth volume of the "Cambridge History of English Literature" deals with the poets and prose writers between Sir Thomas North and Drayton, leaving the history of dramatic writing down to the middle of the seventeenth century for volumes five and six, which will, it is hoped, be issued together by Easter. A result of this division is that no great writer except Bacon appears in the present instalment. Even writers of the second rank are not numerous, and most of the names cited are those of lesser authors who, though entitled to a place in a history of literature, are of little interest to readers whose first object is pleasure rather than instruction. The volume is also open to the objection from which none of its predecessors have wholly escaped; it is less a history of the literary movement of the age than a collection of essays, each of which narrates some particular phase of that movement, but which, in combination, fail to give us the spirit and proportions of the whole.

The first, and one of the best, of these essays is that of Mr. Charles Whibley on the translators. Mr. Whibley has already written some fine appreciations of the men who "pursued their craft in the spirit of bold adventure which animated Drake and Hawkins" in the prefaces he contributed to the "Tudor Translation Series," and he returns to the theme with unabated enthusiasm. He rightly claims that the work of these translators was the real renaissance of England, the recovery of the ancient spirit. It matters little that they were inaccurate or ignorant of the niceties of the languages from which they translated. It matters little that in many cases their works were not direct renderings, but translations of translations. They had a sense of style, and the authors they translated, Greek or Latin, French or Italian, came to them with the freshness of a new discovery. They pursued their labors in no spirit of narrow scholarship, but, as Philemon Holland puts it, endeavoring "by all means to triumph now over the Romans in subduing their literature under the dent of an English pen, in requital of the conquest some time over this Island, achieved by the edge

of their sword." It is because they wrote in this spirit that their books carry with them "the lively air of brave originals." The qualities of North, whose "Plutarch" was one of the best of these Elizabethan translations, are well summed up by Mr. Whibley:—

"North, though he knew little of the classics, was a master of noble English. He was neither schoolman nor euphuist. As he freed his language from the fetters which immature scholars had cast upon it, so he did not lay upon its bones the awkward chains of a purposed ingenuity. He held a central place in the history of our speech. He played upon English prose as upon an organ whose every stop he controlled with an easy confidence. He had a perfect sense of the weight and colour of words; pathos and gaiety, familiarity and grandeur resound in his magnificently cadenced periods. It was his good fortune to handle a language still fired with the various energies of youth, and he could contrive the effects of sound and sense which had neither been condemned nor worn out by the thoughtful pedant. Above all, his style had a dramatic quality which suggests to the reader a constant movement, and the value of which, no doubt, was candidly recognised by Shakespeare."

By a natural transition, the next chapter is devoted to the greatest of all translations in our tongue, the English Bible. It is a tremendous subject, and we cannot say that Professor Cook, of Yale, does it justice. His comments are either obvious or commonplace, and he reads into the Bible a unity which modern criticism has shown cannot be claimed for it. The Bible has the unity of a national literature, and it is absurd in speaking of a national literature to say that "every sentence, nay, every word must count. The spirit which animates the whole must inform every particle." Does Professor Cook believe that the spirit which animates the Sermon on the Mount informs the Imprecatory Psalms or the Song of Solomon? If he does not, his sentence is meaningless. Professor Cook seems, moreover, to be under the impression that, in order to exalt the Bible, he must depreciate all other literature. Thus he compares the wonderful passage in the eighth Psalm, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, &c.," with Hamlet's soliloquy beginning, "This goodly frame the earth," his comment on the latter being, "This, indeed, is fine rhetoric, but how apostrophic it is, and how repetitious!" We are also treated to a number of testimonials awarded to the Bible by distinguished men, a feature that might well have been omitted in a work of this character.

The three poets who are given separate chapters in the volume are Campion, Drayton, and Donne. Mr. Percival Vivian writes well upon Campion. His examination of Campion's metrical devices is a valuable contribution. He recognises that beneath their seemingly artless ease the lyrics conceal a real mastery of syllabic tones and values, and claims that, in a few instances, Campion attains the finality and roundness of expression which betoken close kinship with great poetry. Drayton offers a marked contrast with Campion. We should like to possess more of the latter; we can afford to dispense with a great deal written by the former. It needed diligent toil to make Drayton a poet, but he paid the price, and he has a respectable position in the second rank. His earlier works have nothing of the spontaneity and ease that delight us in Campion. He achieved some measure of it in his later and daintier manner, though Mr. Child seems to us to rate him too high in claiming that there are few more interesting figures in English literature than Drayton in the long period which his work covered.

Professor Grierson's chapter on Donne is a good estimate of the man whom Dryden called "the greatest wit, though not the best poet of our nation." Donne's influence upon the Caroline poets is one of the most remarkable things in the history of our literature, and Professor Grierson helps us to understand it. He challenged and broke the supremacy of the Petrarchian tradition. By joining passion and imagination to reasoning and learning, he opened a new era in the history of the English love lyric. He gave it greater depth of thought and checked its tendency to a facile fluency. "If Donne somewhat lowered the ethical and ideal tone of love poetry, and blighted the delicate bloom of Elizabethan song, he gave it a sincerer and more passionate quality. He made love poetry less of a musical echo of Desportes. In his hands, English poetry became

* "The Cambridge History of English Literature." Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., and A. R. Waller, M.A. Volume IV. "Prose and Poetry: Sir Thomas North to Michael Drayton." Cambridge University Press. 9s. net.

less Italianate, more sincere, more condensed and pregnant in thought and feeling."

Other chapters deserving of notice in the volume are "The Literature of the Sea," by Commander Charles Robinson and Mr. John Leyland, "The English Pulpit from Fisher to Donne," by Mr. F. E. Hutchinson, "The Beginnings of English Philosophy," by Professor W. R. Sorley, and "The Book Trade," by Mr. H. G. Aldis. Not the least valuable part of the work are the full and authoritative bibliographies added to each chapter.

THE MEANING OF MUSIC.*

THE quality of the thought in "La Musique, ses Lois, son Evolution" of M. Jules Combarieu, the learned Professor of the History of Music at the Collège de France, amply entitles the work to inclusion in the solid "International Scientific Series." Unfortunately, the translation, though generally fluent and readable, often does the original gross injustice, and sometimes converts it into pure nonsense. The translator, whose name is not given, more than once blunders in his French, while his knowledge of music seems to be small. One of the most irritating of his habits is that of referring to the musical notes of the scale as Do, Re, Mi, Fa, and the rest of it, though in French these notes have not the variable meanings given to them by the English sol-faists, but indicate the fixed notes C, D, E, &c. A Frenchman would say that Elgar's symphony was in *La bémol*; but for an Englishman to say that it was in La flat would be nonsensical. There is the same ignorance shown in the handling of proper names. M. Combarieu only follows a general French custom when he refers to von Hartmann as M. de Hartmann, or to the old Greek treatise on harmony by Nicomachus of Gerasa as the "Manuel d'Harmonique" of "Nicomaque de Gêrase"; but these Gallicisms should not reappear in an English version. "Mélodique" is persistently rendered "melodious," instead of "melodic." The whole translation, indeed, needs careful revision, as more than once M. Combarieu is made to say things that never entered his head.

The great value of the book comes from the fact that M. Combarieu is, in a rare degree, both musician and scientist. It is only from a type of this kind that a rational and penetrating examination of the nature of music can come. The average musician has too little training in science; the average scientist or philosopher, from Confucius and Pythagoras to Spencer, has never been able to listen to music as a musician hears it. M. Combarieu's great service to aesthetics is to insist upon the prime fact that music is the expression of a "*pensée musicale*," a musical way of thinking. It matters nothing that the images and the processes of this thought cannot be expressed in the definite terms of ordinary language; it remains true that "music is the art of thinking in sounds." As M. Combarieu points out, "there must not be demanded from psychology definitions more precise than those current in all sciences save mathematics and geometry." We do not know, for example, what electricity is; no scientist can define what a food is; "nevertheless there exists an art or a science of nutrition and living, just as there is a science of electricity." And if "to think without concepts" in music seems a contradiction in terms, what shall we say of Lord Kelvin's definition of the ether as "a solid without density or weight, yet more rigid than steel"? Examining music from every side, historical and aesthetic, M. Combarieu drives home again and again this fundamental fact that the essence of music is to be sought, not in the laws of vibrating bodies or in the constitution of the ear, but in the capacity of the musical mind to seize in its own way upon the universe and reproduce the meaning and movement of it in a language that, though "indefinite" in comparison with words, is perfectly definite to those who can think in it. Now and then M. Combarieu needlessly confuses his thesis with other theories, or separates it too strictly from them. He deals somewhat irresolutely, for example, with the quite wrong-headed speech-theory of Spencer, and with the equally wrong-headed theory of Darwin, that music sprang from the

amative sense. The very nature of M. Combarieu's own theory—that music is the musical mind's way of apprehending and expressing the universe—makes it wholly unnecessary for him to trifle with these pseudo-philosophical conjectures. On the other hand, he separates himself far too pointedly from the theories of Helmholtz and Hanslick. They undoubtedly regarded music too much as an affair of the balance of the respective components of it. This leaves out a good deal of the very essence of musical inspiration and musical enjoyment: though there are far more analogies between musical beauty and the beauty of ordered and balanced lines in decorative design than M. Combarieu seems to have considered. He falls into one or two other errors of detail, and occasionally he puts a heavier burden on the "historical method" than it can safely carry, some of his readings of music in the light of other social phenomena being a trifle fantastic. But as a whole the thesis is correct; and the book is one of great power, the thinking, the argumentation, and the historical knowledge all touching a far higher plane than one is used to in musical literature. M. Combarieu's breadth of view is nowhere more admirable than in some of his demonstrations of the connection between the music and the general life of an epoch.

THE POLYGLOT EMPIRE.*

AGE has not impaired the intellectual vigor of Sir Horace Rumbold. In his 81st year he has a perfectly clear view of the strangely varied history of Austria during the nineteenth century, and his treatment of the subject is large and, on the whole, most impartial. In the course of a diplomatic career that wafted him almost literally from China to Peru, Sir Horace spent several years (1896-1900) as Ambassador to the Emperor of Austria, whose friendship and confidence he enjoyed. The social and domestic side of his theme is not neglected in this volume, the main interest of which is, however, political.

At the dawn of the nineteenth century Austria lies stricken and humiliated. Austerlitz is followed by Wagram, and twice the "upstart Corsican" has entered Vienna. The Holy Roman Empire (a realm grown somewhat shadowy, to be sure) dissolves and vanishes; and Francis II. of Hapsburg, Archduke of Austria and King of Hungary and Bohemia, resigning the historic title, withdraws to the government of his hereditary kingdoms and principalities, and is known henceforth as Emperor of Austria. While his kingdom was still reeling under the blows of Austerlitz and Wagram, Francis received Napoleon's proposal for the hand of his daughter, the Archduchess Marie Louise. The affair was speedily arranged. The young princess herself considered that she was "cast in prey to the Minotaur," and Sir Horace Rumbold says: "Of many questionable transactions held to have been justified by reasons of state, this one seems in many ways exceptionally odious." Lord Acton, some readers may remember, described the Austrian match as Napoleon's ruin; and certainly, had it not been for this alliance, it is impossible to believe that he would have entered upon the Russian campaign. What, one wonders, would have been the issue for the French Empire had Napoleon united himself by marriage not with Austria but with Russia? The Russian scheme fell through, the Austrian was successfully brought off—and one of its consequences was the retreat from Moscow!

Sir Horace Rumbold pictures Napoleon as "desperately in love with his young wife," but is not this phrase a little over-colored? Gourgaud has made the great man himself declare that he "never was in love, except perhaps with Josephine—a little"; but not all is gospel that has come to us from St. Helena. If ever in his life Napoleon was "desperately in love," it was with Josephine. That passion, which from the first was very largely physical, cooled with the husband's knowledge of the infidelities of his enchantress; and—the Walewska interlude notwithstanding—it may be questioned whether at any subsequent period his heart was really subdued. Marie Louise made him an excellent wife (her conduct was then above suspicion, and she was

* "Music: Its Laws and Evolution." By Jules Combarieu. International Scientific Series. Kegan Paul. 5s

* "The Austrian Court in the Nineteenth Century." By the Right Hon. Sir Horace Rumbold, Bart, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. Methuen. 18s. net.

not a spendthrift like Josephine), but we know from M. Frédéric Masson that the French hold her memory in detestation. This, for certain, is not altogether fair. The Archduchess came to France a mere schoolgirl, she was married absolutely against her will, and she remained but a few years in the country of her adoption. Probably the chief grudge of the French against her is that she gave Napoleon two of the least distinguished successors who could have been found in Europe—the first of whom wore a patch to hide a disfigured eye. But Marie Louise is neither a great creature, like her great-grandmother, Marie Thérèse, nor a fascinating one, like her aunt, Marie Antoinette; and, were Sir Horace Rumbold not gallantly resolved to make the best of her, he could have reminded us that in her Duchy of Parma she came under the influence of the Jesuits and persecuted right and left.

The son whom Marie Louise bore to Napoleon (that longed-for heir whose birth, as Acton said, was "an onerous complication") is, during some years after Waterloo, the most pathetic figure at the Court of Austria—the most pathetic figure in Europe. Among the many lifelike and engaging pen portraits that Sir Horace has here given us, there is none that will appeal more directly to the sympathies of the reader than this of the handsome, brave, dreamy stripling—curiously known to posterity under the three titles of Napoleon II., King of Rome, and Duke of Reichstadt—who said of himself in his closing hours that his birth and death summed up his whole history.

To Francis, that uxorious man, last of the old line of German Emperors and founder of the present Austro-Hungarian monarchy, a sovereign of somewhat lofty conceptions, and profoundly loved by his people, succeeded a son, Ferdinand I., slightly disordered in his wits. Ferdinand's brain never attained complete maturity, and his mental disabilities were the supreme opportunity of Metternich.

From 1835 to 1848 this genius of the diplomatic stage and inveterate foe of Liberalism was, in his character of Chancellor, the chief person in the Empire. Austrian industry and commerce did, indeed, show some considerable power of expansion; but under an absolute and omnipotent bureaucracy, which led swiftly up to the suppression of trial by jury, and something very like suppression of the Press, the mind of the country suffered grievous pains, and Austria was wretchedly celebrated as the China of the West. These years are filled with tumult. Kossuth arises in Hungary, there is a secession agitation, there are flights of the Imperial family, and Metternich (after a forty years' administration which has, at all events, lifted Austria to a commanding position in Europe) succumbs to a street riot.

'Forty-eight brings to the front, as a youth, the sovereign who still maintains his place upon the throne, Francis Joseph. His uncle Ferdinand abdicated, and his father, Archduke Francis Charles, waived his claim to the throne in favor of his boyish son. Francis Joseph was but just eighteen. What a year in Europe and the world is 1848! Month by month it is *Annus Mirabilis*. California lures the gold-seekers; Louis Philippe, preferring for the moment to be known as "Mr. William Smith," tumbles out of Paris in a hackney cab; the Bavarian King, losing his Lola Montes, loses his hold upon Bavaria; Charles Albert begins to move in northern Italy; Chartism begins to move on Kennington Common; Louis Napoleon, the dreamy adventurer, gets his successive grips on France; Ireland has a notion of rising under O'Brien; George Stephenson, having made his "travelling engine," travels to his rest; Vienna feels panic after panic; a Pope hastens in disguise to Gaeta; a King of Prussia publishes a Constitution, and Thackeray publishes "Vanity Fair."

The marriage, in 1854, of the young Emperor and his girlish cousin Elizabeth, makes a very pretty story, as Sir Horace Rumbold tells it. The girl-Empress charmed, enlivened, and transformed the Court, and was soon of European celebrity. Hunting centres in England and Ireland (where she lavished in presents and charities her touring allowance of £5,000 a month), remember her as the boldest and most accomplished horsewoman of her day: did she not once clear the wall of the College of Maynooth? "But," says Sir Horace,

"it was in the inexhaustible field of mercy and charity that the Empress Elizabeth found throughout life the tasks that

were most congenial to her. The first steps taken towards mitigating the old harsh system of military punishments; the reform of prison discipline, and the improvement of the sadly neglected prisons, and of the hospitals for the poor, were all traceable to her initiative, based on the searching inquiries she had herself made. As for her good works and personal charities, they were as boundless as was her sympathy with all sorts of distress and suffering."

At Geneva, in 1898, the year of the Emperor's jubilee, the Empress Elizabeth, a broken-hearted recluse, fell under the dagger of an anarchist. The sudden death, in 1889, of her son, the Crown Prince Rudolf, had in a manner paralysed her. A mystery has hung over Prince Rudolf's untimely end. Very reluctantly the family allowed it to be believed that he had committed suicide, and this solution Sir Horace Rumbold accepts. Not one of the small group of persons who were with the Crown Prince on the fatal day has ever spoken on the subject. Count Hoyos, one of the two friends who accompanied him to the shooting-lodge at Mayerling, volunteered to the Emperor to make a public declaration that he had shot the Prince accidentally in a battue; but this offer his Majesty, of course, rejected. There is an unpublished story—never more than half divulged—in which a gamekeeper is involved; but to this the author makes no allusion.

To the Italian war, in which Napoleon III. joined swords with Victor Emmanuel against Francis Joseph and the Austrians, Sir Horace Rumbold devotes an interesting chapter. But 1859-60 is a long time ago, and he might have made the circumstances of the campaign somewhat clearer to readers of this generation by dwelling in greater detail on the long tyranny of Austria in Italy. The almost abject slavery of the Italians under a crowd of wretched little despots, who, if they were overawed by Austria, were also supported by her, is an episode that fills some of the darkest and most lamentable pages in modern European history.

It was not this war, but the swift decisive onset of 1866, that made of Italy a practically free nation. Sadowa, in which engagement Francis Joseph lost upwards of 44,000 men to Prussia, destroyed for all time the noxious rule of Hapsburg and Bourbon in the best-loved peninsula in the world.

Singular, indeed, among contemporary sovereigns, has been the progress of Francis Joseph. Discussing the Emperor's Diamond Jubilee of two years ago, Sir Horace Rumbold says:—

"Looking back across the space of those sixty years—the lives of two generations—it requires an effort to identify the ruler who only the other day fearlessly bestowed the crowning measure of democratic liberties on the 28,000,000 of his Austrian subjects, with the youth who, after being nurtured in the school of Metternich, found in the stern, unbending Schwarzenberg his first political mentor and adviser. The past has led him by a series of evolutions . . . from unquestioned absolute rule of an almost medieval type—resting solely on the Army and the Church—to the acceptance of a constitutional sovereignty ostensibly narrowed down to its most exiguous limits."

It may possibly be remembered that under the decree of January, 1907, the elections to the Lower House in Austria take place on the basis of "universal, equal, and direct suffrage." At the present moment, the aged Francis Joseph (some of whose autocratic powers, until he himself surrendered them, linked him with the Middle Ages) is perhaps the one indispensable monarch in Europe.

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.*

WE are informed on the wrapper of "The Unlucky Mark" that "in the web of the main story is woven a quasi-political tale of disloyalty and anarchy, in which Mrs. Penny shows great insight into the thoughts, opinions, motives, and characters of the natives of Southern India, whom she has made her constant study for so many years." Encouraged by this assurance of the author's "insight," we hoped she might have interpreted for us the feelings of those of our Hindu subjects who have grievances against our rule; we hoped she might have held the balance fairly and shown us what are the real forces of national feeling at work behind the *Swadeshi* movement. On the contrary, the novel not only displays no penetration into

* "The Unlucky Mark." By F. E. Penny. Chatto & Windus. 6s.

the sources of discontent of the educated Hindu, but treats him with studied contempt. We hold no brief for the Nationalist agitator. It is simply because this novel is so grating in tone, so cocksure in its conclusions, so destitute of the power of putting oneself in another's place, that its picture appears to us inartistic and out of perspective. Books of the type of "The Unlucky Mark" have, of course, always been abundant. They have contributed their share to the English misunderstanding of Irish life and character up to comparatively a short time back. Not infrequently they are the work of clever people of "the garrison" who have made a subject "their constant study for many years," writing with kindly or chilling patronage of "the subject race." But the same naïve and childish feature, artistically, is common to all of them, in their aim of denouncing or casting ridicule on any class or race whose demands, in outlook or feeling, are not in the accepted programme of official policy.

The plot of "The Unlucky Mark" is woven of two strands, and of the first, which details the love affairs of the Englishman, Sir David Dereham, and the Mohammedan officer, Major Adam-u-din, with the heroines, Mrs. Breydon and Miss Laurence, we need not speak. It is the second, the part played by the Hindu "gentleman," Dharma Govinda, and his secretary, Chandraswamy, the *Swadeshi* agitator, that we are concerned with. Dharma Govinda, the son of a rich merchant of Bangalore, is introduced to us as he accosts Sir David Dereham on the platform at Malur, while offering to lend him a syce, to lead his new horse, "the Saint," to the trainer's stables. Govinda's "full lips and large dark eyes bespeak his love of luxury and ease, his vanity and self-concentration," and his manner "in close imitation of the young bloods of Bayswater" naturally offends the high-born baronet. Sir David, however, avails himself of the kindly offer, and in doing so falls into a trap carefully baited in advance. We cannot compliment Mrs. Penny on the credibility of her tale. It seems that the horse-box of the train also carries Govinda's new purchase, "Swadeshi," a horse so like to Sir David's that the two are practically indistinguishable save for a special "lucky" and "unlucky" mark upon their chests. Now Govinda, having schemed to exchange his own horse for Sir David's, has bribed the Englishman's syce to malingering, and has arranged with his own servants, Cassim and Gopal, that "the Saint" shall be lost on the road—ostensibly. In point of fact the baronet's horse is led to Govinda's stables, the number branded on his hind hoof is manipulated, and drugs are administered before he is reported as "found," and his double is led back to Sir David. The scheme works without a hitch. Sir David has no suspicion that the wrong horse has been palmed off on him, and Govinda thus obtains possession of the lucky animal. The "Hindu gentleman's" private roguery having thus been made patent to the English reader, we are now let behind the scenes of his seditious activity. He is, it seems, not only a contemptible upstart, but a coward to boot. He incites smaller men than himself to run risks that he dare not face. While posing as a "Moderate," the influential and wealthy patriot, it seems, is financing "The Flaming Torch of India," for which he writes, in secret, inflammatory articles, which goad the hot-headed Indian youth, such as Chandraswamy, beyond endurance.

"The public hall at Hosur was crowded. The occasion was an afternoon meeting to consider 'The Coming Congress,' and how its aims might be promoted to the best advantage. . . . Chandraswamy, in a state of suppressed excitement, went to the foot of the platform, and begged for a word with the speaker before he commenced. Might Chandraswamy and his friends be allowed to eject two men suspected of being policemen in disguise?"

"Govinda held up his hands in protest at the suggestion of such violence. He assured the company that nothing would be said during the proceedings which could be construed into disloyalty. He hoped all his audience were devotedly loyal to the paramount power."

"Chandraswamy retired with a scowl upon his dark face. It was reflected upon the countenances of a large number of young men, who formed at least three-quarters of the audience. Many of them were mere boys, and not one of them was over the age of twenty-five. They all lacked experience, and were eager with the rashness of youth to enter the difficult field of politics. . . . They mistook the enthusiasm of prejudice for noble self-devotion. Each one professed to be acting for the benefit of his country, whereas he was but inflated, like Govinda, with a desire for notoriety, and was actuated by an

insane wish to raise emotion in the multitude, and stir dangerous passions not easy to allay. . . .

"Education had left these raw, rudderless youths without discipline—since the rod had been abolished by a benevolent Government from their schools, without religion—since John Stuart Mill's and Herbert Spencer's books, with those of their successors, had been placed unreservedly in their hand; and without occupation, since they had all sought to improve their condition, and had failed to attain the particular object of their ambition."

The sequel to this tale of seditious activities is that the "Hindu gentleman" takes to flight, when his tool Chandraswamy has been caught in the act of throwing bombs. With every wish to criticise "The Unlucky Mark," from the artistic standpoint, we find it exceedingly difficult. Major Adam-u-din, the Mohammedan gentleman, is, for example, used as a figurehead to express the "racial hatred" that our author states is "always latent" between the Moslems and Hindus. Like the Ulster Loyalist in relation to the Catholic Irish, he is brought forward to foment the disaffection of his ancient antagonists. "Let us hope that the Moslems of India will never be obliged to resort to self-protection," says the Major, "that they will never be brought into conflict with over-confident, aggressive Hindus who are deluded into thinking that the English Government will support them in their aggression. It would be a bad day for Britain if ever such a crisis arose." This is really the accent of the Belfast Orangeman. The same tone is used in speaking of Hindu ritual. Thus we read: "'Never heard of the worship of Kali, the most iniquitous, most pernicious, most insidious of religious movements this earth ever saw? . . . Closely connected with it are the abominable practices of Sakti worship that appeal to the sensuous side of a sensuous people. . . . The whole system should be crushed; their meetings put down by the aid of troops if need be. The thing wouldn't be tolerated in any European country,' said Dereham." The writer's view of the causes of recent Hindu unrest is set forth in a conversation in the penultimate chapter. "It is not the country that requires a lesson, but a small minority of educated men who have spread themselves over the whole of India, preaching in the name of patriotism a new gospel of sedition and disloyalty. The great majority of the people have no political aspirations whatever, I assure you. . . . If only they could be left to follow the bent of their inclinations their continued happiness would be assured. . . . For the present, however, powder and shot are not merited by the masses." It is not merely in the direct political propaganda preached that the author shows the lack of sympathetic understanding. In her descriptions of Hindu domestic life, however true they may be to surface facts, there is no feeling communicated of the atmosphere or the soil. Everything is hard, rigid, metallic, and it is precisely these imported qualities that the reader feels are standing between him and the native life, like a wire gauze veil placed between him and the light.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

DR. JAMES FORD RHODES is one of the leading American historians, and in "Historical Essays" (Macmillan, 9s. net), he has brought together a number of lectures and papers read before the American Historical Association and other bodies. The first four essays deal with history under its general aspects, and are, perhaps, the most interesting in the volume. Dr. Rhodes holds a position midway between the modern scientific school and the older school, which thought that the historian should judge as well as narrate, and that he must be a man of letters as well as an authority upon his period. "History," Dr. Rhodes quotes from von Holm, "in the main ought only to be a record of facts, but now and then the historian may be allowed to display a certain interest in his subject." Dr. Rhodes places Herodotus, Thucydides, and Tacitus above all other historians, but he rates S. R. Gardiner not much below them, and he is not contemptuous of Macaulay. Of the remaining essays in the book, the best is an appreciation of Gibbon, read at Harvard University two years ago. He says that in the famous Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" Gibbon ignored some facts, and that his combination of others, his

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inferences, his opinions, are not fair and unprejudiced. His treatment of Theodora, the wife of Justinian, is declared to be open to objection. "Without proper sifting and a reasonable scepticism, he has incorporated into his narrative the questionable account, with all its salacious details, which Procopius gives in his 'Secret History,' Gibbon's love of a scandalous tale getting the better of his historical criticism." On the other hand, Gibbon's portrait of Julian the Apostate is pronounced to be in accordance with the best modern standard. Dr. Rhodes's essays are fresh in tone and manner, and illustrated by a wealth of apt quotation.

* * *

UNDER the title of "The Mind of the Artist" (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d. net), Mrs. Laurence Binyon has collected two hundred and forty-three sayings of artists on their own craft, grouping them under such headings as "Aims and Ideals," "Study and Training," "Drawing and Design," "Manner," "Color," "Decorative Art," "Portraiture," "Modern Painting," and so forth. The choice of quotations is catholic enough, and since they include Chinese opinions from the fifth century and onwards, as well as plenty from the Middle Ages and modern times, it cannot be urged that their representation is too limited. Mrs. Binyon tells us that she has had recourse less to famous treatises like those of Leonardo and Reynolds, than to the more intimate avowals and working notes contained in letters or memoirs; and that the selection of these has entailed considerable research. We can well believe this, and the difficulty of such a compilation must be further enhanced by the fact that some of the most valuable sayings on Art have come from quite mediocre and little-known artists. Thus it is Northcote's sayings that are his passport to the company of Reynolds and Gainsborough; and Fromentin the writer is far better known than Fromentin the painter. Possibly Miss Binyon's selection of modern opinions could be improved upon; when one considers the mass of available material, the quotations from Burne-Jones, Watts, Rossetti, &c., seem to occur rather too frequently. But the general utility of the book cannot be questioned.

* * *

DR. W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS'S "Christianity is Christ" (Longmans, 1s. net), is a volume in "The Anglican Church Handbook" series. Its aim, as Dr. Griffith Thomas says in a prefatory note, is "to present, in a short, popular form, the substance of what has been written in recent years on the central subject of Christianity—the Person and Work of Christ." The method adopted has been to examine a number of different aspects of Christ's work and teaching, and to present the doctrinal and apologetic inferences that may be drawn from each. Dr. Thomas's position is moderately conservative, but he has evidently made a close study of "modernist" views and arguments. Throughout the book stress is laid upon the witness of history, though the argument from experience is not neglected, and the handling of this in the last two chapters is, in our view, the weightiest section of the work. A very full bibliography adds to the value of a useful little volume.

* * *

THE average public school man's super-loyalty to his own school is one of those human weaknesses that we readily condone; indeed, the loveliness of the weakness might almost be said to be in proportion to its irrationality. So, when we find a book like Mr. Christopher Stone's "Eton" (Black, 7s. 6d. net), brimming over with enthusiasm for the place and everything connected with it, we accept his estimate of its virtues as pleasing and praiseworthy, even if a little extravagant. It is still more gratifying to discover that this loyal Etonian who attaches such importance to the "Eton touch," and so lightly extols the modern athleticism that "has given the death blow to work" here as in many another school, is yet capable of dealing sensibly with the vexed question of what ought to be the relations between boys and masters, and soberly with some of the less noble vanities of the Eton education. Moreover, the book is very agreeably written. The historical retrospect is neither long nor labored. Living old Etonians, who have achieved notoriety in the House of Lords or elsewhere, are hardly mentioned. The author's intention, he tells us, is to illustrate "the spirit of Eton," and his facts of history,

taken mainly from R. A. Austen Leigh's "Guide to Eton College," and "Etoniana," and from Malim's quaint treatise, have been selected with that aim in view. Similarly, he discusses Collegers and Oppidans, Eton customs, obsolete or surviving, famous masters of the establishment, the college precincts, and many other topics, not according to any ordered scheme, but as they link themselves, one with another, in his mind, and suggest themselves as persuasive touches of "atmosphere." Thus the book is largely a book of digressions. But the picture left by the whole of it does not lack clearness; and beneath its loyal extravagances there lurks a sense of moderation—a suspicion, perhaps, that against such glories as those of the Eton Hunt, there must be placed such disgraces as that of the carted deer. Miss E. D. Brinton's illustrations are vigorous and pleasant, and they possess a quite exceptional unity.

* * *

DECIDEDLY there is a touch of Wild West journalism about Mr. Hugh C. Weir's "The Conquest of the Isthmus" (Putnam's Sons, 5s. net) of Panama. "Panama," observes the author genially on p. 117, "has been the cesspool into which the human refuse of the globe has been dumped in shiploads. . . . Thousands of them—the vomitings of a score of nations—were driven cattle-like into the hopper of the Panama Canal. And in the smoke of the greatest engineering battle of history, the contagion of the scowling stream of Europe's cast-off citizens was not appreciated until it had found festering lodgment." With these undesirable aliens on the one hand, and the jungle, with its alligators, its deadly black scorpions, its poisonous mosquitos, on the other, the makers of the canal, whom Mr. Weir sets out to describe, have had a more than ordinarily sensational time, and the author of this volume cannot be accused of not making the most of the material to hand. The way in which the perils of Panama have been overcome by American bravery, American medical science, American engineering, American policing—in short, by the well-known American superiority that every American recognises—is a not less thrilling part of the narrative. A pæan on Mr. Roosevelt as the inspiring force behind the men on the spot does not lack whole-hearted hero-worship, and the account of an alligator hunt takes us back to the days when boys' books were really generous with their thrills. The book, which is illustrated by photographs, contains a non-technical description of the canal and its machinery, and an excellent study of the civilisation implanted in this part of the world during the last five years.

* * *

"THE GROWTH OF THE ENGLISH HOUSE" (Batsford, 7s. 6d. net), by Mr. J. Alfred Gotch, deserves the warm appreciation of all who are interested in our domestic architecture. It is a masterly study of the development of the house from the middle of the twelfth century, when stone definitely took the place of wood as a building material, to modern times; from the Norman castle and keep to the private residence of to-day. It shows how the castle gradually gave way to the fortified manor house, and how, as the need for defensive construction disappeared, the fortification went also; how the expansion was always in the direction of greater comfort and privacy and more pleasing architectural effect; and how the various internal features of the house as we know it were evolved by slow degrees from their primitive predecessors. The staircase, perhaps, is the only feature whose development was not continuous; the circular stone staircase prevailed with but little variation until the Elizabethan age, when it was suddenly, and without any transitional stage, supplanted by the straight wooden one with wide steps that is familiar to observers of Elizabethan mansions. Undoubtedly this period was the most notable of any in regard to domestic architecture. House builders were beginning to realise that beauty in construction and decoration was not incompatible with utility and comfort. The reforming influence of the Renaissance had made itself felt in ornament, and had not yet disturbed the actual plan of the house, which, with all its piquant variations, remained essentially English. The triumph of classic ideals in plan, as well as in ornament, came with Wren and Inigo Jones in the next century; and the decadence that succeeded when the light of their genius was withdrawn became emphasised during Hanoverian times, until the last remnant of a style dissolved in the negation

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Under the advice of counsel the publication of this book was postponed pending the libel action recently heard in the Courts. It is now issued with an additional chapter. It contains a full account of the author's personal experiences in S. Thomé and Principe, and on the Angola coast, and also reprints Mr. Burt's report of his previous visit and long journey to the Hinterland of Angola.

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of all styles by the builders of the nineteenth century. Domestic architecture has revived somewhat in the last few years, and our one regret concerning Mr. Gotch's book is that it has little or nothing to say of this revival. Mr. Gotch shows so complete a grasp of facts and such powers of clear-headed deduction in his treatment of the house up to the end of the eighteenth century, that we cannot doubt but that, in the light of this knowledge, his handling of latter-day enormities, such as unscrupulous building and reckless land speculation, and the brave fight that is being waged against them, would have been informative and interesting. Perhaps he will devote a sequel to the building of the nineteenth century. For the moment, his book is a particularly sound piece of work, whose usefulness is enhanced by the profuse and finely got-up photographic and other illustrations that accompany the text.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, Feb. 4.	Price Friday morning, Feb. 11.
Consols	81 $\frac{1}{2}$	82 $\frac{1}{8}$
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THE reduction of the bank rate from 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 per cent., which occurred on Thursday, had been expected for several days, and the bank directors really had no choice, so far as the market rate below the official minimum. At practically the same hour on the same day the authorities of the Reichsbank at Berlin reduced their rate from 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent. This general tendency to ease is satisfactory, and will give another fillip to trade which has been making remarkable strides in the last few weeks. The collapse in Americans has attracted buyers, and a sharp rally occurred on Wednesday in New York and yesterday in London. The Brazil Loan stands at a small premium, and the Stock Exchange is quite busy and cheerful. Paris, however, has had another fright, as the waters of the Seine have been rising again. The rubber market still provides the most sensational activity. A great many people will burn their fingers in rubber before the sound estates are separated from the swindles and failures.

THE BOOM IN TRADE.

If only the election could have been postponed another month, the Tariff Reformers would have done even worse than they did in our industrial districts. The Board of Trade Returns for January, in spite of the dislocation incident to a General Election, are quite sensational. Imports are 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions up, exports 6 millions, and re-exports 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions. The figure for exports is only just below the record of 1907. Here is a table giving the figures for the month of January for the last ten years. These are the values in million pounds sterling. The figure following the decimal represents hundred thousands:—

	Imports.	Exports.	Re-exports.
1900	44.5	23.6	5.4
1901	46.0	24.7	5.0
1902	50.1	24.3	5.3
1903	46.2	24.9	6.1
1904	46.1	24.1	5.7
1905	47.7	25.0	6.1
1906	53.5	30.8	7.4
1907	60.5	35.1	8.8
1908	56.4	34.4	6.6
1909	53.5	28.8	6.7
1910	55.9	34.8	8.1

To do them justice, the Tariff Reform League foresaw this boom of trade, and wanted to clap on a tariff before it had got well under way. This explains the desperate action of the House of Lords. Even manufacturers who have been bitten by the virus of protection would not go in for a tariff during a trade boom. This fact may save us from another election. Another election would be highly distasteful to City and business men.

A BIG BANK.

The report of the London City and Midland Bank, which appeared in our columns last week, is interesting as the report of one of our greatest institutions. A contemporary has been inquiring which is the biggest bank. If we look at deposits, the London City and Midland, with 69 millions, comes third, closely behind the newly amalgamated London County and Westminster; in "Advances and Loans" it comes second, two millions behind Lloyds; in paid-up capital and reserve it is second to the London County and Westminster. Sir Edward Holden, the bank's able chairman, predicted at the annual meeting that a good year is before us. The world, he said, "is on the threshold of a new prosperity," but he advised those interested in American securities to be exceedingly wary. Excellent advice; for, as he remarked, the American market is troubled by a vast quantity of undigested and indigestible railway debentures, though prices are now again beginning to look attractive.

THE COATS' MILLS AT PAWTUCKET.

A Scottish correspondent asks me for more details about the closing down of Messrs. Coats' mills at Pawtucket. He says that statements made by Messrs. Coats were used in Scotland against Free Trade. The truth is, I believe, that Messrs. Coats have different prices for their thread according to the tariff. Their prices at home are pretty stiff, in virtue of a practical monopoly, but nothing to their prices abroad. And yet if they would disclose their wages and hours of labor, their prices and profits at home and in their various protected factories, I have no doubt at all that it would result in a splendid vindication of Free Trade. If my correspondent will refer to the New York papers he will find that the lock-out at Pawtucket began at five thread mills on January 24th. It seems to have followed on a small strike by some of the boys, and a demand for more wages from the men. The wages, it is stated, were reduced one shilling in ten two years ago. The latest papers say there is some prospect of a settlement.

THE BRAZIL CONVERSION LOAN.

Although the price of this loan (4 per cent. bonds at 87 $\frac{1}{2}$) is, as I said last week, not very attractive, investors in Brazil are probably wise in preferring Federal to State issues, as the reputation of the House of Rothschild is bound up with the credit of the Central Government of Brazil. The prospects of the country are improving with the maintenance of the high price of rubber and with the partial removal of the coffee embarrassments which threatened the finances of the important State of Sao Paulo. The most interesting part of the loan is that which is to be devoted to railway construction in the northern rubber States of Ceara and Piahy. The new lines should open up new, and possibly rich, territory. One is glad to hear that the political dangers of trouble between Brazil and Argentina are diminishing. But a good deal will depend upon the approaching Presidential election.

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This Loan will be applied for the conversion and redemption of the Western of Minas Railroad Company 5 per cent. Guaranteed Loan of 1893 as well as the United States of Brazil Government 5 per cent. Loan of 1907, and also for the extension and construction of railways in the States of Ceara and Piahy.

The President of the United States of Brazil having, in conformity with the authority contained in Article 68, Number 8 of Law No. 2,221 of the 30th December 1909, and in execution of Decree No. 7,669, of the 18th November, 1909, issued by virtue of the authorisation contained in Nos. 9 and 24, letter d, of Article 16 of the Law No. 2,050 of the 31st December, 1908, and also in conformity with Decree No. 7,853, dated the 3rd February, 1910, authorised the negotiation of the above Loan, MESSRS. N. M. ROTHSCHILD & SONS have to announce that they are ready to receive subscriptions at their office.

Subscriptions may be made either in cash, or in Bonds of the above-mentioned Loans.

Applications for the new Bonds, in exchange for Bonds of the above-mentioned Loans, will be received on Monday, the 7th instant, and on the five following days, viz., until Monday, the 14th instant, at 4 p.m., when the lists will be finally closed. No subscriptions will be received on Saturday.

The conversion will be effected as follows:—

Subscribers in Bonds will receive allotment in full.

The 4 per cent. Bonds are issued at the price of 87½. In the conversion every £100 of 5 per cent. Stock will be reckoned at par and a bonus of 10s. will be given on every £100 converted, the holders of the 5 per cent. Western of Minas Railway Bonds receiving in addition accrued interests from 1st September, 1909. Thus, every holder of a £100 5 per cent. Western of Minas Bond will, on converting, receive in exchange a £100 4 per cent. Bond and £13 in cash, plus £2 5s. (less income tax) in adjustment of accrued interest, and every holder of a £100 5 per cent. Bond of the Loan of 1907 will, on converting receive in exchange a £100 4 per cent. Bond and £13 in cash; but for cash differences on large amounts of Bonds, subscribers may elect to have new Bonds, the fractional surplus only being regulated by a cash payment; this option must be exercised when subscribing.

The repayment at par, but without the bonus of 10s. per cent., of all the Bonds not presented for conversion will be officially notified at the earliest possible date.

The 5 per cent. Bonds to be converted must be listed on forms, which can be obtained on application, and must be furnished with all the coupons not yet due.

Application must be made on the form provided herewith, and accompanied by a deposit of £5 per cent. in money or an approximate amount in convertible Bonds, unless subscribers prefer to deposit the whole of their Bonds when making application. The failure to deliver the Bonds converted, when the scrip is ready to be given in exchange, will render the deposit on application liable to forfeiture.

The list for cash subscriptions will be opened on Monday, the 7th instant, and closed on or before Monday, the 14th instant. No subscriptions will be received on Saturday.

Subscriptions are payable as follows:—

For every £100 stock, £5	0	0	on application.
	15	0	0 on allotment.
	15	0	0 on the 4th April, 1910.
	15	0	0 on the 9th May, 1910.
	15	0	0 on the 9th June, 1910.
	22	10	0 on the 18th July, 1910.

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Payment in full may be made under discount at the rate of £3 per cent. per annum on any Monday or Thursday after the scrip has been issued.

Interest will commence from the 1st February, 1910.

Allotments will be made as far as the Bond subscription will permit. In case the allotment should not require the whole deposit, the surplus will be returned; and if the deposit be insufficient for the first instalment on the amount allotted, the balance required must be paid forthwith. In case of no allotment being made, the deposit of the applicant will be returned.

The failure to pay any of the instalments will render all previous payments liable to forfeiture.

The Bonds will be issued to Bearer in sums of £100, £500, and £1,000 each, bearing interest at 4 per cent. per annum, with coupons payable half-yearly on the 1st February and 1st August in London in pounds sterling, and in Paris, Amsterdam, Hamburg, and Brussels at the exchange of the day, the first half-yearly coupon being due on the 1st August, 1910.

The redemption of the Loan will be effected by an accumulative Sinking Fund of ½ per cent. per annum, commencing in 1911, to be applied by purchase of Bonds when the price is under par, and when at or above par by drawings by lot.

Forms of application under both conditions are provided herewith, and it is expressly stipulated that any applicant having elected to pay, either in cash or in Bonds, cannot alter his engagement.

NEW COURT, 7th February, 1910.

No.....A

APPLICATION FOR CONVERSION OF BRAZILIAN 5 PER CENT. BONDS.

To MESSRS. N. M. ROTHSCHILD & SONS, GENTLEMEN,

.....request that you will convert for.....

£.....Nominal Capital of the Western of Minas Railroad 5 per cent. Loan of 1893.

£.....Nominal Capital of the Brazilian 5 per cent. Loan of 1907.

Total £.....into Brazilian 4 per cent Bonds on which I enclose the required deposit.

viz.: { £.....in Cash, } and.....agree to deliver to you

 { £.....in Bonds, }

In exchange for the allotment of 4 per cent. Bonds, the necessary 5 per cent. Bonds according to the conditions of your Prospectus of the 7th February, 1910.

.....remain, GENTLEMEN.

 Your obedient Servant ,

Name at length.....

Address.....

February, 1910.

I request you to allot me as many additional 4 per cent. Bonds as the amount of the cash difference due to me on the above application will permit.

No.....B

FORM OF APPLICATION.

(Cash Subscription.)

UNITED STATES OF BRAZIL GOVERNMENT 4 PER CENT. CONVERSION LOAN OF 1910.

To MESSRS. N. M. ROTHSCHILD & SONS, GENTLEMEN,

.....request that you will allot to £.....

say.....

nominal Capital of the above Stock, on which.....enclose the required deposit of five per cent., or £.....and

.....agree to accept that amount or any less sum that may be allotted to.....and to pay the balance of such allotment according to the conditions of your Prospectus of the 7th February, 1910.

.....remain, GENTLEMEN,

Your obedient Servant ,

Name (at length).....

Address.....

February, 1910.

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Diary of the Week.

A POLITICAL situation of great seriousness has arisen, and must be dealt with sensibly and firmly. The new Chairman of the Labor Party in Parliament, Mr. Barnes, has made the following statement to the Press:—

"I learn that, in spite of the Albert Hall speech, Mr. Asquith is to hold office without assurances from the King in regard to the Veto, and that, moreover, the veto is to be dealt with only after the Budget. I know that that course will not be acceptable to the Labor Party. It means that the Powers that be think the recent General Election not sufficiently decisive in regard to the Veto. It involves, therefore, another General Election before the question of the Lords is settled, and it seems to me perfectly clear that if a General Election is to take place we should have it as soon as possible. Of course, the reply to all this is, or may be, that the finance of the country must be straightened out. All I have to say is that, if there is confusion, let the responsibility be put upon those who caused it. But no doubt the difficulties could be got over by loans or otherwise."

It is remarkable that neither this declaration nor Mr. Redmond's speech has been received with any sign of irritation by the Liberal Party, which largely sympathises with the policy it sets forth. Two courses lie open to the Government, and two only, for we leave out as mere folly the suggestion that it should fall back on Unionist support—a support which, in the first place, would not be given, and, in the second place, could not

be accepted with honor. The first is to satisfy the party as to the prospects of the Veto Bill and the policy founded on it should the Lords throw it out. If this is more than the Prime Minister can at the moment guarantee, the obvious course is the immediate production of the measure to which he and his party are equally committed as the first-fruits of the election.

WHAT insuperable obstacle exists to the tactic of "Veto First"? We see none. The Budget may have to wait a week or so. We shall have to borrow money to carry on in the interim, until the confusion created by the action of the Lords can be set right. Is that a great matter? When a man's house is on fire he looks after his most precious possessions first, and a Minister resting on a composite majority naturally presses the point on which he finds the clearest evidence of harmony.

THE next question is—Can the Veto Bill be tabled without delay? We have always understood that a brief and simple measure was in existence, based on the Campbell-Bannerman resolution. Is there any reason against its introduction now? Or another form of procedure is available, which has the special merit of bringing to a still speedier test the power of this House to act in the direction in which its most powerful mandate lies. That is the introduction of a simultaneous resolution in the House of Lords and the House of Commons. If the one is carried by our full majority, and the other defeated by an equally overwhelming voice, and if a final resort to the King then fails, the Government is *functus officio*, and a fresh resort to the force which created the majority can be made with every prospect of success. But, in any case, we see no reason why the different parts of the majority should not come together on the issue which all declare to be paramount, and all, so far as we know, wish to compass in the same way.

A SERIES of Cabinet meetings, more or less prolonged, have been held during the week, and grave questions both of policy and tactics have been before them. The King has also seen the Prime Minister for an hour at Brighton, and for a shorter period on Thursday. These events have been accompanied by informal meetings between Mr. Lloyd George, on the one hand, and Mr. Redmond, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. O'Connor, on the other hand, a proceeding which we cannot but think might have been initiated at an earlier stage of the situation. We are not aware that Wellington was ashamed to consult the allies who helped him to win Waterloo.

So far as the matter of these consultations is concerned, the governing part of Mr. Redmond's policy is, no doubt, his anxiety on the question of guarantees. He is anxious for a determined prosecution of the policy of attack on the Veto, and, secondly, for a successful issue to it. The exact facts lie between the King and the Prime Minister, but it may be assumed that the relation between the Sovereign and the Ministry represents

something more than the general state of confidence that the Monarch extends to his advisers. The Crown could not have looked with satisfaction upon the great constitutional breach committed last November, involving, as it did, a serious diminution of its own powers. It could not but welcome a return to the normal balance, and, finally, it could not but watch with friendly eyes an effort to start the machine of party government on its ordinary lines. Whether this amounts to a promise on the part of the King to see an Act of Veto through is more than we can say, but it seems incredible that general guarantees on the constitutional question have not been or cannot be sought.

* * *

On the whole, Mr. Redmond's speech, as we have said, is by no means unwelcome to the Liberal Party, the great majority of whom are undoubtedly inclined to the policy of Veto first. They will, of course, assent to the passing of the great Budget, on which so much of the popular battle has been fought, but they make it clear that in Scotland and the North the subject of the Lords holds the field, and that there should be:—

1. No diversion to the so-called policy of "reform";
2. The earliest possible production of the Veto Bill, and
3. An assurance that all the constitutional powers should be used to give effect to the popular verdict.

* * *

For the rest, we hope that our leaders will get the notion out of their heads—if they have ever entertained it—that there is anything undignified or unusual in the conduct of "group" politics. If they think so, they have only to ring up M. Clemenceau, M. Briand, M. Combes, or Herr von Bethmann Hollweg on the telephone, and ask them their experience. Anyone who has attended the sittings, say, of the French Chamber in a period of crisis, has seen the Prime Minister openly consulting the leader of a supporting group, or withdrawing with him, in the sight of the House, for a private conference. In what respect is Mr. Redmond or Mr. Barnes different from M. Sarrien or M. Jaurès? In one respect only, that both these gentlemen are under an obligation to serve their country without looking to the average rewards of political life. As for the Irish leaders, who does not realise that Mr. Redmond, and Mr. Dillon, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor all belong to the Cabinet class, and have served as thorough an apprenticeship as any English or Scottish or Welsh gentleman now in the King's confidence?

* * *

A NUMBER of changes have been made in the Government as a consequence of Mr. Gladstone's appointment as Governor-General of South Africa. Mr. Churchill goes to the Home Office, and his place at the Board of Trade has been taken by Mr. Sydney Buxton. The Post Office is placed in charge of Mr. Herbert Samuel, and Mr. Pease, in spite of his defeat in Saffron Walden, is promoted to Mr. Samuel's place at the Duchy of Lancaster, and to a seat in the Cabinet. Finally, a new Chief Whip is found in the Master of Elibank. All but one of these changes should add both to the strength and the popularity of the Government. Mr. Churchill's brilliant services at the elections and his great qualities of administration and exposition fully entitle him to the vacant Secretaryship of State, and Mr. Buxton's special knowledge of industrial questions consoles us for the loss of so good a Postmaster-General. Both Mr. Samuel and Mr. Murray have the qualities which earn promotion. But we confess we do not like the appoint-

ment of an unsuccessful candidate and a not too successful Whip to a seat in the Cabinet, which cannot be too strong in counsel and experience. Frankly, we did not like Mr. Pease's attitude to the Irish question, or his conduct of the Liberal-Labor problem, contrasting as it did with his predecessor's careful and skilled solution of it.

* * *

THE new Parliament enters on its serious work on Monday, last week being entirely given up to the election of Mr. Lowther as Speaker, and the swearing-in of members. Mr. Lowther's re-election was never in doubt. If possible the feeling for him is warmer in the Liberal and Labor Parties than with the Conservatives. The truth, we suppose, is that the Speaker's temperament exactly suits a modern House of Commons which, profoundly respectful as it is to its Chairman, likes to be ruled with a light, if a firm, hand. None of our politicians radiate so much humor and tact as Mr. Lowther, and if, as we expect, the atmosphere of this House will be far more highly strung than that of the last, we shall look with perfect confidence to his governance of it. Mr. Burt, who moved him into the chair, properly laid stress on these qualities of management, and added, significantly, that he was sure that Mr. Lowther would protect the privileges of the House from external encroachments. A sad feature of the swearing in was the appearance of Mr. Chamberlain for the first time since his seizure in the summer of 1906. We suppose it was thought necessary for him to take the oath in order to complete his membership of the House, which cannot hope to know him as the great gladiator of other days. The roll was signed for him by his son, but Mr. Chamberlain was able to exchange greetings with the Speaker. We think, however, that so painful a scene might well have been avoided.

* * *

LORD ROSEBERY took the chair at a dinner on Tuesday night given to Mr. Harold Cox by the British Constitution Association. Both Lord Rosebery's and Mr. Cox's speeches were devoted to attacks on the party system, which Lord Rosebery declared to be crushing all independence in Parliament, so much so that only one refuge for freedom remained, and that was the House of Lords. Under our political system a man who was not prepared to "pool his conscience" became anathema, and was expelled as "grit" in the machine. Yet he represented the great mass of silent voters, who stood for freedom against bureaucracy and Socialism. Mr. Cox, in a similar but more philosophical vein, declared that the party system represented a dead idea, because it divided the country between two organisations, each of which set out the falsehood that it was always right and its opponent always wrong. He insisted that, under this system, the control of legislation by the Commons was utterly unreal, and that the country was governed by alternating tyrannies becoming more and more rigid in character. The growth of new parties was something of a relief, but, unfortunately, they tended to Socialism, which was not an aid, but an obstacle, to progress. The only body of which Mr. Cox appeared to entertain any hope was the Middle-Class Defence League, and even that had a class limitation.

* * *

THE prolonged tariff war between Canada and Germany has come to an end on terms which demonstrate the need for a relatively free exchange which links even the most Protectionist countries. Canada had denounced her treaties with Germany and Belgium. Germany replied by imposing her maximum tariff, to

which Canada retorted by a prohibitive duty of one-third *ad valorem* on German imports. In the end, both have returned to the *status quo*, neither better nor worse for the wanton stoppage of trade. From March 1st, by a provisional arrangement, Canada will take off this surtax on German imports, while Germany will admit all the staple goods of Canada at the conventional rates. A permanent Commercial Treaty will be negotiated later. This arrangement means the failure of the German protest against the preferential treatment which Canada has accorded to British goods. The chief factor in hastening the German capitulation seems to have been the spectacle of the mutually advantageous treaty concluded between Canada and France. In the benefits of this she naturally desires to share. The whole episode serves to show the futility of the special bargaining which is achieved by the use of the big revolver. In the end the advantages are always shared out pretty equally all round, and the war has left behind it nothing but its losses. We, who benefit automatically under the most favored nation clause by every special arrangement concluded between other nations, avoid the losses of war and reap all the fruits of victory.

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WE discuss elsewhere the brutally frank speech in which Herr von Bethmann Hollweg defied Prussian opinion, by refusing any real reform of the plutocratic franchise. On Sunday the Socialists organised an impressive series of demonstrations in all the towns of the kingdom. They were confined, however, by the police, to closed halls; "the streets," as the laconic notice issued in Berlin put it, "are for traffic." Police armed with sabres were everywhere, and the trams circulated with locked doors past the palaces and public buildings. In Berlin, however, and in several provincial towns, street-demonstrations none the less took place, especially at Halle. The police behaved with their customary brutality, and many of the demonstrators were wounded, and more arrested. It is significant of the temper of the Prussian workmen, that wherever the behaviour of the police was worst, renewed demonstrations of protest took place on the following days. At Halle a man's hand was severed by a sabre-cut. Herr von Bethmann Hollweg's declaration that Prussia must remain bureaucratic, lest the Empire as a whole should be democratised, has been deeply resented by the more liberal public opinion of Southern Germany, where the Press as a whole has protested with some heat. At Munich the Socialists even contrived to hold a mass meeting of indignation outside the Prussian Legation. The Socialists are seriously considering the advisability of resorting suddenly to a general strike.

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THE British and Russian Ministers in Teheran have notified the Persian Government of the acceptance of the Persian proposal for a loan of £400,000. Onerous conditions, however, are attached to this service. There is apparently no general stipulation for a financial control. But, according to the "Novoe Vremya," each Power demands that its officers shall "instruct" the Persian forces within their respective spheres. There is also a claim for certain trading monopolies, *e.g.*, that Russia shall alone have the right to steam navigation on Lake Urmiah on the Turco-Persian frontier. If these terms are accurately reported the partition of Persia has been carried a stage further. What one small force of Persian Cossacks under Russian officers could effect under the late Shah's rule we know. The subjection of all the Persian forces to foreign officers would

be the end of any real independence. It is believed that the Mejliss will reject these terms, and, indeed, it has just formally demanded the withdrawal of the three thousand Russian troops from Persian soil.

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BUT its situation, while Sir Edward Grey acquiesces in this Russian occupation, is hopeless. It can refuse Russian officers, but it cannot expel Russian regiments. And for want of money it is unable to repress the brigandage, whose continuance will doubtless be the pretext for fresh encroachments. If Persia were free to borrow elsewhere, *e.g.*, in Berlin, this pressure would be less tyrannical. But any Power which helped the Mejliss would be held by its two "Protectors" to have done an unfriendly act. British policy has apparently consented to the destruction of a promising experiment in self-government, and means have been found to render the victory of the Nationalists abortive. Persia has, indeed, a Parliament, but it has become a foreign dependency.

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OFFICIAL opinion in this country has assumed much too soon that the battle of reform in the Congo has been won. It is quite a mistake to pretend that the Belgian critics of Congo misrule are satisfied with the present prospect. In the debate on the Budget M. Georges Lorand declared that he had confidence in the new King, but none at all in M. Renkin, his Minister. M. Vandervelde described the reforms as a "blind," and declared that rubber collecting has been only partially stopped in the larger concession areas. But the discovery of fresh scandals, which has followed on King Leopold's death, is a new factor, tending to discredit the old *régime* even in Belgium. Mr. Morel believes that the late King secretly appropriated no less than £2,000,000 from the Royal Domain (in addition to the "compensations" which were sanctioned) when the nation bought him out. If this can be recovered and used for the good of the natives, much good may result, and, incidentally, the scandal may prove fatal to M. Renkin. But the real difficulty is that the old system can be reformed and the concessionaires ejected only at a great loss to the public treasury, and the Government is not likely to face the unpopularity which this would involve. There is as yet, outside the Socialist Party, and always excepting a few individuals, no general awakening of the Belgian conscience.

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THOUGH it has promised shortly to dissolve, the Military League continues to rule Greece by sheer terrorism. There is no doubt that its plan of calling a National Assembly is thoroughly unpopular alike with deputies and the general public. It this week suppressed all the newspapers which criticised it, and placed troops in their offices; they have since reappeared, but keep silence on this subject. It has, however, given a pledge that the National Assembly, when it meets in December next, will not interfere with the dynasty—a naive admission that though nominally dissolved it reckons on controlling the Assembly. The officers of the Fleet, who appear to regard the Military League with a commendable mistrust, drew up a declaration of loyalty to the dynasty and the Constitution on February 5th, and were later suspected of entertaining a plan to seize or overawe the capital. The League has replied by beginning to disarm the ships, and the torpedo flotilla has already been compelled to land its ammunition. The larger vessels, if they are in the same condition in which the Græco-Turkish war found them, probably carry no shells. More troops are being concentrated on Athens. Money meanwhile is urgently needed, and it is certain that Europe will lend none while this folly lasts.

Politics and Affairs.

THE CROWN AND THE CONSTITUTION.

"I have to report to the House that in the House of Peers . . . I have in your name and on your behalf laid claim by humble petition to his Majesty to all your undoubted rights and privileges. All these, his Majesty, by his Commissioners, has been pleased to confirm in as ample a manner as they have ever been granted or confirmed by himself or by any of his predecessors."—*The Speaker to the House of Commons.*

THE Parliament which virtually opens on Monday will, we hope, proceed straight to the object for which those who control it were elected, namely, the restoration of representative government. No better instrument exists for that purpose than a newly chosen House of Commons. We all agree that this country is governed in the last resort in accordance with the will of the people, and that the effective representative of that will exists in the shape of the majority of the elective House. If this is true, things are very wrong in our State. Four years ago that will was expressed more clearly than in any Parliament since the first Reform Bill. But within a year of the creation of that force, it was held up by another power in the Constitution, and within two years of the time for its normal dissolution it was violently broken up by a breach of the fundamental liberties of the Commons. That defiance the present House must repel; that breach it must repair. We believe that it possesses sufficient authority to achieve a great part of its task, and that so far as the usurpation of the Lords is concerned, whether financial or legislative, no man who calls himself a democrat, be he Irish or English, will side with the unrepresentative against the representative assembly.

But it remains true that in itself the House of Commons is powerless to reconquer in full a position which was only lost because a wide field of historic custom was ruthlessly laid waste. For a rehabilitation of the representative power, and a return to the normal balance of parties, the nation, in face of the revolutionary attitude of the peers, can only look to the Crown. Such a recourse is its undoubted right, and either to deny or to disparage such a reference is to exhibit ignorance of the spirit and the forms of the Constitution, or lamentable weakness in applying them to our present needs. As things stand, we possess two rational, pliable, essentially modern parts of the Constitution. The King is a model of the form of monarchy willingly resigned to the loss of direct executive power, and looking for the exercise of that power to Ministers responsible to the Commons. In their turn, the Commons and their governing heads answer readily to signs that the nation is thinking of a change of governors. But a third party exists, immovable and inveterate in its partisanship, and pushing arrogance to the point, not merely of asserting literal rights against the spirit of representative rule, but directly invading its habitual sphere. This body is not subject to any form of popular influence, which could avenge its direct assault on the Constitution. But by its very nature it is subject to pressure from the Crown, acting on the advice of its Ministers. It is liable to additions,

made with a purpose. Its composition can be gradually changed by the creation of small batches of new peers. Had it contained a spark of the modern spirit, it might, half a century ago, have admitted a reform which would have greatly strengthened its intellectual character, though not its permanent bias against democracy. But in times of serious conflict, it has been made amenable by a more dramatic intervention of the Crown in the shape of a threat of wholesale creations. Is that power denied to-day? If it is, then not only is the Monarchy reduced to a cipher, but only one form of government presents itself in the near future. Conservatism must come back to power, with Liberalism in permanent opposition, and a revolutionary propaganda will be preached by the advanced parties in our politics. In other words, the Crown and one of the two great political parties are equally to suffer for the madness of the Lords. Those who desire such an issue are neither Liberals nor Conservatives in the true sense of the word. They are either reckless reactionaries of the Milner type, or they desire a forcible change in the system of government. This is the real issue; and Mr. Redmond has shown himself a sound constitutionalist when he pointed, in his Dublin speech, to the quarter from which alone a way out can be found. They are no true friends of the Crown who would belittle its power for good at a moment when it is specially available for the service of the country; and they are no friends of the people who would have them give away one inch of their right to the restoration of the full power of self-government. The House of Lords has no claim to the absolute status which is now asserted for it. Neither its members nor its constitution are sacred, and to deny the Royal power of drastic dealing with it to-day, to-morrow, and the next day, is, in face of its purely non-elective basis, to place both the Crown and the House of Commons under its feet.

When these facts are recognised, the path of the Government begins to clear. Everything must be done to destroy the new claim of equi-pollency between the Lords and the Commons; nothing must be done to advance it. The cardinal error of the Government would therefore be to set up any scheme of reform, elective or partially elective, nominated or partially nominated; its obvious and only duty and act of faithfulness to its supporters are to take the House of Lords as it is, and to shear it of the absolute Veto. We have nothing to do with pulling an estate of the realm to pieces, or with jerry-building a new Constitution. We have to make the old fabric water-tight. Whatever may be the ultimate form of the Second Chamber, it would be an act of plain treachery to British democracy to suggest an equality of power between it and the great central authority in our State, round which every battle of liberty has been fought. No other remedy but the destruction of the Veto has been canvassed at the election; no other could be presented to the King with the assurance that it represented a formidable mass of serious and determined opinion, on which he would feel justified in acting; no other would pass this House of Commons; for no other work upon the House of Lords is the Liberal Party equipped by tradition and habit of thought.

Nor need we even discuss the proposition that any part of this work can be achieved by concert between the two parties. Such a suggestion is a mere trick of the Conservative partisan, who knows that the Lords are in the wrong, and that after last year's action the situation has become intolerable. Therefore, the ranks of the Liberals must be divided into reformers and anti-Vetoists. But why should they be divided? The present crisis was caused by the act of Mr. Balfour in calling on the House of Lords to defeat the action of the House of Commons. The precedents he set in 1906, 1907, and 1908 led to the final usurpation of 1909, when the full challenge to self-government took place. The passing of the Budget would not relieve this situation, nor the carrying of a Bill restoring the Commons' control over finance. The Liberal Party would still be condemned to complete sterility. Unless the Veto goes, it must go, and if Mr. Asquith thinks that he does not see his way to achieve such a purpose with the forces at his disposal, the sooner he resigns the better. The power which sustained him last month will, as we show elsewhere, spring again, Antæus-like, from the ground, as often as he appeals to it with the right weapons in his hand. Our adversaries possess no such power of recuperation. Moneyed and aced to the lips as it is, the Tory Party cannot stand defeat after defeat, knowing all the while that it is defending a bad cause and that the more closely the battle is concentrated on the Lords' issue the greater will be the disintegration in its natural fighting strength. Boldness, therefore, is clearly our line. But reliance on the forces which can really help us, and which really want our assistance, is equally necessary. For our part we should not hesitate to draw closer the lines of unity with the Irish Party. Till the constitutional battle is over, neither their politics nor ours can move a step forward, and so long as the one common object of the Progressive parties is pursued, substantial diversity ought to be impossible.

"VETO FIRST!"

UNDER any ordinary circumstances the first work of the new Government would be to relieve the country from the financial embarrassments caused by the action of the House of Lords. The action of that House, if it has done nothing else, has demonstrated the impossibility of two-chamber finance, and justified the old principle of our Constitution which united the executive and financial branches of government in the same hands, and made them responsible to a single chamber representing the people as a whole. Whatever constitutional reconstruction may ultimately rise out of the débris left over from the revolution of last November, the sole and undivided control of finance, and through finance of the executive, will remain assured to the House of Commons alone.

But the question thus raised cuts deeper than any immediate financial exigency. There are resources known to financiers by which the King's Government can be carried on for yet another month or two without the regular legalisation of the taxes. It is an incon-

venience. It involves loss. The responsibility for the inconvenience and the loss lies, not with the Government, but with the Lords. For the Government the one supreme duty is to vindicate the constitutional rights of the people. Everything, including the immediate exigencies of finance, must be sacrificed to the fundamental object.

The point has been emphasised by the public declarations of the Irish and now of the Labor Party. But it is felt every whit as strongly by Liberals themselves. In dealing with a complicated entanglement, the simplest and most straightforward course is best. Mr. Asquith made a very clear statement of policy before and during the elections. He narrowed the issue, so far as he was able to define it, to a single point. He made the removal of those obstacles to legislation which the Lords have been able to oppose during the last Parliament the condition precedent to any further legislative effort, and he declared in terms which received only one interpretation from his followers that no Liberal Government would resume or hold office without guarantees that those obstacles would be overcome. All that is immediately necessary to him is to follow rigidly on the lines of this declaration. We do not say that his followers want any proof of his intentions. They take his word. That he continues to hold office is for them under the circumstances sufficient proof that he has good hope of finding a solution for the constitutional difficulty. The case of the Irish and the Labor Party is, of course, not quite the same as that of Mr. Asquith's own followers. We cannot expect Mr. Redmond to take everything for granted, and when a Budget, for some portions of which the Irish have no particular attachment, is being debated, it is quite natural to expect that Mr. Redmond should want to be assured of reasons, of which his followers will approve, for making the path straight for English Liberals. Nor can the Labor Party, jealous of its independence, and rightly determined on putting the Veto question before everything, be content to leave the handling of the situation entirely to the discretion of the leader who, however friendly, is not personally responsible to them. But neither the Labor nor the Irish Parties have, in fact, laid down as a condition of support anything beyond what Liberals have themselves assumed as indispensable. They have assumed, that is to say, that Mr. Asquith would only continue in office if he saw reasonable prospect of being able to give effect to the united will of his party and its two allies, by passing in this Parliament a Bill dealing alike with the financial and legislative Veto. They have assumed that the moment that the prospect of passing such a Bill is closed, Mr. Asquith would lay down office, leaving the responsibility for the government of the country, and, therefore, of supply, to those who have created the present situation. What is now needed, then, is that Mr. Asquith should take the public into his confidence, table his plan for assuring the ultimate supremacy of the Commons in legislation as well as in finance, and indicate the procedure by means of which he expects to carry this plan into law. Provided that the lines of his proposal are before the public and that some assurance can be given that it will not fall fruitless to

the ground, there will be no want of harmony within the ranks of the majority, and no disposition to cavil on minor points of tactics.

The fight will be a hard one. For here the controversy between plutocracy and democracy comes at last to a head. It is not one social reform that is in question, but the key to them all. In such a fight it may conceivably be that we shall lose the first round. A risk must be taken, but as long as the aim of the Government is clear—as long as it suffers no one to entice it away from the policy already set before the public, as long as it stands before the eye of the world clearly prepared to sacrifice place and power for this single end, so long it will command the adhesion of an unbroken party. For the strongest and most stable of the national forces are on its side. The unbroken phalanx of the North, the great labor organisations of Lancashire and the West Riding, the unquenched ardor of Scotland and Wales, the industrial portions of London, and even those parts of the Midlands where the fear of the foreigner does not obscure the issue—all these forces, representing just what is most alive in the nation to-day, are eager for the word of command, and ready to repeat the victory of last month. On the other hand, let there be the slightest symptom of hesitation, the slightest suggestion that the freely-banded charges of insincerity in this matter were grounded in fact, and a process of dissolution would be set up which would end in something far graver than an ordinary Parliamentary or electoral defeat. The question of the Veto is the turning point in our political and social development. It is the node at which conflicting waves impinge on one another. It is also, and for the same reason, the decisive point in the history of the Liberal Party. Any paltering with such an issue is, we are sure, out of the question. The Government will, no doubt, indicate to the public its plan without another week's delay. This plan will, we cannot doubt, run on the broad lines of that which it has already put before the public in the last Parliament. It will be that which has already been in substance before the people, and for which the constituencies, by a majority of 124, have given their adhesion. This is Mr. Asquith's authority, and it is authority enough. He needs no second appeal on the same issue. He has his mandate. It is the mandate that he asked for. It remains for him only to devise the means of carrying it into effect, and all his followers have to say is that the stronger and more prompt his action, the greater the store of their enthusiasm that he will call forth.

"REFORMING" THE LORDS.

THERE is something humorous and very human in the eagerness with which defenders of the Peers, seeking to avoid the wrath to come, are tumbling over one another with schemes of reformation. Regarded as signs of grace, such proposals are not displeasing. They even furnish a quite interesting practice in political aerostatics. Indeed, we see no reason why, by next Christmas, "Reforming the Lords" should not have become a favorite

parlor game. Its elasticity affords infinite scope for ingenuity: its permutations and combinations are virtually inexhaustible. The number of players in a team, the ways of selecting them, the length of innings, the rules on "getting out," methods of scoring and of counting points, to say nothing of the purely material conditions of the game, the size of the ground, the height of the goal-posts, the size, weight, &c., of the ball; each of those matters admits endless discussion and amendment, with no possible finality of settlement. The real title of this game, however, is not "Reforming the Lords" but "Procrastination." If there were one quite obvious and inevitable way of reform, to which all reformers must eventually tend, Reform of the Lords might be treated as practical politics. But there is no such common ground or basis of agreement. The field of discussion is already crowded with an almost inextricable tangle of contending and overlapping proposals. Take any material factor into the issue—for instance, the question how far the hereditary element shall be retained, or how far direct popular election shall be adopted as a method of appointment. The "Spectator" would "prefer the establishment of a Second Chamber on a purely democratic and representative basis, differing from the House of Commons in the smallness of its numbers, and in the fact that it was chosen at a different time, and under different conditions as to the representative areas, but not differing in its electoral basis." But, assuming that the House of Commons would not consent to establishing what must either be a rival or a replica, the "Spectator" falls back upon a mixed House of 350 members, of whom 150 shall be elected by the peers out of their own numbers, 150 by City and County Councils, the other 50 consisting of law lords, bishops, with representative divines from other churches, colonial high commissioners, and ex-cabinet ministers. A tremendous fall, indeed, from the representative electoral character of the "Spectator's" best to its second best! Not dissimilar, though rather less elective, is the project of the "Observer," which would like to see a House of about 350 members, not more than 200 being peers of the realm, sitting by right of their order, the others being life peers, or other lords, nominated or elected for a term of office. The "Observer's" House would in effect be constituted thus: "(1) Hereditary Peers, entitled to sit by high public services, or selected by the whole body of their order at the beginning of a Parliament, (2) Life Peers, (3) temporary Peers, nominated or elected for a tolerably long term, and (4) Lords Spiritual representing not only the Established Church, but all the great religious denominations of the United Kingdom—perhaps also of the chief self-governing Colonies."

The scheme of Lord Rosebery's own Committee of 1908 still retained, it will be remembered, the hereditary principle as the staple, only admitting a small alloy of outsiders appointed and not elected either directly or indirectly. The "Spectator" and "Observer" schemes thus represent concessions to the elective method and the representative idea. The "World" makes a further advance in the attack upon the hereditary principle, insisting that, "apart from the Royal dukes, not a single peer should hold his seat by virtue

of hereditary right." On the other hand, with equal vehemence it declares against popular election. "Power must come through merit, not through birth." How this House of meritorious persons is to be constituted in the first place, it fails to explain, only urging that vacancies should be filled up by life peers appointed by the Prime Minister for the time being.

These samples will serve to indicate how hopeless it would be to expect any agreement upon the nature of reform among Conservative reformers. If Liberals were called upon, as at present they are not, to participate in the game, its difficulty would become far more complicated, and its goal more remote. Among defenders of the Lords, or enemies of popular self-government, there is only one common purpose, viz., to present a vision of a Second Chamber in appearance more conformable to modern thought, but retaining the predominant political proclivities of the present House of Lords. If they can so reconstruct and redecorate the Second Chamber as to be able to advertise it in the capacity of a commodious modern residence provided with electric lighting and all the latest improvements, they reckon that another long lease may be obtained from the gullible British public. To clear out the "rotters" and the backwoodsmen, to admit some persons from outside, of eminence and specious merit, entering as ex-officio or appointed members, to concede just so much to the elective principle as to qualify heredity and personal eminence by a minimum of indirectly elected members, chosen out of county councillors, or other persons with a motor-car qualification, to such a reformation are they driven by the spirit of the times. If by such means they can obtain, or represent themselves as obtaining, a Senate which shall satisfy Lord Rosebery's conditions of "a strong, a real, and an efficient Second Chamber," all will not be lost. Nay, much may be gained. For this Second Chamber, on the ground of its efficiency and its demi-semi-representative character, is to retain those "rights" of rejecting the legislative proposals of the Commons and the people, and of interfering with finance, which represent the encroachments of recent years.

It is not efficiency that these politicians are after. Until its vital power was seriously threatened, they lifted no finger in favor of improved efficiency. It is "strength" they are after. History, indeed, may teach these "reformers" that they can safely and advantageously take several further steps in the direction of an elective Second Chamber. If they could get rid of their antiquated hereditary principle, they might invite the nation to assist them in setting up an indirectly elected Second Chamber like the American or the French Senate, endowing it with an infinite power of check-mating the popular will in the interests of the possessing classes. A Senate like that of France, the members chosen for nine years from an electoral body composed of delegates of municipal councils and of officials of the departments, supplemented by life Senators, elected by the two Chambers, would really meet the requirements of our Conservatives excellently well, if they could shed altogether hereditary qualification.

Such a body, endowed with an adequate veto, stands

in the two great Republics of the world as a more efficient champion of the rights of property than the House of Lords even during the recent period of its arrogance. Such an "elected" Second Chamber would not have to tread so delicately in discriminating between Trade Dispute Bills and Plural Voting or Temperance Bills, in selecting "favorable ground," or in pretending to recognise the "mandate" of the people when they dare not fight. Self-respecting members of the Upper House must have deeply resented the indignity of this Agag attitude, and sighed for the superior independence of the American Senate, which can stay with impunity any popular law designed to damage their trusts or railroads, and can vote millions of dollars to themselves and their friends by tampering with tariffs. If the Liberal and Labor parties were idiotic enough to abandon their plain present duty of destroying the Lords' Veto, in order to take a hand in such a game, they would, in the end, find themselves "left" with a new House of Lords, reformed according to scriptural analogy, swept, garnished, and tenanted by—American trust-makers and Paris financiers.

THE BATTLE OF THE PRUSSIAN BUREAUCRACY.

THE reactionary who is also doctrinaire has become a rarity in English politics. Hobbes left no tradition behind him. Hegel was liberalised when Green and Caird acclimatised him at Oxford. One must go to the Russian Pobedondstseff for a modern persecutor who was intolerant on theory, and repressed in obedience not to a regrettable and temporary necessity, but to an eternal principle boldly avowed. The late Lord Salisbury could not fairly be called either reactionary or doctrinaire without some qualification. He was rather an individualist, who concealed in epigrams and taunts a species of sceptical anarchism. He doubted about all government, and chose a strong government which governed as little as possible. He was not a lath which posed as iron; he was rather an interrogation which stiffened at moments into an imperative. The typical English reactionary has rarely dared to avow the theory which underlies his acts. It is his pose to be the practical man, who leaves to Socialists or Radicals the unpopular wisdom of theorising. When he calls in the Lords to reject a Budget, it is because he "trusts the people," and claims that they should be consulted. When he signals to them to reject a Bill for the abolition of plural voting, it is because he pretends that the other anomaly of unequal constituencies should be redressed by the same Act. It is refreshing to turn from the unrealities and insincerities of our own reaction to the frankness and boldness of the Prussian variety. The speech in which Herr von Bethmann Hollweg declared in set terms that governments are above public opinion, and have a duty to over-ride it, had at least the merit of honesty. It gave a reason why two days later the police of Prussia drew their sabres on the unarmed crowds which demanded a Reform Bill. No other reason is sincere, and no other reason is worth examination. Herr von Bethmann Hollweg is still something of an enigma. He

is not a talking Chancellor. A bureaucrat has succeeded a diplomatist. His career will be the test of the measure of success which may in an awakened and educated industrial State attend the reactionary doctrinaire.

Of the Bill which the new Chancellor has introduced in his capacity of Minister-President of Prussia, we need not speak at length. It leaves the old three-class system of voting essentially untouched. The ballot is still public; elections are still indirect; constituencies are still grotesquely unequal. Above all, the 15 per cent. of propertied voters will still outvote by two to one the 85 per cent. of the proletariat massed in the third class. Some 598,000 Socialist voters return six deputies; some 418,000 Conservatives return 212 deputies. Under the new scheme it is doubtful whether even the six rebels can be elected. For this system Herr von Bethmann Hollweg gave the only defence which is possible—a denial of the sovereignty of the people. Government, he roundly declared, "refused to be influenced by public opinion," and rejected every measure which would subject it to parties, or establish a Parliamentary system. He had to meet the objection that even in Prussia, where the Diet does, after all, control taxation and legislation, a Ministry, which must somehow manage a sort of Parliament, inevitably obeys the will of the propertied class and defends its interests alone. He turned for his justification to facts. In spite of its constitution, the Prussian system of taxation levies direct imposts on property which cannot be paralleled in democratic France. It has long practised methods of social reform and organisation for the benefit of the working classes, which England is only beginning to imitate. Its municipal institutions are in many respects a model which Liberals elsewhere might copy. And, finally, he might have added (if we may complete his argument for him) it is the German Reichstag, elected by universal suffrage, and not the Prussian Diet, which has given, by its food taxes and its Agrarian Tariff, the supreme example of class selfishness. Whatever criticisms one may lavish on the work of the Prussian Diet, it does not always show the crude spirit of class egoism which one would expect from its composition. The claim that the Bureaucracy is in some sense above party and class is not so wholly preposterous as one might suppose. It is a system of defence for a class ascendancy, but at least it is an intelligent and benevolent system. It educates the voters whom it fears. It saves them from the worst phases of dependence and want. It cultivates in their minds, most dangerous boldness of all, a habit of expecting much from a State machinery which they desire to capture in the hope of obtaining more. The French or English workman, armed with the power of the ballot, has but a faint conception of the boons which he might win by using it. The Prussian workman is tantalised by realising to the full the possibilities of State action which he aspires in vain to guide. A bureaucracy which has done these things may claim to be at once bold and, within limits, disinterested. And for a reason which Herr von Bethmann Hollweg carefully refrained from stating, it is possible for a Bureaucracy, inspired by the ideal of the philosopher-official, to count on its supremacy over a Diet which would in any other

country speak only for the manufacturer and the squire. The feat of managing it is rendered possible by the simple fact that of the deputies, and of the voters in the two higher classes, an immense proportion are themselves officials. A rigid discipline controls, within certain limits, their public votes, alike in the Diet and at the polls. The bureaucracy must, indeed, make terms with the plutocracy. But it is never its mere servant. It controls, from the deputies in the Diet anxious for promotion and patronage, to the postmen and teachers in the constituencies, a regimented phalanx which makes it, in its own right, a power.

The struggle for equal and secret voting in Prussia raises an almost insoluble problem in political mechanics. If it is to be conceded of free will it presupposes not merely the voluntary abdication of a class, but an act of abnegation by parties. When the franchise was gradually extended in our own country, not even a Labor Party existed. But in Prussia, Social Democracy is in numbers, in discipline, and in unity, incomparably the strongest popular force in the country. Liberals and Tories among ourselves hoped by turns to profit politically from reform. But not even the so-called "Radicals" can have anything to gain by it in Prussia. The Clericals desire a secret ballot; the National Liberals and the Radicals have much to gain from a redistribution of seats. But only the Socialists effectively and sincerely want to abolish the ascendancy of property. A successful recourse to force is not thinkable; the Bristol riots could not be imitated in Berlin. There remains only the supreme weapon whose edge the Socialists have been fingering doubtfully for years—the general strike. It will be tried sooner or later, not so much because it is a hopeful method, as because it is so clearly the only method of intimidating a bureaucracy which seems to occupy an impregnable position. The end will not come easily, and that chiefly for the reason that there is more at stake than the internal government of Prussia. The democratisation of Prussia, as Herr von Bethmann Hollweg avowed in this singular piece of thinking-aloud, would involve the democratisation of the Empire. The fall of bureaucracy there would mean the adoption of responsible Parliamentary government in the Empire itself. The tariff would be in the melting-pot; the Navy Act would cease to be sacrosanct; the policy of the world's greatest military State would be exposed to the dictation of a party which is frankly anti-militarist. A bureaucracy which is at once intelligent, benevolent, and firm, dies hard. But it has made any half-way house untenable. The change will come, and with it a new Germany and a new Europe.

A PARTY OF PROPERTY.

FOXES who lose their tails (or even cut them off) are apt to expand on the attractions of tail-lessness, and, though we agree with some of Lord Rosebery's and Mr. Harold Cox's criticisms of the party system, we doubt whether their own case illustrates its more serious defects. Lord Rosebery, for example, talked at the dinner to Mr. Cox of the "pooling" of men's consciences which allegiance to party involves. But

it was the objection to "pooling" his intelligence, to acting in concert with his fellows, which drove Lord Rosebery out of party affairs, and forbids him to re-enter them. The co-operative instinct is a social factor as well as the love of independence. Lincoln and John Bright were men of a singularly virile and self-sufficing type. But they adhered in the main to one school of political workmanship. Must we say, because a politician of entirely opposite and much less masculine nature easily breaks away from an early allegiance, that the bond which held was a degrading one, and that the man who disowned a public tie was necessarily in the line of public duty? The question is one of temperament as well as of intellectual build. In Lord Rosebery's case an extreme fastidiousness of character, joined to a growing disbelief in democracy, pointed to his failure in the rude life of party. The case of Mr. Harold Cox is of a different character. In an entirely honorable sense, Mr. Cox belongs to the type of literary *condottieri*. Beginning as an outlaw from conventional politics, he has worked through all the schools of revolt, until he finds himself finally identified with the most conservative of all our parties—that which seeks merely the conservation of privilege. This is a recurring phenomenon in politics. The Bourbons could never have planted themselves afresh on French soil without drawing on the brains of Napoleon's marshals and diplomatists. Similarly, it has been a godsend to Lord Wemyss and the "Spectator" to find in an ex-Socialist a fresh, up-to-date critic of a policy that they could only meet with the short-range weapons of the old individualism. But Mr. Cox deceives himself if he thinks that he remains the detached force which he represented when he entered Parliament. In the process of always criticising Liberalism he has become a Tory, able to range himself on almost every point of mundane politics with thinkers like Lord Hugh Cecil. As it happens, the Tory machine, obeying the original impulse which the Birmingham caucus gave to the stricter organisation of British parties, has taken a sharp turn in favor of the form of State Socialism which calls itself Protection. In the act it has crushed out Mr. Cox and the abler members of the Cecil family. But for that accident there is not a Tory seat in the House of Commons (or the House of Lords) which would not be acceptably filled by the late member for Preston.

While, therefore, we agree with some of Mr. Cox's criticism of party politics—its exclusive culture of the fighting spirit, its assumption that all wisdom and goodness lie with one side or another, and its forcing of men's minds and feelings into this crude mould—we should prefer the most brawling faction to the particular eddy in which Lord Rosebery is content to dwell. Lord Hugh Cecil quaintly called the dinner at the Freemasons' Hall a "feast of liberty"; a celebration of the spirit which, driven from the caucus-ridden Commons, finds, according to Lord Rosebery, its last and favorite seat in the House of Lords. In fact, the celebration at the Freemasons' Hall was a feast, not of liberty, but of property, which is a very different thing. The defence of property is a lawful and rational pursuit, but it takes its

devotees out of the party system for reasons which reflect credit rather than discredit on our politics. Let the disqualifications and drawbacks of party government be what they may, the followers of the system, be they Tory or Liberal, possess other bonds of union than self-interest. For this reason the timidities of rich and highly privileged men never did form the basis of any political association, and never can. Least of all can they group themselves under the banner of freedom. Lord Rosebery may honestly regard the House of Lords as a Cave of Liberty, but Mr. Cox knows that Lord Rosebery's estates and rents, his hereditary title to legislate for us, the processes that enter most closely into the building up of this brilliant figure, with its various facets of aristocrat, millionaire, leader of fashionable thought, and literary model to Mayfair, did not arise in anything that can be called a state of freedom, and would all be swept away if we returned to it. What Mr. Cox might see, were he a little more emancipated from a set of dogmas that a clever man can only propound with his eyes shut, is that no really coercive form of politics is in itself repugnant to the society which he now frequents. It all depends on whom it coerces. The old-fashioned individualists were at least consistent, and modern thought drew away from them for motives widely different from those which produced Lord Rosebery's breach with Liberalism. They treated Protection and Conscription as forms of the same heresy. But Lord Wemyss and the "Spectator" find no difficulty in rejecting the one and accepting the other, and thus turning a serious philosophy of life into a crude, illogical defence of things as they are. Lord Rosebery is the chosen prophet of this type of thoughtlessness; but it does not reveal a true line of moderation, and its aloofness from party represents neither an intellectual nor a moral advantage.

Life and Letters.

THE PROBLEM OF THE VILLAGE.

WE are constructing, slowly and with difficulty, a picture for posterity of the life of the people of England. Underneath the outward appearance of the hurried, good-tempered crowd, we have penetrated to the homes and habits of each one of them. Mr. Booth has given, on a large scale and with infinite toil, the life and labor of the people of London. Mr. Rowntree has done the same for York. Special investigations have dealt with West Ham, Manchester, Cambridge, Dundee. The English village has hitherto been neglected. But to-day, in Miss Davies's "Life in an English Village" (Fisher Unwin), we can enjoy the result of the sociological scalpel, dissecting the economic life of a rural parish. Corsley, in Wiltshire, an area of nearly five square miles, is the district selected: a district which includes no village at all, in the accepted sense of the word, but scattered hamlets, tiny aggregations of cottages, and solitary houses. It cannot be recorded as "typical," but no village in England can be regarded as typical. Rural life in this country, with its extraordinary variations to-day of growth, equilibrium, and decay, exhibits quite different characteristics in a score of counties. For any complete picture we should require a colliery village of the Midlands, an East Anglian village, landless and forlorn, a "model" village in the new South Country parasitic England, where farming is irrelevant and all the money spent flows in channels from the great house of the new rich—perhaps, also, at the other end of the

scale, one of the few independent villages which still remain, in the small holding districts of South-East Lincolnshire or West Norfolk. But here is at least a beginning in an examination hitherto confined to the towns; and a beginning of very great interest and value.

This "Corsley" is untypical in many ways. First there is no definite "village" as a centre of rural life; no little huddled group of houses, along straight street or around village green, with Church and public houses and village institute, which is the backbone of what still abides in the life of rural England. Second, there is no big house or "squire," and hence none of that particular group of hall servants, gardeners, gamekeepers, and general "hangers on" who are normally associated with their presence. Perhaps it is for this reason, amongst others, that pauperism is so scarce, that almost every family belongs to a sick benefit club, and that the reputation for prompt payment of debt stands universally so high. Third, there appears no difficulty here in obtaining land, as cottage garden or allotment, at reasonable rent: and immediately family budgets and family incomes commence to be analysed, it is found that the produce of this land forms an all-important factor in the life of the people. It is by this means that a number of the households, the actual income of whose breadwinner falls substantially below the poverty "line," are able to preserve themselves permanently above it. It is this extra source of revenue and of food which gives these poorly fed country dwellers advantage over the unskilled laborers of the city, or of villages where land is difficult or impossible to obtain. Some are skilled market gardeners, in adequate, if not affluent, circumstances. Some fell back on the land when injured in industry, when crippled by disease, or when growing old. "If a man loses an arm, becomes rheumatic, or in any way is so disabled as to have difficulty in finding an employer as an agricultural laborer, he cultivates his garden, perhaps manages to obtain a horse and cart, builds himself a rough stable of corrugated iron, and some pig-styes, and working with his wife, manages to make a hard living." A hard living: but his fellow worker, in similar circumstances, in the town is either spirited away to some Institution, charitable or friendly, or else tramping the street amid a mob of the ineffectual unemployed. The country way is the better way. Again, there are those families where the husband is fully occupied in work, and the wife cultivates the garden, often with surprising results. In one, the woman, out of a garden of 50 poles, is able to sell eight guineas' worth of fruit and vegetables, besides supplying eggs, poultry, and vegetables for home consumption. Yet how many villages, in the Eastern counties, for example, with land stretching up to the doors of their houses, have no cottage gardens at all!

In such a condition, and with other lesser trades supplementing the agriculture, whose service employs nearly three-fifths of the male breadwinners, it is a little disappointing to find so high a percentage of poverty. The population (824 at the last census, probably less to-day), is distributed amongst 220 households. Of those households only 28 are in primary poverty—poverty, that is to say, in which the total income received is less than the amount required for efficient physical nourishment. In this minimum "nothing is allowed for clubs, insurance, and provision against old age and sickness generally, though it is the practice, even of the poorest laborers of Corsley, to make such provision. Nor is anything allowed for waste, owing to ignorance, of the most nourishing and economical food, or accident of any kind." In secondary poverty—those whose income gives a margin of something up to 1s. per head for such insurances, as well as those who are obviously living in want, owing to drink, mismanagement, or extravagance—37 families are included. Here is a total in families of 65 out of 220: no excessive proportion. The disquieting symptom is found in the fact that the poverty families have far more than the normal proportion of children; that, in fact (as Mr. Rowntree found in York), the chief cause of poverty is not drink or accident, but child-bearing. It is the laborer, in the prime of life, who finds his

condition depressed below the poverty line, just because, at this period, he has so many young mouths to feed. It is just at the period of life when food and decent conditions are most urgently required that these growing children are compelled to experience a scarcity of both. Only 16 out of 70 households in which the head of the family is a laborer are in primary poverty; but these 16 include 76 out of 121 children being reared in such households. "Only in households where adults outnumber children," is the somewhat mournful conclusion, "can these be brought up under conditions which give scope to full development of their faculties." The "poverty line" has been fiercely attacked by Mrs. Bosanquet and others as providing an altogether excessive standard of expenditure. And, indeed, the tales of the "hungry 'forties," with incomes which necessitated permanent semi-starvation, through which the rural poor struggled with endless courage and patience, show that some kind of endurance and propagation is possible, far below that limit. On the other hand, Miss Davies brings corroborative detail from the village school, establishing something more than a fanciful relationship between poverty and mental dulness and deficiency. Analysis of reports upon the children of 162 households show that lethargy, strangeness, nervousness, steadily increase with the lowering income of each group. Of 18 families with children of school age in primary poverty, no less than ten have deficient children, and six of these come from homes which defy criticism. It has been largely held hitherto that bad housing, insanitation, lack of fresh air, and similar discouraging environments are mainly responsible for the breeding of the inefficient. This investigation strengthens the contention of Dr. Eicholtz and the Edinburgh inquiry that the dominant factor is the food question. "The dulness and deficiency of the children," is Miss Davies's summary, "even in a rural district where every advantage of good air and healthy surroundings is obtained, is mainly due to malnutrition; for, though a certain proportion of dulness is found in all or most classes, whether well fed or otherwise, the greatly larger percentage amongst the children of the very poor, even when the parents are in every respect satisfactory, can hardly be due to any other cause."

"Blessed is he who has his quiver full of them," declared the Psalmist, who found "young children" like the arrows in the hand of a giant. The modern world is coming to apprehend an implacable conflict between the demands of one generation and of the next—the warfare between the present and the future. One result of that warfare is this depression into poverty of the child-bearing laborers of Corsley. In the towns, a birth-rate falling with alarming collapse reveals the fact that the clerks and artisans are deliberately deciding that the needs of the Present shall prevail over the demands of the Future, and that children shall be forbidden, or strictly limited in number. In the village, the largest family still tends to accompany the lowest wage; and only another accompaniment—a high infantile death-rate—prevents still more glaring inequality between needs and wages.

But this is the cross section of a process—continuous, without haste or rest, while men wake or sleep. This particular plot of English ground, so fair to look upon, is the scene of a transformation, not local, but national. Seventy years ago, it supported 1,621 persons. To-day, but a few more than half occupy the same territory. They wander out, into the neighboring towns, into the capital, into all the world. But few of them ever return. Of 456 children over school age and still living, born to 198 of the householders, 200 are now living in the parish, 256 living elsewhere. This migration is less than in the villages of Suffolk or Surrey. It is probably limited by the comparative prosperity of the people, and the ease with which land in small quantities can be obtained. It is greater amongst the women than the men; of 237 females 158 are resident elsewhere, only 79 remain. At the age of adolescence the most energetic and enterprising of both sexes flee away from the fields and houses which have been the homes of their fathers.

Cottages are allowed to fall into ruin; accommodation decreases; social life is present, in various sports and pastimes and religious gatherings; and the general impression is of an atmosphere tranquil and not unsatisfied. But if the villages are to become breeding places of children, sucked into the cities to provide there a healthy and virile life, it would seem that some provision were needed against the permanent handicap that life receives owing to it being mainly raised in childhood through a condition of poverty. And if the rural area is again in the future, as once in the past, to develop a civilisation of its own, to harvest traditions of song and architecture and rude comfort such as once undoubtedly dignified these pleasant lands, an essential preliminary would appear to be that economic stability which comes from increasing enlargement of opportunities of security, in independent cultivation of the land.

BREAD AND GAMES.

WHEN the Athenian poet observed that, though many things are strange, nothing is so wonderful as man, he flung into his list of human marvels just the most marvellous faculties of all as though they were not of greater account than the rest. Man ventures out upon the wintry seas, he said, and furrows with his team the inexhaustible breast of earth from year to year; with gin and mesh he catches fowls, beasts, and fish; he tames the forest monster, and lays his yoke upon the horse and mountain bull; he has taught himself speech, and thought winged like the wind, and the rules of city life; he has learnt an escape from the shafts of frost and storm; he has discovered cures for hopeless diseases, and invented contrivances to avoid every evil, except death. Such is the list of human marvels. The poet then goes on to say that, in spite of all these astonishing accomplishments, man's fortune is sometimes bad as well as good, and that only by observing human law and divine justice can he remain a worthy citizen—a conclusion true almost to satiety.

So, then, man is conspicuous among the other beings of earth as a sailor, a ploughman, a hunter, a horse-breaker, a speaker, a philosopher, a statesman, a tailor, a builder, and a doctor. The order seems a little peculiar, a little disconcerting, perhaps, to our professors and politicians, who find themselves thus jumbled up between horsebreakers and tailors. But let them take comfort; the poet's irony is entirely unconscious, and, at all events, he has got them on his list, whereas some men would have left them out altogether, either in forgetfulness or on the excuse that they never would be missed. For who are the really important people in this world? Obviously they are the ploughman, who gives us bread, the hunter (including the butcher, poulterer, and fishmonger) who gives us meat, the tailor and builder, who keep us dry and warm, the horsebreaker (including the engine-driver and chauffeur) who transports us to the City and back every day, and the sailor who transports our relations to the Antipodes. Those are the men who count in human life; those are the men whose loss we should really feel; and if the poet had gone on to remark that without them a man could not remain a worthy citizen, he would have been right. Without them a man would be outcast—"apolis," to use the poet's word—helpless, destitute, afflicted, pinched with raw hunger, crumpled with the cold, a prey to nephews and wild beasts, a forked radish, a shrieking mandrake envious of the gallows-tree.

If our men of eloquence, of thought, and affairs—if our writers, philosophers, and politicians accuse us of cynicism for thus exalting people of low estate, and bringing the mighty down to the level of those who purvey material necessities, creature comforts, or whatever other contemptuous phrase may be used, we would only invite them to walk alone at midnight where the repeated flare of lightning reveals the forest, and the sheets of the tornado's rain keep leopards in their caves, though hungry for intellectual bones. Or let them be cast, like the survivor of last week's wreck, among the

rocks of an untenanted shore and devour live winkles without a pin. There they will gain new insight into the relative values of human occupations. Or, if it is too much to ask them thus to expose their sensitive forms to experimental vivisection for which we reserve lower animals even than they, in their next railway journey, instead of reading poetry or the political Year-books, let them listen to what their fellow-travellers converse upon. They will find that the basis of conversation still is food, clothing, transport, and health—the ploughman, the tailor, the horsebreaker, and the doctor, as that old poet said. About these their companions will exchange a recurrent series of pleasurable and interesting facts—the speed or leisure of certain trains, the advantages of certain materials for covering the skin, the condition of their internal organs at the minute, or the steak that lingers in the memory.

Food supplies a universal thrill. All stomachs vibrate to that dulcet string. We have heard a warrior discourse on deeds of heroism to a fidgety and listless audience, but when he told of horseflesh rations and whisky at £5 a bottle, all sat breathless with admiration. Where food was eaten last week and will be eaten next, is a conversational theme of inexhaustible excitement. The other day we heard the question discussed with concentrated gusto like the distilled essence of innumerable plates. It was a man and woman from the brightest and best of our Imperial breed. Both had enjoyed the highest intellectual education that money can buy. The youth of both had been guided by men or women of choice refinement in places where true religion and useful learning do flourish and abound. They were passing through scenes of great natural beauty, quickened by memories of warlike splendor. But firmly rooted in the essential necessities of humanity, they took no thought of the superfluities of refinement, religion, learning or noble minds. They clutched the bedrock of reality, and, letting all else go hang in windy air, they discussed the pleasurable sensations of solid satisfaction they had received, or were about to receive, in various restaurants at various times of day and night. One thought alone disturbed the composure of their prospect, looking before and after. In about a fortnight's time the young man would be compelled in the pursuit of his pleasure to undertake a journey that would necessitate starting at half-past six in the evening, and arriving very little before nine. Where, then, was dinner? It was excluded. He had tea and bread and butter before getting up in the morning, breakfast with courses of fish, meat, and eggs, at half-past nine, a little something to support his constitution at eleven, lunch with courses of fish, meat, fowls, puddings, and coffee at two, tea and cakes at half-past four or five, and he was to travel through a country where he could buy buns every half-hour. But if he had to wait for dinner till half-past nine, heaven help him! The outlook was black. It cast a prophetic gloom over the fourteen satiated days to come. He felt like the criminal whose execution looms with nearer shade on every sunrise. The untutored savage sharpening his teeth with a file, as he squats beside the cauldron wherein the cow's head bubbles, is blest compared with him.

Who will not admire so provident a devotion to the primal cravings of our kind? When so much happiness is at stake, caution rises to its apotheosis. The working people, who eat bread by the sweat of their brows, may live from hand to mouth, as they expressively say; but the educated classes, eating by the sweat of other people's brows, require a spoon at least a fortnight long. "I always must, and always do, have a substantial luncheon every day," exclaimed a passer-by lately in our hearing, and a glance at his bulging eyes and jelly cheeks proved that his boast summarised the achievements of a lifetime. Such are the real interests and attractions of humanity, and what rivalry can poets, thinkers, or statesmen hope to put up against them? It is rightly said that the poor dare not move to avenge their misery, because they keep their eyes always fixed on the next chance of a meal, and cannot risk the importunate uncertainty. But if the rich are similarly occupied, only with vision indefinitely extended over the eating-houses

of the world, for what attention can the fastidious children of intelligence look? Is it such a wonder that the poet jammed them in between horsebreakers and tailors? The wonder is that he gave them standing-room at all in this procession of human life, which a nursery pessimist, mindful of soap in the eyes, and tangles in the hair, and spills upon the tablecloth, lately defined as "one damn thing after another."

If it be said that food and raiment are indeed the essential interests of life, but not its only pleasure and occupation, we would ask to what objects man's attention is turned next after them. In different countries the secondary objects differ, but listen again to the conversation of the educated classes. In Germany it turns on beer, in France on women, in Spain on bulls, in England on leathern or india-rubber balls. Those are the things that really interest mankind, and if among ourselves the necessities of life have any rival besides the ball, it is the horse, which absorbs the intellect of a small and diminishing circle. Ten years ago, when disaster after disaster befell our armies in the field, and our national fortunes had touched their lowest grade, the broadside of a popular evening paper announced, "England in Danger," referring to the possible defeat of our country by Australians in a game of ball. That editor knew his people. Similarly, the Paris theatres were open during the September massacres, and while the guns were clearing the barricades in the streets of Moscow, the well-to-do enjoyed the pastime of tobogganing in their back gardens. In our own case, if the grisly monsters crossed the North Sea unimpeded, and vomited their battalions upon our holy shores, if the invaders swept our country with a broom, and celebrated their triumphs in our cathedrals, if they decimated our manhood, confiscated our Empire, but sustained defeat from a picked eleven at Lord's, it is confidently anticipated that we should console ourselves with the reflection that all was lost but honor.

Bread and games!—it is the old complaint of the satirist that the population's heart is set on them. And, indeed, if that were all, it would seem in vain for our politicians to get up early and go to bed late, and eat the bread of five thousand a year. For why fluster about the precedence of veto or Budget, when a horse can give either two laps in common esteem and win by a length? Or why be perturbed about Home Rule, when Ireland has already avenged her wrongs upon the oppressor between the goal posts? But it is the satirist who has been wrong all the time. The marvel about man is, not that he seeks after bread and games, but that he ever seeks after anything else; just as the wonder of a prison is, not that anyone is there, but that anyone is outside. Thought, speculation, learning, justice, and heroic toil—those are a perpetual astonishment. That a man should live to eat, or should pursue amusement with assiduous pleasure, is nothing in the least wonderful. That he should rhyme two lines of verse, or discover the first proposition of Euclid, or hurt his little finger for the love of freedom, is a miracle that extinguishes the Milky Way. In the midst of the daily need for food and the daily longing for delight, man is out upon the search for other things besides the bread and games, and that is where the incalculable peculiarity of his nature comes in. Something rather terrible, the poet thought it, when among all the strange things of the world he chose out man as the strangest, and, rather casually, among the other achievements of sailing, building, and medicine, he threw in those queer inventions of speech and winged thought, and the rules of city life.

THE COMPENSATIONS OF STUPIDITY.

CICERO and other sophists have sought consolation for old age in the reflection that with growing age the claims and passions of the body weaken, and the intellect, working more freely upon its fuller store of knowledge, yields an even larger and more abiding fund of satisfaction. A vainer proposition has seldom been adduced. The experience of all times is against it. The interests of old people do not become more intel-

lectual, but generally less. Though sensuous pleasures grow absolutely feebler with the dwindling of the vital forces, the needs and interests of the body come to play a larger part than ever in the conscious life. Nor does this apply merely to the case of those who either have never cultivated much their mind, or else have occupied it mainly in some sphere of business or professional activity from which they have retired. The test is rather to be found in men of definitely intellectual tastes and habits, whose early and middle life has been predominantly occupied with "things of the mind." With very rare exceptions, such men, as age advances, instead of becoming more and more absorbed in the pursuits of science, literature, or philosophy, fall back upon the simpler human relations and the primary material interests of life. We do not here refer to the period of senility or dotage when brain-decay has set in, but to a long antecedent period when the intellect, to all appearance, retains its powers, but gets less satisfaction from their use. After middle age there comes, with most people, a really instinctive reaction against intellectualism. It is hardly too much to say that they have "found out" the intellectual life; the pride and pretensions of its earlier appeals are reduced by experience to moderate dimensions. For the intellect is the greatest of pretenders, though its exposure is one of the great tasks to which the masterpieces of tragedy and comedy in world-literature from Ecclesiastes to Faust have always set themselves, it ever re-imposes its sway upon the credulity of youth. The "Age of Reason" seems to be at hand, ambitious men with far-searching minds will set in order their own inner life and the outside world; short cuts to happiness, prosperity, and progress are promised to those who still ignore the passions which actually move life, and shall hand over the conduct of affairs to men of efficient intellect. The notion of what constitutes efficiency may shift. A century ago deductive reasoning could perform the trick, and men of intellect rallied round the standard of Robert Owen, whose monumental claim is thus recorded by himself in the Preface to his Autobiography: "These writings are intended to effect an entire Revolution in the spirit, mind, manners, habits, and conduct of the Human Race; a Rational, Practical Revolution to be introduced gradually, in peace, with wise foresight, and to be highly beneficial for all through futurity—a Revolution to supersede a system of individual ignorant selfishness, based on the origin of falsehood and evil, and which can be supported only by force, fear, fraud, and falsehood, superseded by a system based on the origin of truth and good, which can alone produce the spirit, knowledge, and wisdom by which to govern society perpetually on social principles."

Nowadays, intellectual efficiency is sought through minute investigation of detailed facts, plotted curves of statistical import, and rigidly inductive reasoning. But, though methods change, it is the same great bluff, the pretence that intellect can assume the direction of human affairs, can control or move the actual motive forces. Now, returning to our standing-point, the chief reason why older people tend to become less intellectual, is that they have slowly learned to knock off about ninety per cent. from the claims of intellect. If they have travelled far in any special study, they have learned that its foundations are the most shaky part of the edifice, that insoluble problems lurk under even the exactest sciences, and that the most vitally important questions are precisely those to which the most unsatisfying answers must be given.

Or, if they are not philosophers or scientists, and do not arrive at any such clear convictions, they have learned to suspect the truth. Pronounced rationalists (we use the term in its broader sense) seldom win personal popularity even among intellectual people; clever persons we like most when they relax and stoop to folly. Most intellectual men and women find their dearest friends, not among fellow intellectuals, but among good, kindly, rather stupid persons, with whom they can unbend and enjoy themselves. This does not merely signify the desire for relief from the strains of a tense intellectualism. It implies a certain repudia-

tion of the claims of the intellect as guide in life. Your rationalist, who constantly presses for the why and wherefore of our judgments and our valuations and opinions, is felt not merely as troublesome but as irrelevant. For experience of life teaches that the maxim "*de gustibus non est disputandum*" has earned its triteness by the infinitude of practical wisdom it enshrines. Elaborate argumentation is always seen to run to earth in some personal valuation that defies all logic. In all attempts of reasoning to shift these valuations, there exists a pathetic imbecility. Indeed, the futile persistency of the endeavors of a rationalist to dislodge an enemy he cannot see from a position he cannot approach, seems to involve some radical illusion of intellectualism. Perhaps, however, it is only the necessary inability of any faculty to recognise its limitations.

The upshot of the business is that the keen play of the intellect is seen to have something "unnatural" in it. We rightly recognise that a man may be a slave to his intellect much as he may be a slave to his passions, and, if a man is endowed with good passions, the latter servitude seems safer. For there is something in the over-cultivation of the reasoning powers which atrophies the common affections of humanity, and so leads men into worse fallacies of conduct than are attributable to mere illogic. "Mathematics," it has been said, "breeds a despotic way of thinking," and the annals of ecclesiastical and political government are full of terrible testimony to the havoc wrought by logical doctrine and administration upon the course of human history. Hence it is that, as we grow older, we come to "suffer fools gladly," provided their folly is not too pronounced, and even to recognise that they are "God's fools" in that God or Nature sanctions and inspires their folly. Upon the whole, rather stupid persons, who let themselves be guided by their feelings, tend to go more straightly, more safely, and more comfortably through life than their highly-cerebrating neighbors. For, after all, the whole detailed experience of countless generations of human and prehuman life has been boiled down and deposited in the half-instinctive feelings, individual or social, by which stupid, unintellectual persons are guided; natural selection has expelled the worst aberrations, and left a set of instincts and desires which make upon the whole not only for safety but for progress. This is the wisdom of the little child, the fool, the drunkard, and the people. The real question is how to feed and supplement it by conscious rationalism, so as not to impair or displace it—one of those practical problems of compromise or adjustment which confront us everywhere in life. For the art of politics it has supreme importance. For those who trust entirely or mainly to intellectual training for the future of democracy must be driven almost to despair, when they contemplate the small amount of intellectual curiosity which exists, and the facility with which it can be led astray by interested politicians. Fortunately, we are not dependent for political progress upon a fully enlightened popular policy. The evolution of democracy will continue to be mainly the politics of comparatively stupid people, driven by sound but ill-conceived motives of groping collective advantage, capable of choosing leaders and policies less from a clear intellectual apprehension of their meaning and worth than by a sort of "feel" which enables them to sift the better from the worse, a power more akin to art than to science. Education should improve this art, but it cannot displace it, neither can it furnish the power with which it works for the building of better social institutions.

CONFESSIONS OF A JUROR.

LIKE most useless anachronisms the Grand Jury contrives to survive behind a name of signal dignity. Collectively we had these qualifications for intervening in the fate of our fellow-creatures; that we had all paid our rates, that our names all began with the initial X, and that we all of us live in a distant suburb which seems to contribute no criminals of its own to the calen-

dar. One by one in a long file the fifty cases came before us in outline, an unmeaning record of perversity. It was crime through a fog, crime from behind a veil, mechanical, inhuman, incredible. The accused we never saw. The defence we never heard. It was our duty, because our names began with X, to declare that the impossible was probable, that the thing we could not understand had certainly taken place. No. 18 A—I have forgotten his insignificant name—had flung a stone through a £40 plate glass window in broad daylight. Why, we could not guess. We only knew that he had done the same thing before and served "time" for it. We framed our own definition of him—the unknown accused, lying somewhere beneath us, silent and invisible in his cell. No. 18 A is clearly the sort of man who does this sort of thing. "True Bill," said the foreman, and the other X's muttered "presumably mad." Number something else had lain in wait for his neighbor on the common stair and stabbed him in the dark. "He must have had some provocation," said a younger X. "We can't go into that," replied the older and the wiser letters. Witnesses in rags stammered out their timid stories, and four of them confessed that they could not read. A resplendent personage from Belgravia entertained us with a facetious account of a burglary. There was the usual pathetic slum wife, who implored us not to find against the drunken husband who had stabbed her. We hesitated over a long list of young lads found with "jemmies," in the neighborhood of safes, until the official tempter, in a black gown, who managed the "calendar" for us, consoled us with the assurance that it would only mean Borstal. This great shop in Regent Street had a thieving clerk, and the other a porter with an appetite for articles of luxury. We asked what wages they received, uneasily aware that if we were to do our duty, we might have to find a true bill against the employer. But most of our cases were simple affairs of burglary, and usually the victim was himself a poor man. The unseen fellow-citizen whose rights we were defending had been caught red-handed, in a mean and trivial crime, his tools in one pocket, his loot in the other. Even the proud consciousness that our names began with X could not spur us to the mental feat of doubting that his was a suitable case to try.

So it filed before us, this procession of unfortunate names. We did our duty, which is the word that civilised men commonly apply to their more public violations of instinct. Whence they came, these unhonored names, we knew not, and whither we sent them, we tried to forget. There rang all the while in my ears that grisly sentence from the Gospel which used to haunt my childhood, about the officer, the judge, and the tormentors. We did our part, and it is the essence of the system that each shall do his part and nothing but his part. We had taken our oath and donned our blinkers in the name of Almighty God. The "petty" jury will do its part, and the Judge move within his well-worn groove. Never in all the process will the criminal encounter a plain man unfettered by oaths. Never will his fellow-citizens pause to ask why they send him from officer to judge, and from judge to gaoler. Nor may we ask whether he will emerge a better man from the hard labor and the solitary confinement. To each wheel in the machine, the law has allotted a routine function. That drunken husband, when he has fed his empty mind on the unaided reflections that will brood amid ignorance and wrath in a lonely cell, will he come out to love and cherish the little, defenceless, straw-colored mother into whose ribs he thrust his knife? Will he learn chivalry from stone walls, imbibe manhood from skilly, or school his heart to tenderness as he marches round the exercise-yard under the eyes of his warders? We plain men, whose names begin with X, we move, in our suburb, in a world of commonplaces where effects follow upon causes. But in court we are, of all mystics, the most extravagant. It is on a miracle that we reckoned when we shoved our fellow-citizen a stage further on the journey from the officer to the tormentors. We think, if we think at all, that the loss of liberty, of comfort, of society, of changing impressions, of the pageant of light

and weather, can somehow achieve a reformation. The petty jury will be inspired by the same great faith, and the Judge himself will wear a wig and robe in token of the august part which he, too, plays in this mystery of punishment. The system has us all in its toils. It questions us and we answer meekly, never daring in our turn to take it by the throat. "Is there a case for trial," it asks us, and dutifully we have rendered the answer. But is there a use in punishment?

The case against punishment has commonly been argued by the romantics on sentimental grounds. They have taught us to think of the typical criminal as a Jean Valjean, brave, capable, and strong, who wanted from society, not so much the chance to grow and to reform himself, as the invitation to step up higher and to play the superman as mayor and employer. It is quite a different type of criminal who confronts the modern juror amid the realities of a London Sessions. One is under no temptation to idealise the brute who stabbed his pathetically faithful wife, or to glorify the seaman who broke on a winter night into a workman's dwelling, and stole the clothes and the savings of an old age pensioner. The philosophic anarchist has no practical solution for such cases as these. Tolstoy, had he been called among the T's to a London Grand Jury, would simply have evaded the difficulty by pleading the commandment "swear not at all," when the oath was tendered to him. It is easy to run away from actualities, and to confound one's adversary by declaring that in the anarchist millennium the emancipated mother would not give birth to criminal sons. But to us one problem at least presented itself. We have somehow to protect the little straw-colored wife and the white-haired tenant of the workman's flat. We took our share in protecting them in the well-worn traditional way. It is a way which all experience has shown to be faulty. We know that the brutal husband, if ever again he is sufficiently drunk and sufficiently angry, will not stop to reflect on the consequences of drawing his knife. We suspect that the rascally seaman will profit by his experience to perform his next burglary in some slightly more efficient way, or to choose for its scene a port where he is not known to the police. There are two ways of avoiding punishment. The normal man avoids it by prudently refraining from crime, a course to which other instincts move him even more powerfully. The defective man seeks to avoid it by taking care that he shall not be caught. The deterrent effect is a poor argument for a prison system whose chief problem is furnished by the presence of the habitual offender.

There came to the mind of one of the younger X's, as he left the court with his fellows, embarrassed by official thanks, the vision of a Grand Jury which resolved to go on strike. One by one it heard its cases, and one by one it dismissed them all. The cells opened their doors and automatically the released prisoners sorted themselves out, the hopelessly bad to sin again (which in any case they would have done), the accidentally bad to turn over a new leaf, and the innocent to marvel at their fortune. Before it separated, the Grand Jury put its signature to a grand remonstrance. "Make your prisons," it wrote, "places in which the defective mind will encounter a stream of new ideas. Pour into the narrow brain as much as it can receive of cheerful and educative knowledge. Train it to see and hear, and lure it to think of its fellowmen as comrades. Take the stunted body and try, by all the devices which a skilled doctor would use with the children of the rich, to mould and exercise it into health and vigor. Let the indolent and the unlearned, who grew up without a trade at the tail of a carter's van, acquire the pleasure of skill and the delight of productive handicraft. Remodel your prisons on this system, and then we will return you all the true bills which you demand. But, until these things are done, we will not perform even the humblest office of routine in your futile system of punishment." That dream floated in the juror's mind, until by chance he turned idly to his daily paper, to find there Lord Rosebery's lament on the "pooling of consciences" and the tyranny of parties. The moral stared legible. Perhaps, after all, the philosophers were right when they talked

of "my station and its duties," and told us that society is an organism. The groom who daily straps on his horse the bearing-rein, knowing it to be cruel, because his master has bid him, the foreman who takes his share in extracting the last drooping hour of toil from a sweated blouse-maker, the soldier who marches out to slay in a war which his rulers have approved, the juror who reluctantly performs under oath his share in the round of punishment—are they not all filling quietly, as good men should, their station and its duties? This it is to be a detail in a social organism.

Communications.

THE MERITS OF THE FISHER RÉGIME.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—On October 21st, 1904, when the late First Sea Lord took office, the Navy was substantially what it had been since the close of the Crimean War. Tinkering at reform was useless. Nothing short of a complete revolution in the *matériel* and the conversion of an obsolete to a scientific service was of any avail. Enormous changes were necessary. Enormous changes have been made. The reforms were assailed with a bitterness without parallel since the close of the wars with Napoleon. Some of the reforms are still hotly assailed, but the chief among them are already tacitly accepted, since they have proved their value in the general scheme of development started by Lord Fisher in 1904. No matter what Government is in power; no matter what school of naval thought is in the ascendant, no sane mind desires to revert to the old conditions.

Whatever the differences that still divide the old school from the new, four of Lord Fisher's most important and far-reaching reforms are universally accepted:—

1. The introduction of the nucleus crew system.
2. The redistribution of the fleets in accordance with modern requirements.
3. The elimination of inefficient fighting vessels from the Active List of the Navy.
4. The introduction of the all big gun type of battleship and battleship-cruiser.

NUCLEUS CREWS.

Before the nucleus crew system emerged from the late First Sea Lord's mind, Britain wasted the money spent on naval reserves. They were reserves only in name. I went to sea in the last voyage of the old "Sultan." Exercises executed by the Flagship "Majestic" in three minutes were left unfinished by the "Sultan" after half an hour's fumbling. The officers of the mobilised reserve ships were strangers to each other and to their men. Officers and men alike were strangers to their ship. Months were required before the reserve ships, ante-1904, were war-worthy. All is now changed. Gunnery in the nucleus ships last year proved to excel ships of the Channel Fleet. The Reserve is now a real Reserve.

REDISTRIBUTION.

In 1904 the disposition of the British Navy was substantially the same as it was at the close of the American War. Young ladies resident in British Vice-Consulates and elsewhere all over the world were satisfied with a system that gave them the society of the most charming men alive. Millions of money and thousands of expensively trained officers and men were wasted through the obsolete disposition of the Fleet. The North American Squadron, the Pacific Squadron, the East India Squadron were examples of wasted men and wasted money. So long as war is war, the manœuvring ground of ships should be the scene of probable action. As we are not going to fight the United States, to station a costly, weak squadron on the Atlantic seaboard was no advantage to the nation. Useless squadrons were recalled. Officers and crews were stationed where they will possibly be wanted.

The Mediterranean Fleet was cut down. White trousers and calm blue water were replaced by sea boots and North Sea gales. The best Navy men never grumbled; they knew the change was necessary. Nobody divided either House

of Parliament on the question of the new disposition of the Fleet.

USELESS SHIPS.

The number of alleged fighting ships in the Navy that could neither fight nor run away absorbed a big slice of the annual naval estimates. In the Russo-Japanese War Russia lost the use of every ship that was too weak to fight and too slow to escape. Lord Fisher brought home and "scrapped" one hundred and fifty-three British ships that could neither fight nor fly. He has been attacked by the numerous interests affected by the concentration of force in home waters, but no Board of Admiralty is likely again to dribble out money and men on ships of the kind that were put out of commission during the Fisher régime. An immense cost in upkeep and repairs has been saved. The men and officers have all been drafted into fighting ships that can fight. Parliament was not invited to divide on the question.

ALL BIG-GUN SHIPS.

Whatever may be said against the "Dreadnought," it was inevitable. Colonel Cuniberti had already foreshadowed such a ship, ignorant of the fact that Lord Fisher had anticipated him. The chief feature about the "Dreadnought" was not that she was strong or heavily gunned, but that she was a new type. A naval officer's ship is not a constructors' ship—the men who had to fight her planned her. This was a departure new to all navies. When the "Dreadnought" was born, Europe was numbed into inaction for the better part of two years. Not the sound of a hammer was heard on a battleship from Brest to Odessa; from Kiel to Pola. Further, the Germans were compelled either to abandon the Kiel Canal or to spend ten millions in money and eight years in time to deepen the waterway between the Baltic and the Elbe.

Seeing that England for a hundred years had been behind the Continent in naval science, it was something to acquire at one stroke such a start in the acquisition of naval strength that nothing but negligence could lose.

The introduction of the All-Big-Gun type of battleship and battleship cruiser was an act that no Government and no section in any naval school of thought intends or wishes to revoke. No Parliamentary division took place on the "Dreadnought."

The four chief reforms above-mentioned were accompanied by twenty-one other reforms as follows:—

- (1) Complete re-organisation of the dockyards.
- (2) Improved system of refits of ships, and limitation of number of vessels absent at one time from any Fleet for repair.
- (3) Introduction of the Royal Fleet Reserve, composed only of ratings who have served for a period of years in the active service.
- (4) Improvement of Royal Naval Reserve, by enforcing periodical training on board modern commissioned ships in place of obsolete hulks or shore batteries.
- (5) Establishment and extension of Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.
- (6) The establishment of a service of offensive mines and mine-laying vessels.
- (7) The introduction of vessels for defensive mine-sweeping in harbors and on the open sea.
- (8) A complete organisation of the service of auxiliary vessels for the Fleets in war.
- (9) The development of submarines, and the equipment of submarine bases and all the necessary auxiliaries.
- (10) The proper organisation of the destroyer flotillas, with their essential auxiliaries.
- (11) The enormous development of wireless telegraphy afloat, the equipment of powerful shore stations round the coast and at the Admiralty, and the introduction of a special corps of operators.
- (12) The experimental stage of aerial navigation entered upon.
- (13) The foundation of the Royal Naval College and its development.
- (14) The establishment of signal schools at each port.
- (15) The establishment of a navigation school.
- (16) Enormous advances in the gunnery training and efficiency of the Fleet. The average of the Navy is now better than the shooting of the best ships in 1900.

(17) Great improvements in torpedoes, and in the torpedo training.

(18) The introduction of a naval education and training for engine-room artificers.

(19) The introduction of the new rating of mechanician for the stoker class, for engine-driving duties.

(20) Complete re-organisation of the arrangements for mobilisation whereby every officer and man is always detailed by name for his ship on mobilisation, and the mobilisation of the whole Fleet can be effected in a few hours.

(21) The introduction of a complete system of intelligence of trade movements throughout the world.

Great improvements have been made in the conditions of service to officers and men, such as to married men the introduction of two years' commission in place of three years and often four. Ship's bands and a school of music were introduced, and the employment of foreign musicians in ships of war was abolished. The grievances of the men in regard to victualling were removed.

The cookery has been improved; and white bread served out to all the larger ships from bakeries on board in place of hard tack.

The canteen system was recognised and taken under Admiralty control, and the old abuses abolished.

The clothing system has been reformed, and much expense saved to the men.

Great improvements have been effected in the position of petty officers.

Other reforms have been:—

An educational test instituted for advancement to petty officers.

Increase of pension granted to chief petty officers.

Allotment stoppages abolished.

Allowances paid to men in lieu of victuals when on leave.

Promotions from the ranks to commissioned officers introduced.

Warrant rank introduced for the telegraphist, stoker, ship's steward, writer, ship's police, and ship's cook classes.

A comparison of naval strength in home waters of ships in commission at the end of 1904 and in 1910 is given in the following table:—

	1904.	End of 1905.	Beginning of 1907.	1910.
Battleships	16	26	38	44
First-class cruisers	13	25	32	37
Smaller cruisers and gunboats...	30	34	47	58
Destroyers	24	93	120	121
Torpedo-boats	16	50	62	88
Submarines	—	16	40	59

It has been said that since these great changes have been made the British flag has not been shown in distant parts. This is not the fact. The flag has been shown by powerful fighting squadrons more than ever before. Great Britain has sixteen battleships and armored cruisers in foreign waters against one of Germany.

Naval efficiency is the sum of three factors: material, intellectual, and spiritual. The last-named is to all the other factors important in the proportion of three to one. The spiritual factor in war is willingness to die, to obey, to suffer, to be forgotten, to be obscure, or to live in the blaze of publicity. When the spiritual element inspires every one in the Fleet, from the admiral with three broad bands on his coat sleeve to the half-nude stoker perspiring before the furnaces when "highest possible speed" is signalled from the bridge, a small Fleet will beat a great Fleet that is either dead to patriotism, undisciplined, or commanded by bickering and intriguing admirals.

Lord Fisher has done what no other man or combination of men could do: he has converted the Navy into an intellectual service, and, while destroying the obsolete traditions of marlinspikes and mast-and-sails, he has left uninjured that collective pride in the service, which has always distinguished the naval officer.

Institutions are nothing; man is everything. The British seaman, whether officer or bluejacket, take him all round, is admitted by Germans, Americans, and Japanese to be the best afloat.

Though much remains to be done, these are ample reasons to justify supporting the Fisher régime since Trafalgar Day, 1904, and there is no reason to doubt that every journalist of character and standing who has sup-

ported the Admiralty would give the same reasons as I have done for his action.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD WHITE.

February 16th, 1910.

Letters to the Editor.

THE JOKE OF THE ELECTION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I hope your columns are open to the joke of the election. An old Radical farmer was asked how he intended to vote. "I've allers voted Radical," he replied; "but I'm told the Blues are going in for Traffic Reform, and so I shall vote for them. I can't abear them motors."—Yours, &c.,

YORICK.

SOME LESSONS OF THE ELECTION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your correspondents complain of the tricks and dodges resorted to by Tory candidates, canvassers, and agents, and equally authentic and disgusting stories can no doubt be told by the other side. We are none of us saints, and we all want our own side to win. For myself, I find nothing but perfervid enthusiasm in the local preacher who gave out as a hymn

"Take my vote, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my hand, and let it trace
Crosses in the proper place."

Though to some persons this is almost horrible and undoubtedly blasphemous.

I hope the verse was only sung in two-membered constituencies, as elsewhere the result certainly was the rejection of the voting paper for uncertainty!

What seems to me important is to amend our electoral machinery where it is faulty.

First, the ballot is *not* secret, except where the number of voters is large. Lord James had to face the difficulty on the one hand of securing secrecy, and, on the other, of securing a scrutiny, and the rejection of votes improperly obtained. The Act itself therefore lays down minutely what is to be done. The voting paper is numbered, and on the counterfoil (exactly like a cheque) is the same number. On this counterfoil the presiding officer puts the number of the voter on the register as he hands over the ballot paper. On legal inquiry after the election, if a vote is successfully attacked, the judge looks for the voter's number on the counterfoil, then searches for the corresponding ballot paper, and then cancels the vote.

After the poll is closed, the presiding officer sends the ballot box and all his papers to the returning officer at the counting room. His return shows how many ballot papers have been issued, because he sends back his counterfoils and the balance of unissued papers. The first business, when all the boxes have come in, is to open the ballot box and count the papers inside. The clerks who do this are required by the Act to lay the papers face upwards on the table. While they are counting these papers, the agents, who stand by to check them, can count the votes. One clever election agent, who first explained "how it was done" to me, was so quick that he counted all the votes. In the elections in which I have been concerned I have contented myself with training my counting agents to add up the votes for my candidate, while I myself checked the papers of the presiding officers with the returning officer. In consequence, I have always known the result of the election within a few minutes after the beginning of the count, and before the actual count of the votes had started more than a few minutes.

In one of my elections, the Tory at one time led by 600, and his foolish agent privately signalled to his friends outside (in breach of the promise he had given to the returning officer that he would do nothing of the kind) by waving a red handkerchief that they had won. Like the marriage service, that little episode ended in amazement!

In country districts where there is a polling station for each big village, the result can, of course, be compared with promises and the canvass, and checked most effectively.

The remedy for this is simple. At present the returning

officer is the sheriff, who, of course, is a figure-head, and the actual worker is his deputy, who is not only almost invariably a strong partisan, but is also, by the absolutely absurd provision of the Act, not paid for his services, and so has to make discreditable profits out of his charges for ballot boxes, &c., &c. He also makes his deputies' appointments a little bit of patronage. At one election I had to pay three guineas for the services of a parson (a rector, too) who was so ignorant and careless about his work that he let a starred man vote, although on the face of the page of the register was a statement that the voter could not vote at that polling station.* At another a man was brought 31 miles to act as presiding officer when the schoolmaster on the spot had often so acted. Result—three guineas for the work, and a shilling a mile travelling expenses, the gentleman riding the distance comfortably on his bicycle. My remedy is to make the town clerk in boroughs, and the clerk to the County Council elsewhere, the returning officer at a proper fee, and to make the local authority purchase and stock all the equipment necessary for fitting up the school (now almost invariably used) as the polling station. As the schools must be closed for the polling, let the teachers have the first claim as clerks, and pay them 10s. for their day's work, which, though long, is not arduous, and another 10s. and their actual out-of-pocket expenses if they also act as county clerks.

To such officials, accustomed to honorable dealing and to silence on matters of importance, could safely be entrusted the verification of the poll boxes. Then the ballot would be secret.

For myself, I agree with some sturdy old Radicals of my boyhood, and think the ballot only weakens character and encourages all sorts of trickery. At one election, where we were fighting what we all thought was an absolutely hopeless fight, our latest canvass returns showed—on any method of computation—a certain win. I learnt afterwards from the agent on the other side that he advised all his people to escape from the attentions of my canvassers by giving them plump promises; and they did.

Next, it is suggested that canvassing should be made illegal. Very pretty. But how? Until some method is devised by which the talking of two men, or two women, or one man and a woman together, can be (1) discovered, (2) proved, and (3) effectively punished, canvassing will go on. To my mind, nothing is more interesting than to sit silent in a railway carriage, or a country inn, or, better still, at a farmers' ordinary, and hear the propositions which are not only solemnly put forward, but which convince the listeners. What was it Stevenson said about talking not on your own plane, but on that of an intelligent Fijian chief?

If I may be pardoned the apparent arrogance of the opinion, the only really useful letter on this subject in *THE NATION* that I have seen was that from "A West Country Liberal," who advises us to get the young people together and let them argue, supplying them with facts and teaching them the enormous, the amazing virtue of flat denial. "Why should the foreigner tax us?" Reply: He don't. Assertion: He do. Reply: Prove it! In a clever little political shilling shocker, written in 1885 by the Radical candidate for Eye (dead long ago, whose name I have forgotten), the village schoolmaster converts the young daughter at the Hall, and a Ruling Dame of the Primrose League, by that simple process. The defeat of Tariff Reform in London industrial districts I attribute mainly to the efforts of a sturdy band of volunteer street orators, who (to quote their own words) argued the Tariff Reformers off their own dunghills at Hyde Park, the Arches, Victoria Park, and elsewhere.

My own suggestion is to use to the fullest the provisions of the Corrupt Practices Act. Most people, and, indeed, many candidates think that the only remedy for improper practices is the very costly one of a petition. Not at all. Most of these offences are also punishable by fine and imprisonment, imposed at petty sessions. It is true that sometimes some of the worst offenders will be sitting on the bench. But, thanks to Mr. Acland, every bench of

* Perhaps I ought to add, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that a voter who wishes to vote elsewhere in the division than where his qualification is can get the revising barrister to star him. He then can vote at some other named and more convenient polling place in the division—a town with a railway station, for instance.

magistrates in the country has at least one ex-officio justice upon it, and thanks to the hard and unremitting work of Lord Loreburn, some thousands of first-rate men of all classes have been added to our rural benches since 1906. The cases, therefore, will have a fair hearing, and even if the bench, by a majority, acts unfairly, the local Press may be trusted fully to report the case, and the genuine love of fair play and the instincts of good sport (which are to be found in all the rural districts of England that I have ever been in) will act as a just and beneficent Court of Appeal.—Yours, &c.,

AN OLD HAND.

London, February 9th, 1910.

THE ELECTIONS AND THE SMALL HOLDINGS ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I read with much interest "A Country Liberal's" letter in your last issue, and I should like to supplement it with a few remarks. The writer seems not sufficiently to emphasise the one element of the position which has, perhaps, struck me most of all. I mean the personal misfortunes which have overtaken the applicants for small holdings, and indirectly their wives and children.

For example, among my own friends, one man having lost his cottage, and having been asked to pay for tenant's compensation a quite prohibitive sum, is now living as a lodger, with his wife and children, in an already overcrowded cottage. Another man, who was willing to pay double the farmer's rent, but refused to pay more, is still more crowded into an unsatisfactory and insanitary cottage; and a third, who was definitely promised a particular piece of land, is now being obliged to sell off at a loss all his young stock.

A fourth applicant, unable to get land, is still living in a cottage where the water is so bad that his children have been seriously ill. Practically all applicants here have suffered in some way.

The same is true elsewhere, and we have reports from our land clubs of one man evicted, another sacked from his work for applying for land, another, thinking he was going to get land, giving up his present job and hanging about for long out of work—and so on.

"A Country Liberal" refers to the attitude of the Women's Liberal Federation towards the Small Holdings Act. At the Council meetings last May, I moved a resolution, on behalf of this W.L.A., urging the Government to enforce the Act. The resolution was carried, and a copy of it sent to Lord Carrington. I followed this up by writing a circular, which the Women's Liberal Federation issued to all its secretaries, urging them to organise lectures on "The Land Question in Our Villages."

Undoubtedly, if the Board of Agriculture had stepped in and used its powers where the County Councils were blocking the Act, the results at the General Election would have been very different. Surely now, at once, the Government will take steps to enforce the Act and colonise the countryside with free and independent people.—Yours, &c.,

MARJORY PEASE,

Hon. Sec., Oxted and Limpsfield W.L.A.

February 17th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In reply to your suggestion of 22nd inst., I see that several correspondents have given instances of questionable practices. A common one in Scotland has been the sending to each elector of a polling card bearing his roll number, with the request that after voting he should hand it to the election agent.

But, rightly or wrongly, it appears to me that the main cause of the loss of so many county seats must have been the gigantic bribes offered by the Conservative Party under the popular guise of the creation of small holdings. Whether this policy is the invention, as is said, of Herr Eltzbacher—"Mr. Ellis Barker"—or of Sir Gilbert Parker, or, as seems much more likely, of the subtle brain of Mr. Balfour himself, I think the move the most astute one of the whole contest. First, the great landlords see the prospect of being bought out at ransom prices; and, second,

the would-be small holders see themselves installed in absolute possession on State credit. The carrying of such a policy would certainly mean the creation of hundreds of thousands of Tariff Reformers, only too anxious to see protective duties imposed on agricultural produce.

In my opinion, the Government's land proposals for Scotland, as embodied in the Scottish Bill passed by the House of Commons, but thrown out by the House of Lords, are far more equitable than the Conservative scheme; but the latter will again carry away the counties, unless between now and the next General Election steps are taken to convince the rural electors that such is the case.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. STEVENSON.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—"Country Liberal" admirably expresses the disappointment felt in many parts of rural England. With the exception of the Old Age Pensions Act, no Act of Parliament since 1885 has roused so much interest and hope as the Small Holdings Act. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and where no land has in two years been obtained, or only unsuitable land offered at extortionate rents, there is a bitter resentment against a Government which could put so fair a promise on the Statute-book, and give so little effect to its fulfilment where County Councils have blocked the Act.

"Country Liberal" asks for a return of small holdings supplied in county constituencies. I can give two which may be of interest.

In West Cambridgeshire the County Council has bought 1,277 acres, and leased 117 acres, in seventeen villages. 217 small holders were in possession of 1,172 acres at Michaelmas, 1909. Can any other constituency give a better result?

This constituency, which has previously only returned a Liberal in 1892 and 1906, and adjoins five constituencies which at this election reverted to the Unionist Party, returned Mr. Montagu by a practically undiminished majority, and the largest vote ever given to its member, in spite of a most vigorous attack, and all the well-known electioneering tactics used by the Unionists.

In East Cambs. the County Council has provided 1,353 acres in eight villages. Fifty-nine persons were in possession of 1,038 acres at Michaelmas last. Elections are rarely won or lost on a single issue, and the loss of this seat was not due to any defection of the Liberal vote in the villages, where Sir Charles Rose's splendid work for small holdings at Burwell was fully appreciated, and the administration of the Act by the Council not a serious cause of grievance, although less effective than in West Cambs.

The seat was lost to a popular resident member of the racing world, who secured the Newmarket vote, while at Ely the action of the War Office in disbanding the Cambridgeshire Militia and closing the barracks is resented, and was used against the Liberal Party.

It is freely admitted that the Conservatives on the County Small Holdings Committee have worked equally hard with Liberals in administering the Act, without any party bias, and some measure of success, for which the new M.P. was entitled to claim some credit. The Small Holdings Act was not the burning question which lost a Liberal seat in this case, as it undoubtedly has been in many others.—Yours, &c.,

"VILLAGER."

February 14th, 1910.

THE MEANING OF THE SCOTTISH ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I feel sure your correspondent, "English Liberal," will welcome another version of the foundations of Scottish Liberalism, and the consequent meaning of the recent election, by one who has taken an active part in every General Election, save one, from 1866 to 1910 inclusive; as also in several by-elections.

At the Reformation a national system of education was instituted whereby a school was erected and maintained, by a draft on the land rents, in every parish in Scotland. This was the means of a wide diffusion of knowledge among the

humbler classes and a stimulant to incursion into higher spheres of learning. As an indication of the character of those schools, I may state that the curriculum of the one I attended embraced—besides the ordinary English course—Greek, Latin, the higher mathematics—theoretical and practical—and, for sea-faring youths, navigation. The teacher was a gold medallist of Edinburgh University, who, from impaired health, took to country life and never charged a higher fee than 5s. a quarter. Many of his pupils entered the Universities direct and graduated with honors. The more erudite Scotsmen read and studied Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and the heaven soon spread to the humbler ranks. The Press was then largely democratic, and the textile weavers, the shoemakers, and others engaged in the more sedentary vocations, by sharing the cost of a newspaper, soon acquired a grip on the elements of political economy.

The democratic constitution of all Presbyterian Churches taught them to reverence the authority vested in the Church Courts by the congregations, rather than that wielded by Pope or Bishop, and the lesson was all the readier learned because their politics generally synchronised.

But there were other stimulants of an eminently practical character. Previous to 1747, owing to the continuous feuds of the clans and the misery and destitution, of which they were the governing cause, Scotland was one of the most barbarous and backward countries in Europe. But upon the abolition of military service and the turning to settled forms of industry it made phenomenal progress. The opening up of a free trade with foreign countries was then, and still is, approved as a potent factor in national prosperity. It is not difficult, then, to discover good reasons for the conservatism of all the Scottish people deem good, and a corresponding aversion to everything they consider prejudicial to the commonwealth.

The evictions in the Highlands to make way for sheep—deer forests being a later innovation—gave inception to an agrarian movement, culminating in the Crofters Act; but not until a series of Irish Land Acts had intervened. In the Lowlands every phase of land tenure was subjected to lengthened discussion, and it was largely due to a Scottish lawyer that the Agricultural Holdings Acts for England and Scotland are now on the Statute-book. The taxation of land values as an organised propaganda had its origin in Glasgow. Henry George assured me that nowhere had he been so intelligently understood as in Scotland; nowhere had his views been so solidly endorsed as in Glasgow. The deer forests are now viewed as incidents of the far larger question, whether or not the land belongs to the nation. Those who answer this in the affirmative may be either Radicals or Socialists, but not, with a ray of consistency, Tories.

In the last election the issues presented to the country by Mr. Asquith took precedence of all others. The restriction of the power of the House of Lords, the aversion of the landed gentry to the taxation of their lands, their willingness to tax the bread of the poor and their opposition to old age pensions as well as to the Small Landholders Bill were the main topics. The so-called Tariff Reform served to divert the less thoughtful and scored many Tory votes. Unemployment in the cities—hardly known in country districts—furnished a similar quota; whereas temperance became a respectable side issue, and disestablishment a forgotten weapon.

Is it, then, remarkable that with the bulk of the Press, the State Church, the landed gentry, and the liquor trade all arrayed on the Tory side, Scotland is overwhelmingly Radical? Only once since 1832 has Scotland bowed the knee, and it was with the patriotic but mistaken idea that peace would be soon achieved in South Africa by supporting the Tories. That there are any Tories returned is only less surprising. The University cult is everywhere conservative. One Tory seat in Glasgow is due to the plural vote, another to a three-cornered contest. Ayr Burghs vacillate because villadom and distilleries enter into the calculations. The villadom of the South Side of Glasgow accounts for South Renfrew. Bute is owned by two Peers, Wigtownshire by twenty families, and Kirkcudbright has always chosen a landlord of some party as its representative. Extensive reclamations and improvements on which the full market-rate rent has rarely been charged account for agrarian servility, and the lack of other industries than agriculture lessens the

Radical counterpoise. But if the franchise were extended to adults and the plural vote abolished, the Universities would be left alone in their glory.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN McCULLOCH.

Portpatrick, February 14th, 1910.

THE NEXT STEP IN WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I offer some brief comments on the article bearing this title in your issue of February 12th? The writer of it says that the Women's Suffrage Movement "includes large masses of the manual workers of the country," and "speaks for the great body of professional and intellectual women." These words, I think, very fairly represent the opinion, or, rather, the general impression, of the greater part of the educated public of to-day. Without having specially investigated the matter, they would be quite ready to say that a considerable part of the adult female population, perhaps even the majority of them, desired the vote.

But this last General Election seems to have, for the moment, shaken us dreamy English people out of our usual acquiescence in vague, general ideas, mental haziness, and conclusions drawn from undefined impressions. Even the average newspaper reader has learnt something of the value of statistics; and the political struggle has been so sharp that the most indifferent supporters of either party find something more is expected of them than mere acquiescence. If they claim to hold certain opinions, they must pay for them, or work for them. Let us see how the Women's Suffrage Party stands under these heightened conditions.

At first glance it appears to meet the situation admirably. There is no manner of doubt that a great many women desire this extension of the suffrage, and have worked most actively towards this end for a considerable time. Also, there is no doubt that some women want the vote so ardently that they have almost performed miracles to prove the earnestness and singleness of their aim. But what proportion do these two groups of women bear to the present adult female population? Does anything like a majority of the women of Great Britain wish to be enfranchised? Even at the risk of repeating the obvious, we must go back to the fact that people are nowadays expected to support their political opinions with money or with service; and really, such support is made extremely easy for them! There are leagues, unions, and societies of all kinds to suit every shade of feeling. Within the Women's Suffrage Party there are three main societies; we are told that these are non-party and that they include all degrees of enthusiasm, and the subscription of a shilling a year, or even less, entitles any woman to become a member of the suffrage movement. Under these circumstances we should expect an overwhelming majority of the women of the brain-working and leisured classes, together with a good number of handworkers, to belong to these three societies. If they do not belong to them, we can only conclude that they are still indifferent to the benefits of enfranchisement.

Now, the number of male adults in the United Kingdom in 1909 is generally taken to be about 12 millions, and so, allowing for the excess of women, the adult female population would be about 12½ millions. The membership of the Women's Suffrage Societies was discussed last autumn in the "Times," and, so far as one of the ordinary reading public can make out, the figures then given have not been contradicted or modified. In October, 1909, the N.U.W.S.S. numbered something over 16,000 annual members in England and Scotland, and the W.F.L. appears to have had about 5,000 members. There was some difficulty about ascertaining the membership of the W.S.P.U., but since it was publicly stated by an opposition society that the union numbered under 9,000, and this statement does not appear to have been contradicted, I suppose it must be accepted. Miss Clementina Black in the "Englishwoman" states that the London Society for Women's Suffrage enrolls new members at the steady rate of a hundred a month, so that we should in fairness add 500 to the numbers of each of the three societies, for the natural increase in membership since October last. This brings us to about 31,500, representing the approximate membership of the Women's Suffrage Societies in the United Kingdom. True, Ireland

does not seem to be represented in the returns of the N.U.W.S.S., and there may be a certain number of small local societies for women's suffrage not affiliated to the main ones. Allowing for all this, it seems hardly possible to reckon the number of the recognised women supporters of the Women's Suffrage Movement as greater than 35,000.

35,000 out of 12½ millions! These figures, of course, only stand for such an estimate as can be made by the average newspaper reader, who has neither time nor ability to collect statistics. To a friend of the movement they are rather astonishing, and I can only hope that they may be shown to be far less than the real facts will warrant. However, it must be remembered that a large number of the 12½ million women in question would not be enfranchised under the "Limited Bill," to which the three Women Suffrage Societies have given their support; and therefore those whom the Limited Bill would not reach are more likely to join the Adult Suffrage Union than any of the women's organisations. But the number of women who would obtain votes through the passing of the Limited Bill is about two millions, or, according to some authorities, only 1½ million. Taking this lower number, and comparing it with the figures for the total membership of the Women's Suffrage Societies, so far as they can be ascertained, we find that just 2¼ per cent. of the beneficiaries of the proposed extension of the franchise have clearly expressed their desire to be enfranchised.

But if the majority of the present electorate have made it clear to their representatives that they wish the franchise to be extended to these yet unrepresented citizens, the thing must be done, even though 97¾ per cent. of the latter appear to be indifferent to their proposed blessings. It is certainly not the first time in the history of civilisation that a class has been enfranchised through the efforts of an active minority, while the majority have been apathetic, or dimly hostile, to effort and change. But if these figures and proportions are anything like correct, surely the next step in women's suffrage ought to be a campaign, not against the peace-loving electorate or the over-burdened Government, but against the serried ranks of dreary, idle, indifferent women. Cannot those brilliant and dauntless ladies, the militant suffragists, work a few constructive, instead of destructive, miracles this time? Let them descend upon a certain proposed new "Ladies' Club," upon the Vanity Fairs of Bond Street, upon the readers of fashion papers, and upon what journalists call "the faithful votaries of amusement," in general! If they can only bring some of their startling energy and devotion to the cause to bear upon those whom they are fighting for, instead of upon outside opposition, the numbers of the Women's Suffrage Party would very soon show a more reasonable proportion to the bulk of the female population.—Yours, &c.,

ROSALIND TRAVERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your friendly article on Women's Suffrage last week you state, "It has unfortunately happened that these women (the great mass of suffragists who work in constitutional ways) have been practically unheard during the tumults of the last two years." May I point out that, though it has been difficult to read about them, on account of the preoccupation of the Press with sensational methods, they have not been unheard? The National Union has trebled its branches all over the country, and held thousands of orderly meetings; the Women's Liberal Federation has successfully put pressure on Liberal politicians; the Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association is doing excellent work within its party. Those who, like you, approve of the measure and do not like the methods of rebellion, might do much to obviate the necessity of rebellion by paying attention to the constitutional agitators.

A meeting has only to be rowdy to deserve honorable mention in the papers. They ignore our steady propaganda. Will you not set your face against the silence and neglect which has driven so many noble women to despair of peaceful ways?—Yours, &c.,

H. M. SWANWICK

(Member of Executive, National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies).

[We do not think we can be accused of neglecting this question.—ED., NATION.]

GLADSTONE'S SINGING VOICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A good many years ago I conversed at Newark with an old man who remembered Mr. Gladstone's first election to Parliament. It was for that borough in 1832, when Mr. Gladstone was twenty-three. I think the old man was sexton of the church, but am not sure. He told me that he was present at a dinner which took place at the close of the election, and that Mr. Gladstone sang a song at it, and his singing was much admired.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD RUSSELL.

Victoria Street, Liverpool,
February 16th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—"The Contemplation of Music" strikes me as an odd phrase; but that Mr. Gladstone loved music, and that in earlier life his singing voice (a baritone) was much admired, are facts which will not "come as a revelation" to any who read my monograph of him in the series of "The Queen's Prime Ministers." As, however, they interest "R. W. J.," I must make him a present of a felicitous quotation in return for his about the National Anthem. In 1859, Lord Malmesbury wrote in his diary—"Gladstone, who was always fond of music, is now quite enthusiastic about negro melodies, singing them with the greatest spirit and enjoyment, never leaving out a verse, and evidently preferring such as 'Camp-town Races'." I have always felt that to hear Mr. Gladstone singing, "Oh, doo! dah! dey!" must have been like listening to the music of the spheres.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

THE LIBERAL PRESS IN SCOTLAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Anti-monopolist," has given voice to widespread and deep-seated feeling. To think that Scotland does not possess a Liberal daily worthy of the traditions of the party, with the exception of the "Dundee Advertiser," and yet supports in the East a paper of the rankest Toryism, and in the West another, which, since its secession from the ranks of Liberalism in the 'eighties, has glided down the slippery slope, with greatly increased momentum in these latter days, to the same unplumbed depths! It is almost incredible.

What is wanted is a strong daily, edited and printed in Glasgow, which will sweep the West from Solway to Skye. It may be argued Scotland is progressive enough without a Liberal paper. It is so; but what is held must be retained, and there are a few Tories left who need enlightening. It can only come through a Liberal daily of high commercial and literary standing. The "Daily News" should be mentioned as ably supplying a long-felt want, but its lack of local news constitutes its most serious hindrance.

The opportunity is presented to remedy this intolerable disgrace. One hopes that the proposal mooted will lead to more than thought in the minds of our leaders.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. WILSON.

Glasgow, February 15th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The need for a Liberal daily for Scotland is great, and it is particularly so in Glasgow and the West of Scotland. The "Dundee Advertiser" is an admirable Liberal paper, but its circulation in Glasgow and the surrounding district cannot be compared with that of either the "Scotsman" or the "Glasgow Herald," both of which are extremely anti-Liberal. In view of the success of Liberalism in Scotland at the General Election, one is apt to wonder if, after all, the influence of the Press is so great as it is usually supposed to be. The Scottish Press, generally, is Conservative, yet the electors as a whole are undoubtedly Liberal. In Glasgow there are five daily papers, but only one of them is Liberal, yet at the Election five of the seven Glasgow seats were retained by Liberals. The explanation, I believe, is twofold. First, there is the influence of the spoken word. It is indisputable that, as regards speech and debate, the Liberals are easily first. Second, there is the fact that many Liberals are taking in a London daily. Two of these journals, I know, have large and growing cir-

culations in Scotland, and it might be a good move if one of these would put out a special Scottish edition. The need for a Liberal paper has been keenly felt during the last month or two, and I am sure there are many advertisers and very many readers who would willingly co-operate in the establishment of a daily paper that would deal seriously with public questions from the Progressive point of view.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM HARVIE.

Caledonian Railway Company,
Central Station Hotel, Glasgow,
February 17th, 1910.

HOW VOTES WERE WON.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—If not too late, perhaps the following true story from the North may be worth adding to your list.

A Liberal amateur canvasser called on a Cheshire farmer who was well known to be a Liberal, and was more than surprised to be met with a firm refusal to vote with him "this time," as he was going for Tariff Reform. Enquiries and explanations followed, and it came out that the farmer did a large business in strawberries for the Manchester market; that he was much disturbed by the competition from Kent keeping prices very low; and that a gentleman had called a few days before and got the promise of his vote on his assurance that, if Tariff Reform were carried, heavy duties should be put on all Kent strawberries coming into the Manchester market.—Yours, &c.,

M.

Hale, Cheshire,
February 16th, 1910.

THE ESSENCE OF RELIGION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your correspondent "E" is a bold man. He faces without flinching the most tremendous "if" in the world. "If," he writes, "we love God with all our heart, and mind and strength, and also our neighbor; if we visit the widow and orphan in their affliction, and keep ourselves unspotted from the world; and if we keep the 'golden rule' of doing to others as we would wish that they should do unto us in similar circumstances, what more 'religion' can any person want?" But there are some people, who, after years of painful effort, find that they do not love God with all their heart, nor their neighbor either, and that they have by no means kept themselves unspotted from the world. Has religion no more to say to them? Or if it has, and speaks of sin, repentance, faith, forgiveness, atonement, incarnation, are these things to be pronounced not part of the one religion?—Yours, &c.,

A. I. TILLYARD.

Fordfield, Cambridge,
February 13th, 1910.

THE SECRECY OF THE BALLOT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Referring to your correspondents "Liberal" and J. R. Tomlinson—"Liberal" is quite correct in his surmise "that, under the present system of verifying the ballot boxes, it is an easy matter to tell in what proportion the Liberal or Conservative vote is cast in each polling station."

I have had experience in the counting of votes ever since the Ballot Act came into operation, and have often wondered why the candidates' agents should be permitted to overlook the ballot papers during the time the boxes are being verified, as the verification of each box only concerns the Presiding Officer and the Returning Officer or his deputy, who takes over each box from the various Presiding Officers.

Your correspondent's suggestion that the ballot papers should be face downwards would, I think, be an infringement of the Ballot Act, and the numbering of the boxes would be no help, as each one could be identified by the Presiding Officer, who does not surrender his box until after the verification. The only effective way that presents itself to my mind is, not to allow the candidates' agents to overlook the ballot papers until the contents of the boxes have been mixed.—Yours, &c.,

J. SOWERBUTTS.

Stockport, February 8th, 1910.

THE REPERTORY THEATRE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—All lovers of the drama will welcome Mr. Frohman's new venture and wish it prosperity. At last the repertory system seems likely to assume its proper form! But, as Mr. Archer very properly points out, the success of the movement must, to a great extent, depend upon whether the public will take the trouble to remember that, after Monday next, there will be, at the Duke of York's Theatre, a change of bill during the week for the next three weeks; and that this plan of changing the bill every other day, or thereabouts, which is done to ensure our having good plays and good acting, cannot long continue unless playgoers, on their part, make some special effort to keep in mind the new scheme that is being tried at this particular theatre. But much, too, will depend on the interest the public take in the programme, a contingency to which Mr. Archer also refers; and on this point I would venture some criticism. I am sorry not to see on the list for revival a play by St. John Hankin. He was one of our able dramatists, and a pioneer who fought loyally for those better conditions that Mr. Frohman now promises to give us. Surely the recognition of talent, so recently lost to us, would not have been out of place! Then, again, is it wise to announce for representation twenty-six plays, all of which are the work of modern authors? Have the plays of past masters no claim upon a Repertory Theatre? And is there no public impatient to see occasionally a comedy by Sheridan, Goldsmith, Holcroft, or others? Besides, modern dramatists need to have their art judged by comparison with a past master of his craft, and actors gain in distinction by re-creating some old-world characters, while playgoers, who see good models of different periods, acquire a standard of taste and excellence by which they can discern merit, with some certainty that their judgment will be endorsed by posterity.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM POEL.

February 16th, 1910.

THE NEED FOR LIBERAL PROPAGANDA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I, through your kindness, ask the writer of a letter in to-day's *NATION*, signing himself "A West Country Liberal," for a list of books and pamphlets which he would recommend for the study of social questions to which he alludes in his letter?

He would thereby help the carrying out of his suggestion, which I, for one, intend to follow.—Yours, &c.,

A. DE NATORP.

The White Cottage, Berkhamsted, Herts,
January 29th, 1910.

Poetry.

THE COMBATANTS.

Just in the shade of the arena's gate,
They trooped and paused; and to the ranks of eyes
That questioned ere they drove them on to fate,
Steel-swift, steel-steady, did their answers rise—
"I fight to break the tyranny I hate!"
"I come to tear the veil from ancient lies!"
"I seize the odds! Let others share the prize!"
"I fail, that some may conquer, soon or late!"

But one who bore, within that radiant line,
A look as cool as joy, as firm as pain,
And touched his sword, as some rapt village swain
Touches the cup that holds his wedding-wine,
Spoke not, until they urged: "What aim is thine?"
"I fight, that none may ever fight again!"

G. M. HORT.

February 15th, 1910.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"The Gates of India: Being an Historical Narrative." By Sir Thomas Holdich. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

"Confessions of a Clergyman." (Bell. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Samuel Foote: A Biography." By Percy Fitzgerald. (Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Life and Times of Hildebrand (Pope Gregory VII.)."

By the Right Rev. Arnold Harris Mathew, D.D. (Griffiths. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Faith and Fact: A Study of Ritschlianism." By Ernest A. Edgehill. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

"The Life of W. J. Fox, Public Teacher and Social Reformer (1786-1864)." By the late Richard Garnett, concluded by Edward Garnett. (Lane. 16s. net.)

"The Thief of Virtue." By Eden Phillpotts. (Murray. 6s.)

"When No Man Pursueth." By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"Le Vicomte d'Arincourt, Prince des Romantiques." Par Alfred Marquiset. (Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50.)

"Les Dames du Palais." Roman. Par Colette Yver. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50.)

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MR. G. K. CHESTERTON'S "What's Wrong with the World"—to be published by Messrs. Cassell—is a vigorous criticism of several of the main tendencies in contemporary thought. Mr. Chesterton argues that many old ideals have been abandoned, not because they have been tried and found failures, but because they have never been realised in any adequate degree. The subjects discussed are Imperialism, Feminism, Education, Science, Socialism, Individualism, and Art, which Mr. Chesterton expounds as being, respectively, the mistakes about man, woman, the child, the universe, the state, the individual, and beauty.

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MANY readers will be glad to hear that a new biography of Samuel Rogers, by Mr. R. Ellis Roberts, is in preparation. More than fifty years have passed since Rogers was a representative man in London life. His breakfasts were almost as famous for wit-combats as the greatest of the French salons, and his house was the meeting-place for almost everybody of distinction in his time. It was in his dining-room, as Abraham Hayward put it in an "Edinburgh Review" article, "that Erskine told the story of his first brief, and Grattan that of his last duel; that the 'Iron Duke' described Waterloo as a 'battle of giants'; that Byron's intimacy with Moore commenced over the famous mess of potatoes and vinegar; that Madame de Staël, after a triumphant argument with Mackintosh, was (as recorded by Byron) 'well ironed' by Sheridan; that Sydney Smith, at dinner with Walter Scott, Campbell, Moore, Wordsworth, and Washington Irving, declared that he and Irving, if the only prose writers, were not the only prosers in the company." And these names give only a partial idea of the crowd of celebrities with whom Rogers was acquainted. Hayward goes on to tell how Rogers had been proposed for membership of Johnson's club by Fox, seconded by Windham, and blackballed by Malone, how he had met Condorcet at Lafayette's table in 1789, and in one day had heard Robertson preach in the forenoon, Blair in the afternoon, drunk tea with the Piozzis, and supped with Adam Smith.

* * *

"THE BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN BRIGHT," by Mr. R. Barry O'Brien, is announced by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. Mr. Barry O'Brien's thorough knowledge of English politics and democratic sympathies, together with his previous work as a political biographer, are guarantees that he will do full justice to his subject. He can hardly expect to produce so great a book as his life of Parnell, but he has an eye which may well take in the bold, clear outlines of Bright's personality.

* * *

THE same publishers will shortly issue the second volume of Mr. C. B. Roylance Kent's "History of the Tories." The first volume, which was well received, left off at the death of William III. The coming instalment covers the period between that date and the death of Queen Anne.

* * *

THE French Foreign Legion is a famous background for romance, and has been exploited by a crowd of novelists.

Its realities are less known, though one or two books, written by men who served in the Legion, have been published in this country. The best of these are Mr. J. P. Le Poer's "A Modern Legionary," and Mr. G. Manington's "A Soldier of the Legion." A third, bearing the title, "In the Foreign Legion," is now promised by Messrs. Duckworth. Its author, Mr. Erwin Rosen, after studying at a German University, enlisted in a mood of disappointment and hopelessness, and his book is a criticism of the system which, with its severe discipline and hard conditions, he pronounces to be unworthy of a great nation.

* * *

"RUSKIN AND HIS CIRCLE," by Miss Ada Earland, which Messrs. Hutchinson have in the press, is a study of the facts of Ruskin's life, and of the direct relationship between the influences surrounding his early years and the limitations and contradictions noticeable in his works. The author is of opinion that Ruskin's memory has suffered by the reticence his biographers have observed in regard to his married life. The "circle" includes Carlyle, the Brownings, Turner, Millais, Holman Hunt, Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Kate Greenaway, Coventry Patmore, Arnold Toynbee, Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, Lady Trevelyan, Charles Eliot Norton, and Mary Russell Mitford.

* * *

A VOLUME of literary essays by Mr. Hugh Farrie will be published within the next few weeks by Messrs. Williams & Norgate. Its title is "Highways and Byways in Literature," and the section "On the Highways" treats of the Bible, Seneca, Socrates, Cicero, Virgil, Petronius Arbiter, and Rabelais. "In the Byways" is mainly given up to books that once had a vogue but are now almost forgotten. Among them are Young's "Night Thoughts," Sturm's "Reflections," "The Evangelical Rambler," "The Whole Duty of Man," "The Female Quixote," "The Centaur not Fabulous," and the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum."

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A SELECTION from the speeches delivered by President Taft since his nomination will be published next week by Mr. Heinemann, in a volume bearing the title "Political Issues and Outlooks."

* * *

THE series of volumes issued by Messrs. Duckworth under the title of "Studies in Theology" deserve high praise, and are meeting with the success they merit. The books already issued, in particular Dr. Rashdall's "Philosophy and Religion," and Professor Inge's "Faith and Its Psychology," are marked by courage and independence, as well as scholarship, and the volumes now in preparation promise to maintain the same level. These include "Revelation and Inspiration," by Professor James Orr, "The History of Christian Thought since Kant," by Professor E. C. Moore of Harvard, and "A Critical Introduction to the Old Testament," by Dr. Buchanan Gray of Mansfield College.

* * *

A BIOGRAPHY of Edgar Allan Poe, by Mr. Arthur Ransome, is announced for the coming autumn. Several American books on Poe were called forth by his centenary last year, but few writers have avoided the extremes of harsh criticism or indiscriminating apology. One of the best examinations of what may be called the problem of Poe is to be found in Mr. J. M. Robertson's "New Essays Towards a Critical Method."

* * *

MR. EDWARD ARNOLD has several promising travel books in preparation. Mr. Hanns Vischer's "Across the Sahara from Tripoli to Bornu" is the narrative of a journey through a district unexplored by any white man since the days of Barth. Another African book is "With a Prehistoric People: The A-ki-kú of British East Africa," by W. Scoresby Routledge and Katherine Routledge. The authors have made a long stay amongst the interesting people they describe, their object being to give an accurate account of primitive life as it really exists. "A Summer on the Canadian Prairie," by Miss G. B. Clark, and "An English Student's Wander-Year in America," by Miss Bowden-Smith, deal with less out-of-the-way topics. The former is a breezy account of an unsuccessful attempt to settle upon a grant of land in North-West Canada, while the latter treats of a number of educational centres in the United States.

Reviews.

A POET'S SPRING.*

CONFRONTED with such a book as this, criticism must take care to remember the cardinal doctrine that we are not to let associations or circumstances weigh in our judgments of poetry. George Meredith during his life suppressed a great many of his early poems; and here, in accordance with one of our doubtful modern literary customs, they are exhumed. In regard to such a book, the question for criticism is simply this: Is the world of poetry the richer for the revival of these suppressed poems of Meredith's? And to that question the greatness which Meredith afterwards achieved is no more pertinent than Blake's insanity and Chatterton's youth are to criticism of their works. Poets do not always suppress wisely; and when they are unwise in suppression, there is not the smallest reason why their whims should deprive mankind of beautiful words. But, as the present volume shows, Meredith was eminently wise in his suppression, as far, at least, as his poetry was concerned. There is no harm, and there is a good deal of interest, in a temporary revival of the poems he consigned to oblivion; but if all the things here resurrected, these "Poems Written in Early Youth," and the poems excised from the first edition of the "Modern Love" volume, are to be included in the authoritative complete edition of his poetical works, the matter is more serious. The "Poems of George Meredith," as they now stand, along with those fruits of his latest years, are, beside their wonderful intrinsic qualities, so notable among the complete works of modern poets for the entire absence of all but poetic metal of the highest temper, that to dull such collected purity of excellence by inserting work of softer substance, of cruder forging, would be deplorable. Those admirers of Meredith who are more vehement than discriminating will no doubt combat the view that all his published writing should not be preserved; whatever a master of such greatness has given to the world, the world, they say, should reverently retain, as, if not in itself notable, then at least of interest to scholarship or criticism. The notion is but a fetish of our day. Meredith did for himself what somebody should have done for Wordsworth, and there is no reason for undoing it. Songs in which a poet's imagination is either immature or flagging may be interesting to the curious bookman; the poet's business, however, is not with him; but with the man to whom poetry is a vital and adventurous matter; and he requires either good poetry or nothing. It may please some of us to possess the offspring which Meredith had exposed and fondly hoped had perished. But if the whole of these revived poems are included in future complete editions, posterity a few years hence is pretty certain to regard them as troublesome encumbrances. No doubt the copyright editions are safe enough from the intrusion; but the worst of issuing such a volume as this is that it gives an opportunity to some enterprising publisher of the future for bringing out a "complete" edition of Meredith's poems, bearing on the title-page the proud legend, "Including all the suppressed poems."

Let us not, however, be thought wholly ungrateful for the publication of these early, suppressed, and scattered poems. Having pointed out the danger, we may enjoy the advantages. Though no bad poem, whoever was its author, deserves preservation, yet the preservation of a few good poems is worth the risk of encumbering future editions with mediocrity. And though the bulk of this book's contents does not in the least illustrate Meredith's name—much of it, indeed, hardly exhibiting the promise of what was to come after—there are in it several poems which might be bound up with "Modern Love," and the "Ballads of Tragic Life." For the rescue of these it would ill become any true lover of poetry to be anything but deeply grateful. There is, for instance, spacious poetry in the "Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn," which is, of course, fairly well known. The admirable opening lines

"Fair Mother Earth lay on her back last night,
To gaze her fill on Autumn's sunset skies"—

* "Poems Written in Early Youth; Poems from 'Modern Love' (First Edition); and Scattered Poems." By George Meredith. Constable. 6s. net

promise a large music, which is sustained right to the last stanza, with its superb simile of the dying redskin chieftain. "The Head of Bran the Blest," which Henley included in his "Lyra Heroica," is a vigorous piece of work, not unworthy of the man who made the song of "Aneurin's Harp," as a poem based on Celtic story. There is an heroic dogmatism in the first verse:—

"When the Head of Bran
Was firm on British shoulders,
God made a man!
Cried all beholders";

And the rest of it goes to the same warlike tune. The wild whirling imagery of "Phantasy," an absurdly successful rendering in neat verses of an outrageous mad dream—the very spirit of sleeping indigestion—is, for sheer cleverness, a remarkable piece of work, certainly not unworthy of permanence. "The Beggar's Soliloquy" might find a place next to "Juggling Jerry," though it is pale beside that noble poem. "South-West Wind in the Woodland" has the importance of being the first recognisable note of Meredith's magnificent nature-song, and, though far from mature, there is writing in it that may earn it a place in any collection of his works. Especially notable is the way the poetry conveys the gradual growth of noise, from the time when the aspens had first felt the approaching breeze, the prelude to the gale, and

"Had caught his earliest windward thought
And told it trembling";

to the time when the full force of hurricane leaps on the wood,

"And ash and oak and oakling rave
And shriek, and shout, and whirl, and toss,
And stretch their arms and split and crack,
And bend their stems and bow their heads.
And grind, and groan, and lion-like
Roar to the echo-peopled hills."

There is sound workmanship and observation in the "Pastorals," but hardly enough distinction to make them worth preserving; and there are one or two lyrics that might be kept in the light. The few "Scattered Poems," though not extraordinarily remarkable, would not be altogether out of place in a complete edition. But, with the exception of the poems we have named, if oblivion overtakes the rest of those which Meredith disowned, it will not be "the iniquity of oblivion." Charles Kingsley perceived great promise in the early poems, and it is much to his credit that he should have done so, and especially that he should have proclaimed it. For, now that we possess Meredith's full achievement, we cannot but wonder at the slender evidence Kingsley had to work on. Save for the fact that not much influence is traceable, these early poems are not even, as we who look back on them from "The Sage Enamored" and the rest might expect, particularly individual. For the most part, they hardly get beyond pretty fancies and pretty phrases. There might certainly be possibilities latent in a young poet who could invent a conceit like this:—

"O Winter! I'd live that life of thine,
With a frosty brow and an icicle tongue,
And never a song my whole life long—
Were such delicious burial mine!
To die and be buried and so remain
A wandering brook in April's train."

And such a thought as this is memorable:—

"Night like a dying mother,
Eyes her young offspring, Day."

But these are only brief moments. Young men have done such things before, and never come to great maturity. The juvenile love-poems, curiously shy and awkward, the experiments in classic legend, the attempt at an epic manner (with a hint of Tennyson) in "Idomeneus," at a ballad manner (with a hint of Rossetti) in "Margaret's Bridal Eve,"—these, if narrowly searched, may betray promise of the Meredith whom all the world knows. But we know what to look for; and it was a bold, and as it turned out, an excellent feat in criticism, to prophesy the coming greatness from these beginnings. Look, for instance, at the weak early version of "Love in the Valley"; we, with the later version, one of the most beautiful poems in the language, in our ears, read it with the full knowledge of what the embryo came to. But anyone who saw it for the first time in a newly published book might very excusably

reckon it simply as a good enough poem for a young man. On the whole, the main feeling caused by this book is wondering gratitude that out of this not very considerable spring should have grown that superb mastery of storm and splendor which we call the poetic genius of George Meredith.

LORD KELVIN.*

Is it possible to write a life of Lord Kelvin which would appeal to the interest and understanding of ordinary readers? His life may be regarded as one ceaseless effort of science to reveal itself to mankind; his language was an almost unbroken scientific discourse, and his thought was for ever exercising itself either with the solution of problems the principles of which were known, or with speculations concerning the deepest mysteries of the universe where no foundation of principles has yet been laid. The difficulty of presenting an intelligible account of such a man and his work is obvious enough, but we think that Professor Silvanus Thompson has in the two volumes before us attained all the success that was possible. The whole of Lord Kelvin's work was so profound, all-embracing, and mathematically technical, that the difficulty of writing a popular biography is enormous. Lord Kelvin himself depreciated mathematical technicalities, regarding them as entirely subordinate to the physical principles and facts of which they are the mere expression; and this view formed the new departure which broke the chain that tied physics to the "mathematical problems" of the Cambridge Tripos, and started applied mathematical science on a new career. Professor Thompson has steered clear of all the mathematical symbols and equations, while presenting results and principles in simple language, and he may be warmly congratulated on his achievement.

William Thomson (the future Lord Kelvin) had from his earliest years the great advantage of being taught by his father, James Thomson, an extraordinarily skilful teacher, and the author of many school-books of remarkable excellence. James Thomson was, however, more than this: he was a man full of worldly wisdom, as is shown by various pieces of advice tendered to his son towards the close of the undergraduate career of the latter at Cambridge. The object on which, above all others, James Thomson had set his heart was the appointment of his son to the professorship of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, which might at any moment become vacant by the death of its holder, a man in feeble health. Great was the manœuvring on the part of the zealous father to effect this; many were the maxims of worldly wisdom transmitted from Glasgow to the young undergraduate at Cambridge: "In your walk of life also, you must take care not only to *do* what is right, but to take equal care always to *appear* to do so." Whether this is the highest morality or not, the whole record shows that James Thomson was the best of fathers, and that never for one moment did he relax his efforts for his son's success. Indeed, the fact that he paid nearly £800 for his son's three undergraduate years at Cambridge, with only occasional advice to avoid all unnecessary expense, proves that he was a man of really generous character. The above expense for the early 'forties is enough to give us pause. It is about the same as the ordinary expenditure of an Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate to-day—and yet it is a preposterous figure, which can scarcely fail to make our newer Universities more attractive and desirable than their elders.

The scientific career of William Thomson may be said to have begun with the study, when he was only sixteen years old, of Fourier's "*Théorie Analytique de la Chaleur*," and the mathematical method of this work inspired him throughout the whole of his life. Thermodynamics, the science of heat, occupied him at great length in his early years, and even to the last it had strong fascination for him. The story of his struggles with this subject is well told by Professor Silvanus Thompson. It may sound strange, but the truth is that for several years Thomson not only held erroneous views of the nature of heat, but combated the true view, which was put forth by Joule of Manchester, and vainly dinned into the ears of hostile listeners at various British Association meetings. In those

days heat was universally believed to be a substance, called *caloric*, which could neither be created nor destroyed, but which could be, as it were, squeezed out of bodies, and could be "let down" from a body at high temperature to one of low temperature. The doing of work, the driving of an engine, was supposed to be done by this "letting down" of caloric—just as we let down a heavy block from the top of a wall to the ground. Joule maintained, and proved by experiment, that heat is not a substance, that it can be created and put out of existence; and that, in fact, it consists of the energy of rapid vibrations of the molecules of bodies. Thomson and all other men of science refused to accept this view; but the old belief nevertheless had its difficulties for him. What finally converted him to Joule's view? To understand this matter, we may mention a common question now found in scientific school-books: "What is the cause of the severity of a scald from steam?" To make the question more accurate, we should say that the steam is just on the point of becoming water, and will do so if a cold surface (like that of the hand) is brought into contact with it. The reason, of course, is that the steam, in condensing on the hand, instantly gives out its *latent heat*, which it possesses in very considerable amount. But if the steam is at such a high temperature that it will not instantly condense on the hand, this latent heat is not given out, and the hand receives only a comparatively small amount of heat. Now in the year 1849 Thomson's attention was called to the fact that steam, issuing with great velocity through an orifice, does not scald as steam would in ordinary circumstances. Having pondered on this, he wrote to Joule: "This conclusion can, I think, be reconciled with known facts only by means of your discovery that heat is evolved by the friction of fluids in motion"; in other words, he concluded that the violent rubbing of the steam particles among themselves and against the sides of the orifice *generated heat* in the steam, and raised its temperature so much that it would not instantly condense on a hand put in its path. What strikes an ordinary reader about this is that it seems strange that Thomson's conversion to the non-materiality of heat should have waited for such a recondite result, when there must have been many common instances of the generation of heat by friction.

His opposition to Joule's principle of the actual generation of heat by work was not the only instance in which he showed a kind of conservative reluctance to adopt new ideas. He was by no means a willing convert to Clerk Maxwell's Electromagnetic Theory of Light; but the ætheric (or wireless) telegraphy of Hertz rendered a continued opposition impossible. Again, for Hamilton's Quaternions he had no toleration, on the ground that whatever could be proved or deduced by Quaternions could always be proved by the ordinary mathematical analysis. His opposition here was unjustifiable, for, unquestionably, many results can be obtained by the newer calculus much more easily than by the old; and he should have assuredly recognised the maxim "baith's best"; but to this view he could never be converted by his colleague Tait.

To notice with the smallest approach to adequacy the varied work of Lord Kelvin is quite impossible, because there was scarcely a nook or cranny of science into which his genius did not penetrate. The geologists did not like his intrusion into their domain, because (in common with the biologists) they require hundreds of millions of years for the existence of this earth, while he was prepared to grant only something between 25 and 100 millions. Even when radium as a practically endless source of heat was discovered, and altered profoundly all mathematical calculations of the age of the earth, Lord Kelvin denied the adequacy of radium. But his marvellous activity of mind, displayed up to almost the month of his death, is shown by his incessant attempts to account for the nature of radium and the breaking up of atoms.

Professor Thompson has a long chapter on the "Views and Opinions," religious and other, of Lord Kelvin. The religious views of a great man of science are not always of a kind to produce profound impressions, or even to command great respect, for the simple reason that the subject matter of religion is not always an object on which a scientific worker spends much time. Lord Kelvin, it is interesting to know, "was a sincere Christian (meaning by Christianity the religion taught by Christ rather than the religion taught

* "The Life of William Thomson, Baron Kelvin of Largs." By Silvanus P. Thompson. Macmillan. Two vols. 30s.

by the Churches)." He held the broad-minded view (so different from that of Wallace) that living beings are by no means confined to this planet, but exist in the worlds of other suns—indeed, he had a theory that life from such worlds has been occasionally conveyed to us in the interior of meteorites.

To find the intellectual equal of Lord Kelvin in scientific intuition, we have to think of Archimedes, Galileo, and Newton. Owing to the difference of surrounding circumstances, a comparison is impossible; but assuredly Lord Kelvin had no superior. The list of his contributions to science at the end of Professor Thompson's work is of enormous length; and even such a scientific giant as Helmholtz was obliged to say after meeting him, "he far exceeds all the great men of science with whom I have made personal acquaintance, in intelligence, and lucidity, and mobility of thought, so that I felt quite wooden beside him sometimes."

We take leave of Professor Thompson's volumes with a consciousness, not only of the difficulty of his task, but of the inadequacy of our own powers of epitomising such a theme.

SAN THOMÉ SLAVERY.*

MR. WILLIAM CADBURY'S carefully written report is the latest link in the evidence upon the atrocious system of slavery still existing in the Portuguese Colonies of Angola and the San Thomé islands, and one can only wish it may be the last required. Though Mr. Cadbury does not allude to the reports of any previous travellers, except Mr. Joseph Burt and Mr. Charles Swan, with whom he was himself personally connected, there have been many such, extending over a period of nearly sixty years, since the time of Livingstone. Certainly, the system has changed, and the cruelties of the slave routes are perhaps not so terrible as they were ten years ago, before the rising of a native tribe against its oppressors. The process has also been put under legal forms, since the nominal abolition of slavery in 1874. But the accounts given by Lord Mayo and Mr. Arnot in the 'eighties, and at the beginning of this century by Col. Colin Harding, would serve in most details as a description of what I saw myself in my journey through the country and the islands five years ago, and, in spite of all the promises of the Portuguese Government, it is evident from Mr. Cadbury's report and from private letters received by me that there has been little real improvement since.

New regulations have been passed, and for the first time some attempt has been made to repatriate a few of the slaves from the islands. If properly carried out, the repatriation would be a great advance; but it is worse than useless to dump natives down on the coast, in all probability several hundred miles from their homes, and with every chance of being sold over again, either by Europeans or their relatives. And as to regulations, there were plenty of them before, and though the new code ordains reforms, the worst part of the old regulations was that no one observed them. For more than thirty years the rules about repatriation were definite and admirable, but not a soul was ever repatriated.

The whole colony of Angola is, in fact, so rotten with slavery that reform must be difficult. For centuries it has been the main Portuguese depôt for the export slave traffic, and it is so still, except that the slaves now go to the Portuguese cocoa islands instead of to the Brazils or the Southern States of America. Slavery has never ceased there, and at the present time all the plantations on the mainland, I believe without one exception, are cultivated by slave labor. As Mr. Cadbury says, the system, especially on the islands, is not unlike the old system on the cotton plantations of the Southern States. As far as I know, it comes nearer to that than any other system of labor still maintained. In method it differs from the oppression of natives in the Congo State. I do not say it is worse, but it is more direct. It follows old-fashioned lines; the men and women are captured or bartered in the interior, driven to the coast in gangs, sold by agents to planters, and transhipped to the plantations where, until quite lately, they invariably worked for the rest of their lives, which, as a

rule, were short. When I was there, the annual average of men and women exported was about 4,000; but the latest obtainable figures show an annual rate of some 6,000. I found the cost of slaves to the planters to be about £30 per head. Mr. Cadbury gives the same figure, but I believe the price is rising.

I was myself surprised to find this old-fashioned slavery defended by the old-fashioned cant and hypocrisy about the advantages the slave obtained from religious conversion and settled occupation. I should not have thought it worth while for business slavers to plead such excuses. But Mr. Cadbury evidently heard the same during his visit a year ago; indeed, the religious argument seems to have been impressed on him with special fervor:—

"The statement," he writes, "was often made by the supporters of the Angola servical system, that by ransoming the man from his condition of spiritual darkness in Africa, and placing him within the reach of the priest on the estate in S. Thomé, you confer upon him the incomparable blessing of religion in this life and salvation for the life to come. I told my friends that to offer a man religion is no sufficient compensation for slavery."

With equal firmness Mr. Cadbury repudiated the piece of cant which I also frequently heard put forward in justification—that the agents on the coast who buy the slaves and sell them again to the islands are only "redeeming" them from cruel slavery:—

"I deny the right of any individual," says Mr. Cadbury definitely, "under a civilised government thus to trade in human flesh; nor is a contract made or confirmed on the coast with a man who has been driven across hundreds of miles of unknown country in a slave gang, and shackled at night to prevent his escape, the act of a freeman. Slavery in the interior of Angola among uncivilised tribes cannot be seriously brought forward as a justification for slavery under the flag of a European country."

I have never supposed that on the island plantations themselves the valuable slaves were treated with great cruelty, except in the recapture of fugitives; and Mr. Cadbury, who enjoyed the rather dubious advantage of official recognition during his visit, considered their condition even better than I did. But he admits the terrible effects of the monotonous toil, the long hours, and the hopelessness of the existence:—

"One is compelled to believe," he writes, "that the high death-rate is largely due to the circumstances under which the labor is obtained, and the mental and physical condition of the contracted laborer. The statement is made over and over again that the first few months on the roça are the most deadly, and that some new arrivals never recover from their low state of body and mind."

As to the possible lines of reform in this abominable system, Mr. Cadbury puts forward many excellent recommendations—a genuine regulation of recruiting, under disinterested Government officials (rather rare birds in Angola, by the way!); a genuine freedom of contract; a reduction of the length of contracts and of hours of labor; a provision making the return of a man and his family the recognised and easily available right; and a scheme for ensuring a laborer's safe return to his home in the interior. A further provision, I believe never mentioned in any decree or regulation, is thus insisted upon by that gallant little Portuguese paper, the "Voz de Angola," published in Loanda:—

"Not only are the workers enslaved to unending toil, under the most repugnant methods of exploitation, but also the children they now have, and those that will be born to them. . . . There are no children, no parents, no law of succession, no social or human rights; there is nothing; what exists there is an animal, under the control of the master—and as this animal becomes absolutely necessary, it is, materially speaking, treated as well as can be, so that it does not fail to give the largest amount of production and reproduction."

It is as I saw myself, and mentioned in my account of the subject: children born on the estate become the undisputed property of the owner, and they are sold with the estate when it changes hands. Here is room for reform enough; the difficulty is to carry reforms out. You have a colony rotten with slavery, as I said; a population habituated to it; a feeble Government, represented by a few officials, frequently corrupt or connected with the trade; helpless and unwarlike tribes in the interior; and a small clique of wealthy plantation owners, chiefly living in Portugal. Under such conditions, mere regulations are useless without a clear and powerful administration to

* "Labour in Portuguese West Africa." By William A. Cadbury. Routledge. 2s. 6d.

enforce them. Many Portuguese are as anxious for reform as anyone could be, and a few indecisive steps have, indeed, been taken. But to myself the most hopeful signs are, first, the recent revolt by which the laborers lately brought as an experiment from Mozambique compelled the planters to fulfil their contract of repatriation; and, secondly, the exposure of the system by such reports as Mr. Cadbury's and Mr. Burt's (included in this volume) and the consequent boycott of the San Thomé cocoa by the British firms—an example which Mr. Burt is at the present time persuading the great American firms to follow. Now that the facts of the abomination are finally established, I cannot believe that the peoples of Europe and America will allow it to continue, even for gain.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

A NEW LIFE OF THACKERAY.*

TENNYSON once described biography as being cut open after death, and anticipated the process in his own case. He resented the intrusion of "the many-headed beast" into his private life. So far, he has been curiously exempt. We have had a portentous biography, fully authorised, many letters, and much gossip, but no real portrait of Tennyson, with his various idiosyncrasies, most of them lovable. Every letter that might have revealed the real man has been carefully eliminated. Possibly this has something to do with the reaction against Tennyson's writings that is so marked in the criticisms of the younger generation. It is impossible to separate personality from authorship, at least after a writer is once dead. Thackeray went much further than Tennyson, for he actually forbade a biography of himself. At least, a casual remark to his daughter was understood by her as a prohibition, which she has in a sense respected. To fight against this kind of fame is, however, hopeless, if fame has been acquired in another way. Not all the restrictions in the world can prevent the telling of the life-story of any man who really interests the public. Everything must come out sooner or later, and the dead hand can have no more weight when it attempts to crush the enthusiasm of after years than when it attempts to tie up money upon eccentric lines. Thackeray's death has been followed by many biographical efforts. Perhaps the most precious of these is the "Collection of Letters" written to Mrs. Brookfield, which originally appeared in the "Century Magazine." They were published in 1887 by Messrs. Smith & Elder, in a limited edition, we suppose with the sole object of securing the copyright in this country. Then came a little biography of Thackeray by his friend, Anthony Trollope, a poor book in many respects, when you consider that it came from so gifted a penman, but offering some further light on a singularly fine personality. Lady Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, was not far behind, with the publication in "St. Nicholas's Magazine" of a lengthy article on "The Boyhood of Thackeray." Here Lady Ritchie gave away the whole case, so far as attempts at biography were concerned. She gave it away still more by her biographical introductions to her father's novels. In this there was nothing that called for censure. Indeed, Lady Ritchie probably arrived at the "golden mean" in her attempt to respect Thackeray's wishes, however deeply we may deplore the loss of what would probably have been one of the half-dozen best biographies in our language.

From those days to our own, books upon Thackeray have come out with regular persistency. We recall Merivale and Marzials's little biography published in 1891. "Thackeray in the United States," and "Letters to an American Family," are books that were both published in 1904, and we might cultivate the long list indefinitely. The most pertinacious student of Thackeray's career has been Mr. Lewis Melville, whose substantial biography of Thackeray in two large volumes lies before us. Mr. Melville published a Life in 1899, and amplified it in an American edition the same year. Here is a widely different book, however, from the work issued eleven years ago. Mr. Melville has now brought together his material

with far more literary art than heretofore. He has really acquired an astonishing quantity of documents from many quarters, a task that must have been rendered the more difficult through the exigencies of copyright. One source of information, however, we note with a certain satisfaction, Mr. Melville has not drawn upon, and that is the admirable account printed in 1891 by the late Mr. Castle, of "Thackeray as a Parliamentary Candidate." Mr. Castle was a member of Thackeray's committee at Oxford, and he has told the whole story as it has never been told elsewhere. Charles Neate had fought Edward Cardwell, and Neate had been successful, but had been unseated on petition. A new candidate was wanted. The Whig wire-pullers decided they must send down to Oxford "a distinguished man," and Thackeray, eager for Parliamentary honors, threw himself into the breach. "His advisor," said Mr. Castle, "had forgotten Hazlitt's description of Oxford, which concludes with the warning, 'Do not speak to one of its citizens, or the beauty of the place will disappear.'" They had forgotten, also, that only a short time previously, "Punch" had described Thackeray "as personally requesting permission of the Vice-Chancellor of the University to lecture in Oxford." To the amazement of the author, that dignity was represented as not knowing him. When told that he was the author of "Vanity Fair," he enquired whether he was a Dissenter, and any connection of John Bunyan. Thackeray went to Oxford, and he met many people quite as ignorant as the Vice-Chancellor. In no case was the authorship of "Vanity Fair" of much use to him. One man said that, as a Methodist, he would neither have a novel nor the writer of a novel in his house; he was satisfied with Bunyan. Speaking generally, the city had never heard of one of his books. He wrote to Charles Dickens, indeed, to the effect that only six people in the place knew him, while all knew Dickens, and he begged Dickens to come down and speak at a public meeting. Dickens declined, and Thackeray was at the bottom of the poll, a circumstance that no one can regret to-day, for his defeat has added at least three or four masterpieces to our literature.

Here we are tempted to demur to the attitude of deference towards all Thackeray's work, that Mr. Melville, in common with so many of Thackeray's admirers, is disposed to adopt. Thackeray did, indeed, give to the English literature of his day a style which it is a joy to study. His work from this point of view might well be recommended to the young student of literature with something of the same enthusiasm that was once given to the writings of Addison. But when this has been said, it is well to look facts in the face, and to preserve some balance of judgment. When John Sterling said that the "Hoggarty Diamond" was better than Fielding or Goldsmith, and added that "there was more truth to nature in one of its pages than in all Dickens's novels," he wrote uncritically and even absurdly. Mr. Melville, as becomes an enthusiastic biographer, endorses John Sterling's statement. Thackeray has an undying reputation. But those who unearth his minor writings, and even praise them, do him small service. Even to-day there is a certain reaction against his really great works. One critic of talent recently admitted to not having read "The Virginians." A gifted living novelist has declared in print his preference over Thackeray for a living author whose work is largely reminiscent. This, we are convinced, is a passing phase. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "The Virginians," and "Esmond," are all quite as safe as "Tom Jones" and "Amelia." But when this is said, Mr. Melville's attempt at a comparison with Dickens is not good enough for publication in a serious book. The old criticism of Dickens's novels as not being true to life is now exploded, although it was propounded freely enough by the literary class in the days when Dickens and Thackeray were both writing. Even George Eliot declared that Dickens's works could not live after the life that he had described had passed away, whereas Dickens lives as much to-day as he ever did. His contemporaries could not realise any such future for Dickens. They saw a man of exuberant gaiety, of flashy waistcoats, whose intellectual grip was not of the finest. "How was it possible that this man could be one of the 'immortals'?" they asked, as they compared him with the gentlemanly, scholarly, and self-restrained Thackeray. Contemporaries of Shakspeare

* "William Makepeace Thackeray." By Lewis Melville. Lane. 2 vols. 25s. net.

and Ben Jonson must have thought much the same about those two men. But time has demonstrated the high quality of Dickens's achievement. His work, next to that of Shakspeare and Bunyan, has most entered into the heart and soul of the English-speaking race.

This, however, is by the way. There is plenty of room for "Thackeray worship," and Mr. Melville gives it to us. He has taken infinite pains, he has collected from a multitude of quarters nearly every piece of material pertinent to the subject, and the result is a book that deserves to be read. Not the most exigent of critics inclined to deplore the unnecessary unveiling of private life, will find anything here to which to take exception. Thackeray stands before us as an heroic, kindly man. The story of his career is thoroughly stimulating. It will come as an astonishment to many that death came to him at fifty-two years of age. Some of the portraits represent a man of eighty. Every man of fifty-two feels young to-day. Thackeray felt an old man when he died. Was there something in the life that was led in those days that is quite different from anything that obtains in ours? In any case, Thackeray had done his life work, and we may all be grateful to Mr. Melville for his judicious presentation of it. He has written a book that will hold its place as the standard "Life of Thackeray" for many a year to come.

A BANTU NATION.*

THE story of the conglomeration of Bantu tribes which, after much wandering and many bloody fights, settled down in the little oval-shaped country that lies tucked away in the folds of the Drakensberg, is full of interest and political instruction. Seldom do we find so much "history" made in so short a time as in the story of Basutoland, and in Sir Godfrey Lagden, who has himself played so excellent a part in helping to make this history, we have a narrator of unusual skill. His task is no easy one; for, though the country has now reached a period of settlement and peace, its early years were filled with unceasing turmoil and conflict. Indeed, it is difficult to believe that the Basutos would have had much chance of holding together against the harassing tactics of the Free Staters and their own intestine disturbances had it not been for the fortune which furnished them with a great statesman. Few peoples owe so much to any single chief as the Basutos to Moshesh, who for fifty years strove to secure for them conditions of peace and independence, together with such of the fruits of civilisation as they were able gradually to assimilate. By no means an ideal character, as measured by the accepted moral standard, capable of duplicity and occasional acts of treachery, Moshesh nevertheless grasped with a true instinct for statecraft the conditions under which Basuto unity and prosperity were possible. His people must be trained to peace and industry in order to earn a satisfactory livelihood from agricultural and pastoral life in a mountainous land, and they must therefore take such education as white missionaries had to give in the industrial arts, absorbing along with it some not too impracticable Christianity. The liquor which bad white men pressed upon them must be expelled, the excesses of witchcraft which defeated justice and fomented feuds must be put down, and, above all things, white prospectors and traders must be prevented from acquiring land. The most urgent and incessant trouble was with the Boers of the Free State, who, in the unsettled state of frontiers, constantly indulged in land-grabbing, and afterwards sought to get their encroachments recognised by treaties. From quite early times Moshesh perceived that his best policy lay in appealing to the Imperial Government for their protection and for the presence of an agent who should secure for them the safety of British rule while reducing the detailed interference with native government to the smallest dimensions. Could this appeal have been favorably received when it was first made, in 1862, the subsequent wars and wastes which the shilly-shally policy of the Imperial and the Cape Governments involved might have been spared, and the civilisation of Basutoland have been advanced a whole generation. It is

quite clear that Lord Carnarvon's refusal to assume Imperial control in 1866 was responsible for infinite mischief. Basutoland could not stand entirely alone, and the experiment of annexation by the Cape was, no doubt, inevitable. Had Cape statesmen had the wisdom to recognise that a people like the Basutos could not be treated like "common Kafirs," all might have yet gone well. But the demand for disarmament was bound to arouse the spirit of a free people with military traditions. The Dis-Annexation Act of 1883 was a necessary consequence of the somewhat ignominious failure of the Cape to restore order, and next year the Imperial Government definitely set its hand to what must be regarded as perhaps the most successful instance of its rule over a lower race.

Though the subsequent history of Basutoland has been far from uneventful, chiefly owing to the vagaries of wild chieftains like Masapha, a solid basis of peace and industrial development has been maintained. This success has certainly been due in a large degree to the wise choice of British administrators. Sir Marshall Clarke was a man of fine sympathy and great tact, and he laid down the lines of a policy which gave the maximum of play to the free traditions of the Basutos. Sir Godfrey Lagden, who succeeded him in the eventful period of South African history, 1893 to 1901, conducted the country with great capacity through the strain of the great war, when the whole situation was at times extremely perilous. But Sir Godfrey himself sets down much of the credit of the policy to the character and aspirations of the Basutos, who want security and are willing to be controlled by white men whom they recognise as friendly to them and interested in their welfare.

Sir Godfrey does not conceal the cloud that has recently come up on the political horizon. The Basutos are unanimous in expressing their fear lest, as a result of the new South African Union, the safeguard of Imperial protection should be withdrawn, and they should be handed over to a Government which may be less careful of their liberties. To their powerful appeal last summer we cannot regard Lord Crewe's reply as satisfactory; for, while expressing a desire that no change should occur at present, he does not conceal the likelihood that Basutoland will be handed over later on; and, although he dwells upon the provisions which the Imperial Government will make in such an event to maintain the integrity of the land, the exclusion of liquor, and the retention of their National Council, close study of the powers which the South African Government will possess over absorbed territories makes these safeguards very dubious.

FROM THE RIGHT WING.*

CONSERVATIVE introductions to the New Testament have the knack of running to some length. Both Holtzmann and Jülicher have said their say in single volumes of moderate compass, but the majority of their opponents on the right wing, as Dr. Chalmers would have said, "expatiate." Jacquier's French work occupies no less than four volumes. Godet's would have taken several, had it ever been finished. The English version of B. Weiss's manual filled a couple of volumes, and now we have Zahn's introduction in no less than three stout volumes, which do not even include any account of the canon or the text. They represent the third and revised edition of the German original. Apart from an introduction, which is mainly devoted to the problems of the language, and a supplementary chapter on the chronology, the contents are confined to a thorough-going discussion of the literary and historical problems connected with the books of the New Testament canon. The unwieldy paragraphs of the original have been occasionally broken up, much to the benefit of the English reader, and an excellent general index is provided. Otherwise, the translation justifies the claim of being "in every detail a reproduction of the last German edition."

The specific features of Zahn's invaluable work are familiar to all critical students of the New Testament. He makes no attempt to provide exhaustive bibliographical

* "The Basutos: The Mountaineers and Their Country." By Sir Godfrey Lagden. Hutchinson. 2 vols. 24s. net.

* "Introduction to the New Testament." By Theodor Zahn, Professor of New Testament Exegesis, Erlangen University. Translated from the Third German Edition. T. & T. Clark. 3 vols. 36s.

information; references to other critics occur now and then, but they are eclectic. The strength of the treatise lies in the notes appended to each chapter, in which Zahn often provides textual material of unrivalled excellence out of his stores of scholarship. Good examples of this occur in vol. ii. pp. 565f, on the text of Matt. i. 16, and in vol. i. pp. 394f, on Rom. i. 7. Whatever may be thought of Zahn's conclusions—and they are distinguished by almost as much ingenuity as slavish adherence to tradition—his statement of the data seldom fails to do justice to the particular case under review, and this is particularly true of the data from early Christian tradition.

The arguments for the early date of James, as a pre-Pauline writing, add nothing to what English readers may find in Mayor's commentary. Galatians is put first among Paul's epistles, though Zahn wisely refuses to accept Professor Ramsay's interpretation of *Γαλατικὴ χώρα* in Acts as an allusion to the province of that name. The author's ingenuity reaches its climax, perhaps, in the discussion of the Petrine epistles; the second is actually put earlier than the first and regarded as more Petrine! If literary criticism had ever a plain verdict, it would be to reverse such an extraordinary opinion. The very fact that a scholar of Zahn's rank should seriously propound it, is a tribute to the increasing conviction that no date for 2 Peter, after 1 Peter, can be maintained, apart from an admission that the later writing is pseudonymous. In the section on Hebrews, Zahn incidentally makes an admission which, had he acted fully on it, would have saved him from several fanciful attempts to connect the New Testament writings with subsequent traditions of the second and third centuries, by reading the latter at all hazards into the former. "We must remember," he observes (vol. ii., p. 294), "that most of the ecclesiastical tradition regarding the writings of the New Testament is only the echo of the testimony of the documents regarding themselves; and this tradition is good or bad according as this self-testimony was correctly understood or not. Nevertheless the history of an epistle like Ephesians shows us that even such traditions as had no support from the document itself became dominant in the Church at a very early time." The bearing of this second principle is not fully seen till the reader passes on to Zahn's investigation of the gospels, where he finds the author practically defending such inferential and inferior traditions at all costs. The sections on the Apocalypse, in particular, are vitiated by a disregard of this cause, and much the same may be said of the paragraphs upon the Fourth Gospel. Nothing more ingenious, nothing less persuasive, could well be written by an expert on such problems.

Zahn has a bald style; no literary crispness relieves the pages of his writing. Over thirty years ago, Renan playfully criticised one of his early books in these words: "Quiconque aura le courage de lire ces 650 pages, écrites d'un style obscur et embarrassé, possédera réellement les éléments pour résoudre la question; mais tout le travail du raisonnement et de la critique restera bien à sa charge." The same verdict applies to this elaborate introduction. Zahn refers to Renan's grumble with a good-humored protest that scientific investigation cannot always robe itself in elegant robes, but, while this is true within limits, it does not meet the full brunt of the objection, and, unluckily, the natural baldness of the German is intensified in the English version. We cannot speak with much enthusiasm of the way in which Professor Jacobus and his American coadjutors have translated this work. The pages contain not only more inaccuracies and misprints than should be reasonably allowed for in an undertaking of this size, but passages in which the sense of the original has been either obscured or missed through sheer carelessness. Once or twice, for example, "von" is rendered as if it were "vor," with disastrous results (e.g., in vol. i., p. 202, note 2), and twice at least mispunctuation has distorted the real meaning of the original (e.g., vol. i., p. 514, note 2, second line; vol. iii., page 171, note 2, line 4); "exactly," on page 228 (vol. iii., note 13) should be "inexactly"; "not" on page 257 of vol. iii. (line 15 from top) makes havoc of the sense and should be omitted; the last sentence, in large type, on page 115 of vol. i. is nonsense, and so forth. These are errors noted at random. All over there are far too many instances also, not only of incorrectness, but of a literalism which is uncomely and even misleading. Upon the whole,

the English reader will be able to make out Zahn's meaning, but the translators' work is not a special credit to themselves or to the distinguished scholar whom they have introduced to the English-speaking public.

A CLEVER AMERICAN NOVEL.*

WHEN the history of style comes to be written, an instructive chapter might be devoted to showing how the infection of a writer's manner may spread and give rise to a school, if the soil of culture be favorable to the particular kind of seed. A modern illustration is Mr. Henry James's literary method, which is now fashioning the manner of perhaps the cleverest women novelists in America. Mr. James invented an original mode of analysing social relations, a literary tapestry in which the finest shades of feminine subtlety can find infinite scope for pattern weaving. So dexterous is this school of fiction that one might boldly affirm that in its results the master is proved worthy of his pupils. Special characteristics of his handling reappear with such fresh and spontaneous effects added, as we see in "Other People's Houses," to prove that Mr. James's cosmopolitan graft can flourish and bear abundantly in the soil of American culture.

The heroine of the story, Miss Emily Stedman, a frail New England literary lady, "the only daughter of Hornmouth's most cherished professor," is the last of a line of scholars whose "learned blood is running thin." We are offered glimpses of her fragile youth when, as a pale little girl, all athirst for knowledge, she sits in the Hornmouth Library, puzzling as to why the classic Venue is always represented as a smooth-limbed woman with a calm and passive air. For her it is "only the things she thought about which mattered," and the centre of her thoughts is her superbly healthy and handsome boy cousin, Ralph Parrish, with whom she plays, robs orchards, goes night poaching, and condoles after he has been licked in a fight. Ralph represents to her eager spirit the tangible, normal joys of life which she, with her invalid's body, thirsts for but never can attain. Years pass, and when we meet Miss Stedman again she is a celebrity. Her novel, "The Cuckoo," is the sensational book of the year, and with the fame and money it brings her, she, a spinster of thirty, bids good-bye to cramped and dull Hornmouth for good, and establishes herself in a smart little gilded flat in New York. The subtlety of her relations with Ralph Parrish, now a prosperous New Yorker, with cosmopolitan business interests, is finely indicated. The woman acts "as an interpreter of himself to himself; she seemed to cast a brilliant light by which he found it possible to see." Ralph, who feels all the old ties of habit, does not want anybody else to marry his cousin; he is always wondering whether, if he proposes to her, she will refuse him, but then he has the chilling suspicion at back that, after all, marriage with him may be her aim. She holds him only by the fine-spun threads of affection, and one of the cleverest chapters in the book is the analysis of Miss Stedman's reflections when those threads have snapped in a crisis and Ralph, in a letter of clumsy masculine prevarication, which is designed to hoodwink her, betrays to her sharpened sense that she has definitely lost him. She sees her world in pieces, and herself as a solitary old maid. "She had never before realised how much her possession of him had been a part of herself . . . even her faith in the future tottered. It wasn't so all before her as she had supposed. What guarantee had she that that 'remainder which was allowed her' would be any less wasted than what had gone before?"

From the critic's point of view, the novel of subtle feminine shades of emotional values is more difficult to do justice to than is any other class. It is less the character of the people that the drawing fixes for us than the light of personal relations, mental, moral, and emotional, which is constantly shifting round them, like changing weather. Character, once it has been cleverly sketched in, is taken for granted, and the writer is left free to chase that most elusive quarry, mood and temperamental feeling. To Mr. Henry James and his clever school a conversational duel between three ladies on a lawn is far more thrilling than any field of battle, for everything in the people's lives may

* "Other People's Houses." By E. B. Dewing. Macmillan. 6s.

be indicated or disclosed at such a moment, by the revealing clash of personality. Miss E. B. Dewing has, we think, escaped the pitfall into which Mr. James has occasionally stumbled, by making her literary spinster heroine the real pivot of the tale. Miss Emily Stedman, in her ironic self-consciousness, her fine nervous intelligence, her physical insignificance, and her thirst for happiness, is a type of modern womanhood that most men have known, and the author is to be congratulated on this fact, that her piece of portraiture looks down upon us as naturally from English as from New England walls. In admirable contrast to this lady, whom nature has infallibly marked out for the backwaters of spinsterhood, is the presentation of the superbly smooth and large and magnificently unruffled woman of cosmopolitan experience, Mrs. Dench. The reviewer, at this juncture, may avow without shame that the triumph of Mrs. Dench's personality is only to be appreciated between the leaves of "Other People's Houses." The methods of this impressionist school in fiction aim at conveying the ceaseless complexity of life. There is perpetual movement and regrouping, personal atmosphere and cosmopolitan interchange. Veils are donned and cast off carelessly by all the characters in turn, when the spin of the wheel brings them to the appropriate crisis. Mrs. Dench, and her daughter Jane, the Venue Anadyomene of the tale, are magnificently drawn. We first meet these ladies while they are yachting in the Mediterranean as the guests of the Duke and Duchess de Clopin, at which point the millionaire, Mr. Barlow, of Barlow's Barley Buns fame, and his son David, enter the story.

The author's touch in these European scenes, though clever, is lacking in certainty, and she does not really conquer the reader till she and fate have reassembled all the characters at Ocean City, a health resort on the other side of the Atlantic. Here, on the wind-swept esplanade, and in the long piazza and the "sun parlor" of the great "Tide-water Hotel," the tragi-comedy is played out between the three women, Miss Stedman, and Mrs. Dench and her daughter Jane, which ends in Ralph falling to the bow and spear of Jane, in all the beauty, and strong freshness, and "wonderful goodness" of her youth. It only gradually looms upon us that while Mrs. Dench is in love with Ralph, she has aimed at passing on her lover, David, to her imperturbable daughter. The analysis of the depths within depths of feminine craft and meaning is all incredibly brilliant to the simple masculine mind. Mrs. Dench, we may hint, is possessed of a vastness of experience, suggesting the ocean's basking surface, secrets of the sea goddess which glimmer beneath the polished unruffled expanse of her wonderful talk. The critic, watching the evolution of the author's intricate gambit, can only criticise, here and there, an individual move in her game. We cannot believe that Mrs. Dench, for example, could so lose her sense of the *convenances* as to unmask her last batteries, in the anguish of realising that her daughter is winning the great prize for which she, herself, is struggling. It is almost a relief to our simple old-world intelligence to discover that when Miss Dewing's astounding feats of pilotage in the dangerous channels and reefs of her subject fail, she strands us abruptly on very hard, bare, crude rocks. The figure of David Barlow is not a success, and the closing chapter in which Miss Stedman rejects his hand and fortunes, and defines their mutual relations, discloses a situation which is highly artificial. The immense cleverness of many chapters, however, compensates for any doubtful pages.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

MR. C. F. ABDY WILLIAMS'S book on "The Rhythm of Modern Music" (Macmillan, 5s. net) will hardly appeal to the man in the gallery, or even the man in the stalls; but the student of an analytical turn of mind will find it very interesting. "Practical" people will tell us that studies of this kind, and the dissections of masterpieces that accompany them, are of no real use, inasmuch as the great composers never consciously worked upon the principles here revealed. That is quite true, just as it is true that Shakespeare was not thinking of feet and quantities, and arsis and thesis, when he wrote his blank verse; but it is none the less fascinating to discover the general laws that under-

lie all poetic and musical rhythm, and the special laws under which each poet or composer may be said to prefer to live and work. The rhythm of modern music is a particularly fruitful field of research, for our rhythmic sense is expanding at almost a quicker rate than our harmonic sense. Phrase articulations and groupings that would have seemed disjointed and aimless in the eighteenth century are ordinary food to the average musician of to-day, though audiences as a whole may not always be able to follow them. Mr. Abdy Williams brings out very clearly this evolution in our perception of rhythm. Some of Beethoven's periods would, no doubt, have horrified Haydn; while Beethoven's own feeling, now and then, that he was giving the intelligence of his audience and of his conductors a bit of a poser is shown by his care in telling them that this or that phrase is a "rhythm of three beats" or a "rhythm of four beats." In our own day the rhythm of these passages seems as self-evident even to the man in the street as that of "God Save the King." Mr. Abdy Williams rightly lays stress on the fertility of resource shown in Brahms's rhythms; it is in Brahms, indeed, that we can study almost at its best that evolution of rhythm from the simple to the complex that every art, and every device of art, has to go through. Mr. Abdy Williams concludes his analysis of the nature of rhythm with some chapters of detailed examination of typical modern works, such as the second symphony of Brahms, Tchaikowski's "Pathetic" symphony, and Elgar's symphony, and a short account of Dr. Hugo Riemann's theory of the agogic accent in musical performance. The book is thoughtful and sound throughout. Almost the only remark with which one can disagree is the curious one that "to Bach, music was an innocent recreation," which seems a rather wild thing to say of the composer of the B minor Mass and the "St. Matthew" Passion, and the intensely thoughtful organ chorale-preludes. Mr. Williams's brief reference to programme music on pp. 5-6 is also unnecessarily superficial.

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 "SUSAN WARNER" ("Elizabeth Wetherell") (Putnam, 10s. 6d. net), is the title of a biography by her sister, Miss Anna B. Warner, of the author of "Queechy," "The Wide Wide World," and other tales that formerly enjoyed a great vogue. Miss Warner quotes largely from her sister's letters and journals, and, though the book is not of great literary interest, it gives a pleasant picture of a nineteenth century New England household of rather strict views. The Warners were of Puritan descent, and Puritan traits abound in Susan Warner's character and rule. Thus she writes of Robertson's sermons: "They trouble me; they are false. They are bad, though not written by a bad man, but one who shaves down Scripture." The father, Henry W. Warner, seems to have been a bad man of business. He bought an island, on which he proposed building a house and laying out grounds; but some difficulties about a mortgage involved him in a series of lawsuits, and it was only his daughters' self-sacrifice that saved the place from being sold. The island was, in fact, a white elephant, and swallowed up a great deal of Susan Warner's savings without giving much pleasure in compensation. Susan Warner led a quiet life, and does not seem to have met many of the famous people of her country and generation. Once, on a visit to Boston, Emerson was introduced to her. "Mr. Emerson," is her comment, "I didn't fancy." "The Wide Wide World," like many other successful books, was declined by several publishers, one of them sending back the manuscript with the word "Fudge" scratched across it. "Dull" would have been a better epithet. But it is redeemed by some charming sketches of old-fashioned farm life and character in New England.

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 MISS MARY F. SANDARS claims that her book on "Louis XVIII." (Hutchinson, 16s. net) is "the first attempt in the French or English language to link the different periods of Louis XVIII.'s life together," and to present the man as a whole. To make such an attempt was well worth while for, although Miss Sandars seems to us to rate Louis XVIII. too highly, he lived in a period of the greatest interest, and in his person and career the passage from the Ancient Regime to constitutional government may be profitably studied. He was almost the sole Bourbon who learned by experience. While Comte de Provence, he was a strong partisan of military authority and resisted the reforms

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attempted by Turgot and Necker. When he became King of France, he recognised the absurdity of trying to rule according to the ideas of the ultra-royalists, and got rid of them in 1816 by dissolving the Chamber. In this, as in his dislike of priestly dominance, he was the opposite of his brother, the Comte d'Artois, and, had Louis XVIII lived longer, it is probable that the Revolution of 1830 would not have happened. But, though cautious and sensible, he was a thorough believer in divine right, and Miss Sandars' claim that the French people owe him a deep debt of gratitude for introducing them to the benefits of constitutional government does not find support from the facts. His liberalism was forced upon him and he only accepted it because he saw the folly of resistance. Personally he was unattractive. His corpulence, his gout, his apparent self-satisfaction, and his theatrical airs were the most obvious features in an unsympathetic character. On the other hand, he showed tact and forbearance, and had his will been as strong as his intellect, he might almost have proved a great sovereign. Miss Sandars writes with clearness and ease. We should have liked a fuller treatment of the politics of the years succeeding the Restoration, but the book is not intended to be more than a biography of Louis XVIII.

* * *

THE title, "The Danes in Lancashire," hardly covers the scope of Mr. S. W. Partington's book (Sherratt & Hughes, 5s. net), which really deals with the Danish colonisation of the whole of the ancient kingdom of Northumbria. Beginning with a short historical summary of the Danish invasions and settlements, the writer proceeds to discuss the place-names, patronymics, and physical types that indicate the preponderating Danish influence in this part of the country; reviews their political and social institutions, and discloses some interesting facts concerning stone crosses, runic inscriptions, and other memorials of their art and literature; and ends with what he styles a comparison of progress in agriculture between Danish and British, but which resolves itself into an account of Lord Rayleigh's co-partnership farming estate in Essex. One of Mr. Partington's most illuminating facts is that the population returns in Domesday Book prove that no "servi" existed in the counties where Danish influence was greatest; and with this goes the reminder that political freedom has been the watchword of the people of the northern counties ever since the Danes established themselves there. The antiquarian matter in the book is set forth rather drily; we miss altogether the charm with which, say, Canon Atkinson invested his writings on the Danish monuments in the Cleveland division of Yorkshire. However, Mr. Partington gives us some useful facts and figures regarding antiquities, and the discussion of the wheat-growing question which is introduced into the concluding chapter is, while quite irrelevant to the rest of the book, conducted on impartial lines.

* * *

A PLEASANT excursion into the realm of Italian poetry is provided by Mr. G. Grinnell-Milne in "Tales from Tasso, and other Poems and Translations" (Nutt, 10s. 6d. net). Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," one of the world's great epics, lends itself readily to the method of treatment employed by its latest translator, who has selected those sections of the poem which narrate its principal incidents, and connecting them with a running prose commentary, has preserved the continuity of the whole with remarkable success. The Italian original is printed on the opposite page to the English translation, so that the reader may compare them at a glance. Biographical and expository chapters concerning the poet and the epic will be found in the forefront of the volume, and the English reader who has no time for the larger literature of the subject, or who is handicapped by want of knowledge of Italian, will find them very useful. Short historical studies of the actual Tancred and Godfrey are also included. The chivalry and fanaticism of the Crusades reach their highest expression in this great Italian poem, whose author was himself one of the most impressive figures in literature—impressive alike in the triumphs and the tragic sorrows of his life. "Ginevra: A Tale of Florence, A.D. 1396," is an original poem which, without being either a translation or an imitation, is based on one of the many anonymous Italian pieces that have been handed down. The narrative, which is put into the mouth

of an Italian priest, relates the adventures of an English knight who is journeying to Florence. Lastly, there are selections from the sonnets and madrigals of Michael Angelo, and an extract from Canto V. of the *Inferno*, rendered into English verse side by side with the Italian. The beginner in the study of Renaissance literature might do much worse than take these examples of its poetry, with their careful explanatory notes, as the foundation of further studies.

* * *

PROFESSOR NAVILLE is known in the learned world as one of the most accomplished of contemporary Egyptologists, and he has found an admirable and sympathetic translator in the minister of the parish church of Dundee. Dr. Campbell tells us that a reperusal of Professor Naville's "The Old Egyptian Faith" (Williams and Norgate, 5s.), when he was in Egypt last year, convinced him that even after the appearance of the excellent works of Wiedemann Erman, Budge, and others in English, there was still room for another exposition of the old Egyptian faith, and that Dr. Naville's lectures occupied a place by themselves. It is this fact which has led him to present them to the English public in the present translation. Professor Naville's book covers very much the same ground as the lectures on the religion of the ancient Egyptians which were delivered in the United States a few years ago by Professor Steindorff of Leipzig, and which have appeared in Putnam's excellent series of "American Lectures on the History of Religions." But there is ample room for both books, as the points of view are not always the same. It is an exceedingly difficult task to explain and illuminate the origin and development of the Egyptian religion during thousands of years. The materials are often defective, and even when we do have them, it is easy to form different estimates as to their value. It is also difficult to enter into the religious ideas and to breathe the religious atmosphere of a people whose whole conception of the world and life are so very different from our own. Dr. Campbell is right in saying that the Egyptian faith is perhaps the most wonderful body of religious beliefs that the human mind has ever conceived. If we want a lucid and interesting introduction to these beliefs, we cannot do better than place ourselves in the hands of Dr. Naville. He differs on some points from other inquirers in the same field. But he always differs with good reasons behind him, and he may safely be commended as a trustworthy guide to the beginner. A word of praise must be awarded to Dr. Campbell for the excellent photographs with which the text is illustrated. These photographs add much to the value of an excellent book.

* * *

IN "The Life and Times of Martin Blake, B.D.," by the Rev. J. F. Chanter (Lane, 10s. 6d. net.), we have an interesting account of a moderate Churchman whose attempt to steer a middle course during troubled times brought him into many difficulties, but enabled him to end his career in undisturbed possession of the vicarage of Barnstaple and a prebend's stall at Exeter Cathedral. Blake's sufferings during the great rebellion are recorded in Walker's "The Sufferings of the Clergy," but Mr. Chanter thinks the book does an injustice to Blake's memory. This view is supported by the documents on which the present work is based. Both from his temperament and training, Blake seems to have been what would to-day be called "a moderate Churchman with evangelical leanings." Nevertheless, he opposed Puritanism, and as rural dean of Barnstaple, he prosecuted some of the lecturers who were carrying on a vigorous propaganda. Under Charles I. he refused to pay ship-money, but declined to join the Roundheads, and was twice deprived of his living. He returned to it on the eve of the Restoration, and died there in 1673. The book is well written, and should prove of interest to students of English ecclesiastical history.

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* * *

THE balance between biography and criticism is about equally preserved in the "Stories of the French Artists" (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d. net), from Clouet to Delacroix, which have been collected and arranged by Messrs. P. M. Turner and C. H. Collins Baker. The latter, who is responsible for the second portion of the book, is the more critical of the two, his judgments on Greuze, Madame Vigée Le Brun, Louis David, and even Ingres, being especially severe; but he is nowhere unmindful of the human interest, and, on the whole, the lay reader, no less than the art student, will find that the narrative slips along pleasantly from start to finish. In generalising on the character of French painting, Mr. Turner establishes with sufficient clearness the truth (1) that it has been intensely national in so far as its periods have always reflected the national life of the time to an extent unparalleled in any other nation, and (2) that it has always been concerned with line rather than with color. The second fact is useful to remember nowadays in view of a too general idea that the modern Impressionist School is essentially a French growth, representative of French genius. This volume, whatever one may think of its opinions, has distinct value as a biographical dictionary of French artists from the Primitives to the Romantics, including as it does several names of admirable painters whose works, if represented in the Louvre, are still unfamiliar to many an English art lover. Its character studies, too, of various personalities are not without vividness and penetrative power, and the selection of illustrations, both plain and colored, leaves little to be desired in point of representativeness.

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THE past week has not been marked by any outburst of speculation on the Stock Exchange, though the rubber market remains very active. New York is still in an uneasy

condition, as if awaiting more failures of the Fisk and Robinson class. The foreign market has been a little bit disturbed by the civil war between the Greek Army and Navy, as well as by the Turkish programme of "Dreadnoughts." From what one knows of Greece and Turkey and of the navies at the Piræus and Golden Horn, I should hazard an opinion that the people of both Greece and Turkey would be extremely lucky if the Army in each case would destroy the Navy. The one successful Rothschild plan for restoring the finances of South America rested, it will be remembered, upon the principle that the rival powers should sell off their battleships. This reminds me that there are persistent rumors in the City of a naval loan, and a fresh issue of Irish Land Stock will soon be due. These causes of apprehension, together with the financial confusion, amply account for the low price of Consols and the dulness of all gilt-edged securities.

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Excise	18,665,000	15,529,000
Estate, &c., duties	6,998,000	6,686,000
Stamps	550,000	1,680,000
Land tax	10,875,000	20,760,000
House duty	19,170,000	18,540,000
Property and Income Tax	400,000	430,000
Post Office	1,136,672	1,151,443
Crown lands	1,334,730	1,769,744
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Total revenue	£113,209,402	£120,862,187

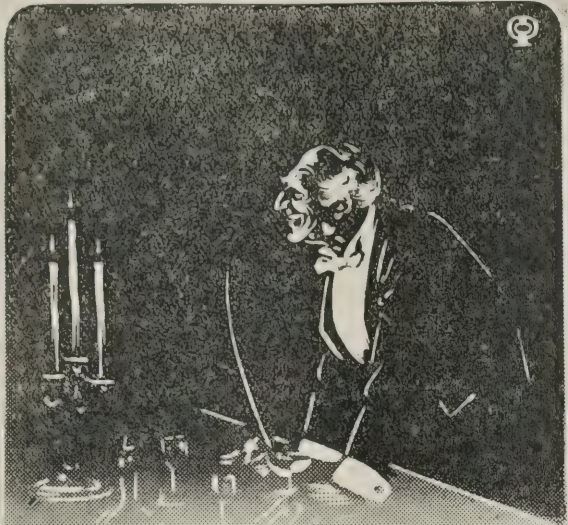
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Other countries	148,586	24,505
Total	2,761,564	1,788,976

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no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Sovereign on Mon-
day, and the Session inaugurated with a Speech which
opened up a wide vista of bewilderment for the Liberal
Party. Save for the reference to the opening of the
South African Parliament by the Prince of Wales, a
mention of Lord Morley's scheme of Indian reforms, the
promise of a substantial increase in the cost of the Navy,
and a hint of financial confusion, the speech was confined
to the topic of the Lords, and this was so far satisfactory.

* * *

BUT its language was neither clear nor even
grammatical. The situation was described in two para-
graphs. The first declared that "serious difficulties"
existed between the two parties of the legislature. The
second announced that proposals would be made, with all
convenient speed, to secure the undivided authority of
the Commons over finance, and its predominance in legis-
lation. This pointed to an anti-veto Bill, but the
paragraph proceeded to sketch a scheme for the reform
of the Lords. Its phrasing ran as follows:—

"These measures, in the opinion of my advisers,
should provide that this House should be so constituted
and empowered as to exercise impartially, in regard to
proposed legislation, the functions of initiation, revision,
and, subject to proper safeguards, of delay."

The words "this House" would in the natural sense
refer to the Commons, but they were spoken of the Lords,
and obviously related to that assembly. A more serious
confusion has arisen from the words "constituted and
empowered," which suggest that the constitution of the
House of Lords, as well as its relation to the Commons,
has been under review by the Cabinet.

* * *

THIS would seem to be the case, and it is probable
that the view of at least a section of the Cabinet, led
by Sir Edward Grey, was conveyed by Colonel Seely,

who is seeking election at Ilkeston in Sir Walter
Foster's place, and with greater crudeness by Mr. Pease,
on whose behalf Sir William Holland has resigned. Mr.
Pease, indeed, omitted all reference to the Veto, and
had the assurance to say that the Government would
proceed with "the great Bill of this Session, the recon-
stitution of the House of Lords." Colonel Seely pro-
posed, in brief, to set up a small Second Chamber or
Senate. It was to be elected by the same constituencies
as the House of Commons, and any elector would be
eligible for it, the hereditary element being completely
abolished. In cases of difficulty with the House of
Commons, the two Chambers would sit and vote to-
gether, the calculation being that, by this machinery,
and by the democratic character of the body, all but
very small majorities of the Commons would eventually
get their way.

* * *

WE argue the question of a re-constituted Chamber
elsewhere, but we note that the moment it was hinted at
a strong force of opposition from the Radicals was
developed. Sir Charles Dilke presided over a meeting
of members who asked for concentration on the Veto,
and saw the Prime Minister, while Sir Henry Dalziel
gave notice of the following amendment to the Govern-
ment's motion for taking the whole time of the House:—

"That inasmuch as no mandate has been received
from the electorate for any reform or reconstruction
of the House of Lords, this House declines to grant
any facilities for discussion of any resolutions having
that object in view."

* * *

ON Thursday there was a meeting of Liberal mem-
bers representing Northern constituencies—the backbone
of the Parliamentary Party—and also of the Liberal
members for Scotland. It is understood that both
these gatherings revealed an overwhelming majority in
favor of the policy which aims at the destruction
of the Veto and against a scheme of reconstruction.
We believe, indeed, that only two members—one at each
gathering—expressed any convinced belief in the latter
policy. Indeed, it is already clear that if the Govern-
ment pursues it, it is doomed. One mistake has been
made; another would be fatal. The vital purpose of
the Ministry must be to preserve the unity of the
party, and the simultaneous and harmonious action of
its allies.

* * *

WE are sure that Mr. Asquith is alive to this
necessity, and equally sure that it cannot be attained by
even the best devised and most democratic form of
Constitution-mongering. On this point his statement to
the Trade Congress Deputation seems to us clear and
satisfactory. "They could not," he said, "get electoral
reform as long as they had an Assembly which was
determined not to give it to them, and that Assembly
had the power of defeating the legislation of their
representatives. As he had said, the condition precedent
to the attainment of any of these reforms was the settle-
ment of that great question"—that is the Veto. Mean-
while, Lord Rosebery proposes that the Lords should
constitute themselves immediately into a Committee for
reforming themselves, and plan after plan of change

pours from the Tory Press. A clear warning to Liberals not to do likewise.

* * *

A PROFOUND sensation has been caused by the Prime Minister's speech in supporting the Address. Mr. Asquith, while declaring that this Parliament was devoted to the restoring of the supremacy of the Commons over finance, and to destroying the legislative Veto of the Lords, gave a rendering of his Albert Hall speech which seemed to his audience to take from the Parliament all hope of effecting those purposes. He explained that his reference was to statutory safeguards, not to the exercise of the Royal prerogative:—

"I tell the House quite frankly," said Mr. Asquith, "that I have received no such guarantees, and that I have asked for no such guarantees. In my judgment it is the duty of statesmen and of responsible politicians in this country as long as possible and as far as possible to keep the name of the Sovereign and the prerogatives of the Crown outside the domain of party politics. If the occasion should arise I should not hesitate to tender such advice to the Crown as in the circumstances the exigencies of the situation appear to warrant in the public interests. But to ask in advance for a blank authority for an indefinite exercise of the Royal prerogative in regard to a measure which has never been submitted to or approved by the House of Commons is a thing which, in my judgment, no constitutional statesman can properly make, and it is a concession which the Sovereign cannot be expected to grant."

* * *

PROBABLY Mr. Asquith said less than he might have said, for we believe that the question of guarantees has been mentioned to the King, at least since the election. But the bare limitation of the Albert Hall speech struck a chill through the Ministerial ranks, and the rest of Mr. Asquith's speech, which announced that the Government would first proceed by resolutions introduced in the Commons, but not in the Lords, that the Budget was to be carried at a later period, and that there would be immediate steps for settling the financial confusion, was heard almost in silence. Incidentally Mr. Asquith mentioned that there was a deficiency of twenty-five millions in the returns of income tax.

* * *

THE speech was at once criticised by Mr. Redmond, who, proclaiming his independence of British parties, declined to accept Mr. Asquith's reading of his Albert Hall pledge, or his outline of Ministerial policy. He thought the natural meaning of the earlier speech was that the Prime Minister would not assume or hold office unless he saw his way to the passing of a Bill dealing with the veto, of course with the help of the Royal prerogative. On that reading of the pledge, said Mr. Redmond, the election was fought, and no hint was given to a contrary effect. In particular, the Irish Party had been organised on the understanding that the Government were not prepared to accept responsibility for carrying on until this question was settled. He admitted, however, that there was force in Mr. Asquith's plea that, as things stood, the Sovereign could not promise to create peers in favor of a Bill he had not seen. If that was so, the Government's plan should be produced without a moment's delay, or simultaneous resolutions, as THE NATION suggested last week, might be introduced in the Commons and in the Lords. When these resolutions had been passed in one House and thrown out in the other, the King would be seized of the situation, and the Government could act.

* * *

THIS speech, significantly cheered by Liberal and Radical members, threw the whole situation in doubt.

Mr. Redmond had practically told the Government that it must either be "Veto first" or an appeal for guarantees, and that, if neither course were taken, he would not support the Budget. The Irish pressure was re-enforced on the following day by Mr. Wm. O'Brien. This *revenant* from the old Home Rule battles appeared as an almost avowed Conservative force. He declared that he had come to Westminster to destroy the Budget, which would make Home Rule a curse instead of a blessing, and standing as a prophet of a new peasant proprietary, Conservative and Protectionist, offered an eirenicon to the Tory Unionists. Mr. O'Brien's speech may give the Tories a fresh ally, but it may fatally divide the Irish urban vote in Great Britain, which is democratic, from that of the new landowners under the Wyndham Act. In the later speeches of the debate, Mr. Redmond's attitude, as distinguished from Mr. O'Brien's, was supported by Radicals like Mr. Belloc, who spoke with striking brilliancy of phrasing, and by Liberal moderates like Sir Albert Spicer.

* * *

THE Protectionist case was revived on Wednesday by Mr. Austen Chamberlain in an official Opposition amendment rehearsing the usual formulæ of Tariff Reform, and endeavoring to catch the Irish vote. It was rejected on Thursday night by 285 votes to 254—a majority of 31. The two sections of the Irish Nationalists abstained, but the majority would have reached forty but for five vacant Liberal seats and the accidental absence of four Labor members. Mr. Chamberlain's speech was a rehearsal of ancient and more extreme Protectionist legends, unaccompanied by any kind of supporting evidence. On the other side were Mr. Buxton's statements as to the official prices of German bread under the import duties, Mr. Runciman's powerful exposition of the policy of open ports, Mr. Mond's riddling of the coarser Protectionist arguments, and Mr. Lloyd George's illustrations, from official German reports, of the way in which the poorer German workmen are driven by high prices on to food repellent to our people.

* * *

BUT the gem of the debate was Mr. Balfour's revelations of the truth of Mr. Kettle's jibe that the object of the Protectionists' amendment was to nail not their flag, but their leader, to the mast. As usual, Mr. Balfour alternately submitted to his bonds and tried to break through them. He practically unsaid all the wilder electioneering assertions of the Tariff Reformers—his own included. Thus he admitted (a) that it was not his view that all protective duties would be paid by the foreigner; (b) that it was "only a speculation" that Colonial preferences would result in reducing the price of bread; (c) that he could not "promise" that there would be no increase in the price of food as the result of food taxes; (d) that he had never held Tariff Reform to be a cure for unemployment. Having thus taken all the fuel out of the Protectionist engine, Mr. Balfour proceeded to pretend to drive it full speed ahead. One or two of the new Tory members showed some zeal and freshness in the Protectionist cause, which their great leader may be trusted to extinguish.

* * *

THE wheel of events in Thibet has turned full circle, and its theocratic ruler, the Dalai Lama, who fled to China, a refugee from a British invasion, is now a fugitive in British India from Chinese pursuers. It is not possible as yet to understand the causes of what has happened.

The Dalai Lama, after Lord Curzon's expedition, fled first to Urga, in Mongolia, and then to Peking, where he remained up to last year. Meanwhile the Chinese suzerainty had become a reality, and the Chinese garrison had been largely increased. The troops were apparently non-Buddhist, and are said to have looted monasteries and killed Lamas. What exactly happened in Lhasa we do not know, nor is it clear whether there was only a contest between Chinese and Thibetans, or also a civil strife among the Thibetans themselves. But the Dalai Lama was driven from his capital and pursued to the Indian frontier by a force of 2,000 Chinese troops. He has now appealed to Lord Minto for protection, while two Thibetan envoys who accompanied him are addressing a complaint to the Chinese Government.

* * *

It is fairly clear that this is a situation which does not directly concern us, or call for our intervention. By the Anglo-Chinese Convention of 1906, and later by the Anglo-Russian Convention, the suzerainty of China was recognised, we might almost say re-established. The civil power has come to blows with the religious power, as was indeed inevitable, and the theocracy has been worsted. Chinese rule cannot be worse than that of the Lamas, though it would be proper, if the allegations as to the brutality of the Chinese troops are well-founded, that our Minister should address an informal remonstrance to the Chinese Government. It remains to be seen whether the flight of the Buddhist pontiff will mean the migration of the central seat of Buddhism to its original home in India. If that were to happen, it might conceivably mean a partial reformation of an unspeakably corrupt cult, and even, as some Imperialist writers already reckon, its subjection to British influences. But the prestige of the Thibetan priesthood is already low, and its authority very doubtful in countries where Buddhism has continued to be a spiritual religion. A Buddhist Pope in a British Avignon would not be likely to increase his power.

* * *

ON Sunday, the Egyptian Prime Minister, Boutros Pasha Ghali, was shot by a young Nationalist chemist, Ibrahim Wardany, and died on Monday from his wounds. A Copt by religion, Boutros Pasha had behind him a long official record as Foreign and Finance Minister. He was a respectable, but not a strong, personality, and had lent himself as President to the proceedings of the Denshawai court-martial. The assassin, who was at once captured, is a Nationalist of some standing, and had studied chemistry at Lausanne. He is said (though this is denied) to have been the Secretary of the Young Egyptian Congress held last year at Geneva, and to have acted as correspondent to "El Lewa," the Nationalist organ. Numerous arrests were made after the murder, but few of them have been maintained. Wardany denies that he had accomplices, and there is no reason to suppose that he acted for his party. The Ministry has been remodelled, with the minimum of change, under Mohammed Said Bey.

* * *

THE details of the new Constitution which has been granted to Bosnia-Herzegovina are now known. They are fairly liberal, and may well excite the envy of the Slav races which find themselves under Magyar rather than Austrian rule. The general provisions for the liberty of the subject will be those which obtain in Austria proper. The Diet will have full competence in all domestic questions, the affairs of the common army,

tariffs, and the like being naturally beyond its scope. It will consist of seventy-two elected and twenty nominated members, of whom fifteen will be the heads of the three religious communities. The electors are subdivided first according to creed, and then according to property, into landowners, urban, and rural voters. The Orthodox Serbs will have thirty-one seats, the Mohammedans twenty-four, the Catholics sixteen, and the Jews one. An interesting provision is that women who are qualified as landowners or large tax-payers may exercise the franchise through a deputy—the universal practice in feudal times. The apparent Liberalism of these provisions is not, perhaps, so startling as it seems. The Austrian officials doubtless reckon on ruling by the divisions of their subjects.

* * *

AN experiment, painfully suggestive of decadence, is about to be tried in Algeria. The French Chamber, by an overwhelming majority, has authorised the employment there of a battalion of black Senegalese infantry, which may afterwards be increased to three. It is hoped that, if the experiment succeeds, the whole of the 19th Army Corps may be transferred to the Eastern Frontier of France, and that in time of war the defence of Algeria might be left wholly to black troops. M. Jaurès and his followers raised an ineffectual protest. The consequences of a dwindling birth-rate in France are evident, and they are being faced without false pride.—The chief event of the week in Paris has been the passing on M. Hervé, the anti-militarist leader, of the savage sentence of four months' imprisonment. In the course of a Press campaign against the corruption and brutality of the police, more especially the "Police des Mœurs," he remarked that a man whose women relatives had been insulted by this branch of the police would do well to imitate Liabeuf, the "Apache" who shot a policeman to avenge a wrongful imprisonment. The incitement is indefensible, but the punishment, deliberately pronounced, will anger large bodies of French opinion.

* * *

PHILADELPHIA has witnessed, during the week, one of those peculiarly savage strikes which are the spasmodic answer of labor to the growing power of trusts and corporations. Six thousand tramwaymen struck against a company which owes its privileges to the dubious manœuvres of a political ring. The company made an effort to run its cars with non-union labor, to which the men replied by burning or blowing up some 300 cars. One hundred persons are said to have been injured by explosions or in encounters with the police. A sympathetic general strike of all the organised labor of the city has been threatened. Meanwhile, a decision by a Connecticut court in a trade boycott case has created a situation analogous to that produced by our own Taff Vale judgment. Labor unions may now be sued for damages due to boycotting, which is pronounced "a criminal conspiracy in restraint of trade."

* * *

WE regret to note the death of Mr. Arthur Walter, the fourth and, we are afraid, the last member of the dynasty which founded and controlled the "Times." In 1894 Mr. Walter succeeded his father, the famous member for Berkshire, and the third of the Walters, as manager and chief proprietor; and in 1908 exchanged this position for that of chairman of the "Times" Publishing Company. We suppose that with his death the line of the Walters comes to an end, and that of the Harmsworths begins.

Politics and Affairs.

THE CRISIS AND A WAY OUT.

READERS of THE NATION will have been fully prepared for the grave events which have followed the Prime Minister's reading on Monday of the conditions for his tenure of office which he laid down, with great emphasis, in his Albert Hall speech. Those conditions were endorsed, with equal or greater clearness, by many of his colleagues; and there was, we think, an almost universal interpretation of their significance. Nor was this interpretation merely formal, for the majority was gathered together, and the party wrought to a high pitch of encouragement and enthusiasm, by the pledge which Mr. Asquith's words were thought to contain. What was that pledge? The Prime Minister said that he would not "assume" office and would not "hold" office unless he had secured "safeguards" for the "legislative utility and honor of the party of progress." Mr. Asquith stated on Monday that the guarantees which he had in mind were merely legislative, that he had not sought the Sovereign's aid and had not received it, and that it was unconstitutional to ask the King to exercise his prerogative in favor of a Bill which the House of Commons had never seen or discussed. This is hardly a complete statement of the case. Even if the Liberal and Labor and Irish Parties were wrong, their error had grave results in policy. It led them to hope for at least some decisive result to the election, if it were favorable to Liberalism. Either the party could go forward with some assurance of an issue, or, failing the assistance of the Crown, it could throw the whole responsibility for the constitutional deadlock on the body that had caused it, and, refusing all further share in the King's Counsels, could face the final defeat of the Peers with calm certainty. Indeed, it is clear that, if it had not entertained this view, it could not have approved a Dissolution which merely condemned the succeeding Parliament to a fruitless struggle. It would have preferred to use the constitutional powers latent in the House of Commons for forcing the Budget on the House of Lords. It thought, therefore, that Mr. Asquith had gone to the King with some such proposition as this: "Sir, the House of Lords have rendered party government impossible. There is no further hope of fair play for us. They will not look at our measures even if we return with our present majority, still less if it is reduced. Therefore, I come to you. The Constitution provides for your intervention in the case in which the House of Lords repeatedly sets itself against the will of the House of Commons. Here is my plan for dealing with its absolute veto, which is now seen to be inconsistent with anything like an equal balance between the two parties. If I am returned to power with a sufficient majority, will you give me your support? If you cannot, the Liberal Party will be forced out of the constitutional system, and your Throne must seek support only from statesmen who can deal with the House of Lords, and can form Governments whose measures will be fairly treated by them." The precise

terms of Mr. Asquith's speech suggested that on these lines he had hope of an issue.

This, therefore, was the general interpretation placed upon Mr. Asquith's words. The Prime Minister must, we are sure, see that no other was reasonably possible. If, as is now suggested, only legislative guarantees were meant, his followers, realising that fact, would have answered, "But you are condemning us to a fresh ploughing of the sands. Is this General Election, to which you have invited us, to go for nought? Has the King no part to play; or is there no remedy but revolution for the action of the Lords?" If we come to the language of his Albert Hall speech, and to Mr. Lloyd George's still more precise speech at the National Liberal Club, we see at once the difficulty of restricting his pledge to the promise to introduce a Bill into the House of Commons. Supposing the Prime Minister had been defeated at this election, and had assumed office as the result of a following contest. How could he pass a Bill before he formed a Government? And, conversely, if he had come back with a majority, not of 124, but of 400, would he have declared it unconstitutional to ask the King for guarantees? We cannot think so. The Prime Minister, we are sure, intended no deception, and, when he spoke on Monday, meant, we imagine, that the verdict of the electors was too inconclusive to admit of that resort to the Crown which he did not exclude from his general plan of campaign, and did hint as a later development of it. Let us, therefore, try to re-knit the unravelled situation, and see what prospect it contains of a substantial realisation of Mr. Asquith's original lead.

And first, though the spirit of the party has been damped, and its confidence in its leaders shaken, its purpose is not abated, nor has the chance of attaining it been destroyed. The breach with the Irish and the Labor Parties has arisen merely on a question of tactics, and outside the Government there is not a member of the majority who would have any hesitation in pursuing a vigorous policy of attack on the Lords. This may be said with equal confidence of the country. At the least computation the anti-Lords majority exceeded 400,000 votes. Had the issue been fought on the peers alone, both parties agree that the plurality would have been overwhelming. Consciousness of this fact is visible in our opponents' tactics. While we hesitate to attack the Peers, and doubt about our strategy, the Tory army of defence has struck its tents and is already in full retreat. A secret caucus of the Lords is sitting at this moment with the object of devising in raw haste a scheme of reform. The Tory papers of all shades of opinion are tumbling over each other in their zeal to produce some plausible alternative to a House full of elements that cannot stand criticism. One proposes a mixture of nomination, election, and the hereditary principle; another would combine nomination and heredity; while a third abandons heredity altogether. The "Observer," admitting the whole Liberal case, frankly gives up a House that pretends to be a plain-sailing Chamber of revision, and in that dress simply scuttles Liberal measures. Lord Rosebery, quick to seize the mood of the hour, calls on the House of Lords

to constitute itself into a Committee of Safety for Itself before the Easter Recess. Everywhere there is movement in this Valley of Dry Bones, on the evening of an election which, according to the Opposition, settles nothing in particular. Compare this feverish stir with the haughty refusal of the Lords two generations ago even to consider the question of life peerages. The situation resembles the competition between the two parties over Reform in the 'sixties, when Disraeli threw over fancy franchises and laid the basis of a democratic suffrage. The moral for Liberalism is as clear to-day as it was then. The party which stands firmest to the principles of representative government will win. That way and no way else lies the true path.

It seems to us, therefore, that it would be a scandalous defeat of the representative principle if through mere differences as to procedure the signal verdict of last month, invoked as it was by the Prime Minister's address, and weightier in character even than in numbers, were ignored. Neither party desires a second election; every group and segment of a group in the Commons deprecates it. So long as the miracle of 1906 was not repeated, such an election might not produce a settlement, while it sowed a plentiful crop of exasperated feelings. And, on the other hand, all the various constituents of the majority—Radicals, Nationalists, Labor men—desire to give this Parliament its voice in the controversy, and only differ among themselves because the Lords seem likely to stifle that voice, as they muffled its predecessor. On his side, the King must welcome a clearance of an issue which threatens, either for himself or for his successor, the loss of the system which keeps his throne propped by two equally powerful forces, saves it from the jar of direct contact with the popular will, and yet allows it to sun itself in the favor of all men. Is there not a means of reconciling all these aims and interests?

There seems to us to be one such plan, and that is through an *ad hoc* Referendum. The general method of the Referendum has been much canvassed in this country, and has received support both from Radical thinkers and from Conservative politicians. On the whole, it seems to us unsuited to our normal Constitution, for it is calculated to weaken and eventually to destroy the principle of Ministerial responsibility to the Commons, on which our system of Government mainly rests. The loss of the absolute veto of the peers must necessarily be linked with a scheme for shorter Parliaments, which in its turn gives us a fair approach to the Referendum. But a special application of the principle does seem suited to an emergency like the present, arising from a definite, simple issue, almost insoluble by the mixed appeal of a General Election, and yet urgently called for by the existing majority. Mr. Chamberlain, indeed, thought that it might fittingly decide the question of a tariff. Its advantages as an immediate solution of our present difficulties are clear. It gets rid of the immense disturbance of a second election, with its creaking, cumbrous, costly, and highly irritating machinery. It enables an immediate appeal to be made to the Prerogative on more moderate lines than a request for an immediate and large creation of Peers. Also, it sets

the House of Lords face to face with the tribunal before which it professes to bow while continually evading the practical results involved in the return of a Liberal Government. Finally, the Referendum is easily put in operation. Probably it might involve a short amendment of the Ballot Act. But in substance a Referendum, for this occasion only, could be set in motion by Letters Patent—that is to say, by using the power under which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government shaped the South African Constitution. The same device is in fairly constant use for high ecclesiastical or legal appointments, and it represents a normal and regular resort to the Prerogative, existing as a useful supplement to Parliamentary institutions. The Referendum cannot, indeed, over-ride statute law, but if a small supporting Act were necessary, we cannot imagine the Lords resisting it. Would they "refer" a Budget without the existence of any machinery for a regular examination of a complicated set of taxes, and could they refuse to "refer" a simple subject, carefully defined beforehand, and restricted to so intelligible an issue as the Veto? If they did, such hypocrisy would be its own condemnation, and the way would be cleared for any straight and simple dealing with them.

Let us assume, therefore, that the Government decides to make this Parliament an effective organ for settling the question of the Lords. We have a right to assume that this is its intention, and, indeed, by the confession of the King's Speech, this is the only reason for its existence, as well as the one condition of support from its Labor and Irish allies. If it sees no means of giving prompt and powerful effect to the firm will and passionate desire of its supporters in Parliament and out of it, its duty is to resign. In our opinion such a means exists. It is an unusual method, but it is a direct and fruitful one, for if a Veto Bill or Resolution passes the House of Commons by an adequate majority, and then receives the confirming votes of, say, half-a-million to a million voices, the call for full action by the Crown on a recalcitrant House of Lords would be imperative. Mr. Asquith's speech, as we said, reserves the point of a final appeal to the Crown. Could it be made with greater force than after a successful Referendum? Such a prospect would relieve the majority of the angry sense of futility which Monday's speech aroused. Ministers owe it to their Parliamentary followers to remove this weight. Still more do they owe it to the hundreds of thousands of workers outside. These men's devotion to democracy gloriously withstood the pressure of wealth and social power, and it was mainly sustained on this issue of the Lords. Their only petition to their leaders is for the means of giving effect to a profound conviction, and of lifting from our Constitution a burden that will assuredly sink it. Unless their appeal is responded to, the forces of progress may be destroyed, and cannot but be disintegrated and depressed.

THE ADVANTAGE OF A SINGLE ISSUE.

BEFORE the country can be consulted on the constitutional issue it is very necessary that the form in which that issue is to be presented should be carefully thought

out and finally determined. The question has not been suddenly sprung upon us. It is more than three years since the rejection of two Government Bills brought the relation between the Houses into the forefront of politics. The Government, which was continuous and substantially identical with the present Government, carefully considered the alternative possibilities, and, after mature consideration, decided that the point to attack was not the constitution of the House of Lords, but the power of Veto. This line of attack on the Lords had been gathering strength in the Liberal Party for many years. It was advocated by Lord Herschell and John Bright, and it was accepted by the National Liberal Federation, almost with unanimity, at a great meeting in 1904. This unanimity was a great point gained, and it unquestionably weighed with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government. They put forward proposals for the limitation of the veto, and introduced them in a resolution which was carried by a large majority in the House of Commons. Time passed, and the controversy became more acute. The position was repeatedly discussed, and still the limitation of the veto held the field. The Budget was rejected, and the position of the Government was announced at the Albert Hall. It was still the veto which was before the country, only now in a more extended form. The Lords had pushed their pretensions further, and claimed authority in the region of finance. This only made it necessary to extend the counter-policy by providing for the complete abolition of the financial veto together with the restriction of the veto on legislation. Still not a word was heard of reconstitution. It was not till the electoral fight was well under way that we heard of a Minister mentioning the subject of reform, and it is safe to say that the overwhelming majority of Mr. Asquith's supporters told their constituents that the veto of the Lords was the point of controversy, and that any proposal for the reconstitution of the Upper House must await its settlement. It is, therefore, with some bewilderment that the prominence given to the constitution of the Second Chamber in the King's Speech has been received, a bewilderment which, we fear, would give way to quite another state of mind if the actual proposal of the Government should be found to entangle the relatively simple question of the veto with the controversial coil involved in any scheme of reconstruction.

The first duty of the Government, then, is to avoid this pitfall. We are well aware that, in the abstract, a cogent argument may be set up for a renovated Second Chamber. It may be plausibly represented, not without force, as a more far-reaching scheme than the mere limitation of the Veto. Let us assume it to be, for the sake of argument, as democratic and as far-reaching as possible. Let us assume that it would involve the complete elimination of the hereditary principle, the election of a small Second Chamber by a constituency at least as wide as the present, and at the same time some mechanism to secure, by joint representation, the last word on all subjects to the House of Commons. If these conditions be not sufficient, let anyone add to them as he pleases, and conceive that we have the most

popular Second Chamber that can be devised. Such a scheme would be far more sweeping than that adopted during the last Parliament. Would it, therefore, be more acceptable? Three distinct and decisive considerations lead to a negative answer. The first is that it would probably encounter the determined opposition of those whose ultimate ideal is a Single Chamber, and who would rather persist with the weak and discredited body that at present exercises an arbitrary Veto than proceed to the constitution of a new and strong body firmly rooted in the representative principle. In point of fact, it was experience of the impossibility of obtaining agreement upon the lines of reconstruction which led the Government in 1907 to concentration on the Veto. There is no reason to think that those difficulties would be less to-day. Beyond this, there is the radical and, in our view, the true and sound objection that a body thus framed would tend to overshadow the authority of the House of Commons, and ultimately present to it a rival force, superficially attractive by reason of its apparent intellectuality, but really concentrating all the most conservative elements in the country. Neither Irish Nationalism nor English Laborism would take one step forward in such a direction.

The second reason is that one scheme, and only one scheme, has been before the country. Everywhere the Veto has been argued by Liberal and Labor candidates, everywhere voters have been asked to concentrate on that point alone, and in many places it cannot be doubted that those who would normally have supported Labor candidates have sacrificed their preferences for the sake of one object, which was represented to them as simple and supreme. There are plenty of alternative ways of handling the question. But none of these have been before the country, and for leaders who have put one scheme before the country, and have won on it, to change after the victory and substitute another would be a course calculated to undermine their authority.

This brings us at once to the third objection, which is that any scheme of reconstruction must be an involved and complicated affair. Hence to the supporters of the Government it means another big Bill after the model of the last Parliament, another long drawn out series of discussions, and at the end—summary execution. It means the familiar process of ploughing the sands, and neither Liberals, nor Labor men nor Irishmen are in the mood to plough the sands. True, as we have shown above, the Referendum might save it from this fate. But that process, if linked with an elaborate scheme of reform, would only come at the end of long, wearying, and uncertain controversy. After what has passed the opponents of the House of Lords and, most particularly, the Irish will require a more immediate and decisive test. What they demand is the production of the promised scheme for the limitation of the Veto, free from dilatory complications, and an immediate decision on the question. On such a decision the destiny of the Government would doubtless have to be staked. But if beaten, the democratic parties would still remain a fighting force, united in pursuit of a common object. They would not have suffered the more deadly injury of internal distrust and open discredit.

The immediate object of the Government must be to restore confidence—that is to say, to prove to all its supporters that it means to persist in the attack announced at the Albert Hall. It must prove to those who put the constitutional question above all others that to support the Government is the way, and the only way, to get the constitutional question settled. With this object it will do well, in our opinion, to embody its proposals for the double limitation of the Veto in a resolution from which all extraneous matter is excluded, and to submit that resolution to the judgment of both Houses. Assuming, as is probable, that that resolution is adopted by a large majority in the one House and rejected in the other, the situation arises which Mr. Asquith postulates as the necessary condition for approaching the problem of a constitutional settlement of the divergence between the Houses. If the problem were handled in such a way as to convince all parties of the sincerity of the Government, the immediate difficulties would, we believe, be overcome.

A FUTILE CONTROVERSY.

A MORE wanton waste of Parliamentary time than this week's debate on Tariff Reform can hardly be conceived. For Protectionists the prospect is definitely worse, not better, than when this same straggling and inconsistent amendment was debated a year ago. We were then in the trough of a trade depression with its accompanying unemployment. Upon these misfortunes of their country Tariff Reformers built great hopes, now dashed to the ground by the trade revival which is visible in almost every quarter. The General Election has, indeed, placed in the House of Commons a larger body of professed Protectionists, but the disastrous failure of their attempt to break the solidarity of the industrial North must have brought dismay to those among them endowed with any measure of political sagacity. In more adventurous moments Tariff Reformers have turned to Ireland as a natural ally in their adventure. But Irish Protectionism is an integral part of Irish Nationalism, as Mr. Kettle pointed out. Unless Mr. Austen Chamberlain and his friends are willing to concede an even further measure of Home Rule than Liberals at present contemplate, giving Ireland the right to levy a 10 per cent. import duty upon English goods, no such deal is possible.

With pompous formality Mr. Austen Chamberlain paraded the false assertions and fallacious reasoning which have been ringing in our ears from a thousand platforms. There was the same audacious "talk" about unemployment as "a chronic, continuous symptom of our social system," due to Free Trade, from which Protectionist nations are free, and for which a tariff would furnish a remedy! Agriculture and the great industries are affording less proportionate employment to our people than formerly; capital, needed here, is flowing abroad, to which Mr. Mackinder adds the statement that labor is following capital in its journey overseas. Protection does not favor trusts, and if it does, a national is better than an international trust. Such is the staple of an argument consisting entirely of unproved and unprovable assertions.

Tariff Reform, we are still assured, will increase the volume of British production by keeping out foreign goods. It will also raise our revenue by letting in foreign goods. The foreigner will pay the tax, and so prices will not be raised to our consumers, but profits will be larger for our home producers in agriculture and manufacture, because, though they charge no higher prices than before, they will earn profits on a larger turnover. For, though foreign goods must still flow in to yield a revenue, they must stay out in order to secure to us our home market. Though the price of wheat must rise in order to give a profitable stimulus to Colonial and British agriculture (the Colonies being, apparently, exempt from the economic law that the foreigner pays the tax), the price of bread must remain as before. If, however, the price of bread did rise, "your food," as a whole, would not cost you more, because the present food taxes could be remitted, though we observe that on this somewhat delicate topic Mr. Chamberlain did not dwell, preferring to plunge his audience into the trivialities of an impracticable comparison between German and British standards of living.

Mr. Buxton and other speakers patiently pricked these sophisms of Mr. Chamberlain with pointed facts. The worst unemployment remains in shipbuilding and the building trades, which Protection can only touch to damage. The average price for wheat in Germany last December showed an excess over the English price of 12s. 5d. for imported wheat, 14s. for native wheat, showing that the home producer charged the consumer not merely with the addition of the duty, but with a considerable surplus. But effective as these answers are, it seems hardly suitable that our House of Commons, at a time when it is confronted with such grave issues of immediate moment, should occupy itself with such vain and irrelevant discussion. For seven years we have had these debates going on, with no real attempt on the part of Tariff Reformers to defend their logic or their fictions: shifted from one position they move to another, and when the other is made untenable they simply shift back again. They have taken no steps towards securing any one of their argumentative bases. They have never attempted to prove how a tariff can increase the aggregate of employment in the protected area; or how it can keep more capital in the country; how the foreigner can be made to pay, or what form his payment takes; how Protection can secure the home market and retain our profitable export trade; or why it is more advantageous for us to take the payment for our exports in more raw material and less foreign manufactured goods than at present. With brazen effrontery they lay down these theoretical propositions, and proceed to build upon them elaborate edifices of fiscal policy. But they never endeavor seriously to defend them. Why? Because all this argumentation belongs, not to the substance, but to the rhetorical decoration of their case. There may be honestly convinced Tariff Reformers among our semi-educated classes, never trained to think; country clergymen, half-pay officers, a scattering of university men, country gentlemen, and other men of property and leisure, mostly attracted, in the first instance, by the breezy, or shall

we say windy, Imperialism on which the Birmingham statesman first floated his scheme, have grown into a genuine attachment to a policy which is going to "save the country." We respect the motives of these Tariff Reformers, but they live outside reasonable controversy.

Such controversy, however, is scarcely better adapted to deal with the business politicians who are actually running this campaign. Insincerity is, perhaps, an impossible charge to fasten on to a politician. But our impression is that most of the engineers in this propaganda attach little value to the economic formulæ they have devised, and by no means rely upon them for any other purpose than for getting votes at elections. Protectionism in this country, as elsewhere, is not primarily a political creed; it is a business scheme by means of which certain organised trades design, by using such political pulls as they possess or can procure, to pass legislation and impose taxation favorable to their pockets. No one who has studied the process of tariff-making in those new countries, such as the United States or Canada, where business forces work naked and unashamed, can doubt that a rigorously economic interpretation of this particular phase of national history is fully justified. This fact thrown a flood of light upon the position taken by Birmingham and its area of influence in the Tariff Reform movement. This district of numerous metal industries, exposed to the full force of foreign competition, has most to gain by a tariff which should secure its market by protective duties, always provided that this initial gain is not lost by a too wide extension of protective favors to other trades producing goods and raw materials. The political machine for which Birmingham is famous was excellently adapted to promote the furtherance of such a scheme. Tariff Reform is frankly adopted as "good business" by Birmingham, and if some flavor of Imperialistic enthusiasm can help to float a profitable project, it is not difficult to find it here in the home of the great Empire-builder who, at a cost of some three hundred millions to his fellow-countrymen, claims to have added a new nation to the Britain across the seas. If to this simple account of Tariff Reform we add the more distinctively political consideration that it is needed as an alternative proposal to the Radical taxation of unearned and superfluous wealth, we need not stray very far from our economic interpretation. Regarded in this light it is merely a base and impudent attempt to shift the burden of maintaining the State from the shoulders of the rich on to those of the poor.

AN EGYPTIAN TERRORIST.

THE first imitation in Egypt of the methods by which Indian terrorists are attempting to demoralise their British rulers inevitably sets the mind to tracing parallels. It was, indeed, a native Prime Minister, and not a British official, who fell to the assassin's revolver. But the offence of Boutros Ghali Pasha was, ultimately, that the Nationalists saw in him an agent of the British occupation. They struck at their foreign masters

through him. There are pitfalls enough in the way of any comparison between India and Egypt. The total absence in Egypt of any hereditary fighting caste with a tradition of physical courage, the relative immaturity in intellect and education of the educated class as compared with the best type of the Indian "intellectual," the rapid increase of wealth and the absorption of wealthy natives in land speculation and other profitable ways of improving the situation which the foreigner has made—all these things tend to make our position on the Nile incomparably easier than it is in India. There is to be set, on the other side of the account, only the fact that our coming is still recent and our title insecure. Our rule has not assumed for the mass-mind, as it has in India, the inevitability of a long settled fact, the sanction of a decree of destiny. But, with all the differences, the underlying difficulty is the same—the simple, instinctive objection of one race to be ruled by another. From that fundamental impulse has sprung the terrorism of the Extremists in India. It is probable that their example has incited the crime of this week in Egypt.

The discovery that the younger Nationalists are prepared to proceed from words to deeds will probably surprise the most those who really knew them best. The fear of some mass outbreak of fanaticism, to which Lord Cromer's school gave currency before and after the Denshawai incident, had never, we believe, a basis in probability. The Nationalist movement, even on the least favorable reading, was not a fanatical movement, despite its occasionally compromising relations with Yildiz Palace and the old *régime* in Turkey. It was an emphatically modern movement. Its leaders were men of Western education, with the usual tendency of the instructed Mohammedan to scepticism. Their demands were for a Constitution and for vernacular schools. Their one weapon was the Press. It was from among the educated, Europeanised class that they drew their adherents. Outside the towns their propaganda had made little stir, and of the genuine old-fashioned peasant they knew hardly more than did the last to arrive of the English officials. The only real risk was the growth of terrorism. Terrorism is the method of the isolated intellectual, and in India, as in Russia, he resorts to it because he despairs of rousing any mass movement fervid enough to pass from words to deeds. The thing was in the air two years ago, when the writer was in Cairo. Officials talked of it as a development which might come, if the emotional thermometer continued to rise. Students talked of it, lightly and publicly, as a thing which must, and ought, to come. So open, so noisy, so incautious was this talk, that no one who had ever met real conspirators under a genuine tyranny could dream of taking it seriously. It was laughable that young men who were, in fact, so free that they could almost publicly talk terrorism, should dream of resorting to the desperate remedy which, in Europe, has always been reserved for the moment when every other means of protest is forbidden. One saw nothing, moreover, in the conduct or bearing of these young men, to suggest that they had the courage or devotion necessary in the man who risks

his own life to take that of another. They seemed to be mere talkers, incapable even of organising an efficient party. The two years which have passed since then have only seen the progressive demoralisation of the Nationalists. They have found no competent leader since the death of Mustafa Kamel, and they were incapable of profiting even by the stimulus to all Nationalist causes in the East which the Young Turkish triumph should naturally have been. It is consistent with all that can be deduced from the history of similar movements, that Egyptian Nationalism should turn in its demoralisation and degeneration to terrorism. When in such a party the few who are reckless and keen see around them only lethargy and self-seeking, they are tempted to trust to the criminal deed which a single hand can achieve.

A notable and beneficent change has come over the spirit of the Egyptian Administration since Lord Cromer's departure. The native officials, whether Ministers or provincial governors, have been allowed to exercise some measure of authority. The consultative Legislative Council has been encouraged to make its debates more public and more thorough. The anglicising of the schools has been checked, and a National University founded in embryo. Above all, the Khedive, on whom fell the heaviest weight of Lord Cromer's hand, has been gently and tactfully handled. But, given the temper in which the Egyptian Nationalists regarded the occupation, the inevitable has followed. They do not see in all this a tentative stage on the road to self-government. They regard it rather as a belated and insidious attempt to debauch their ruling class, and to create among it an Anglophile party. The Khedive who, thanks to no qualities of his own, was rather a favorite while he stood at the head of Lord Cromer's black list, is now intensely unpopular, and it has even become a Nationalist pastime to hoot him in the streets. The meaning of the assassination of the inoffensive and respectable Coptic Premier, Boutros Pasha, is primarily, we imagine, that it is either a blind expression of resentment at this fraternisation between the ruling class and its English masters, or else a calculated attempt to intimidate the ruling class into assuming a more national attitude. Boutros Pasha, an official who had always carried out the policy of the occupation, was obnoxious on several grounds. He had a share in the Soudan Convention, he acquiesced in the proceedings of the Denshawai court-martial, but, above all, he was at the time of his death attempting to modify the Suez Canal Concession in a way which the Nationalists profoundly resent. The canal at present brings in no revenue to Egypt, but in 1967 its concession expires, and it will become the property of the Egyptian Government. Mr. Harvey proposed to extend the concession for a further term of forty years, in return for some immediate share in the present profits of the company. The arrangement seems to us a reasonable plan for obtaining a development fund which might, without fresh taxation, be used for fruitful ends. But the Nationalists are inevitably suspicious. The Canal in their minds is bound up with the occupation, and this plan impressed them chiefly as a crafty device for perpetuating the intervention of

the foreigner. Boutros Pasha fell to this suspicion—to our minds a peculiarly silly suspicion. For if it is the need of guarding the Canal which excuses the occupation, that need would not be lessened when the Canal became the property of an Oriental State.

The effects of such a deed as this can only be deplorable. It probably will succeed in intimidating the Khedive and his entourage. If in consequence they lose what little self-reliance they now possess, the progress of self-government is checked. If they are galvanised into an unnatural self-assertion, then their English "advisers" will resume in full their old authority. The choice of a policy is very difficult. If Sir Eldon Gorst attempts to work through the Khedive and the bureaucracy, he exposes them to popular resentment. If he "trusts the people" and tries to create a Parliamentary system, he is confronted by the hopeless immaturity and unreason of the dominant Nationalist party. The errors of Lord Cromer's period are bearing their natural fruit. He neglected education, to concentrate on finance. He created a foreign bureaucracy, and did nothing to develop the capacity of governing in native officials. The result is a weak ruling class, a foolish lettered class, and an inert illiterate mass. Through all these strata there seethes a certain vague jealousy of foreign rule, a partially organised and badly guided aspiration for self-rule. There is only a choice of evils. But of the evils, the lesser is, we think, to begin cautiously the development of a Parliamentary *régime*. Checks and safeguards would be indispensable for many years to come. But in ten years the schoolboys of to-day will be men. To create a really liberal system of education is to take the first and the longest step towards the solution of the Egyptian question. The plan of proceeding by developing provincial institutions has never seemed to us promising. No concession will placate the unrest or rally the Moderates, which fails to recognise the Egyptian nation as a unity moving towards the control of the central government.

Life and Letters.

THE TWO ENGLANDS.

WHEN Disraeli, in his "Sybil," applied the phrase "two nations" to the social cleavage between the gentry and the working classes, it would never have occurred to him to draw a sharp line of geographical demarcation. Mrs. Gaskell's imagination and keen popular sympathies were, indeed, powerfully impressed by the contrast between the soft and picturesque feudalism of the Southern counties and the bare, grim, striving realism of the new Lancashire beginning to assert its proud claim to be "the workshop of the world." But the full political significance of the contrast still lay in the tolerably distant future. For the narrow restriction of the franchise kept the control of politics in the hands of the aristocracy and the middle classes, and the profitable, though expensive, game between ruling Whig and Tory families was played according to time-honored rules at each General Election. The populace had very little "say," though the rumblings of a slow-wakening Demos in the great chaotic factory and mining regions of the North and Midlands began at times to disturb the dreams of the nobles, sporting squires, and new industrial magnates who ruled England. The several extensions of the franchise since the great Reform period, though shifting the balance of political parties so as to

make Liberalism more and more identical with industrial Britain, Conservatism with rural Britain, never made the geographical cleavage very clean and clear until the General Election of this year. A glance at the electoral maps showing the division of parties even after 1885, when it might be thought that the political opposition between the well-to-do classes and the workers had been made tolerably manifest, exhibits no plain, consistent testimony to the contrast between North and South, which stands out in glaring color from the latest record of electoral opinion.

The explanation is, of course, that the current of our politics has never run in any logical bed of clear, conscious ideas or interests. Though "the condition of the people," and the achievement of certain plain demands of humanity and justice disclosed by the pressure of heavy grievances ought, in theory, to have dominated political procedure ever since household franchise was obtained, this has not been the case. Secondary issues of domestic policy, grave conflicts due to the composite nature of our Empire and its aggrandisement, have served, decade after decade, to delay and to distract the deep moving forces which made for a division of political parties along lines of industrial geography. The slump of Imperialism which succeeded the disillusionment of the Boer War, the long spell of unbroken peace in Europe, the discord and unreality disclosed in what we may term the typical middle-class issues of education, temperance, and disestablishment, have brought to the front of practical politics with a rush a series of potent working-class demands for land and industrial reforms, for public provision against poverty and unemployment by honest and effective remedies, and for a finance which shall relieve the workers from injurious taxation, deriving the public revenue from the unearned and superfluous incomes of the well-to-do. The political field, being for a few years clear from other distracting issues, this array of working-class demands has had opportunity to shape itself into something like a coherent social-political scheme. To the rich and privileged classes, and their intellectual mercenaries, it is the spectre "Socialism" advancing to lay unhallowed hands upon the sanctities of private property, and to bring the entire social fabric to the ground. Nor is it wholly unnatural that the demands of the enfranchised workers should have this appearance to the uneducated upper classes in our Southern pleasure towns and our cathedral cities, to the West End clubman and the London city man, whose personal contact with the human factors of industrial England is too slight and too remote to protect his mind against the emotional suggestions of his scare-press.

We are not concerned to deny that there is some substance in his fears. We hope there is; for the contrast between the two Englands, disclosed so dramatically by this General Election, points to a state of facts and feelings which constitutes a real danger to our State. Wherever industrialism is organised and concentrated, upon the great coalfields of Lancashire and Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Northumberland, and Durham, not to mention South Wales, the greatest intensity of Liberalism and Laborism is found. The textile, machine-making, and mining constituencies yield, almost invariably, the largest Liberal majorities, carrying with them, in most instances, the neighboring semi-agricultural electorates. Scotland and the Northern counties in England, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Derbyshire, and Cheshire, return 175 Liberal and Labor men to 54 Unionist. Hardly less concentrated is the Unionist force in the Home and Southern Counties. Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hertfordshire, and Huntingdon are held entirely by them, while Middlesex and Warwickshire show only one Liberal seat. All the old cathedral cities, excepting one or two large industrial centres, such as Durham, Norwich, and York, nearly every dockyard and service town, the watering-places, and other pleasure resorts, the county towns throughout the South, the old market towns, controlling so many Southern constituencies, cast substantial majorities for the Unionists. But it is needless to labor the facts of

what amounts to a new political situation. In substance, it is the setting of consumers' England against producers' England.

We do not, of course, suggest that the bulk of the electorate in the Southern counties are not engaged in working for their living. But the social organisation and the character of the South are determined, to a predominant degree, by the well-to-do and largely leisured classes, who use this part of England as a place of residence and a playground in which their socially reputable sports and pastimes and their "social functions" may be conducted with dignity and pleasure. The incomes expended by this leisure class are dissociated from any present exertions on their part, and are mainly derived from the investments in industrial England or in other countries. The professions and industries which flourish in the South are, in the main, dependent upon the expenditure of these parasitic classes. Moreover, this dependence is tolerably conscious, leading, in the more desirable residential districts, to a new feudalism, in which the will and the demands of the moneyed class openly determine and control the occupations of the people, who consist mostly of retail traders, small tenant farmers, with ill-paid laborers, and numbers of small local industries supplying the requirements of local consumers. The only large, widespread industry, building, is, in structure and operation, separated from the great manufacturing and mining trades, and its instability weakens the independence of its employés. All over the South there is a great gulf between gentry and working-classes, which a class of peculiarly servile shopkeepers does little to bridge.

How different is the external structure and the spirit of society in the North! Though everywhere there exists a well-to-do class, it is largely engaged in organising and directing industry, and remains in close personal and human contact with the masses of the people. Nor does it exercise, either by its money, its social prestige, or its habits and valuations, a degree of control which approaches that exercised by the class of "conspicuous leisure" and "ostentatious waste" in the South. For the actual predominance in the industrial North is held by a force which has no existence in the South, the great associated artisan class, the comparatively well-paid, intelligent, and energetic groups of factory operatives, miners, foundrymen, engineers, and other workers whose conditions of employment and of living evoke energy of mind and educate them in habits of co-operative action towards common ends.

This new force of associated labor has been slow and reluctant to adopt the machinery of party politics as a necessary instrument for the attainment of its ends. It is only within the last decade that the necessity of a definitely political activity has firmly imposed itself upon the mind of all seriously disposed working-class leaders. The recent election discloses the first-fruits of this plain resolve. Vainly does the Southern Tory politician wave before this mass-mind of organised labor the tariff flag, contrived and colored so as to lure him from his plain path of advance. The unskilled workers in the Southern cities, prey to the publican and servile to the sway of the "hall," are won over in shoals to the protective device which represents the post-bellum endeavor to captivate the imagination of the workers and divert them from the threatened reform of "property" which is involved everywhere in the new Radicalism. The wisdom of the people, which comes into being and expresses itself through organised association, has shown itself here a powerful prophylactic. The united voice of the industrial North has even impressed the ears of the South: parasitism is, from its very nature, timid. It would take little to convert this timidity into panic. It is, however, to be hoped that timidity may yield to discretion, and not provoke the fiercer political spirit of the North. We do not think that the Government itself has yet fully realised the magnitude of this new controlling force in progressive politics, the obligations it imposes, and the new power it generates for the execution of those labors of constitutional and social reform to which the Ministry is formally committed,

KING'S ENGLISH.

In the respectable days of Queen Victoria, it was a common reproach among cultivated circles to say that someone could not speak "Queen's English." The reproach sometimes fell on a man who, by his industry and wits, had risen from the position of workman to be head of a factory or other "concern," and was devoting the energies of old age to enjoying the greatest happiness that money can buy. But more often it fell upon the woman who had risen at his side, and now either disregarded her aspirates altogether or rose at them painfully, as a bad hunter rises at a fence and scrapes the top bar. The reproach implied that the person had not mixed with elegant society in youth, had been at one time poor, and was indifferently brought up among people careless of grammar and accustomed to some local accent, the Irish and Scottish accents alone being acquitted of vulgarity, owing to their natural beauty and romantic associations.

"Queen's English" was the standard of correctness. It was the natural language of the genteel—the people who were slower than others at rhyming "knowledge" with "college," or sounding the aspirate in "humble." Whether, since the late Queen's death, the phrase "King's English" has come into use for expressing the same distinction, we are not quite sure. We have not heard it so employed, perhaps because fastidious exactness is becoming merged in the jumble and hurry of motor traffic and compulsory education. Or it may be there is a certain daintiness about a feminine monarch that no Salic Law can command, and that a male succession excludes; just as, with pitying admiration, one may call some ill-mannered but honest fellow-creature a "nature's gentleman." But no one to this day has ever ventured to describe any woman as a "nature's lady." Still, if we spoke about "King's English" at all, it would evidently signify the finest, the most cultivated, the most correct form of our language—such perfect utterance as the little cabin-boy would expect to hear from the King of whom he sang:—

"Soon we'll be in London Town,
See the King in his golden crown;
Sing, my lads, yo ho!"

But if that little cabin-boy had been to Parliament and heard a King's Speech, what a shock he would have received! Better for him to die prattling his ditty, with his sweet blue eyes turned up to the cockpit roof, as was described in many a melting drawing-room while the song held the fashion. Mr. Balfour is no blue-eyed cabin-boy; he has frequently seen the King in his golden crown; he is as hardened to "King's English" as a lodging-house servant is to her lover's Cockney. Yet a King's Speech is almost too much for him. Last Monday he complained bitterly of what he called that amazing piece of English. He spoke of the "ambiguities lurking in that remarkable specimen of our mother tongue"; he doubted if one passage had any meaning at all, though "it appeared to embody two quite different policies which had no connection whatever, except that it had been found possible to force them into the framework of one ungrammatical sentence." He even quoted "some unkind person" who said the King's Speech is always more stupid than the most stupid man in the Ministry, and he suggested that the grammar of it is sometimes worse than that of the most illiterate man in the Cabinet. But in the end, being hardened to "King's English," as we said, he put it all aside as a thing of small importance. "I do not think it much matters," he admitted, "whether the Government have put good or bad grammar into his Majesty's mouth, because Ministers, and not his Majesty, are responsible."

Will the Leader of his Majesty's Opposition allow the prerogatives of the Crown thus to be curtailed? Is bad grammar to be put into the King's mouth whether he likes it or not? Commanding the Army and Navy, is he to have no command of his own tongue? It is not to the measure of the most illiterate man in the Cabinet that the ideal of "King's English" has been built, and it cannot be a matter of small importance whether the

popular ideal of correct language shall be maintained. "He who writes badly thinks badly," said Cobbett, in one of his six letters, "intended to prevent statesmen from using false grammar, and from writing in an awkward manner".—

"The bad writing, on which I am about to remark, I do not pretend to look on as the cause of the present public calamities, or any part of them" (he was writing in June, 1822); "but it is a proof of a deficiency in that sort of talent which appears to me to be necessary in men entrusted with great affairs. He who writes badly thinks badly. Confusedness in words can proceed from nothing but confusedness in the thoughts which gave rise to them. These things may be of trifling importance when the actors move in private life; but when the happiness of millions of men is at stake, they are of importance not easily to be described."

We altogether deny that confusedness in words and in thoughts is a matter of trifling importance when the actors move in private life. Indeed, our chief complaint against the abuses of "King's English" is that they encourage such confusedness throughout the country down to the very poorest board schools. But certainly it is surprising that the most confused and laborious specimens of our language should be found in those pronouncements upon which the happiness of millions of men depends—the pronouncements uttered by the King in his official capacity, or issued in his name. Till it comes to "King's English," most people can say what they want to say intelligibly. The language which ought to be the model of expression has become the greatest hindrance to lucidity. The fact may be proved from all Acts of Parliament, laws, legal documents, proclamations, and many Ministerial utterances besides the King's Speech. One remembers how Matthew Arnold took the language of some Land Act to illustrate the impossibility of any genuine reconciliation between the English authors of it and a humorous, clear-witted people like the Irish. One remembers, also, that article in the marriage settlement of Tristram Shandy's mother, beginning, "And this Indenture further witnesseth," and proceeding for full five pages of engrossed handwriting to the sentence:—

"AND ALSO the advowson, donation, presentation, and free disposition of the rectory or parsonage of Shandy aforesaid, and all and every the tenths, tithes, glebe-lands"—In three words—"My mother was to lie in (if she chose it) in London."

This kind of language was, perhaps, originally adopted to avoid legal disputations arising from the omission of some rent, reversion, service, annuity, fee-farm, knights' fee, view of frankpledge, escheat, relief, mine, quarry, goods and chattels of felons and fugitives, felons of themselves, and put in exigent, deodand, free warren, or any other royalty and seigniery, right and jurisdiction, privilege and hereditament whatsoever. And it has been maintained, in order that litigants may feel they have something to show for their money, and that lawyers, like the Egyptian priests when they maintained their hieroglyphics, may have money to show for something. Partly, also, it is maintained, in the hope of impressing the illiterate with the majesty of the Law, which requires all that sonorous magnificence of time and space to express itself adequately; and thus it fulfils the same function as the judge's black cap, or the town crier's appeal for attention when he rings his bell and shouts, "O yes! O yes!"

Sometimes it may happen that a statesman deliberately falls into "King's English" of this quality on the chance that its obscurity may in the future favor his escape from some apparent pledge; for, under the stress of political necessity, what is more convenient than to slip away from the more obvious meaning into the refuge afforded by an alternative interpretation? But as to the King's Speeches in particular, we believe the peculiarities of their style to be due to the method of their composition. We understand that when the variegated opinions of the Cabinet have at last been knocked into some common agreement, the chief points are entrusted to the Downing Street butler to put together, in accordance with the established precedent that has slowly broadened down from Premier to Premier. There is a uniformity in the style that points to a hereditary tradition, if not to a single hand. In that same "Grammar of

the English Language" to which we have already referred, William Cobbett analyses the King's Speech of 1814, and he detects in it exactly the same errors of grammar and expression as may be discovered in subsequent King's Speeches up to what Mr. Balfour described as that "amazing piece of English" last Monday. "There is not," he says, "in the whole Speech one single sentence that is free from error." Yet he believed that "each of the Ministers had a copy of the Speech to read, to examine, and to observe upon."

"Though a man," he continues, "may possess great knowledge, as a statesman and as a legislator, without being able to perform what the poet would call writing well; yet, surely we have a right to expect in a Minister the capacity of being able to write grammatically; the capacity of putting his own meaning clearly down upon paper. But in the composing of a King's Speech it is not one man, but nine men, whose judgment and practical talent are employed."

Then, taking the Speech line by line, he goes on to show "what pretty stuff is put together, and delivered to the Parliament, under the name of King's Speeches." Similarly, we can imagine him taking even our shortest King's Speech on record, and pointing out such little errors as that "the establishment of the Union of South Africa has been fixed at the end of May," where "fixed for the end" should be read. Or, again, in the fourth paragraph, the words, "I contemplate this visit, *when* My son will have the privilege, &c.," should read, "*during which* My son." And, in the same paragraph, the words, "[My son] will convey to South Africa, on behalf of Myself and the Empire, our ardent prayers for the welfare," &c., imply a strange religious perversion, for, when we pray for the sick, we do not convey our prayers to the hospital, but offer them directly unto God, who is as near us here as in the next street. So, again, at the beginning of the following paragraph, where the King is made to say, "In conformity to the important measure," every educated subject would say, "in conformity *with*." And as to those paragraphs of which Mr. Balfour appears chiefly to have complained, it would take pages of discussion fully to explain the possible meanings of such phrases as: "serious difficulties, due to recurring differences of strong opinion," and "these Measures, in the opinion of My advisers, should provide that this House" (meaning in grammar the House of Commons, but in reality the House of Lords), "should be so constituted and empowered," &c.

If we must drop the supposition of the Downing-Street butler, we can only suppose that what Cobbett considered an additional advantage in the framing of a King's Speech, is actually a hindrance, and the chief cause of its obscurity and bad grammar. It is not one man, he says, but nine men, whose judgment and practical talent are employed. That is just the worst of it. A committee can no more write a letter than it can write an ode. Too many cooks spoil the menu, and in the multitude of counsellors there may be Wisdom, but there is never Style.

"CHOPIN VILLA."

THE name of Chopin carries with it to each of us its own peculiar associations. To some this son of a French father, born one hundred years ago this week, the exiled child of an exile, stands, by some paradox, for Poland. To others it is linked, by all the ties of gossip and the immortality of literary scandal, to the fading memory of George Sand. To the writer it suggests a prim, stuccoed villa among the hesitating trees and vanishing fields of a London suburb. A little lady lived there, stiffer and primmer than the stucco of her villa. Her grey curls perpetuated the vanities of the Regency. Her ample skirts of silk seemed always to demand a shadowy crinoline. Miss Brown had been my mother's teacher, and the elegance of her retirement betrayed itself in the name which stared in bold lettering among the drooping laburnums of her porch. "Chopin Villa" kept alive the memory of a vanished epoch, and rebuked by its sedate romance the contemporary vulgarities around it. The cool drawing-room,

with its pruderies and refinements, summed up the spirit of an age. The long windows admitted their floods of light, as though to defy the least suggestion of hidden dirt. There were chairs on which no one might sit, and tables which no one used. The wall-papers suggested the pattern of a silken gown. Wax fruit under a glass case adorned an alabaster table. Water-colors after Birket Foster hung on the walls between portraits of Victoria and Albert. On the shelves the grim verses of Eliza Cook stood side by side with the gentler romance of Mrs. Hemans. The albums and annuals in which that age delighted, "The Moss Rose," "Friendship's Garland," and I know not how many "Gems of Literature," exhaled their thin fragrance and displayed their faded colors behind the locked glass door of the book-case. Twice a day, until at last the old fingers grew too stiff and the old eyes too blind, Miss Brown sat down to the cottage piano, with its front of pleated silk. In the morning, when her house-work was decently accomplished, she played a waltz or mazurka of Chopin. In the evening, when the ritual of tea had been fulfilled and the Venetian blinds pulled down, a nocturne punctually broke the cheerful silence of that pink and saffron room. For Miss Brown the evolution of music had ceased with Chopin's Funeral March. Once a year, and once only, on the solemn anniversary, it, too, was played, the only break in a round observed as carefully as the reading of morning and evening prayer.

What was it that so endeared Chopin to the most correct of Early Victorian ladies? He had none of the obvious recommendations of Mendelssohn. He was not a Protestant, nor even a converted Jew. He had never been a favorite at any virtuous Court. He wrote no sacred music. Chopin's appeal was precisely to all that side of life which the Early Victorian repressed in practice to idolise in imagination. It was so easy to link romantic tales with his waltzes, but, above all, with his Nocturnes. Miss Brown was never tired of the exercise. If she had a favorite, it was that solemn and beautiful lament, where there occurs a ghostly chorale, which sings its muffled harmonies like the night chanting of spectral monks in a ruined cloister. The little boy who frequented "Chopin Villa" to hear her playing in the uncertain light of summer evenings, shivered with a horrible joy as she explained with irresistible conviction how this particular nocturne referred to the ghost of a guilty nun, mured up in a ruined convent, which was haunted at night by choirs of chanting monks. He has often reflected in later life that if Miss Brown had met that erring nun in the flesh, she would have drawn in her stiff silken skirts with a very decisive movement, and crossed to the other side of the road. But there is a fascination in the guilt of ghosts. One is not compromised by condoning their sins. In the brisk and orderly existence of Miss Brown, the dreamy yet passionate sadness of all this music was the other half of life, the indispensable compensation for long years of regularity and self-discipline. At her work-box, while she sorted out her silks and arranged her needles, she was of all British maiden-ladies the most impeccable and correct. The wild world of fancy and emotion claimed her at the cottage-piano, and in Chopin she found it in a form which stirred the emotions without shattering the heart, and stimulated the fancy without setting the feet in motion. Twice a day to these exotic rhythms she played in waltz or mazurka her "Over the hills and far away" with endless variations. But so gentle, so subtle, so little disturbing was the music, that she never, in fact, felt so much as an impulse to take the horse-bus into town. One trembles to think what would have been the effect upon her sensitive nature of the later developments of Slavonic music. There are martial movements in Tchaikovsky which might have sent her post-haste to join the suffragettes. But Chopin sounded no call to action. Was he not an exile, himself resigned to a life of brooding? And Polish exiles were not to be confounded with some others of whom Miss Brown had heard. They were an aristocratic people. They wore no red shirts. They threw no bombs. If they could not recover the freedom of their country, they sat down to

a piano in Paris in the politest way in the world, and expressed their melancholy in the most exquisite musical creations of our age.

It is, perhaps, because we all hear him still in the mental background of the Early Victorian drawing-room that Chopin's work seems to us to belong emphatically to the music that speaks with a dialect. It is not, indeed, Polish, as folk-tunes are Polish. It is like those Babylonian psalms, which are not Babylonian, though we hear in them the sound of the waters of captivity. Above all, it is the product of Paris in the full glamor of the romantic movement. One cannot forget that it was for the ears of Heine and Balzac, and for the critical appreciation of Berlioz, that these things were written. There is in them the conscious artifice of their period. One could set the Florentine Nights to the Nocturnes. It is a slighter and more graceful Byronism, this sentiment which is never sugary when it is sweetest, this pain which is never overmastering or mortal. The time for great architecture in music had gone by. The pride in form and construction had disappeared with the classical tradition that all the arts had simultaneously discarded. But as yet there was no great force of an insurgent message to create for itself new shapes of sound, or to restore and transform the old. The lesser dance forms were adequate for a mind which approached music, not from the intellectual, but from the emotional, side. Its triumph was to fashion from these prescribed forms, each with its necessary, its conventional, rhythm, an infinite variety of effect. They ring, to our modern ears, a little mannered, a little wilful in the elaborate beauty of their melancholy. It is as if a sigh had translated itself into the convolutions of some Moorish tracery. But it is a shallow criticism that would call them artificial. So it was that the world thought and felt in that time of hampered energies and fettered wills. The foundation of its life was the triumph of a sturdy and massive reaction. It danced sadly to its Polish tunes, because it could not march to the Marseillaise. It built its flimsy cobweb of romance round the stout pillars of Philistia, which no Samson had yet pulled to the ground. Its nerves and its fancies, its dreams and its melancholies, these were the relaxations of the orderly stucco villa, where still there reigned the rigidity of a punctual decorum. It was the time between Waterloo and '48. One thinks of Chopin and Heine as its typical singers. Both were exiles. But it was the longing for home which took them from home. In Paris they found the consolations of wit and sympathy, of love and fame, and the consequence was that they made the romantic tradition, with its imagined sorrows and its soothing melancholies. Had they stayed at home, they might have known the real tragedy of loneliness, the spiritual exile, and written with the passion and single-mindedness of a genuine sorrow. Chopin one cannot pity. Twice a day for fifty years the sweetest of maiden ladies played him reverently. She revelled in his wildness. She delighted in his lawlessness. She exulted, most of all, when she thought him barbaric and defiant. Yet never through all these years did his music do her the slightest harm. Ineffectual rebel! Innocuous Byron! George Sand shut you up while you lived in Minorca. Miss Brown chained your ghost in "Chopin Villa." That was the exile which you sought, the sorrow you deserved. And, secretly, you were very well content. But in "Chopin Villa" the Venetian blinds are down to-day. The jerry-builder has bought the site, and when next there comes round in the Calendar the solemn anniversary when the "Funeral March" was played, men shall pass and hear only the jolly ring of trowels as the bricklayer whistles some robust and everlasting melody—"The English Ploughboy" or "The British Grenadiers."

THE FERMENT.

"THE field has got the measles," cries a small girl just recovering from the popular spring complaint. She is right, for it has broken out everywhere into an irrup-

tion of mole-hills. We have been able to mark for weeks the industry of that underground population, as street after street has been added to the labyrinth beneath the grass. You can see the dry and fine-grained heaps that were thrown up last week and can trace the row through degrees of increasing freshness till, if you are quiet, you can see in the freshest of all the sausage of clay squeezing from the crown and tumbling lazily down the side of the "wunt-heave." Our little dog, Guess, knows the sign well enough, and can even catch the "wunt" himself, the microbe of the field's measles which some farmers think of with unreasoned abhorrence, and others with unreasoned kindness. The anti-moles begrudge the labor of scattering the heaps, while the pro-moles rejoice to think that the number of worms is being kept down. In truth the moles and the worms are rivals in the same good work of aerating, pulverising, and thus fertilising the soil.

The worms, as is well known, cultivate on a vastly greater scale than the moles. We have to look closer for the signs of their digging, but when they are found they are more striking than the work of the mole. The soil is brought up from even greater depths, and it is more finely treated, even predigested for the use of the plants. Darwin has estimated for us the amount of the earthworms' digging, and has told us that in ten years every particle of the field is renewed from below. If it were not for the worms, surely we should have to give our grass fields a double digging every five years, whereas our old pasture of a hundred years' undisturbed grass is the pride of the English grazier.

There is an object lesson at work in one or two town museums of nature study, that might well have a place in every village school to show more strikingly than by the light of statistics the great work of the earthworm. A glass jar is filled half-way up with light-colored sand on the top of which is an equal layer of leaf mould or garden loam. Then, in the presence of the class half-a-dozen earthworms are added and the date of the transaction affixed to the jar. In a very short time, streaks of sand run up through the mould and streaks of mould run down through the sand, and before a month has well passed the two ingredients of the jar are as well mixed as though a cook had stirred them. Yet the six-inch jar with a half-dozen worms is not a very exaggerated sample of the average field. We can dig nowhere without coming upon either the worm itself or the burrows from which it has eaten the soil and ejected it at the surface in finely masticated form. On a favorable night a few weeks hence you may see everywhere the foot-long forms of full-grown earthworms, stretched among the grass or flying back into the holes like elastic suddenly released, as the tails twitch them out of danger.

This surely makes us anti-moles. Why allow them to bring up the barren earth of underground and, at the same time, destroy by thousands daily the worms that will not only dig but fertilise? But we have seen that last week's mole-hill is not as to-day's. The air has slaked the round clay lumps till the mould runs through the fingers like coarse oatmeal. It must be finer than that for the plants' sake, and finer it shall be. Now that the spring airs are stirring we can find the first handfuls of earth that powders in the fingers to an impalpable, unclinging grease of fineness. The most unimaginative must see that here is something beyond mere mechanical fineness. It is chemical, or shall we hasten conjecture and say biological? The soil has caught life from the sun, an annual new creation that would stand for a new world from top to bottom, even if all other existing forms should perish in an instant. Here is the true irruptive principle that gives the field measles, the spots of which shall be buttercups and mauve lady's smocks and red ragged robin and blue scabious and white moon-daisies and purple prunella and the thousand other flowers of May.

Moles, one to the square lug, worms, one to the square foot, bacteria, anything from a thousand million to half a billion to the pounds of soil! In a few hours they can grow from hundreds to millions and billions. It is an incalculable saying, but something to account faintly for the fact that the soil that was yesterday lumps of clay is

to-day alive. The roots of the old trees know it, and the seeds that have lain dormant all through the winter know it. There are the wandering bacilli, whose function it is simply to transform indigestible manure into pap for the little roots; there are bacilli of prey, some eating good microbes, some bad ones and some the indifferent, and there are those waiting to fasten on some special root that they have yet to meet. Dip a clover root into the mould and they will flock to it, forming on it the nodules that, long before the microscope and the agricultural laboratory, were guessed to have the power of extracting nourishment from the air. They are seemingly there for no good but their own. A weak plant succumbs to their too ardent attentions, yet in the main it is the clover that takes the upper hand. In fact, the clover cannot live without its very ancient parasite, of which it has made a servant.

Call and call again the trees, the grass, the flowers, the seeds, and they cannot get up till the ferments wake. The bacterium is the serving maid, who must get up and light the fire before the others can begin the day. The earth is aflame underground long before the eye sees it. The scientist dare not liken the spread of the bacterial population to, say, the breeding of a flock of sheep. He cannot say even that it is a phenomenon of life at all. The agricultural chemist calls the swarming millions by a name that signifies stuff rather than numbers. It is bacterine, even broth, as though we should call a trillion sheep a broth of mutton. It is not only mutton broth, but the broth of everything that has been or shall be. It is the indispensable beginning of life for this year, just as it was after chaos. It was the bacteria, then the fungi, the algae, the lichens, that dissolved the rocks and made of them mould in which fatter bacteria, and trees, and men could flourish. So the world could be obliterated, towers and pinnacles and all, by the simple expedient of destroying the "broth" of the soil.

For ourselves, we cannot tell where the tree ends and the soil begins. After the trunk there are the roots, the root-hairs, the micorhiza, the fungi, that are stationed on the roots, and the free fungi, that mean just so much to the topmost leaf on the tree as the leaves do themselves. In a cold frame we threw down some lettuce seed. The ill-prepared soil sprouted little patches of woolly mould. Rank enemy of man this, the stuff that cakes cheese or jam left in a damp cupboard; the bloom of rotting autumn; the very emblem of decay. Then the lettuce seeds swelled and burst, and there came out of them white roots, fringed thickly with white hairs, undistinguishable from the horrid mould of sour soil. But, on another morning, the roots had buried themselves, and every lettuce plant twinkled with two of the brightest green leaves. The roots had seen to it, the roots that came from the brown seeds, that perhaps were attacked by moulds from the air, which they defeated and enslaved, and made work for them in the soil.

Even the life of the tree is a ferment, and goes on for a while without assistance from the earth. The sycamore in the brush heap is sprouting just as much as the tree from which it was cut in autumn. The little catkins of the yew and the box have grown, not so much by force of this year's awakening, as in accordance with the programme laid down and provided for last summer. The sun stirs them before the roots need be waked. The million grains of pollen in each of them have evolved from a mass smaller than any of them, have hardened and dried so that the smallest shake sets them flying in the air. They are not millions of perfectly shaped carven spheres, as the microscope would have it, but just one of the scents of this balmy day. To the gnats dancing above the yew, they may be whirling stones that cannot be avoided and must be endured. To the waiting stigmas of their own kind they are as oxygen to hot iron, the thing that is thirsted for, and whose touch is destruction and change. Then they are myriads of stately trees that would in a short time clothe the whole country further than we can see—if it were not that thousands of other forms have each the same ambition. Out of their unspeakable war comes the peace of an English landscape.

Short Studies.

THE FINDER.

THERE are hundreds of men walking the streets of London with their eyes fastened on the ground, and also their thoughts in the same place; so that things are no sooner lost than they are found. But it is of no use to have sharp eyes if one's thoughts are apt to wander.

I had often spoken to one man, but had not had any sustained conversation, until one morning he approached me with a letter in his hand, which he had found, and which he told me I could read. Rather surprised at this confidence, I took the letter and read it. But it was of no consequence whatever, being an ordinary friendly greeting from one woman to another, and whoever lost it would not have had much cause for grief. I told my new acquaintance this, and was surprised at his answer. "Whether it is of any value or not," he said, chuckling, "I intend to make something out of it. You may as well come that way for a walk, and we will return it to the owner." As a rule, I took my walks alone, so as to be at liberty to sit on seats and write, or go into libraries and read. However, on this occasion I decided to accompany my new friend.

As we were going through St. James's Park, he made a sudden dart forward, and picked up a silver pin. I noticed that his eyes were always on the ground, and I was now surprised that he wanted my company at all, for he spoke very little, and seemed quite indifferent to my voice.

At last we reached the West End, near Hyde Park, and, having found the letter's address—one of a row of very large houses—he went boldly to the front door and rang the bell. After inquiry for the lady of the house, and seeing her, he returned the letter, which she said was of little account. However, she thanked him for his trouble, and was about to close the door. But my new friend quickly explained that he thought the letter might have been of great importance, and that he had walked three miles to return it to the proper owner. Now, what else could this lady do, under these circumstances, than to thank him with more feeling, and to make the poor man a present of money?

These things my companion explained to me after he had delivered the letter. He also said that he had made quite a number of shillings in that simple way—by returning lost letters, some of which had actually been thrown away. In fact, he confessed, with a laugh, that on several occasions he had taken empty envelopes to houses, and received money for doing so. "This is only an envelope," a lady would say, smiling; "I have the letter safe." "I didn't know but what a note was inside," my artful companion would answer, innocently, "and have walked until I am tired so as to return it." Whatever a lady might think of this, she could not very well refuse to reward him for his trouble.

When we were on our way back, after delivering this lost letter, it was not long before he startled me by making another sudden jump, and this time he picked up a silver sixpence. "What a lucky man you are!" I exclaimed. "I don't believe there is one man in this large city with better eyesight than mine, and yet I never find anything." He was in such a good humor now that he became talkative, and that, I suppose, was the reason why he found nothing else.

When I became more intimate with this man, he called me one day to his locker, which he was in the act of cleaning. There were only three men in the kitchen at the time, and they were sitting at the far end. If there was the least likelihood of anyone else coming near to see the contents of his locker, it is most certain that he would not have called me. It was then that he began to show me the various things that he had found during his five years in London. And when I saw the things he had, I was astonished, for I believe the man could have made a small living by merely walking about. He had several fountain pens, one gold mounted, which must have cost twenty-five or thirty shillings. He showed me a gold pencil-case and two silver ones; also a silver matchbox, finely embossed,

which still contained the matches, as it had been found. I saw several purses, all of which had contained money, and there was a lady's silk parasol, which had been left on a seat in one of the parks, and also a gentleman's costly cane, found in the same manner. He had dozens of fine linen handkerchiefs, which had been dropped, and, becoming dirty, would be passed by the poorest people, but which this very careful man had picked up and washed—fine, beautiful handkerchiefs, well worth picking up and washing. These he had saved, only using the common ones for his own use, for he could not tell what their quality was until they were washed. He showed me several articles of jewellery, such as rings, bracelets, and brooches, and one pendant, which was a silver cross with a Christ crucified in gold, which he had found one Sunday morning in Hyde Park. Even books—popular novels which ladies had left on the seats, some of which may not have been forgotten, but read and thrown away—were to be seen in this man's locker.

When I saw these, dozens and dozens of various articles, I was amazed. "You must find something every time you go out," I said, "to have amassed such a quantity as this." "Oh, no," he answered at once: "I often go a whole day without finding anything of the least value; but there are exceptional days, when I am sure to find several things. For instance, after a holiday, I go the next morning to a heath or common where a great number of people have been, and I am almost certain to find something of value, not to mention a number of things of little account, but still worth the trouble of finding. Of course, I am always on the spot as soon as it is daylight, for there are others that do the same."

This man must have had stuff that cost the owners a hundred pounds and more—things of gold and silver, things of silk, a fur muffler, and silk handkerchiefs; briar pipes, gloves, knives, pocket-books and reading books; purses which, it must be remembered, had contained money, and scores of other things of more or less value. For nothing was too small or common for him—he even picked up the ferules of umbrellas and walking-sticks.

I was surprised to hear that a great number of these things had been found in the parks, either having been dropped while walking or left by accident on the seats. I was surprised at this, because the parks were always full of vagrants. But after a while I considered the great advantage this man had over them, being fresh and active, whereas the poor vagrants would be either lying in the grass asleep or awake, but too tired to walk, seeing that they had been walking about sleepless all night.

What a strange man he was! for he never offered any of these things for sale, but kept them in his locker, and occasionally took pleasure in looking them over, taking great care that no lodgers were near to see them. His small income was enough to keep him, and, being indifferent to personal appearance, he therefore had little need of extra money. In fact, he kept himself looking like the commonest beggar, so that people would take less notice when they saw him stooping to pick things up.

I only accompanied him twice on his rambles, for I felt quite ashamed to see him continually stooping, and people looking at him all the time. In Regent Street he stooped so suddenly to pick up a halfpenny that a very fine lady, walking behind, fell across his back. This incident was quite enough for me, and I swore to myself that I would never go out with him again, and I kept my word.

I have always wondered at such a man as this, as to what kind of mind he had. He would have no thought of the past, nor of the future, for his mind had to be concentrated on the present moment. If he indulged in the least inclination to dream, he could not be a successful finder. He would see no beauty in the trees; they would only be obstacles, like houses. He would hear no birds, and never turn his head to see what made children laugh. His eyes would not waste one second on a girl's golden hair, for fear they would miss a brass pin on the ground.

W. H. DAVIES.

Music.

STRAUSS AND HIS "ELEKTRA."

JUDGING from the tone of a number of last Monday's articles, our musical critics, as a whole, are still a little doubtful as to the propriety of saying what they must really feel about Strauss. They cannot possibly like a great part of what they hear, but at the back of their heads is the thought that, as Wagner was abused by the critics of his own day for extravagances that time has shown to be no extravagances at all, so time may show that Strauss was right in *his* extravagances, and that the critics who objected to them were wrong. So a number of the prudent gentlemen stay the flood of ridicule that is almost on their lips, and, instead, talk darkly of the future showing what it will show, and utter other safe commonplaces. All the while there is no real comparison between the Wagnerian case and the Straussian. All new music, from the mere fact that it *is* new, is apt to be misunderstood, and an idiom may seem wild or incoherent merely because we are not yet accustomed to it. But because the human ear has sometimes disliked a new thing and afterwards liked it, it does not follow that it will some day like everything that to-day it cordially dislikes. There are other things to be considered, and one of these is the fact that nowadays we are much better placed than our fathers were for judging new music accurately. They had, for the most part, to listen to it without the slightest previous knowledge of it, and to express an opinion upon it probably after one hearing of the work. In these days we can generally study the score of the work long before we hear it. To talk of hearing "Elektra" for the first time on Saturday last is nonsensical. The vocal score has been at our service for twelve months or more, and it was open to any critic to have it by heart before he went into Covent Garden on Saturday. A piano arrangement, it is true, does not tell us all about a complex modern work; but it tells us a great deal, and with that knowledge we can listen to a first performance on the stage in a better state of preparation than the Wagnerian critics could do at a tenth performance. All this critical timidity, then, is not very creditable. Anyone who had taken the trouble to study the score of "Elektra" could easily gather from Saturday's performance whether the parts he had marked out as requiring elucidation sounded as bad as he had expected them to do, or better. And, after the performance, he should be quite able to relieve posterity of the trouble of making up his mind for him on nine points out of ten. Anyhow, it would be better to make the attempt.

All but the Strauss fanatics will admit that, though he is undoubtedly the greatest living musician, there is a strong strain of foolishness and ugliness in him, that he is lacking in the sensitive feeling for the balance of a large work that some other great artists have, and that consequently there is not one large work of his, from "Don Quixote" onward, that is not marred by some folly or some foolery. If it were not for this strain of coarseness and thoughtlessness in him, he would never have taken up so crude a perversion of the old Greek story as that of Hugo von Hofmannsthal. One does not in the least object to a modern poet looking at ancient figures through modern eyes, so long as he can see them convincingly and make them live for us. But to make a play a study of human madness, and then to lay such excessive stress upon the merely physical concomitants of madness, is to ask us to tune our notions of dramatic terror and horror down to too low a pitch. Strauss, of course, revels in this physical, and therefore more superficial, side of the madness, with the result that, instead of impressing us, he generally either bores us or amuses us. We have only to look at a pathological study of human morbidity such as Dostoevsky gives us in "Crime and Punishment," so fine, so unobtrusively true to life, and then listen to the vulgar din by which Strauss tries to convey to us that a woman's brain is distraught, to realise the

difference between a man of genius and one who, for the moment, has become merely a man of talent. For the real complaint against the excited music in "Elektra" is that it mostly does not excite you at all; you are rather sorry, in fact, that the composer should take so much trouble to be a failure. For he is so violent that, as a rule, you cannot believe in the least in his violence. He has the besetting Teutonic sin of over-statement, of being unable to see that the half is often greater than the whole; and all this blacking of his face, and waving of his arms, and howling "bolly-golly-black-man—boo!" at us leaves us quite unmoved, except to smile and wish he wouldn't do it. One could easily name a hundred passages in ancient and modern music that thrill us far more horribly, and with far simpler means, than all the clatter that breaks out when Orestes, for example, is murdering Aegistheus. The mere recollection of the stories of ghosts in the churchyard, or of his own fears when, as a child, he was left alone in a dark room, might have told Strauss that horror and the creeping of the flesh are not necessarily associated with noise and fury. His orchestra doth protest too much.

Nor do we need to wait for posterity to tell us that much of the music is as abominably ugly as it is noisy. Here a good deal of the talk about complexity is wide of the mark. The real term for it is incoherence, discontinuity of thinking. "The three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles" sounds absurdly simple, but really represents a good deal of complex cerebral working; so does the G minor fugue of Bach. But "the man in the moon is the daughter of Aunt Martha's tom-cat," though it sounds very complex, is incoherent nonsense; and so is a good deal of "Elektra." Unfortunately, while we have obvious ways of testing the sense or nonsense of the remark about the man in the moon, it is not so easy to test the sense or nonsense of a passage of music; and so a good deal of quite confused thinking gets the credit for being hyper-subtle thinking. What awestruck worshippers call complexity in "Elektra" would often be more correctly described as impudence at its best and incompetence at its worst. As for the more normally lyrical pages in "Elektra," there are very few of them worthy even of a smaller musician than Strauss. The first solo of Chrysothemis, for example, is merely agreeable commonplace; the theme of triumph in the finale is so cheap that it must have been picked up on the rubbish-heap of Italian or French opera. Nothing marks so clearly the degeneration of the musician in Strauss from what he was fifteen years ago than the average melodic writing in "Elektra."

What saves the opera is, first of all, the wonderful beauty of parts of the scene between Elektra and Orestes, especially when, ceasing to be a maniac and becoming a normal woman, she pours out her soul in love for her brother. There is grandeur again—spasmodic, of course, but none the less unescapable—at a hundred points in the score. It may last merely a moment or two, and then flicker off into ugliness or commonplace, but while it is there we are mastered by it. Elektra's cry of "Agamemnon," whenever it occurs, always holds us in this way. Strauss in "Elektra," indeed, is like a huge volcano spluttering forth a vast amount of dirt and murk, through which every now and then, when the fuming ceases and a breath of clear air blows away the smoke, we see the grand and strong original outlines of the mountain. And when Strauss puts forth his whole mental strength, it is indeed overwhelming. We may detest the score as a whole for its violence and frequent ugliness, but the fine things in it are of the kind that no other man, past or present, could have written—the monologue of Elektra just mentioned, for example, or the wailing themes that dominate the section preceding it, or the tense, fateful gloom of the finish of the opera. The result of it all is to give far more pain to Strauss's admirers than it can possibly do to those who have always disliked him. In spite of the pathetic way in which he wastes himself, playing now the fool, now the swashbuckler, now the trickster, you cannot be in doubt that you are listening to a man who is head and shoulders above all other

living composers. One still clings to the hope that the future has in store for us a purified Strauss, clothed and in his right mind, who will help us to forget the present Strauss—a saddening mixture of genius, ranter, child, and charlatan. As it is, one would hardly venture to prophesy more than a few short years of life for "Elektra," for the public will not long continue to spend an hour and three-quarters in the theatre for about half an hour's enjoyment.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

The Drama.

PENOLOGY AND PYROTECHNY.

"PHOTOGRAPHY" is the blessed word in which those of us who are perturbed and harassed by Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice" are recommended to take refuge. The air was buzzing with it at the Duke of York's on Monday evening, and the buzz was duly prolonged in the morning papers. Quite seriously, I am at a loss to know what these critics want. Would they have people talk blank verse in an attorney's office? Would it please them if Mr. Galsworthy's heroine disguised herself in a wig and gown, appeared at the Old Bailey, and secured the triumphant acquittal of the forger hero? Perhaps I should apologise for treating their complaint in a spirit of burlesque; but, in all good faith, I cannot guess what alternative they would propose to Mr. Galsworthy's "photographic" treatment of the theme he has chosen. The fact seems to be (though they would probably not admit it) that their real complaint is not of the treatment, but of the theme itself. They object *ab initio* (as the Judge would say) to a subject which must be treated, in a sense, "photographically," on pain of falling into sheer melodrama and convention. It is precisely because Mr. Galsworthy has invented this peculiar art of rendering commonplace fact without crudity, without cynicism, without sentimentalism, without emphasis of any sort, that we value in him one of the most original dramatists, not only of England, but of Europe. If he has a precursor, it is Hauptmann; but there is little doubt that he would have been very much what he is had Hauptmann never existed. And, while the lens of his mind is truer than that of the German master, he is also more faithful to the essence of drama. He can always think scenically, whereas Hauptmann is often apt to forget and overstrain his medium. I am not denying that, till Mr. Galsworthy has given us his "Hannele," he must be reckoned something less than Hauptmann; but, simply as a dramatist, he is also something more. As for the French author whom he most resembles—I mean, of course, Brieux—the finer artistry of the Englishman is surely manifest.

In speaking of the lens of his mind, I may seem to admit the photographic impeachment. Well, let us admit it: let us suppose it just and helpful to say that Mr. Galsworthy goes to work, not with a palette and brushes, but with a camera. If so, what an extraordinary camera it is! A camera that selects the significant, and leaves out the irrelevant and insignificant trait. A camera that seizes upon those moments in a story which, while absorbingly dramatic in the present, throws light most vividly and naturally upon the past. A camera which, though its lens remains absolutely true, steady, and in focus, is yet, by some strange paradox, quivering with indignation, and thrilling with a passion of humanity. A camera—I am sorry if the metaphor is getting into difficulties; it really is not my fault—a camera which, even in its wrath, is just, even in its pity, stern. A camera which, without a note of didactics or of declamation, yet speaks trumpet-tongued against stupidity, callousness, and cant. A camera which might easily be mistaken for a searchlight, and has all the characteristics of a bombshell. Truly a re-

markable camera this, and one not commonly quoted in the photographic market.

If one wanted to take what Bunthorne calls "the high æsthetic line" about "Justice," the reproach ought to be, not that the tragedy is photographic, but that it lacks that element of reconciliation, that final outlook into the blue, which the best authorities declare to be indispensable to this form of art. I am afraid it must be admitted that the play does not end in a solemn harmony, or in a vindication of the greatness of man's lot on earth, even in its darker aspects. It is true that the curtain falls on a speech not unlike Horatio's

"Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

transposed into the key of evangelical sentiment; but I am afraid this is only a final touch of Mr. Galsworthy's irony. No, there is no reconciliation, no consolation in the play, any more than in the first fatal accident in to-day's newspaper. It is, indeed, a fatal accident that we see, protracted over three years. An ordinary, weak, well-meaning youth is passing by a great, slow-grinding machine, when a chance gust of air twitches his coat-tail into the cog-wheels, and he is slowly, remorselessly dragged through the mechanism, to be shot forth, a mangled mass, at the other end. No crank, or rod, or roller in the system is put there with absolutely evil intent. At every turn somebody makes some ineffectual effort to relax or mitigate the crushing process; but the machine moves on majestically, and no human power can control it.

Where, then, it may be asked, is the profit or delight of witnessing this cruel, stupid fatality? Is there nothing to take the place of the consolation or elevation which the æstheticians find in great tragedy? Yes, there is—to my mind, a very real and substantial solace. There is no sentimental consolation within the limits of the play, but the play itself—the fact of its existence—is a potent consolation and encouragement. If ever there was a dynamic work of art, it is this. It is not only a fine play, but a good deed—aye, and a strong deed to boot. In spite of all the æstheticians, one doubts whether Hamlet and Othello may not have agonised in vain, so far as the practical advancement of humanity is concerned; but as to poor William Falder, there can be no such doubt. I have said that no human power could control the machine which mangled him; and that is true historically, so to speak—in respect to his individual case. But, fortunately, the mechanism of the law can be controlled by the human will; and "Justice" must invaluablely strengthen the hands of all who seek to modify it in the direction of humanity and enlightenment. The play is a liberal education in rational penology. After having seen James How hesitating whether to prosecute Falder, and then deciding for the worse part, which of us, in a similar event, will not think twice and a third time before telephoning to Scotland Yard? Which of us, having seen the Judge deliberately blind himself, in the name of "morality," to the ethical values of the case, will listen with awe to judicial platitudes which are no more than the creakings of the ruthless machine? I am told that the Judge's speech in passing sentence is criticised as inconceivable. For every phrase of it I will not answer; but in substance I have heard that very allocution inflicted on a hapless prisoner. If only the whole Bench could be taken in a body to see "Justice"! It would be a pity if some of them did not feel a new force in Hamlet's phrase about "guilty creatures sitting at a play." For this trial scene admirably fulfils one of the great functions of art, in that it places the spectator at what may be called a supermundane point of view—the point of view of a higher intelligence. He sees things in their relations and proportions with a clearness which we cannot attain in the actual whirl and welter of life. And if from the spectacle of this law-court, and from the prison scenes which follow, the spectator does not carry away some new realisation of the gaps between law and justice, between justice and humanity, all I can say is that he is either very callous or very dense. Mr. Galsworthy does not even allow

him the relief of crying out upon exaggeration. When Charles Reade, in "It's Never Too Late to Mend," placed a scene of prison torture on the stage, a critic rose up in the stalls and protested; and really one could not blame him. It may very well be that the torture itself was not exaggerated; but the whole picture was melodramatically untrue, violent, unacceptable. Mr. Galsworthy, on the other hand, in attacking a system, carefully avoids the logical error of making out that it is administered by monsters. He is studiously fair to all the cranks and levers of the machine. From the Judge downwards, they are fairly well-meaning, not inhuman, not unreasonably stupid people. They are, in fact, just you and me—just what you and I would be in their places. And it is that very fact which makes us feel that it is not those individuals, but you and I and all of us, that are responsible for the inhuman adjustment of the machine. That daring, unforgettable, three-minutes' scene in the solitary cell is, in its very silence, not only eloquent, but—it is the only word—dynamic.

As to the mounting and acting, I need not repeat what fifty other critics have said with one voice. Mr. Eadie, Mr. Gwenn, Mr. Dion Boucicault, Mr. Valentine, Mr. Pateman, Miss Olive—all were as good as they could possibly be. The court scene was the last word of artistic truth in ocular presentment. The mere construction and movement might have been achieved by ordinary diligence and skill, but the lighting showed the touch of a great artist.

When a bare-back rider has "missed his tip" in one round of the ring, he would hold himself eternally disgraced if he did not bring off the feat successfully in the next round. It is evidently this acrobatic point of honor that has inspired Mr. Shaw to follow up "Getting Married" with "Misalliance." In the former play he "missed his tip." In saying this I am not taking any side in Mr. Shaw's quarrel with the critics as to the first-night reception of the piece. I was far away at the time, and know nothing of the matter; but I assume Mr. Shaw's version of it to be correct. In saying that he "missed his tip" I mean that, from observation later in the run of the play, I believe he failed to hold his audiences. The experiment of substituting debate for drama was not, on the whole, successful; and for a man of Mr. Shaw's spirit, there could be no better reason for repeating the experiment and proving that the thing could be done. Well, he has proved his point: he has won the applause which the public is always ready to bestow on the daring performer who is undeterred by Failure No. 1; and, having wiped out the tiny blot in his scutcheon, he will surely feel that honor is satisfied, and that, after a brilliant little excursion into debate, he may safely return to drama. "Misalliance" is probably the most scintillating piece of pure nonsense ever presented to a theatrical audience. Of course, like all Mr. Shaw's nonsense, it abounds in sense, in suggestion, in thought and food for thought. Perhaps nothing he has ever done is so full of memorable and quotable lines. I will go further, and say that John Tarleton, that intellectual Captain Cuttle, is a humorous creation of the first water, admirably played, let me add, by Mr. C. M. Loune. But when all is said and done—or rather when all is said, for nothing, of course, is done—we have simply spent three hours in an immensely diverting lunatic asylum. There criticism begins and ends: for criticism must appeal to reason, and has nothing to do in a sphere where the negation of reason is the very condition of existence. Just by way of record, not of criticism, one may note the punctual reappearance of several of Mr. Shaw's fixed ideas, such as the wrangling family and the betrothal of two people who, an hour before, had never heard of each other. These are mere trade-marks, without which no Shaw play is genuine. One comes away, in sum, sore with laughter, dazzled with a thousand broken lights of thought, full of admiration for the brilliant acting of Miss Miriam Lewes, Miss Lena Ashwell, Mr. O. P. Heggie, and their comrades, and convinced that it must be at least three in the morning instead of barely eleven-twenty.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Letters to the Editor.

A FORGOTTEN ANALOGY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It seems odd that some of the obvious lessons from the events of 1831-2 are not drawn for the benefit of those who are faced with our present problem.

The first and plainest of these is that the Reform Bill was passed *after only one election specifically taken on the question of Reform in 1831*, and that the most cogent argument of Sir James Graham, in pressing Lord Grey to insist on guarantees, when he finally did, was that no second election was either necessary or desirable.

And the second, and scarcely less important, is that, as Mr. Asquith has unanswerably argued, guarantees of this nature cannot be got beforehand, but only at the time when they become indispensable after sufficient evidence that the House of Lords will not act reasonably. In the Parliament of 1831-2, the Reform Bill was rejected in 1831, and a second session was taken to pass it, but it was passed into law by the use of the prerogative in this second session and without a second election.

The Parliament of 1830, elected on the death of George IV., was elected during the Duke of Wellington's administration and not specifically on the question of reform. It was to that Parliament that Earl Grey, succeeding the Duke, made his first proposals. But the only Parliament elected on the issue passed the Reform Bill without a further appeal to the people.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS A. CHANNING.

February 23rd, 1910.

THE NEXT STEP IN WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent of February 19th, under the above heading, investigates the numerical ratio of members of the suffrage societies, first, to the women population as a whole, and next, to the million and a half whose enfranchisement would follow upon the passing of a Limited Bill. She finds the ratio, even in the latter case, to be a low one, and therefore concludes that the majority of women to be enfranchised thereby are apathetic upon the subject. Accordingly, she advises the suffrage societies to concentrate activity upon the conversion of women only, to the manifest relief of a "peace-loving electorate," and "an over-burdened Government."

There are grounds for qualifying her statement, and for opposing the accompanying suggestion.

The ratio of membership, in the first place, is not a really accurate test of the interest taken in this movement, nor of the desire for enfranchisement. Numbers of women would join a society if the opposition they expect from their immediate circle did not deter them, and many others have not been approached by any efficient advocate of the reform. That this shows considerable mental inertia and lack of moral courage on the part of these dumb insurgents is true; but movements of reform have always encountered such. The majority invariably accepts and uses to advantage the benefits obtained by a courageous minority. Victories in war are won as a rule by an army, not by a population; and the parallel holds good in politics.

To expend valuable time and effort exclusively upon making women converts would be anything but a next step towards Women's Suffrage. It would be a retrograde movement indeed. What power have women to confer the vote? None whatever, of course. Naturally those in earnest about it endeavor to influence those—the electorate and the Government of the day, namely—who have the power to grant it; and sensibly endeavor to put pressure where their energy will tell most effectively.—Yours, &c.,

E. S. HOOPER,

(M.A. (Edin.), formerly Fellow of
Bryn Mawr College, U.S.A.)

February 20th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Miss Travers asks the militant Suffragists to undertake a campaign for the education of the "serried ranks of dreary, idle, indifferent women." What newspapers does she read? Does she not know that it is useless to consult the daily Press for any news of the women's movement when it is of a peaceful nature? If she wishes to learn what the militant women are doing, she should read their organ, "Votes for Women," and she would then know (1) that they have been doing for years the very thing she asks for; (2) that they have now undertaken, on an enormous scale, a fresh educational campaign, called "The Mission to Women," which was inaugurated by the W.S.P.U. simultaneously with their temporary suspension of militant tactics.

Nearly three pages of this week's "Votes for Women" are devoted to reports of the Mission from all parts, and on p. 328 Miss Travers will find a list of no less than 70 such meetings for London alone, from February 18th to the 26th.

Under the circumstances her advice, though very good, is surely a little belated.—Yours, &c.,

WINIFRED HOLIDAY.

Oak Tree House, Branch Hill,
Hampstead, N.W.

February 21st, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—Your correspondent, Miss Travers, has been calculating the number of women supporters of the suffrage on the basis of the membership of the suffrage societies. I should like to remind her that practically every other association of women makes a strong demand for the vote. The Women's Liberal Associations, Co-operative Guilds, Trades Unions, Labor Leagues, &c., number hundreds of thousands of members, and pass resolution after resolution on the subject with unanimity.

Also, I think that it is in the experience of most active workers for the suffrage that for every woman Suffragist who joins a society there are great numbers who for various reasons do not make such a definite profession of faith. Many are poor, and cannot afford even a shilling subscription; some do not realise the necessity for combination, or are afraid to come forward, or of being chaffed. Others, I know, being occupied in other ways, fear that they will be called upon to do active work.

And very many, indeed, are afraid of their men folk. This may sound absurd, but it is a fact. Naturally, the home ideal of most women is still self-sacrifice and peace-at-any-price. They do not yet realise that the "womanly" virtues, carried to excess at the expense of dignity, conscience, and individuality, may degrade, and not exalt, the home life. Meanwhile, the agitation is carried on by a more fortunate, or more courageous, minority.—Yours, &c.,

SUFFRAGIST.

February 23rd, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Miss Rosalind Travers argues that because the principal suffrage societies have, between them, a membership of only 35,000, the rest of qualified women are indifferent. Could anything be more fallacious? What political league of men or women on any other subject can show larger membership or greater enthusiasm? Could any of them—with all their free advertisement in the Press—fill such halls as the Albert and Queen's Halls dozens of times every year, hold thousands of successful meetings throughout the whole country, raise £100,000 in a year, and find 500 of its members willing to suffer prison torture for the sake of their unselfish cause? Thousands of true Liberals voted against the Government which cast into prison Cobden's daughter, and other noble British women, and treated them as criminals while there. Mr. Philip Snowden truly and wisely warned the Government that its downfall was more probable through its treatment of the women's question than for any other cause. The "Next Step" should be the prompt and simple removal of the

sex disability. Not only would it be a simple act of justice ; it would bring to the aid of the Liberal Government one of the finest and most enthusiastic organisations of modern times.—Yours, &c.,

W. R. SNOW.

3, Buckingham Gate, S.W.

February 20th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The letter of Miss Travers in your last issue seems, as far as I can succeed in analysing it, to contain two main points: (1) That judging from the membership of the various suffrage societies, the proportion of women desiring the Parliamentary vote is small; (2) That "the next step in women's suffrage ought to be a campaign, not against the peace-loving electorate or the overburdened Government, but against the serried ranks of dreary, idle, indifferent women."

In regard to the first point, I beg to repeat, with emphasis, the truth which certain politicians are so anxious to have forgotten, the truth that no extension of the franchise has ever yet depended upon, or resulted from, its being demanded by a majority of the unenfranchised. The attempt to require such a demand in the case of women is one of those many instances of a differential treatment of women which make it so necessary that we should speak for ourselves through the medium of the vote. This being so, it is only needful to touch lightly upon Miss Travers's figures. On the basis of my statement that the London Society has for over a year been adding members at the rate of 100 per month, she estimates the total increase of the National Union of Suffrage Societies, in three months, at 500. Now the National Union is a federation of over a hundred societies, of which the London society is one. If the London society, alone, adds 300 members in three months, is it credible that the other 105 or so societies (including the very large Manchester society) add but 200? Even allowing an average of but ten new members monthly to each society, the figure for three months would exceed 3,000.

As to the second point, it must be observed: First, that all the suffrage societies do endeavor, and have always endeavored, to make converts among their fellow-women, and, in fact (as the London figures show), do actually make converts in increasing numbers. Naturally, however, the "serried ranks of dreary, idle, indifferent women" offer us the very worst field. Can it possibly be for this reason that Miss Travers would have us cultivate it exclusively? Second, that since women cannot give us the vote, while electorates and governments can, we should be fools indeed if we directed our energies solely to the conversion of women. That is why, during the recent elections, hundreds of women stood in rain, in wind, in mud, outside polling-booths, collecting the signatures of electors to petitions in support of our demands. The total of thousands of signatures collected throughout the country I do not yet know; but I do know that the petition forwarded to-day to the member for this constituency contained over 1,200 signatures, and that, in a neighboring constituency, the total of electors who signed verged upon 3,000. In the "serried ranks" of the electorate, not in those of "the faithful votaries of amusement," we look for our effective supporters.—Yours, &c.,

CLEMENTINA BLACK

Hampstead, February 19th, 1910.

THE LIBERAL PRESS IN SCOTLAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I be permitted to suggest that your correspondents on this subject overlook the main factor in the establishment of a strong and authoritative penny Liberal paper in Scotland? If they recall the last attempt that was made to this end, I think they will agree with me that if ever a paper deserved to succeed it was the "Scottish Leader." It collapsed in the early 'nineties—why? Simply, if not solely, owing to the absence of support by Liberal advertisers. Not only Liberal advertisers, but, I am told, Liberal members of Parliament for Scotland, are

far too ready to patronise, and be patronised by, the Tory papers. Little as the latter affect their political opinions, they show a partiality towards the Tory organs which is the strangest reflection imaginable upon their sense of logic, not to say independence. It is no use for Scottish Liberals to cry out for a really good Liberal paper, unless they recognise that the matter is in their own hands—that the desired organ in the Edinburgh-Glasgow portion of Scotland is only possible of achievement if they are prepared to support it right up to the hilt.

"Anti-Monopolist" began this discussion by asking for an enterprising journalist. Surely he meant, in the first place, an enterprising capitalist—or two. The Liberal Government is notoriously neglectful of its Press, even to the extent of bestowing its inspiration upon a Tory paper in London, while allowing a Liberal one to die. But the Liberal cause is always greater than any Liberal Government, in Scotland or elsewhere, and Scottish private enterprise should be equal to making a Liberal paper, instead of a Tory one, the dominating voice in Scotland. Perhaps neither the Liberal advertisers nor the Liberal M.P.'s will be roused from indifference until reverses come thick and fast upon the party in Scotland. Meantime the laugh is on the side of the Tory papers which are making an exceedingly comfortable living by aid of the Liberals whom they so generously snub.—Yours, &c.,

SCOTTISH LIBERAL.

London, February 21st, 1910.

P.S.—The most interesting contribution to the question could come (an' they would!) from the Scottish Unionist candidates in the shape of a candid opinion upon what the great "Scotsman" and "Glasgow Herald" hath profited them against the Liberal organs. I gladly—as all Scottish Liberals do—acknowledge the glorious deeds of the Liberal Press as it exists: the "Dundee Advertiser," the "People's Journal," the "Edinburgh Evening News," and the rest.

RECENT ELECTIONS AND THE SMALL HOLDINGS ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—The letter of your correspondent, "A Country Liberal," of February 12th, is extraordinarily true. The weakness of the Government in not tackling their own Small Holdings Act is probably accountable for the loss of hundreds of laborers' votes. The Act was allowed to remain one of the many "paper Acts," drafted to soothe the radical conscience of the townsman, and not put into force owing to the passive resistance of the powers that be in the country.

May I give an example of what happened in my county? For a year or more a little group of landless laborers had been trying in this village to get the Act put into force, and succeeded so far as to get a Government inquiry held. They had the Parish Council, the District Council, and the County Council against them. The inquiry, however, was conducted fairly and impartially, and it brought out the fact that the land was indubitably needed by the laborers. It was suggested, however, that private treaty was better than compulsion, and that settled the matter as far as the laborers were concerned. The question was referred back to the County Council, and there it remains.

The landlord's agent had opposed the acquisition of the land at the inquiry, and as he and I were discussing the question after the meeting was over, a splendid individual, who had arrived specially in a motor-car, joined us. He apologised for intruding and said he was a special commissioner for small holdings who was watching the case. "And I gather," said he, "that you regard this agitation as purely fictitious?" "Purely!" said the agent, and the special commissioner drove away in his car, his work apparently having been done. In the same way the Government seemed to think their work done after the passing of the Act. Not so the laborer.

The Liberal member for the district, who saw the inwardness of the situation, tried unsuccessfully to get a question asked in the House of Commons, and he was subsequently unseated, largely by a turning of the laborers' vote.—Yours, &c.,

A PHILOSOPHIC ONLOOKER.

February 23rd, 1910.

THE LATE MR. PETE CURRAN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Something more is due to the memory of the late Pete Curran than the scanty paragraphs in the Press announcing the death and funeral of a labor leader.

Curran's leadership in the labor movement was, of itself, remarkable. Take the Gas Workers' and General Laborers' Union, which Curran served for twenty years as chief organiser. In the enthusiasm for the new unionism a number of trade unions for laborers were formed in the 'eighties, and one or two of these still linger on; but the Gas Workers' Union alone has strength and vitality as a national organisation. From the first its leaders saw the importance of political action, with the result that, from 1906 to 1910, this general union of laborers sent three members to Parliament, Mr. Will Thorne, Mr. J. R. Clynes, and Pete Curran. Curran himself fought no less than five Parliamentary contests in fifteen years. No other trade union outside the miners' organisation can show more effective work in politics than the Gas Workers.

Two things deserve to be recalled (or, at least, stand out clear to me above the rest) in those twenty years of labor leadership. (1) Curran's willingness to face imprisonment for the men he served. In 1890 he received six weeks' imprisonment for "intimidation" at Plymouth; the conviction was quashed on appeal by Chief Justice Coleridge, but Curran would have done the time without complaining. (2) Curran's insistence that what was good for the mechanic was good for the unskilled laborer. At the Trade Union Congress (1898?) Curran carried the delegates with him in his demand for an eight hours' day for the laborer.

The twenty years of agitation and organisation were nearly spent when the last General Election came, and these years had left their mark on Curran. A year ago he needed—for him, the impossible—complete rest. Curran went into the late Election a dying man. He knew that he was dying—doctors warned him that if he won he would not live to take his seat. And yet, night after night, he dragged himself out to speak, resolute to keep his end up, to fight on to the very last breath.

"If you choose to play!—
Let a man contend to the uttermost,
For his life's set prize, be it what it will."

It was this heroic contending to the uttermost in the face of death that makes Curran's dying a finer thing even than his twenty years' service.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

Prospect House, Hampstead, N.W.
February 21st, 1910.

THE SECRECY OF THE BALLOT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent "J. R." is perfectly correct in his recollection of the Ballot Act, but the provision to which he refers does not effectively preclude a general knowledge being gained of the way in which a given district has voted.

Rule 34, in the first schedule attached to the Act, provides that "Before the Returning Officer proceeds to count the votes he shall, in the presence of the agents of the candidates, open each ballot-box, and, taking out the papers therein, shall count and record the number thereof," and then mix all the papers together before counting the votes. "While counting the number of ballot papers and counting the votes, he shall keep the ballot papers with their faces upwards, and take all proper precautions for preventing any person from seeing the numbers printed on the backs of such papers."

It is thus easy for the agent, who is looking on while the number of the papers in a particular box is being counted, to reckon up in his head the number of votes for and against, as the papers are being unfolded one by one and laid face upwards before his eyes, and thus to obtain a fairly close knowledge of the way a particular village or polling district has gone. It is difficult to prevent it being

known which box is which. In fact, often the number of papers it contains would be sufficient indication.

The object of the above regulations is, of course, plain. On the back of the paper is the official progressive number corresponding with that on the counterfoil, which might in some cases identify the voter. The presiding officer in the booth, at any rate, has the means of knowing to whom he gave any particular paper. Moreover, if I go to vote, and Smith comes in just after me and gets the next paper, I can tell the number of his from that of mine. Other instances could easily be imagined.

Such cases, however, would necessarily be few, while the virtual infringement of the ballot which occurs under the present system is serious, especially, no doubt, in country districts. Even in towns, it is possible, say, for a large employer or property owner, whose workmen or tenants live mainly in a single polling district, to ascertain with some accuracy whether they have regarded or ignored his advice or his orders.

For myself, I do not see why the rule should not be that during the counting of the papers the backs only should be looked at, but during the counting of the votes only the faces, provided, as is always done in practice, the papers are effectually mixed between the two operations. It conveys no useful information to see the official number on the back of a ballot paper, unless you can also, then or later, see the vote on the front of a paper that you know to be the same. I have, in fact, known returning officers at municipal elections, with the idea that they were carrying out the policy of the Act, insist on the papers being kept face downwards during the counting of their number.—Yours, &c.,

K. E. T. WILKINSON.

60, Marygate, York,
February 14th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—At the counting of the votes at the election for the County of Brecknock, the candidates' scrutineers were not allowed to overlook the papers during the time the boxes were being verified by the ballot paper account. With the sanction of the Sheriff I had made an arrangement with the Tory Election Agent beforehand, on this matter. It was most fortunate and reassuring to our people in the rural parts.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM T. LEE.
Liberal Election Agent.

Brecon, S. Wales, February 20th, 1910.

Poetry.

SOME OLD CHINESE SONGS.

Rendered into English by David Wilson.

I.

THE ROYAL ROAD IS RIGHTEOUSNESS.

(The "Shu King" is the most ancient collection of Chinese writings, and the "Great Plan" in Part V., Book IV., of it is assigned by some to the time of King Yao. If not belonging to the third millenium B.C., it is at least one of the oldest fragments of the "Shu King." And the unknown writer of the "Great Plan" quotes with approval a bit of poetry by a poet also covered by the oblivion that awaits us all.)

THE Royal Road is Righteousness.
It's straight, without unevenness:
And private love, and private hate,
It leaves aside, by going straight,
On every side it gives a view,
For ever clear, for ever true:
And broad and easy 'tis to know,
For him who has the heart to go.
The Royal Road shall never bend.
The Royal Road shall never end.

II.

THE PRINCELY ROADS TO RUIN.

("Shu King," III., III., 2. Assigned to the third millenium B.C.)

(Air.—"The Flowers of the Forest.")

I.

I've seen the smiling of plenty beguiling;
I've seen the follies make princes decay:
Single's the bright road, the only one right road;
O, but to ruin, there's many a way!

II.

Game let them cherish; the other things perish;
Waste is the land and the princes decay.
Vice let them treasure; in palace hunt pleasure;
Certain to ruin them, that is a way.

III.

Oh how entrancing is damned necromancing!
Seeking the spirits the princes decay.
Fluting and fiddling, delightful diddiddling:
Ruin they reach in a musical way.

IV.

Carving and building, and painting and gilding;
These are diseases make princes decay.
Single's the bright road, the only one right road:
O, but to ruin there's many a way!

See "The Royal Road to Righteousness." But, perhaps, the best commentary on this beautiful song is a remark in a preceding chapter: "Shu King," II., II., 2:—

"The mind of man is restless and prone to err, with small affinity to what is right. Be watchful and steady, so as to hold fast to what is righteous and moderate, avoiding foolish extremes."

III.

THE SONG OF THE HAPPY LOVER.

(Odes.—Tcheng-Ki-Tong, in his excellent book, of which a translation has been published under the title, "The Chinese: Painted by Themselves," by the Leadenhall Press, gives prose translations of various pieces in the odes, ending with this one, and adds: "Why can I not translate the harmony of our lines?" This may be sung to the sweet old Irish tune, "The Rose of Tralee.")

THE long rampart's shadow grows longer and longer;
'Twas here and 'twas now that she promised to be;
I'm held here by love, that grows stronger and stronger;
I'm restless, but patient—she's coming to me!
Behold ye the fire-colored stone on my finger?
It warms and it comforts me, feeling like fire.
'Twas she gave it me, for whom here I do linger,—
My darling, whose presence is all I desire!

Saw ye ever a flower like this rose so excelling?
So fragrant, so dainty, so perfect of hue?
There's something about it that's better worth telling—
I got it from her, I am telling you true!
You'll see, when she comes, how complete is her beauty;
For that's a detail that a stranger can see;
But O! she's so good, and so perfect in duty!—
I'm restless but patient—she's coming to me!

IV.

THE SONG OF THE SORROWING WIFE.

(Odes.—This is to the air of "Ye Banks and Braes O' Bonnie Doon." It is assigned to the good and beautiful, but neglected, Kwang Kiang, the wife of "duke Kwang of Wei," about the middle of the eighth century B.C.)

I.

O Sun and Moon, that light the skies,
And shine upon the earth below,
See ye what's hid from other eyes?
See ye a weary woman's woe?
He wanders lawless where he will;
Yet never is from misery free;
O, how can he his spirit still?
And will he then remember me?

II.

O Sun and Moon that light the skies,
And leave in shade the earth below,
See ye what's hid from other eyes?
See ye a weary woman's woe?
For good he's aye returning ill,
Like one that only foes can see,—
O, how can he his spirit still?
And will he then remember me?

III.

O, Sun and Moon that climb the skies,
And shine upon the earth below,
See ye what's hid from other eyes?
See ye a weary woman's woe?
A wicked man, whose only skill
Is now a hypocrite to be,—
O, how can he his spirit still?
Or will he then remember me?

IV.

O, Sun and Moon that climb the skies,
And shine upon the earth below,
See ye what's hid from other eyes?
See ye a weary woman's woe?
Ye make me think of childhood's plays,
Ere ever I had learned to mourn;
My father's and my mother's days,
Departed, never to return!

V.

THE CHINESE AULD LANG SYNE.

(Odes.—This may be sung to the air of "Auld Lang Syne.")

I.

UPON the trees we cut, "Kang, kang."
The birds reply "Ying, ying."
Up from the shady glen, one sprang,
Away upon the wing.
See where it sits on tree above,
In loneliness distressed.
As life is empty, lacking love,
It whistles for the rest.

II.

Since little birds each other hail,
Shall men not do the same?
Need we not friends to hear our tale,
And give our feelings name?
In harmony when all is said,
So we'll at peace remain;
And so shall friends, who long are dead,
In spirit smile again.

VI.

THE HAPPY FARMER.

(Air.—"The Miller of Dee," or any similar air.)

(This is a traditional song, whereof two things can be said, that it is of great antiquity, and that the spirit of it is alive to-day. See Legge's Odes, appendix to preface, giving old songs not in the classic.)

FROM morning sun,
Till day is done,
I'm working on the ground;
And working hard,
Have fit reward,
For food and drink abound.

With food and drink,
I'm free to think,
And heed not powers that be.
O, what care I
If a king go by?
It's all the same to me!

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"The Common Sense of Political Economy: A Study of the Human Basis of Economic Law." By Philip H. Wicksteed. (Macmillan. 14s. net.)

"Justice: A Tragedy in Four Acts." By John Galsworthy. (Duckworth. 2s. net.)

"Through Afro-America: An English Reading of the Race Problem." By William Archer. (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Reformation in Scotland: Its Causes, Characteristics, and Consequences." By D. Hay Fleming, LL.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Dean Swift." By Sophie Shilleto Smith. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"In the Foreign Legion." By Erwin Rosen. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Neighbours and Friends." By M. Loane. (Arnold. 6s. net.)

"Ritschlianism: An Essay." By John Kenneth Mozley, M.A. (Nisbet. 5s. net.)

"Edward Bulwer, First Baron Lytton of Knebworth: A Social, Personal, and Political Monograph." By T. H. S. Escott. (Routledge. 7s. 6d. net.)

"An Interrupted Friendship." By E. L. Voynich. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

"The Gold Trail." By Harold Bindloss. (Long. 6s.)

"Ronsard, Poète Lyrique: Etude historique et littéraire." Par Paul Laumonier. (Paris: Hachette. 15fr.)

"Essai politique sur Alexis de Tocqueville." Par R. Pierre Marcel. (Paris: Alcan. 7fr.)

* * *

MR. MICHAEL MACDONAGH, who is the author of "A Book of Parliament" and of several political biographies, is at present engaged upon a book dealing with the Speakers of the House of Commons, which will be published by Messrs. Methuen. The subject is both fresh and interesting, and, considering the popularity of Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors," it is surprising that no work treating of the Speakers on similar lines has as yet been written.

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THE subject chosen by Mr. Rackham for his next color book is Wagner's "Ring." It will be issued in the autumn by Mr. Heinemann.

* * *

It is safe to say that, with the possible exception of "Sandford and Merton," no book was more likely to be found in the nurseries of the early and middle Victorian period than Mrs. Sherwood's "History of the Fairchild Family." It first appeared in 1818 and still retains some favor from young readers, at least if we may judge from the well-thumbed copies to be picked up from second-hand booksellers, or from rather garbled editions which the publishers still issue. A "Life of Mrs. Sherwood," largely based upon her autobiography, was published by her daughter, Sophia Kelly, in 1854. But Mrs. Sherwood's diaries run to more than half a million words, and, together with Captain Henry Sherwood's journals, contain materials which are employed in "The Life and Times of Mrs. Sherwood," by Mr. F. J. Harvey Darton, which will shortly be published by Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co. It gives an account of the Lichfield of Dr. Johnson, Miss Seward, and the Edgeworths, describes Dr. Valpy's settlement at Reading for French refugees, and gives a picture of India in the days of the Nabobs and of Henry Martyn. It also furnishes glimpses of Erasmus Darwin, Hannah More, Scott, Elizabeth Fry, and others of distinction in the period. But the main interest of the book is that it brings before us an intimate picture of a class, moderate in its standards of wealth and cultivation, but earnest in social and religious endeavor, which has largely escaped the notice of memoir-writers and historians.

* * *

MR. FISHER UNWIN is about to issue "The Court Series of French Memoirs," chiefly made up of works that have not hitherto been translated into English. The first to appear will be "The Royal Family in the Temple Prison," a translation of the journal kept by Cléry, Louis XVI.'s valet, which contains a detailed account of the life of the royal family from August, 1792, when the mob attacked the Tuileries, to the morning of the King's death, January 21st, 1793. Other volumes in the series are Duclos' "Secret Memoirs of the Regency," Lauzun's "Memoirs," and the "Memoirs Relating to Fouché."

A WELCOME addition to the world of books will be Lord Crewe's biography of his father, which will, presumably, contain material inaccessible to Sir Wemyss Reid when he wrote the official "Life."

* * *

MESSRS. MACMILLAN are about to issue a new edition of Pater's works, in ten volumes, the first of which, "The Renaissance," will appear in April next and the remainder in monthly volumes throughout the year. The price will be at the uniform rate of seven and sixpence net per volume.

* * *

MR. CECIL CHESTERTON has just finished a book on the political situation, which will be published by Messrs. Alston Rivers under the title of "Party and People." The view taken is that the last election is a sign of the break-up of the party system, and that the political division of the future will be on geographical rather than on party lines. Mr. Chesterton pleads for a democratic programme, and urges that at present the real issues are never brought before the people. There is a discussion of the tariff question, on lines not likely to meet with the approval of either Protectionists or Free Traders.

* * *

A LARGE number of unpublished letters of Flaubert will be contained in the volume of his "Correspondance" shortly to appear in the edition of his complete works which M. Louis Conrad is now issuing.

* * *

AMONG the announcements of the Oxford University Press is "A History of English Versification," by Hofrat J. von Schipper. English metre and prosody have been studied more carefully by Continental scholars than among ourselves. There are several German treatises upon the subject, and quite recently M. Lucien Wolff's careful examination of Keats's treatment of the heroic rhythm and blank verse was published by Messrs. Hachette. The chief English books upon versification are Mr. Mayor's "Chapters on English Metre," Professor Saintsbury's "History of English Prosody," the concluding volume of which will be issued shortly by Messrs. Macmillan, and Mr. Robert Bridges's book on Milton's prosody.

* * *

THE discovery at Zurich of "Wilhelm Meister's Theatralische Sendung," the lost version of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre," has aroused an interest rather in excess of its importance. German authorities regard the document as genuine and believe it can be traced to Barbara Schulthess who is known to have received several manuscripts from Goethe. It differs largely from the printed text, and for that reason will almost certainly be printed.

* * *

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press a memoir of the first Earl of Cranbrook, with extracts from his diary and correspondence, by his son, Mr. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy. Lord Cranbrook defeated Mr. Gladstone for the representation of Oxford University in 1878, and shortly afterwards became a member of Lord Derby's Ministry. The memoir will contain letters written by Disraeli, Lord Derby, the Earl of Iddesleigh, and other leading statesmen of the time.

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MESSRS. EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE are bringing out in fortnightly parts a history of Japan from the year 1868 to the present time, by Mr. George Lynch. The title of the work is "Old and New Japan: The Romantic Story of a Romantic People," and contributions from several Japanese statesmen and artists will be included.

* * *

"ETON UNDER HORNBY" is the title of a book of reminiscences by an Old Etonian which Mr. Fifield has almost ready for publication. It contains a chapter on William Cory, the author of "Ionica," and an abundance of anecdotes current in the school during Dr. Hornby's headmastership.

* * *

THE English translation of Professor Bergson's "Time and Free Will: An Essay on the Immediate Data of Consciousness," by Mr. F. L. Pogson, which has been held over from last season, will be published shortly by Messrs. Sonnenschein.

Reviews.

RELIGION WITHOUT METAPHYSICS.*

It is a nice question whether the famous phrase, "religion without enthusiasm," be not a contradiction in terms. To this brilliant yet laborious book by M. Reinach another motto equally disputable might be applied. It is a study of religion without metaphysics. One by one the faiths and superstitions of mankind pass under the review of this clever and sceptical Jew, much as a professor of comparative anatomy may handle his skeletons, prehistoric and historic, in a museum. He reconstructs the primitive crawling shapes of totemism and animism. He shows in the most evolved and universal religions of civilisation the atrophied organ, the rudimentary tail which betrays their origin from these earlier types. He recounts the futile and cruel history of persecutions and religious wars, much as a zoologist may explain how the brown rat replaced the black. But as one listens to the daring, yet convincing, demonstration, half-hypnotised by the success of its affiliations and genealogies, one manages none the less to gasp out an irrelevant old-fashioned question. What after all of God? For religions are, when all is said, an attempt to reach some sort of synthesis of thought, some kind of intelligible explanation of the universe. They are metaphysics, informed, or, if you will, obscured by emotion. They are something more than an attempt to systematise myth and custom. M. Reinach's attitude is, we gather, perfectly conscious and deliberate. He starts by defining religion as "a sum of scruples which impede the free exercise of our faculties." That definition, valuable and illuminating as it is, seems to us to illustrate the besetting fallacy of the purely historical method. A better summary of early religions and superstitions one could hardly find. It includes the necessary idea of taboo, and all that may be evolved from it. It is perfectly clear that the most developed religion sprang from these origins, and never succeeded in shaking itself wholly free from them. But it is a wanton begging of the whole question to assume that the phrase which defines the egg will fully render the developed organism. M. Reinach has written an essay, not so much upon religion, as on certain continuous and persistent elements in religion. But the thing which is at the start a germ, ends by becoming a mere survival. There is probably much more truth to be got by this method, fairly and objectively pursued, than by the metaphysical analysis of the people who have written "philosophies of religion." But it is none the less a very partial truth.

It is as important as it is interesting to trace in later varieties of religion the influence of totem and taboo. It is, for example, as startling as it is probable to discover that Christian fasts may be traced, not so much to any ascetic notions of abstaining from food or mortifying the flesh, as to the worship of some fish totem, which had to be eaten ritually once a week. But this antiquarian lore is as far as possible from telling us the essential truth about Christian fasts. Mankind, starting with an equipment of superstitions, some of them stupid and childish, others disgusting or cruel, and a few capable of serving some social use or of wearing some intelligible meaning, has selected those which served its ultimate needs. There has been a struggle for existence among scruples, and it is a question whether we ought not to seek the essence of religion rather in this process of selection than in the scruples themselves. One may trace the root-idea of sacrifice, the killing of the god and the eating of his flesh, in the various Oriental cults which competed for the faith of the decadent Græco-Roman world, to an obscure memory of totemism. But the success of one among these cults was due to the fact that it presented this root idea, this world-old survival, in a certain moral context. The important fact for a history of religions is rather to expose these newer elements which caused one religion to give place to another, than to trace the obscure, primitive basis, which is common to them all. M. Reinach has done valuable pioneer work in this necessary task of detecting relics of totemism, and in going back to

the original taboo. But this over-mastering pre-occupation of his has gone far to destroy the balance of his survey.

To insist on this fundamental defect in "Orpheus" is not, however, to belittle its value as a book. It has, in the first place, the mingled grace and accuracy of modern French scientific writing, admirably rendered, one must add, by his translator. There is no straining for effect. The exposition is, above all things, lucid, full, and accurate. But the alert and very human mind of the writer never sinks under the weight of his summaries. At the end of two or three pages of painstaking history or analysis, one is constantly refreshed by some incisive epigram, some witty flash of criticism. The best chapters in the book are, to our thinking, those which deal with origins—with savage religion, with the eloquent traces of totemism in Greek mythology, or with the early evolution of Christianity and its connection with contemporary Oriental cults. But the scope of the book goes far beyond this. Nearly one-half of it is devoted to the history of Christianity, from the first century down to the latest phase of Modernism. M. Reinach writes from a fortunately objective standpoint—that of a good and patriotic Jew, who is at once a Liberal, a humanitarian, and an agnostic. His summary of the results of New Testament criticism is, of course, necessarily, but by no means recklessly, destructive. He dismisses the wilder speculations as to the dates of the early Christian documents with an abrupt contempt, and reaches a conclusion as to their origins, authenticity, and historic value which hardly differs from that of the Abbé Loisy. His standpoint in narrating the wars of rival sects and the persecutions which have made so much of Christian history is, on the whole, that of a disinterested humanitarian, who judges fairly between rivals, with a certain perception of the fact that the Church, when she persecuted, was rarely, if ever, concerned with dogma or faith, but sought only to assert her authority or enforce her discipline. Once or twice, it may be, his ardent sympathy with the oppressed rather destroys the balance of his survey. The history of the Waldenses, for example, is traced at some length, in order that the Church may bear the full responsibility for her crimes. But the gentler and more beautiful manifestations of Catholicism, such as the teaching of St. Francis or the preaching of Savonarola, win from M. Reinach little more than a passing notice, fair, so far as it goes, but by no means adequate. He is, as one might expect, violently, but not, we think, blindly anti-Jesuit. His treatment of Protestantism and Protestant sects is open to the same criticism which weighs upon the whole book. He insists, as well as one could desire, on the historical and political importance of Protestantism as a reaction against Rome. But it does not seem to occur to him that Protestantism is in any sense an attempt to explain life or to reach a theory of God. Even those phases of it which do so obviously display original thinking, Quakerism for example, are discussed in a spirit which is kindly, accurate, and fair, yet altogether external. Catholic Modernism is welcomed and emphasised as a revolt against obscurantism, which may have immense political importance. But we find no mention of Leo Tolstoy, whose attempt to restore primitive Christianity as it ought to have been, if not perhaps as it was, is surely even more worthy of notice as speculation, and at least as important as a contemporary social influence. The most serious deficiency in the book is, however, its slight treatment of Islam. We are not disposed to quarrel with M. Reinach's contemptuous estimate of the Koran. It wanted some courage, in the face of the specialists, always ready to exalt a study to which they have given laborious years, to speak the plain truth about its poverty, whether as literature or speculation. Islam is not interesting as theology, nor does it furnish a rich field for the investigation of the primitive survivals which specially interest M. Reinach. But its conservation is one of the most interesting problems in religious history, its future its most portentous mystery, and its moral influence a fact which deserved some analysis. M. Reinach perhaps hardly realises to what extent the various dervish orders (which he hardly mentions) supplement the theological bareness and austerity of orthodox Islam.

It is inevitable that in a book dealing with the most controversial of human interests, one should find much to

* "Orpheus: A General History of Religions." By Salomon Reinach. Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net.

criticise. But "Orpheus" remains to our thinking a masterpiece in its own line, and a book destined to exert a great popular influence among educated laymen. No other work even claims to attempt the task which it discharges so adequately, and we doubt whether it would be possible to find elsewhere a summary so convenient and so careful of the latest researches of scholarship even in the obscure regions of Celtic and Germanic religion. "Orpheus" was written, we gather, mainly with a practical end—to liberate the mind from superstition and fear, and at the same time to protest against the crudities of the old Voltairian tradition which was apt to dismiss religion as priestcraft. It intervenes between French clericalism and French Atheism with a calm and objective interpretation of history in the light of evolution. Such an intervention must make in France for charity. In this country it is possible that in the ears of the average reader, M. Reinach's eirenicon may have a ring of provocation.

THE CONSERVATIVE AS CRITIC OF POETRY.*

THE completion of Dr. Courthope's "History of English Poetry" is a notable achievement and entitles its author to the congratulations of every student of our literature. It is a work of high ambition, planned upon broad lines, and possessing all the authority that goes with thorough scholarship, clear and sober thinking, and the rigid application of definite theories of criticism. Its purpose, as Dr. Courthope stated in the preface to the first volume, and as he reminds us in the concluding chapter of the last, has been "to treat poetry as an expression of the imagination, not simply of the individual poet, but of the English people; to use the facts of political and social history as keys to the poet's meaning, and to make poetry clothe with life and character the dry record of external facts." Dr. Courthope never loses sight of this purpose. He is fully alive to the fact that poetry is an art, but he never misses an opportunity of declaring that it is a social art, and he is so anxious to keep before his readers the political and social groundwork out of which poetry springs, that he begins the present volume by a chapter on the fall of the Holy Roman Empire and ends it with a reference to the last General Election.

Dr. Courthope's theory of poetry, which runs counter to most contemporary criticism, though in part welcome as a corrective, is in part also an attempt to get back to the eighteenth century and to close up avenues that are now open. He is right in insisting that poetry must not be dissociated from life, but he seems not to recognise sufficiently that, as Professor Bradley puts it in his "Oxford Lectures on Poetry," the bond uniting them is a connection underground. "The two may be called different forms of the same thing: one of them having (in the usual sense) reality, but seldom satisfying the imagination; while the other offers something that satisfies imagination but has not full 'reality.'" The reader of Dr. Courthope's work is more than once led to the conclusion that, if its author does not go to the extreme length of treating poetry as an aspect of politics, he certainly looks for the explanation of poetry in the outward circumstances and current ideas of the poet's time.

This method of regarding the poet as subordinate to his environment was seen to best advantage in Dr. Courthope's account of Pope and the literature of the Queen Anne period—a period when the poet thought it his proper function to give polished expression to ideas which were the common property of most educated men. It also inspires some excellent chapters in the present volume on the exhaustion of the classical influence, the New Whigs and their influence on criticism and poetry, and anti-Jacobinism in English poetry. What Dr. Courthope has to say upon the alliance between the Whig statesmen and the Whig men of letters, and of the evolution of sentiment and style in English literature, corresponding to the evolution of political parties that succeeded the Revolution, is full of

interest, though he presses the analogy between political and literary development a little too far. But, in the main section of the book, which treats of the effect of the French Revolution, and of the Romantic movement, the principle is applied in a way that leads to startling results. Here Dr. Courthope's principles, seemingly reinforced by his political creed, transform him from a judge into a counsel for the prosecution. For him the Romantic movement is a wild revolt against tradition, a mere orgy of individualist self-expression. Just as Mr. Arthur Symonds—to take a critic of the school most opposed to Dr. Courthope—rules out the whole eighteenth century as having no fundamental relation with the rest of English poetry, so Dr. Courthope seems inclined to rule out the Romantic movement, and to hope that the nation, in literature as well as in politics, will react against "the great centrifugal movement towards a visionary ideal of individual Liberty." Each critic looks on the age he dislikes as "a page inserted by Satan in God's history of the human race." The Lake poets have, according to Dr. Courthope, life, freshness, and individuality, but, instead of following the course of English poetry "which had resembled the growth of the English Constitution in the continuity of its development," they caught up ideas from the French Revolution and introduced "a certain destructive tendency by their neglect of tradition." Their poetry lacks "the 'universal' element in the widest sense of the word, so largely present in the work of their great predecessors." Byron, though less severely handled than the Lake school, does not escape the critic's strictures. He, like Wordsworth, sang of liberty, and that is a crime which demands expiation. "Wordsworth's excessive indulgence of individuality ended in imaginative monasticism; Byron's betrayed him into moral anarchy." And, in tones which remind one of Lord Rosebery denouncing Socialism as "the end of everything," Dr. Courthope passes final judgment on Romanticism, as the disintegrating force which shattered the sober and orderly structure that had provided shelter for our literature:—

"Just as the principle of abstract Liberty has proved unequal to the task of building up a fresh social order in the sphere of politics, so, in the corresponding world of the imagination, the last result of the Romantic Movement has been a separation of Poetry from the organised course of national life and action. We have seen how this tendency is expressed in the attitude of Keats—the poet whose example, since the early days of the Revolutionary Era, has, beyond all question, been most potent in determining the development of the art—towards the interests of living society. As 'the idle singer of an empty day' to small circles of refined sympathisers, the modern poet is inclined, like the story-tellers in the 'Decameron,' to seclude himself from the vision of a plague-stricken world in the pleasant gardens of Art."

In reply to this it might be urged that "the idle singer of an empty day" was the poet of our time who felt most impelled to plunge into the dusty conflicts that arise out of the organised course of national life and action, or that, in so far as modern poets have enclosed themselves in ivory towers and held aloof from the movements of their time, they have by that very action severed themselves from the poetic ideals of Shelley, of Wordsworth, and of Byron. But Dr. Courthope is too deeply imbued with "classic" sympathies to do Romanticism justice, and though throughout the volume there are many fine appreciations of the poets who are the peculiar glory of the nineteenth century, we feel that if he doles out approval with his left hand he bestows reproof with his right. Of Scott alone does he speak in a spirit of generous praise, and his admiration is due to the fact that the personal passion which animates Scott's best poetry "is not conceived like the lyrics of most of his contemporaries in an egotistic but in a social and patriotic spirit." Following the discussion of Scott's poetry comes an unexpected though welcome chapter on the Waverley Novels, and the reader is told that, in his capacity for effecting a compromise between Liberty and Order, Scott's genius is representative of the English Constitution. Apparently Dr. Courthope believes that no higher praise is possible. That this should be the case is an illustration of what we must call the weak and defective side of his work. Its merits are great and undeniable; but throughout its whole course one seems to detect a feeling in the author's mind that there must be something wrong with poetry which, though impeccable in other respects, is likely to wound the susceptibilities of the Tory Party.

* "A History of English Poetry." By W. J. Courthope, C.B. Volume VI. "The Romantic Movement in English Poetry: Effects of the French Revolution." Macmillan. 10s. net.

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WHERE ONLY MAN IS VILE.*

By his books on Oxford and Wales, the "Heart of England," the "Life of Richard Jefferies" and "The South Country," Mr. Edward Thomas has already won a distinct place among the prose writers of to-day. He is an essayist of fine temper, and in the essay it is fine temper that counts. When we venture upon this difficult form of art—all the more difficult because it looks as easy as breathing—most of us lose our temper, if we have any. We become impatient or hurried, whereas the essayist, like him who believeth, must not make haste. We give information, or sweat in the dusty wrath of polemics, whereas the smallest grain of information or of controversy brings down the essay like a shot bird. We assert, we borrow, we repeat, whereas the essay is modest as the servant of the Lord who does not strive, personal as the pupil of the eye, and new every morning.

But Mr. Thomas in all his work preserves a temper fine and serene. We do not quite mean that he never tells us anything, but he never gives information, never wrangles, and of all present writers shows, perhaps, the least sign of haste. Though the sense of polite difference is often there, it is expressed by silence—that irresistible answer—and we doubt if he has ever contradicted anyone in words. Most of our essayists have written of the Town, and are rightly qualified as urbane. We hardly know what attribute corresponds to urbanity in one who breathes of the country; for "rural" recalls a garden city and conveys no definite style of mind, whereas "gentle," which would have expressed what we mean three centuries ago, has now degenerated into dullness, and can be used of no one but the soft. We lately described Mr. Thomas as the scholar gipsy of the time, and, perhaps, that is the best description in brief, nor do we know anyone, unless it is Mr. Hudson, who has an equal claim to the title.

In this little book, all the essayist's qualities are shown, but necessarily in brief, and not always at their fullest power. Three temptations beset the essayist who meditates the country and things of low estate; we mean the temptations to pathos, melancholy, and preciousness. In this volume there are few precious phrases, though one rather shies at "a clear, hard, percussive tone" in a woman's voice. But there is no need to criticise so sane a scholar's words, and sometimes the phrase is memorable. "In spite of ferns in the fireplace, the room was cold with a moral and spiritual chill"—how well we know that room of an intellect standing aloof from life!

"Across this tainted and condemned grass, even between the houses, trotted narrow brooklets over stony beds to their sepulchres in the town sewers."

The vividness of the picture just saves the phrase from being precious. Pathos and melancholy are more difficult to avoid. Both are usual in essayists; perhaps they are necessary to the temperament, just as humor is necessary, and is melancholy's twin. But we suspect they are Mr. Thomas's greatest dangers, and here and there he hardly escapes them. He hardly escapes pathos in "The First of Spring," or melancholy in "The Maiden's Wood." Not that pathos or melancholy are bad in themselves; they are, as we say, a common part of the temperament; but it is just because they are common that Mr. Thomas can afford to leave them to writers who have not his mastery of thought and language. Besides, sentimentality is their genteel relation, and too close neighbor.

To us there are two essays in this volume that show the writer at his best—"Mothers and Sons," and "At a Cottage Door." They are the longest; they come side by side in the middle of the middle of the book (where the heaviest weight should always come in every Eight, and here we have eight essays, and a cox in the stern), and they have the most "stuff" in them. Both treat of the clash of feelings and realities that arises now in so many country parts of England; or rather, in this instance, of Wales, for Mr. Thomas is writing throughout of his own country. Both describe the squalid hideousness of town life—especially of a mining town's life—encroaching upon the purity and health of the old farms and hillside fields. But in these essays it is not merely a matter of lost picturesqueness. We have given up the

beauty of the country in despair. Let it go. We are willing to seek a new kind of beauty now in chimneys and smoke and festering drains. It is the spiritual loss—the loss of Wordsworth's "grave livers"—that matters, and Mr. Thomas reveals a new meaning in that loss by contrasting the educated poet son with his ordinary and unconscious mother, occupied with the common, necessary toil of life. It is the son who laments with infinite tears of rhyme over the pollution of the river or the desecration of natural beauties. The mother takes things pretty much as they come, knowing the hard needs of existence:—

"I am sorry the fern will have to go," she says, "but, dear me, the poor of us must have shoes and bread and a pasty now and then, Mr. Phillips, and the rich must have their carriages and money to buy the poetry books, Willy." . . . I never saw a sweeter and nobler acceptance of life (the author continues). She welcomed the new without forgetting the old, and gave both their due because she felt—she would never have said it, for she would have considered such high thinking arrogant—that the new and the old, the institutions, the reforms, the shops, the drainage system, were the froth made by the deep tides of men's inexpressible perverse desires.

Yet, though she accepts the mills and mines and drains without lamentation, and, indeed, with an eye to their service, we feel that it is her heart which is the nearer to nature, being, in fact, the chief part of nature's beauty; whereas her son has no real intimacy with natural existence at all, and it is his room that is cold with a moral and spiritual chill.

We have all felt that chill of self-consciousness, of the literary spirit—how deadly a touch it lays upon the daily realities that men and women have somehow to face. And all know how the mere sight of that continued struggle under the pressure of reality shrivels the pretensions of poetising and words. No one could doubt which had the finer soul—the poet or the woman who remarked that her frying-pan had fried forty pigs—and the evil of the encroachment of the mining town upon the mountain farms lies, not in the ruin of natural scenery, but in the extinction of the life that could breed people like the poet's mother, and the substitution of creatures "small, grey-skinned, with clotted grey hair; they had scarred faces, had lost an eye and most of their teeth; they wore soiled print or black dresses, bedraggled like the plumage of a dead bird in the mud."

"One such crone," the description of the town people continues, "one such crone crawling out into the light, unclean, dull, and yet surprised, had a look as if she had just been exhumed; she might have been buried alive in the foundation of the town for luck, and have now emerged to see what had been done. They were seen outside the taverns with their hands hidden under the remains of aprons, or were queuing in the dustbins for food or unbroken glass; often they carried babies, in whose shapeless faces was hidden the power to excel their grandmothers."

That passage comes from the other essay we spoke of, describing how a Welsh farmer's wife (whose only English words were "Good-afternoon," "beautiful," and "excursion train") would sit at her cottage door and watch the flights of birds, especially the swifts, with a kind of half-belief that they embodied the departed souls, especially the souls of the crowding town below her hillside. Well, the embodiment of those dismal souls into swifts screaming through the air to their nests under cottage eaves would be a blessed transformation!

THE GREAT MIMIC.*

DIFFICULT as it is to weigh the merits of a bygone actor or enter into the feelings of those who saw his successes, it is harder still to appreciate the jester of an age preceding our own. Manners change; and what passed for a happy stroke in one generation may seem downright rudeness to the next. The jester, moreover, depends so much for effect upon all the circumstances of the occasion, upon tone and gesture, that his best things are, in their nature, transient. They are—

"like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever."

The finest qualities of a good joke, as of a good speech, are condemned to perish in the using.

From this point of view it is natural that Mr. Percy Fitzgerald should expect his readers to deny his claim

* "Samuel Foote: A Biography." By Percy Fitzgerald. Chatto & Windus, 12s. 6d. net.

* "Rest and Unrest," By Edward Thomas. Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.

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that his hero was "the most remarkable and one of the most gifted persons that ever figured on the English stage." Yet the claim does not overstep the truth. All his contemporaries unite in bearing witness to Foote's vogue and to the mixture of admiration and alarm he aroused. "Upon my word," wrote Horace Walpole, "if Mr. Foote be not check'd, we shall have the army itself, on its return from Boston, besieged in the Haymarket." "There is hardly a public man in England," said Davies, "who has not entered Mr. Foote's theatre with an aching heart, under the apprehension of seeing himself laughed at." Even Johnson, who tempered his admiration with criticism, felt constrained to admit that for "loud, obstreperous, broad-faced mirth" he knew not Foote's equal.

Foote's father, "a very useful magistrate," of the town of Truro and member of Parliament for Tiverton, intended his son for the legal profession. He sent him to Worcester Grammar School where—like so many other boys destined for eminence—he was the leader in a "barring-out," and afterwards to Worcester College, Oxford. He left Oxford without taking a degree, though with some reputation for scholarship, and first appeared before the world as the author of a Newgate Calendar pamphlet recounting the history and "last dying words" of one of his uncles, Captain Goodere, who had just been hanged for murdering another uncle. We next find him upon the stage, playing the part of Othello without success, and afterwards essaying that of Lord Foppington in "The Relapse," which was also a failure. Mortified but not dismayed, he determined to try something else. "If they won't have me in tragedy, and I am not fit for comedy, what the deuce *am* I fit for? I must find some other department for which I *am* fit," was his summary. He found it in mimicry, writing his own pieces, which had little plot and depended for their success on his skill in caricaturing the leading personages of the day. The form of entertainment was not entirely new. Fielding, in "Pasquin" and other pieces, had introduced Ministers upon the stage, but Walpole, who had felt the satire, passed the Licensing Act of 1737 and brought the stage under the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain. Though during his career Foote had on two or three occasions to abandon pieces which he had in rehearsal, he seems upon the whole to have experienced little trouble from the Censor. He called his entertainments "giving tea," and affected to receive his friends on a footing of social intercourse. After a time even this thin pretence was dropped. His audacity had conquered, and whether through fear or favor, the authorities made hardly an effort to suppress him.

The town talked of these entertainments, and Foote promptly became the most feared and the most flattered man in London. Mr. Fitzgerald blames him for want of dignity and of restraint. Neither the one nor the other was to be expected from Foote. He is to take or to leave—a genius in his own line, but that a line where the delicate mind hesitates to follow him. The mimicry of living persons, extending even to that of their physical misfortunes, and the public exposure of the most private details of their lives would not be tolerated to-day, yet down to the time of George IV. it was thought a social accomplishment of distinction, and Croker tells us how that monarch used to sit up in bed mimicking his late Ministers for the enjoyment of their successors. Three of his distinguished contemporaries—Goldsmith, Churchill, and Johnson—escaped Foote's lash. Goldsmith's immunity is difficult to understand, for his eccentricities invited such an attention, but in the case of the other two fear was the restraining influence. Churchill wielded a stinging pen and satirised Foote, without severity, indeed, but in such a way as to show he must not be trifled with. Johnson's defence was on cruder lines. Being told at the house of Davies, a bookseller, that Foote intended to ridicule him, he asked "what was the common price of an oak stick," and when informed that it was sixpence, replied, "Why, then, sir, give me leave to send your servant to purchase me a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity." At the same time, Johnson heartily enjoyed Foote's humor. "Garrick," he said to Boswell on the Hebridean tour, "is restrained by some principle, but Foote has the advantage of unlimited range. Garrick has some delicacy of feeling; it is possible to put him out; you may get the better of him. But Foote is the most incompressible fellow I ever knew; when you have

driven him into a corner, and think you are sure of him, he runs between your legs or jumps over your head, and makes his escape." "Incompressible" is the right word for Foote.

Foote's recorded witticisms would fill volumes, and "Conversation" Cooke's "Table-Talk and Bon-mots" consists of little else. Mr. Fitzgerald says that his best-known jest is his reply to someone asking whether he had ever been to Cork: "No; but I have seen a good many drawings of it." It is a good repartee, though we think the following still better. "He described a certain Sir J. D. as 'a good sort of man,' and being pressed by a lady to explain what he called a good sort of man, 'Why, madam,' he said, '*one who preserves all the exterior decencies of ignorance.*'" Of course, the most famous story told of Foote is that of the "nonsense" speech. Macklin had been holding forth at a lecture on methods of strengthening the memory by repeating strings of words, and boasting that he could repeat immediately what he had once read. Foote is said to have at once written down the following, challenging the lecturer to get it by heart on the spot:—

"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie, and, at the same time, a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What, no soap!' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Pieninnies and the Joblillies and Garolillies and the Grand Panjamdrum himself, with the little round button at the top, and they all fell to playing the game of Catch-as-catch-can till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots."

It is doubtful whether this piece of incongruous humor was spontaneous, but it is a classic of its kind.

Mr. Fitzgerald's book is not free from repetitions, nor is the arrangement always the best, but it is thoroughly readable, and gives a fair picture of one of the greatest of English jesters.

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hunter, Madame Boisragon, who steals the engineer's papers, and so brings the syndicate's projects to naught. Much better drawn are the character sketches of Carnot, the cynical Swiss who keeps the hotel where the concession-hunters foregather, and of Lorenzo, the Italian, who shows Kerr the ropes, and teaches him how to bribe the Chinese dignitaries. The interview with the high Manchu Prince, in Chapter XVIII., when the interpreters discreetly withdraw and the Prince examines the Englishman's cheque and then slips it into his cloth boot, is subtle in humor. But it is by the brilliant descriptions of the Peking streets and the surrounding landscape that the author discloses exceptional powers. These scenes have a cumulative effect on the reader, and must be read leisurely, if their true flavor is to be enjoyed. We quote, however, a typical passage:—

"Then on the high driving-road the reason of the *saute qui peut* was made clear. Soldiers were coming—many soldiers evidently.

"Slashing about them with their short riding-whips and riding recklessly was a confused mass of savage-looking cavalry, who from their looks might have been Genghiz Khan's horsemen revived from the dead. Their black turbans folded low down, and half-masking their bronzed faces, their loose tunics of crimson cloth, edged with black velvet, their tiger-skirts of the same brilliant coloring, which they wore over their legs—all these things were strangely barbaric and strangely threatening. Each man had a carbine slung on his back, and a heavy curved sword at his side, whilst some had bandoliers of cartridges and others none. Mixed together, and yet preserving instinctively the curious formation of irregular cavalry—the cavalry which lumps its horses as closely as possible in knots of dissimilar size—they presented a remarkable spectacle. . . . They now saw advancing a dense mass of these picturesque horsemen, with a group of great black and yellow banners flaunting high above them. There were perhaps a dozen of these huge barbaric triangular flags, hanging down so low that they literally draped their bearers and their bearers' ponies. The tramp of so many countless hoofs raised great clouds of dust, which floated ever more densely, and at times almost completely enveloped the long lines of men and animals. In the brilliant light flooding the roadway and catching the violent red of the men's tunics—with the gaudily painted shop-fronts framing it all—it made a wonderful morning scene.

"For a while this host advanced like this in stern silence. . . . Suddenly the music began—a music which once heard can never be forgotten. Beginning to blow irregularly, the trumpeters first touched a high note and held it in long, quavering, mournful, thrilling blasts—blasts which were constantly reinforced by the music of other trumpeters, who, joining in this strange chorus as they felt inclined, made the volume of sound rise and sink in a blood-tingling manner."

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Cardigan, takes notice of him, David is still the hard man of business: "It was not a bad catch! And she would have money, too. But he determined not to be in too big a hurry. He wasn't going to let himself go too cheap." Equally grim is the analysis of David's relations with his old parents. He is fond of them, but never gives himself away. "Ye'll be makin' a lot o' money," inquires his father. "A bitty," said David, cautiously. "Whiles more than at other times." So David prospers and prospers, and when his employer dies he matures his plans. Nobody save himself shall have a say in the firm's management. He travels down to Eastbourne after a year's cautious waiting to propose marriage point-blank to Esmé. But Mrs. Cardigan tells him that her daughter will not have him, because she is in love with another man. So David takes another road to reach his goal. The end is admirable in its irony. Esmé, when she enters, indignantly stops David's long-winded explanations. "I know what you are going to say. Well, I'm glad to finish it now and for ever," she bursts out:—

David suddenly laughed. Esmé flushed crimson with shame and mortification, and he laughed again.

"Yes," he said; "you are extraordinary. There's no mistake about it. I've never heard anything so extraordinary in my life. Man! but it's funny, too."

He laughed again. "It's terrible funny."

"What on earth do you mean?" Esmé turned paler. She clenched her hands with a sudden apprehension.

"I mean, I wasn't going to propose to you at all. You mistook me entirely. You were a bit too previous. Ha! ha! ha! But it's terribly funny. The fact is—" He cleared his throat. Esmé was staring at him with fascinated eyes. She would have liked to have swept away his grin of triumph with a blow of her hand. "The fact is, it was your mother I proposed to."

"And she—" Esmé panted.

"Aye, she accepted me. I'll be your stepfather soon, Esmé."

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IN the City excitement is divided between the financial and political deadlock at Westminster on the one hand, and the boom in rubber and oil shares on the other. Another general election would be most unpopular. Most City men are quite willing now that the Budget shall pass, however desperately they battled against it a few weeks ago. Trade prospects are too good now to make Tariff Reform a going concern in the minds of business men. The money situation is puzzling, simply because no one knows what the Government will do or how much it will need in short loans to tide over the crisis. The market made quite a mistake over the one month Treasury bills. After the financial year it is probable that a large amount will be borrowed in six months' bills, and a pretty big issue of Exchequer bonds is also predicted. It all depends on the question how soon the Budget can be passed and the Income tax regularised. The comic element is that the Irish Nationalists by their line against the Budget are simply postponing the day when our wealthy men shall pay their share to Old Age Pensions. Meanwhile, apart from oil and rubber, the stock markets are rather quiet. Argentine railways have been going down on well-informed selling. The foreign market is rather interesting. Several City loans—St. Petersburg, Constantinople, and Copenhagen, in particular—are being arranged, and there is talk of a Peruvian Corporation reconstruction in Paris which has sent up the loan a good deal. The American market is dead, the operations of the New York bankers being regarded with much suspicion, though prices are much lower than last November, when inspired journalists were booming American railroad and securities.

THE BUDGET.

There is much curiosity in the City about the Budget. Is it going to be postponed to the Greek Kalends? I am told that the drink interest in London is pulling many strings to bring "whisky" and "beer" pressure upon the Irish Nationalists, so that the Budget may be rejected. The result if they succeed will be heavy loss to Ireland, for the higher rates on income-tax and death duties are just the revenues to which Ireland contributes least, and the sums paid in whisky and other customs duties can never be returned, as they have been passed on to the consumers. There is nothing in English law to make a Budget necessary. If no income-tax is required, forty or fifty millions could be raised annually by loan. But the effect on national credit will be tremendous, and Ireland will smart first, because of the constant issues of Irish land stock. Ireland only contributes about 4 per cent. to the new revenue, while it gets more than a quarter (25 per cent.) of the new expenditure.

RUBBER AND OIL.

To the rubber boom the Stock Exchange has added an oil boom for some mysterious reason. It is supposed that oil is being more and more used for fuel, and that the oil producing companies are likely to make great profits. I should fancy that speculation in this line is likely to prove unfortunate. Rubber share prices have also reached a very dangerous point, even allowing that the high price of rubber makes rubber production fabulously profitable. The remarkable thing is that these prices do not seem to check consumption very much—possibly because it is largely required for the luxuries of the rich. People argue now that if the price falls a little the use of rubber for such purposes as paving streets will become quite common. However that may be, London must have made many fortunes out of rubber during the last two or three years. Most of the share business is transacted in Mincing Lane. The Stock Exchange list of rubber shares is quite small. Some of the Mincing Lane brokers have two departments—one for rubber, the other for rubber shares.

A "SCIENTIFIC" TARIFF.

I have always held that there is no such thing as a "scientific" tariff. The impartial expert never has been

the framer of a Protectionist tariff, and never will be. It is a case of influence. The strongest and most unscrupulous interest always gets the pull. The weaker goes to the wall, and the poor are always fleeced. Just now a "scientific" tariff is being concocted by the Japanese Government. We see it in the making in an interview, recently published by the "Asahi," with M. Sakurai, director of the Tariff Bureau. The general object of the tariff is, of course, to increase Protection; but the director has a very peculiar set of arguments, which leave the mind in a delightful state of bewilderment. Let me reproduce some of his remarks:—

"The total amount of iron turned out in Japan is only sufficient to supply one-fifth of the demand, and all the remainder has to be imported. Some persons are of opinion that the tariff on iron should be increased for the encouragement of the home industry, but this view is altogether wrong. In these days of industrial expansion, iron, the most necessary material for manufacturing industries, must be supplied as cheaply as possible. With this end in view the present statutory rate of 30 per cent. has been reduced to 15 per cent. with regard to iron rods and bars, wire rods, &c."

As a matter of fact, however, this is not a decrease at all but an increase, as these goods are at present subject to duties of only 10 to 7½ per cent. by virtue of Conventional arrangements! So M. Sakurai's argument is in direct conflict with his proposals. Let us now turn to what he says about machinery and other manufactures of iron, &c.:—

"Many of those who are interested in manufacturing industry insist that on machinery and other goods manufactured of iron and other metals duties higher than those on the raw metals should be imposed. It is argued, for instance, that if a duty of 15 per cent. is imposed on iron it is only reasonable that a duty of 25 or 30 per cent. should be imposed on machinery. This view, however, is not sound when the undeveloped state of the manufacturing industry of the country is taken into consideration, and when it is remembered that Japan stands badly in need of cheap productive machinery. For this reason it has been decided to impose only light duties of from 15 to 20 per cent. on locomotive engines, machinery, &c."

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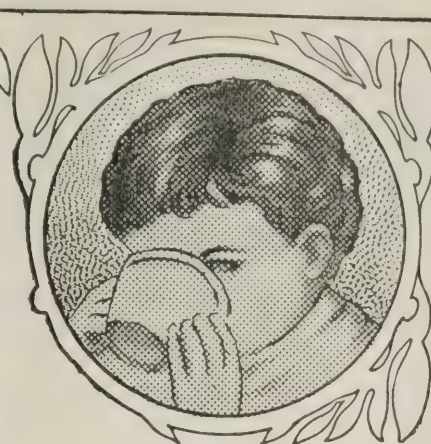
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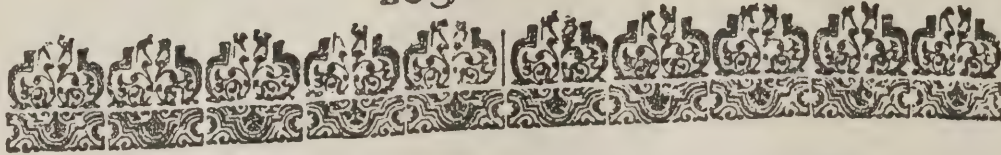
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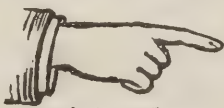
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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE crisis in Liberal policy, and the alarm that ran through the constituencies at the thought that the Government were either pursuing the wrong road or faltering on the right one, have, we hope, been ended by the Prime Minister's announcement on Monday. Mr. Asquith stated that the Government would adopt the method for the destruction of the Veto, urged in these columns and commended to him by Mr. Redmond, of first proceeding by Resolutions introduced both in the Commons and in the Lords. These motions will affirm, first, the total exclusion of the Peers from finance, and, secondly, the restriction of their Veto on the lines proposed by Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman—namely, within the life of a single Parliament. The third resolution will lay down the lines of a Bill to be introduced next year with a view of substituting a democratic for an hereditary Second Chamber. As soon as they are passed, a Veto Bill will be introduced, and on the fate of that proposal the Government stake their fortunes and existence. In other words, reform will be conditional upon the Veto, and the Liberal Party will only be asked to set its seal to a subordinate Second Chamber.

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CONFIDENCE thus set up was strengthened by the Chancellor's deliberate statement that the Government did not intend to "plough the sands," and would not continue in office unless they could insure that their proposals would not only go through the Commons but pass into law. "The Government," he added, "will absolutely stake their existence upon the advice they will give their Sovereign, if ever it becomes necessary to do so." Mr. George pleaded for a spirit of unity and comradeship in a cause in which Irish and British democracy were equally concerned. As to the question of reform, he adopted Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's line that it was entirely independent of the restriction

of the Veto. In this situation both the Tory and Irish Parties decided to abstain, and the Government's motion was carried without a division.

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MR. ASQUITH's minor demand on the House was to give the Government all its time for necessary Supply and borrowings up to March 24th. This demand Mr. Balfour conceded, much to the chagrin of his following. He criticised the resolutions, said that the Coalition showed a passionate desire to destroy the House of Lords but not to pass the People's Budget, hinted that the House of Lords could not lose control over finance unless it was protected against "tacking," and declared it absurd to abolish the House of Lords in one year and to set it up again in the second with a chance of passing Home Rule in the interval. Mr. Redmond, faced with a large concession to his old scheme of tactics, advanced some way to meet it. Like Mr. Healy, he taunted the Conservative leader with his obvious fear of a dissolution, and again insisted that the Government should act up to the Albert Hall policy, discharge its pledge on the Veto, and call for guarantees to make it effective. The Radicals, similarly placated, withdrew their amendment, while pleading for a Bill in place of resolutions.

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ON Thursday the position was made clearer by a declaration from the Prime Minister firmer and more specific than any that had preceded it. His intention was, he said, "to ask the House to dispose of the Budget as soon as the resolutions relative to the House of Lords have been passed through the House of Commons." Asked whether he also meant to embody the resolutions in a Bill, he added that the Government would try to get their proposals on to the Statute Book "at the earliest possible moment," and quoted the Chancellor's significant phrase on Monday that the Government would not remain in office unless they felt they were in a position to pass the Veto Bill through the Lords. In other words, the Government will probably test their quarrel with the Lords by sending up the resolutions in April, and, on their defeat or mal-treatment by that House, will ask the King if he can create Peers. The alternative method would be to give the Lords a second chance with a Veto Bill. In either case, if the King declines the Ministry's request, made in the name of a new Parliament and, presumably, on behalf of a decisive majority, either a referendum or an appeal to the country must follow, probably in May, encouraged this time by a definite pledge from the Crown to see a Veto Bill through. It is necessary, therefore, for Progressives all over the country to rouse themselves for instant agitation and action.

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THE Irish-Liberal *entente*, therefore, is almost re-established, but the fate of the Budget is still doubtful. Meanwhile, as Mr. Bowles said, taxes are being collected without authority, and the Government are asking taxpayers to lend them money at 2½ per cent. which they ought to get without any interest at all. The Treasury is to borrow more money, and there will be an additional diversion—amounting to £6,300,000—of the new Sinking Fund from the payment of debt. [However, the

general prospect of a rehabilitation of finance is rapidly clearing. In particular, it is obvious that the land taxes are desired by the Irish in Great Britain almost as passionately as by their British friends, and have a strong body of support in Ireland. The chances are, indeed, that Mr. Redmond and his party will support the Budget as soon as the Veto resolutions are through the Commons, and the constitutional issue has been firmly pressed to its conclusion. Failing some such solution, the Lords might claim that they had won the fight, and that their action in "referring" the Budget had been endorsed by a majority of the new House of Commons.

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MR. BALFOUR's waiting policy was fiercely resented by the Protectionists. On Wednesday the "Morning Post" came out with a triple attack on his leadership, declaring that the Government had completely outwitted him, and that, instead of "tossing a blank cheque to the Prime Minister across the table," he should, if possible, have turned him out. The Opposition had now lost the chance, perhaps for ever, of fighting the election on their own ground, and, through "blundering incompetence," a possible "revision of food duties" was seriously, and perhaps hopelessly, delayed. "One is tempted to exclaim," writes "Parliamentarian" in the "Post's" largest type, "'To your tents, O Israel.' Go and convert Lancashire and Yorkshire, and leave alone regions like Westminster!" But what if Yorkshire and Lancashire are inconvertible?

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THE difficulty of the Opposition is that the control of the situation has now passed from its hands, for the Government will probably interleave the Budget with the Veto resolutions, and send both up to the Lords simultaneously, with the assent of the Irish, whose main object is secured. The Budget will then go up unaltered, and Customs resolutions can be passed setting up a new scale of whisky duties by the end of July. It would be a mistake to combine one Budget with another, for no summary process could be applied to the new instrument, such as would naturally be used to carry the old, and no such procedure will, we imagine, be attempted. Meanwhile, the pretended zeal of the Tories for restoring the financial situation which the Lords dashed to ruin has attained a point at which Lord Lansdowne, the Arch-anarch, proposes to draw the attention of the House of Lords to the Government's "delay" in providing for the needs of the year!

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MEANWHILE, the elections have furnished satisfactory evidence of the fact that the ranks of the party are closed and prepared to fight the next phase of the great battle. At St. George's-in-the-East, Mr. Benn, one of the new Whips, has been returned by a majority of 509, against a surplus of 434 at the General Election. The Irish voters were left free by their central organisation to follow their individual views of Mr. Benn's candidature, and unhesitatingly replied by voting for him *en masse*. The threatened Labor opposition to Mr. Pease and Colonel Seely in Rotherham and Ilkeston has also been suspended, with a sharp warning against dalliance with the supreme issue of the Veto. Finally, the Ministerial ranks have been greatly strengthened by Mr. Illingworth's appointment as Liberal Whip. Therefore, for the first time for many years, the Whips' office is now fairly representative of the prevailing sentiment in the party and in close and intelligent touch with the Parliamentary following.

ON Monday the process of repatriating the Chinese laborers on the Rand was completed, and the last batch of coolies left for their homes. Thus an obligation of honor and interest has been thoroughly fulfilled. The Chinese experiment was condemned on every ground—moral, social, and economic—on which popular opinion in 1906 had declared against it. It never was a success. The Chinese were badly recruited, and in some instances they were treated more like slaves than like free men. Frightful abuses arose, and the laborer proved on the whole to be dear, inefficient, and rebellious. Since repatriation began, white labor on the Rand has increased, on the admission of the chairman of the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines, by 18 per cent., and improved machinery and a more thoughtful use of black labor have brought about the largest output which the Witwatersrand has known. All these results were accomplished by one of the wisest decisions that democracy has ever taken.

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ON Wednesday the House of Commons opened a debate on the naval situation, which arose out of a Supplementary Estimate of £689,100, £457,000 of which is for the four "contingent 'Dreadnoughts.'" These ships were ordered in January, and are to be finished by the end of March, 1912. During the debate even the pale wraith of the spring scare and its successors which remained after the election vanished. Neither Mr. Asquith's nor Mr. McKenna's 17 German "Dreadnoughts" in 1912 made their appearance, to say nothing of Mr. Balfour's grotesque calculations of 21 to 25. On the other hand, it was shown that we are now building improved "Dreadnoughts" in 23 months and destroyers in 18. Lord Charles Beresford was, as usual, tripped on his facts, and again attributed the whole naval difficulty to our "insane advertisement" of "Dreadnoughts." As it is now acknowledged that with the four accelerated "Dreadnoughts" we shall, in 1912, have 20 such ships to German's 13 (*plus* an overwhelming superiority in other types of battleships), we may conclude that the Government will limit the "big ship" programme of 1910 to these vessels.

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THE French Budget has passed the Chamber, after weary and heated discussions. It leaves the country facing a prospective deficit of six millions, due, like our own of last year, in part to costly social reforms, and in part to armaments. Old Age Pensions, hurriedly passed in 1906 on the eve of the General Election, will at last, after this long interval of delay, become law, before the deputies again face their constituents in May. It is, thanks chiefly to the obstruction of the Senate, a timid and exiguous scheme, which confers a miserable dole on a contributory basis, the burden being divided between the worker, the employer, and the State. The cost to the State will be 5½ millions. At the instance of M. Jaurès, the revenue from a newly graduated scheme of death duties has been assigned specifically to the service of Old Age Pensions—an expanding revenue levied exclusively on the propertied class. These duties show a double graduation: first, according to the amount of the inheritance, and then according to the degree of kinship. The maximum in the case of children who inherit from parents is only 6½ per cent. The timidity of the democratic party which rejoices in the bold name of Radical-Socialist, and obeys the spur, not of a Labor, but of a Socialist group, makes a striking contrast to the achievement of our own Liberalism without adjectives.

THE Prussian Social Democrats continue with great ingenuity and spirit to keep the agitation simmering against the three-class franchise. There are continual interpellations and discussions, now in the Diet and now in the Reichstag, on some phase or other of the repression. Street demonstrations, organised no one knows how, continue to occur as if by chance in Berlin. A mass meeting in Treptow Park, formally forbidden, is also likely to take place on Sunday—no one can prevent people who happen to desire universal franchise from chancing to take their walk in the park. The "intellectuals" and the professional class are also moving in the same direction in a more timid and decorous way. In the Diet itself it is now probable that there will be a Centre-Conservative coalition to secure the secrecy of the ballot. But, perhaps, the most interesting symptom of the ferment is the appearance of an article by Count Posadowsky, the clever and progressive Minister whom Prince Bülow dismissed for opposing the *Bloc* policy. It is a solemn warning from the south German standpoint of the disruptive tendencies which are latent in the perseverance of Prussia in a policy of reaction. We fancy he goes too far in hinting that there really is a danger to German unity. But undoubtedly Herr von Bethmann Hollweg's speech put a severe strain on the good temper, if not the loyalty, of south Germans.

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By far the most interesting social feature of the week has been the proceedings of the Divorce Commission. The evidence has been widely diverse and, indeed, directly contradictory, but it has abounded in vivid lights on the life of the people. On the whole, it has tended to establish three propositions: (1) that the cost of actions before the High Court makes divorce a monopoly of the rich; (2) that some recourse to the County Courts, which have taken over so much protective legislation from the higher tribunals, is advisable, and (3) that separation orders are a powerful cause of loose living among the poor. On the question of how marriage is regarded by large masses of the English poor, whether the terms of divorce should be equal for men and for women, and whether easier means of divorce would not be a cure for the evils of separation, widely different views were heard. In the course of some striking evidence, Sir George Lewis insisted that the divorce court was widely used as leverage for blackmail.

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KING FERDINAND's visit to the Russian Court has caused some perturbation both in Vienna and Constantinople. The reconciliation between Russia and Austro-Hungary has apparently gone much less far than had been supposed. Verbal as well as written communications are now exchanged, and this apparently is the extent of the *rapprochement*. King Ferdinand apparently set out with the intention of asking Russia to intervene on behalf of the Macedonian Bulgars. In this object he has failed. Russia, as the "*Novoe Vremya*" explains, desires peace before all else; she sympathises with Bulgaria, and she advises her to join Turkey and Servia in some sort of Balkan Federation. We shall hear, in due course, what decoration or ceremonial honor King Ferdinand has accepted instead. There is, fortunately, some relenting in the Young Turkish severities towards the Bulgars of Macedonia. But we have grave doubts whether Constantinople really is capable of an honest and cordial policy of appeasement. It fears the Bulgars too much to allow itself to trust them.

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TOWARDS the Albanians, also, a thoroughly reactionary policy is being pursued, which has led

to some rioting at Monastir. They are, indeed, allowed to cultivate their language and to conduct their own vernacular schools, privileges denied by the old *régime*. But efforts are being made to compel at least the Moslem Albanians to crush their European language into the impossible medium of the Arabic alphabet. This childishness means two things: (1) a survival of the old hieratic Oriental fancy that the alphabet is a religious symbol, and that it is, therefore, impious for Moslems to use a Latin script, and (2) the more serious determination to divide the Moslem Albanians, a singularly tolerant and secular-minded group, from their Christian race fellows. On such lines as these the Young Turks are heading towards disruption and disaster.

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MR. TAFT seems to be nearing a crisis in his dealings with the House of Representatives. He is fighting a two-handed battle against the party "bosses" on the one hand, and the Republican "insurgents" on the other. He seems to be aware that the former are men who have made politics a business, and that their influence will be used to frustrate all effective dealing with the Trusts, as it was used to procure the high protection of the Payne Tariff. These men he gently rebukes, and tries to manage. His fulminations are reserved for the "insurgents," who really have at heart the reforms which he professes to desire. Their hostility to the Payne Tariff is not, perhaps, the expression of a conscious Free Trade conviction. It is rather due to a perception that this Tariff was the work of the Trusts, which can maintain their monopoly and accumulate their vast reserves of unearned profit only behind its wall. There is also, as the "*Times*" correspondent points out, a powerful moral element in this economic movement. It is strong and it is spreading, sometimes as an independent revolt within Republicanism, sometimes in alliance with the Democrats. The question of the moment is to know how far the "bosses" are capable of making real concessions to the insurgents in order to retain votes, given the fact that they can do so only by deserting the Trusts. So far, Mr. Taft's first year of office has been barren of reforms.

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FRENCH policy has achieved a momentary triumph in Morocco, and Mulai Hafid has been compelled, at the point of an ultimatum, to accept the onerous terms negotiated in Paris. He will dismiss his Turkish officers, employ none but French instructors, and settle down under the weight of a crushing debt controlled by French banks. It means the beginning of a French control, and only a very sanguine Imperialist would suppose that, when its consequences are fully understood by the Moors, whose mood is now said to be one of "contented consternation," the "penetration" can be altogether "pacific." Meanwhile, in the parallel case of Persia, the last stage is apparently in sight. The Mejliss still hesitates to accept the terms of the Anglo-Russian loan, which enforces at once foreign control of the armed forces of finance, coupled with a further step towards partition. The Sipahdar (Prime Minister) and the Sirdar Assad (the leader of the Bakhtiari clansmen) have both resigned from the Ministry. It is not known whether their object is to avoid the responsibility for a painful surrender or to coerce the Mejliss into accepting the loan.

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[Next week's NATION will include a Supplement giving lists of the chief books to be published during the season.]

Politics and Affairs.

THE APPEAL TO THE CROWN.

THE week's debates in Parliament should serve to remind the country that every tittle of the burden laid upon it by the Lords last November still lies upon its back. At the end of the financial year it is likely to be about twenty-five millions short of its proper revenue. It is borrowing to meet the deficiency, and paying for the accommodation. Its Government cannot legally tax; such taxes as are being paid are collected because of popular faith in the ultimate power of the Commons to legalise the acts of the officials. The Ministry has no immediate power to end this confusion, save by surrendering the right which Gladstone obtained for it nearly fifty years ago, through the instrument now called the Finance Bill. Even if it carried the Budget *instantly* through the representative House, it has no valid reason to suppose that the non-representative one would assent to it. The two Houses remain at complete variance, gripped in the "deadlock" which Lord Salisbury prophesied as the sure result of the Lords' interference with a Budget. One Chamber has virtually refused a passage to all Liberal Bills; on that the other declines to submit to its enemy any Bills but one for the destruction of the arbitrary power of the Peers. One election has been taken upon this question. If it is held to decide nothing, another, yielding the same or nearly the same results, may be equally fruitless. Revolutionists on the Tory side, like Lord Rosebery, assume and defend this defeat of the Constitution. They hope that it will endure till a countering movement of "reform" can be set up, and some plausible amalgam of peers, professors, pro-consuls, and superior persons of Conservative beliefs or tendencies can be set up to cloak the naked enormity which now obstructs representative government, and at the same time to double its ability to stop progress. Meanwhile, let the House of Commons turn to Toryism, or go on stewing in its Radical juice! We have, in a word, attained to a complete perversion of constitutional right; a situation in which the Crown and the Commons are to exist in subordination to the hereditary power, the one having been refused supplies, the other being called upon to share the power of the purse. We have thus completely realised the revolutionary state of things sketched by Lord Grey in 1832: "I say that if a majority of this House should have the power of acting adversely to the Crown and the Commons, and was determined to exercise that power, without being liable to check or control, the Constitution is completely altered, and the government of this country is not a limited monarchy; it is no longer, my lords, the Crown, the Lords, and the Commons, but the House of Lords—a separate oligarchy, governing absolutely the others."

Now, the argument of the revolutionists is, in essence, that the only remedy for this state of things, which must lead, unless it is checked, to the employment of armed force, is for the representative House to yield, because there is no constitutional power which can bring it into harmony with the House of Lords. To this argument, which infers a permanent recalcitrancy of the

peers, the Liberal Party replies that every constitutional authority admits, or implies, both the existence of such a power and the right to use it. That power is the Crown. Without it, and the weapon it wields, the representative principle practically comes to an end. To be effective it must always come to one conclusion, it being assumed that the Lords are unalterable, and that it is unconstitutional to make even a partial change in the composition of that House in order to bring it into correspondence with the total change that the House of Commons undergoes at a General Election. Lord Hugh Cecil argues in the "Times" that it was wrong to call on the King to create peers even in 1832, in face of the Bristol riots. But, in fact, this function of the Crown represents one of its really practical, and indeed indispensable, offices. Let us grant that we maintain the Monarchy for ornament as well as for use. Nevertheless, the Crown sets the whole constitutional machinery going, and keeps it going. The Monarch acts through his Ministers, offering a permanent guarantee that they, in turn, shall govern constitutionally through a majority in the House of Commons. In order to secure this purpose still more thoroughly, he has let his own Veto fall into disuse, so that it may not interfere with the clear association of the acts of the Ministry with the popular will expressed through the people's representatives. The Crown therefore acts in consonance with the general development of democratic feeling and of Parliamentary institutions. It keeps clear of the implication that its personal interests, as the leader of "Society" or the landowning interest, make it difficult for it to "transact with" Liberalism or Laborism, as Pio Nono once declared it to be impossible for the Papacy to "transact" with modern progress. If the nation preferred Mr. Keir Hardie to Mr. Asquith or Mr. Balfour, and gave him the power to form a government, we all know that the King would receive him with just the same courtesy as he would extend to either of those statesmen. But we know equally well that the Lords, acting in no national interest whatever, but merely for their ground rents, have flatly declined to deal even with average Liberalism, and are in open insurrection against the party system as men so moderate as Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Haldane interpret it. They are, in a word, in a state of rebellion against modern Government, and if a file of guards is not to be ordered into the Central Hall of Westminster Palace, and the doors of the Gilded Chamber shut against all peers attempting to enter it, the expedient of enlarging the membership of the House through the action of the Crown alone remains to us. It is a regular and not a large extension of the powers of the Crown that, when the popular will is continually and permanently thwarted, as it has been thwarted since 1906, the Sovereign should intervene to carry it into law. The medium of such action is, of course, the advice of the King's Ministers, which, according to Bagehot, in itself represents, in this case of the creation of peers, a substantial constitutional authority.

The Liberal Party therefore appeals directly to the Crown, and says, with respect, that it is its duty and right and power to act on the verdict of 1910, when that verdict has been clearly em-

bodied in proceedings and Acts of the House of Commons. What is the Crown in a country like our own? It lives by and for the people. The future of the monarchy is absolutely bound up with democracy. The more conservative forces in the country will always support it; our "Crowned Republic" rests on the fact that even if some classes regard the monarchy as a stand-by for privilege and property, the masses also accept it as a guarantee that their liberties are to hold, and that progress to further franchises is not to be barred. No King has tasted the fruits of this popular attachment to the Throne more freely than Edward the Seventh, or has labored more steadily to enjoy and deserve them and to hand them on to his successor. But if we appeal to the Crown, we also appeal to the people. We are approaching a critical hour; the peers are immovable, the menace to democracy remains in its full force, and the attitude of men like Lord Hugh Cecil shows that the most reactionary doctrine will be used to sustain it. Renewed and powerful agitation should at once be set on foot all over the country; based on the claim for a settlement of the conflict with the House of Lords in a sense favorable to popular government.

THE POSITION CLEARED.

THE position of the Government and party has been satisfactorily cleared by the statements of the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Monday. Grave difficulties and some uncertainties remain ahead, but for the present the ground is clear, the proposals of the Government are known, and there is no doubt as to the immediate line of advance. The points that have been in controversy since the close of the Elections have, in fact, been resolved in favor of the fighting policy on which the bulk of the party was firmly resolved. The governing consideration was the nature of the solution to be proposed for the constitutional difficulty. Here there could be no doubt at all, after the expressions of opinion last week, that the party was determined to adhere to the policy of limiting the Veto, decided on after full deliberation by the Government of 1907. Everyone is aware that this limitation is not the last word on the constitutional question, and there is, accordingly, no objection to the submission of later and separate schemes of reconstruction for deliberate consideration. The overwhelming opinion of the party, however, was, as we contended, that the existing power of the Veto must be broken before these complex schemes of reconstruction, which cause so much division of opinion, could profitably be taken up. It was, moreover, abundantly clear that, if any alteration of policy were needed, the time for it was before, and not immediately after, a general election in which that policy had been the leading issue. Any change of front would unavoidably have been interpreted as a weakening of principle. For the immediate future, however, there is now, fortunately, no doubt. The constructive suggestions of the Government will be viewed with a certain intellectual interest. But the operative resolutions on which we shall fight will be those dealing with the financial and the legislative Veto.

Until this preliminary point was settled, the action of the Government and the party alike was paralysed. Both, now that they are clear as to identity of aim, are free to take up the question of tactics, and here, again, two decisive points were settled on Monday. In the first place, as repeatedly urged in *THE NATION*, Mr. Asquith agreed to introduce the Veto resolutions into the House of Lords as well as into the House of Commons. We may assume that they will be rejected in the one place with a majority as decisive as that which will carry them in the other, and we have then the situation in which the ultimate question of constitutional authority may fairly be posed. It will then have to be asked whether there is no method, short of putting the country to all the turmoil of a second General Election, by which a few hundred irresponsible hereditary legislators who have for three years defied the representatives of the people, and who have for generations exercised their whole power uniformly on one side of politics, can be brought to accept a position which will still leave them great influence, but will no longer enable them to treat the King's Government with contempt. We shall have to test the means available for the purpose; but, meanwhile, we had on Monday, and this is our second point, Mr. Lloyd George's decisive pledge that the Government would make the possession of such powers a question on which it would stand or fall.

Thus the whole statement of the Albert Hall may be said to be re-asserted as the declared policy of the Liberal Government. The Veto is to be preferred to all other issues, awaiting only the adjustment of those practical necessities of Supply, without which the Government cannot be carried on. To the Veto the Government is pledged, and not merely to a Veto Bill, but to a Veto Limitation Act. Without the power necessary to transform the Bill into an Act, the Government will no longer go on. Not only so. It will be the last Liberal Government that will hold office until the power to obtain such an Act is available.

It is possible, though, as we argue elsewhere, not at all inevitable, that this means a General Election in the near future. Such a contest can be faced with equanimity, provided we remain, as we now have every hope of remaining, a united party, clear as to its aims and free from all suspicion of weakness on its avowed principles. As to our prospects of success, they will depend largely on two considerations. The first is the maintenance of the alliance between the British and Irish democracies; the second, closely intertwined with it, is the safe passage of the Budget into law. Mr. Redmond, who has been very justly laying great stress on the importance of co-operation between the democratic elements in the two islands, cannot do more to forward a firm understanding than by making his fellow countrymen appreciate the importance attached to the Budget on this side of St. George's Channel. The Budget is for Englishmen and Scotsmen the first effective weapon forged for the assault on the great land monopoly, and though the land clauses may look differently in Irish eyes, that is, in the main, because they are aimed, in effect, at the condition of urban life in Great Britain, while the Irish agrarian problem has been approached

by British Liberals on other lines. The whisky duties to which the Irish object are of vastly less importance in Great Britain, and if interest attaches to their maintenance, it is mainly because any alteration in the Budget, however small, would be quoted as a justification of the action of the Lords. We can hardly doubt that the diplomatic abilities of the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be equal, under conditions such as these, to the task of arranging a compromise which will enable the Budget to become law. The result will be to avoid a discouragement and despondency on the popular side which might be fatal, and to relax the abnormal efforts on the part of property, liquor, and land which we witnessed in January last. For the moment, we trust that the democratic parties, having now a clear issue before them, will refrain, so far as human nature allows, from vain recriminations as to what was, or what might have been, last month, and will force themselves to the full recognition of the serious fact that the main battle on the greatest constitutional issue since 1832 still lies before them, that defeat means not only the indefinite postponement of social progress, but the triumph of a definite policy of Reaction, Protection, and Militarism.

SOME PROBLEMS OF MARRIAGE.

ALTHOUGH we fear that a Royal Commission is a clumsy instrument for solving the more delicate problems of humanity, it may serve, by throwing a searchlight upon dark spots in the social system, to educate public opinion towards certain urgent issues of reform. In this spirit we welcome the important inquiry into the Law of Divorce which a small, well-chosen group of men and women are now opening. We could have wished that the Commission had been strengthened by the appointment of at least one working woman in direct and intimate touch with the class and sex whose interests are most vitally affected by the admitted defects in the working of existing laws. Nor would it have been amiss to add one of those modern thinkers and observers who, in this question at any rate, can claim to be our most competent practical sociologists.

The main issues, as they open out in the inquiry, fall under two heads, that of the desirability of changes in our existing laws of Divorce and Separation, and that of reforms in administration, with the object of bringing existing remedies within the reach of the poorer classes. Under the first head there is very little in the shape of admitted facts to go upon. We are, for the most part, in the region of private opinion, and that upon a subject peculiarly exposed to personal prejudice and passion. It is, however, satisfactory to recognise a pretty close agreement among judicial and other official witnesses in favor of an extension of divorce to cases of permanent lunacy, habitual drunkenness, and long terms of penal servitude. On the question of still further relaxation of the divorce law, and its equal application to the two sexes, the widest divergencies of opinion are displayed. Upon one day the Commission was engaged with Sir John Bigham, who doubts the gain of any extension of divorce,

and defends the inequality in facilities for divorce as between the sexes by the doctrine of the "accidental slip," and Sir George Lewis, who favors absolute equality for the sexes, and an inclusion of cruelty and desertion as separate sufficient grounds for divorce. The judgment expressed by Sir George, as the result of more than half a century's experience, that "adultery simply and solely should be a ground for divorce for either party," though not commanding the assent of all the witnesses, will, we think, commend itself as obviously reasonable to the great majority of fair-minded people.

We are aware that many persons honestly believe that any relaxation of the marriage laws must mean the weakening of moral obligations. Sir Benjamin Deane, for example, expressed this view in the following amazing utterance: "In the old days before the divorce law, people did not marry without the most careful consideration, and, when married, they settled down to the life. Now people marry too early, without due care as to whether they are suited to each other, and under the feeling that they can get rid of each other easily if so disposed." It would, we hold, be difficult to find any support for the assertions of fact or of opinion conveyed in this answer. If the arrangements of the Commission are so ordered as to admit the summoning of witnesses representing all grades of our society, we imagine that the Commissioners will be impressed by the strength of opinion in favor of a relaxation of divorce in certain directions as an aid to social morality.

On the other main issue, the cheapening and easing of the operation of the existing law, there is an agreement on the grievance, but a stubborn diversity of opinion as to remedies. Divorce is at present admittedly a privilege of the well-to-do. The costs of an action in the High Court place it entirely outside the reach of the working-classes. So far as the vast majority of the nation is concerned, the law is therefore inoperative. The partial relief afforded by the law of 1896, granting judicial separations, undeniably leads to immorality, and in some quarters to a wide prevalence of illegitimacy. Mr. Tijou, High Bailiff to the West Ham County Court, startled the Commission by attributing to the present difficulty of divorce a large measure of responsibility for the increase of illegitimacy and the neglect of children in the poorest parts of East London. But while the evil of withholding facilities of divorce from the workers is generally admitted, official opinion differs as to methods of redress. County Court judges and registrars plead for the County Court as the proper instrument of administration, and Sir George Lewis would extend the jurisdiction to local stipendiary magistrates. Others prefer to retain the jurisdiction within the High Court and would be prepared, either to try divorce cases at Assizes, or to empower local judicial authorities to take depositions on behalf of the High Court so as to keep down the expenses of a trial. Difficulties bristle in either path. The maintenance of a sole Court in London, or the mere supplement of Assizes, would do little to meet the case of the poorer working classes, and the expenses of a defended suit in a County Court would, for most people, prove an impassable barrier. Moreover, in the administration of a law where so much discretion must be vested in the

judge in the interpretation of elastic terms like cruelty, it seems possible that the fifty-five County Courts might evolve widely divergent standards of divorce, producing on a smaller scale some of the evils rampant in the United States. Might it not prove more practicable to allow a reasonable discretion to magistrates granting judicial separations to expand a separation order into a complete divorce, subject to an assent of the High Court to a case stated by the magistrate? Unless some such simple method can be safely adopted, the unequal administration of the divorce law hardly seems capable of effective redress.

The urgency of this redress can only be realised by those familiar with the detailed circumstances, economic and moral, of the life of the poorer grades of workers in our cities. The depths of misery and degradation due to the compulsory maintenance of hopelessly disastrous unions upon the one hand, and to the economic and moral helplessness of deserted women with dependent families upon the other, have not yet been fully probed by the Commission. When they are, the utter triviality of most of the solemn official "remedies" will be obvious. We are much mistaken if the Commission, provided it pursues its inquiry deep enough, will not disclose roots of the marriage problem which drive far deeper into the social soil than is yet revealed by the official evidence.

IRELAND'S INTEREST IN THE BUDGET.

IF the Government has successfully solved its other tactical problems, that of the Budget remains. Probably a little suspense—though delay is costly—may be desirable. The Budget is not known in Ireland as it is known in England, Wales, and Scotland. The Budget League and the Free Trade Union both left Ireland out of their campaign. In Ulster and many of the Irish towns the merits of the Budget are recognised, and a feeling of fraternity with our trade unionists exists. But distillers and publicans there are at least as powerful politically as brewers and publicans on this side of the Irish Sea, and just as strongly anti-Budget. Their hostility, however, is mainly directed to the spirit duties. The licence duties are a minor matter. A wave of temperance has been passing over Ireland. The consumption of whisky has been much reduced, and the new whisky duties get the whole credit of the change, though they only deserve a modest share. One small and rather bad tax (the stamp duties on land transfer) has also caused trouble; for the transfer of land is a chief occupation in Ireland, in consequence of the Land Act. But the total yield is a mere trifle.

But the case for the Budget in Ireland is far stronger even than in Scotland and England, because the benefits on the expenditure side are, proportionately, so much greater. It is officially estimated that all the new taxes will only draw half a million from Ireland, whereas the new expenditure on Irish Old Age Pensioners alone is nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions, to which another £350,000 annually would be added by the removal of the pauper disqualification. Altogether, including land and education and Universities, Ireland secures well over three

millions in return for £500,000—i.e., £6 for every £1 subscribed. The sum is startling and significant. It proves conclusively, if further proof were needed, that this is a Poor Man's Budget, and that Mr. William O'Brien is the rich man's advocate. The Irish rich man has to pay more, in exactly the same proportion as wealthy Scots and Englishmen. And he cries out and complains, quite like the English Duke (but through the mouth of Mr. O'Brien) about "the robbery and plunder of Ireland." The assurance of the Factionists on Irish platforms is, indeed, astounding. Mr. Maurice Healy has been declaring in Cork that the Budget *costs* Ireland two millions, when the truth is that Ireland *gains* a clear advantage of two millions and a-half.

The alternative to the Budget is, of course, to go on borrowing, and to drop the removal of the pauper disqualification. This alternative is wasteful of public money and credit, as well as lowering to the political prestige of the Government. If adopted, it will certainly prejudice the constitutional advice which the Prime Minister will, in due course, tender to the King. For the natural answer will be: "How can you claim to have a majority of the House of Commons in the full sense if you cannot pass the Budget; and if you cannot pass the Budget, how can you demand the absolute removal of that Veto on finance which was the cause of the late crisis and dissolution?" But for Ireland the alternative is obviously much worse than for England. In the first place, without the Budget Ireland is paying a much higher proportion of the revenue than she will pay after the Budget is passed. In the second place, she will suffer far more than any other part of the Kingdom through failure to remove the pauper disqualification. And, in the third place, the factor of high credit, which matters comparatively little to us, is almost vital to Ireland, because it is on behalf of Ireland that British credit is being every year employed to the tune of five millions sterling. The "Cork Examiner," in a very thoughtful article last Monday, argues that if the figures were known, "many persons who have expressed strong antagonism to Mr. Lloyd George's Budget would modify their views considerably," and the same point is urged with equal force by Mr. Diamond in the "Freeman's Journal." How, asks our Irish contemporary, could the rejection of the Budget improve the chances of Home Rule? But if the answer be that Home Rule will not be forwarded, but retarded, then the Budget may be considered on its merits. "A very large number of people in this country," continues the "Cork Examiner," "are desirous that the promised pauper disqualification (which at present prevents about £350,000 additional being distributed in Old Age Pensions in Ireland) should be abolished; and how can this be accomplished if the Irish Party rejects the Budget which provides the cash? It is clear that we cannot have it both ways; and if a surtax on large incomes and increased estate duties impose burdens on the rich (which is the Liberal programme), the wealthy may have grounds to grumble, but the poor benefit."

We need not dwell further upon this shrewd Irish comment. The figures are overwhelming. Ireland pays about £535,000; Ireland stands to gain about

£3,254,000. On the taxation side of the account we have the following official estimates:—

	£
Tobacco duties	180,000
Income tax	100,000
Spirit duties	80,000
Liquor licences	60,000
Estate duties	52,000
Urban land taxes	24,000
Petrol duties and motor licences...	22,000
Stamps	17,000

Total Irish contribution... 535,000

On the other side of the account are the sums spent in Ireland:—

	£
Present Pensions	2,460,000
Qualification of Paupers ...	350,000
Education and Land Services ...	400,000
Labor Exchanges (say)	10,000
Roads	22,000
Relief of Rates in towns... ..	12,000

£3,254,000

Thus—to adopt the picturesque imagery of Mr. Seddon—we may see in this Budget a stream of sovereigns running in the shape of Irish taxes to England, and another stream in the shape of English expenditure in Ireland flowing back to Dublin. But the second stream is six times the volume of the first. For every sovereign that Mr. Lloyd George takes from Ireland he gives six back.

CHINA IN MOTION.

THE happenings of the past month in Thibet have inevitably been regarded by most of us primarily as a chapter in the history of a mysterious theocracy. That certainly is their dramatic, their human, aspect. For some centuries, until Lord Curzon cast his eyes upon her, Thibet had had no history. One Dalai Lama after another had satisfactorily materialised the soul of Buddha in its infant body. Each Dalai Lama in his turn had ceased to sin by living, towards the age of eighteen—an amiable habit that confirmed the priests who surrounded him in their faith in a Providence which left them perpetually the trustees and ministers of a minor. The sleepy round which consisted in the immaculate birth and more guilty death of Dalai Lamas was suddenly broken by one barbarian invasion, only to be followed by a permanent Chinese occupation. Twice in five years the Incarnation of Buddha has fled from Lhasa—an accident to which, it may be, he owes his preservation from the more humdrum and domestic perils which commonly menace his life at or about the age when he would normally aspire to rule. To-day he is at Darjeeling, a fugitive under the flag which was the first to invade his Alpine hermitage. One thinks of the episode as one thinks of the Babylonian captivity, of the papacy at Avignon, or of the flight of Pio Nono to Naples during the brief episode of the Roman Republic. What manner of man he is, this Chinese Amban who has seized the sacred city—a Constable de Bourbon, or a minor Napoleon—we do not know. The chances are that he is merely a commonplace Chinese official with the normal Celestial contempt for tributary peoples, backed in this instance by a faith in the efficacy of rifles and discipline against gingals and anarchy. The development of the

tragedy cannot fail to be interesting. There are factions among the Thibetans themselves. The Chinese appear to think that they can conjure the incarnation of Buddha from the Dalai Lama's body, as easily as they can strip one of their own officials of his yellow jacket. Russia, orthodox even in the disputes of other creeds, has come forward to champion the fugitive Pontiff in the name of her own Buddhist subjects. Our own voice, more deliberate, more secret, has yet to be heard at Peking. There are those who would like to see a Buddhist Pope comfortably settled in a British Avignon this side of the Himalayas. There are others, less imaginative, who would prefer to see the fugitive back again in his impenetrable sanctuary.

The less dramatic aspect of this frontier tragedy is, perhaps, the more interesting. The Thibetans are a proper subject for curiosity and romance. But the Chinese must be taken more seriously. If the Thibetans have suffered, it is the Chinese who have acted. That, after all, is something of a portent, to be classed with the speaking ox in Livy. After centuries of immobility, amid which the tradition of conquest and expansion had utterly decayed, China appears as an aggressive Imperialist force. One can only guess at her motive for asserting the reality of her suzerainty over Thibet. The chances are that it was a calculation much like Lord Curzon's. East and West, Peking and Simla, reason on closely parallel lines, when they conceive themselves to be faced with a problem in self-preservation. Thibet is the mountain-wall of China as well as of India, and the Chinese presumably argued that they could use it as a barrier against Russia only by making their occupation effective. Whether they waited, as Lord Curzon did, to entrap the Dalai Lama in any fresh coquettings with St. Petersburg we do not know. The chances are that they were asserting themselves in one direction chiefly because they had met with a check in another. The Japanese, in recent months, have riveted their ascendancy yet more firmly upon Manchuria. The Chinese, apprehensive and wounded in their pride, turned to a quarter where, as yet, their claim of right is not disputed. That has invariably been the mechanics of all movement in the East. From the first irruption of the nations down to the immigrations of the Turks and Tartars, it has been some pressure from the further East which has sent the Oriental moving towards the West. In its way, this fresh development is a crude proof of returning vitality. It is rarely in a spiritual advance that a new flood of national life first shows itself. The easiest form of self-assertion is always in some claim to territory, some desperate effort to snatch a vanishing right. The Young Turks have become sensitive about Crete long before they have succeeded in putting their own house in order. The Chinese reassert their claim to Thibet, while the whole problem of their internal reorganisation remains in suspense. So it is, alike in China and in Turkey, that the army is the first department of the sphere of government to transform itself, partially indeed, yet with a certain success, according to European models.

The fragmentary news which reaches us in this country from China has suggested, as one reads it piecemeal, an

undecided and unintelligible struggle between reaction and reform. The largest projects are launched, only to be overthrown by some Palace intrigue among the Manchus, the ladies of the Court, and the eunuchs. On a closer view, the course of events lends itself to a much more hopeful reading than that. The reaction can triumph in the Palace, but it invariably succumbs to the inevitable movement of the times. There was a moment of extravagant hope when the late Emperor, under the guidance of the revolutionary philosopher, Kang-yu-Wei, was in process of transforming the heavens and the earth by a series of radical decrees. Menaced by the Dowager-Empress, he summoned the reputed reformer, Yuan-Shih-Kai, to back him in Peking with his German-drilled troops. The reformer came, only to sell himself to the formidable old lady of the reaction. Very slowly, and by easy stages, the apparent traitor rose to power, and as he rose he made the Dowager-Empress herself, in spite of the Boxer movement, an instrument in the policy of reform. The curse of opium was combated, the bureaucracy transformed, education was advanced, the army re-organised, commissioners for the study of Western institutions sent abroad, the local administration in several provinces reformed, and the whole Civil Service permeated by young officials, largely Cantonese, who had studied in Japanese or European colleges. Then came the edict promising the gradual establishment of a Constitution within ten years. Once more the advance was broken. Yuan-Shih-Kai was dismissed and disgraced, and it seemed that the influence of the more reactionary Manchus was once more in the ascendant. But the elected provincial councils none the less met last October. They debated with dignity and good sense; they asserted their independence with success against the officials who menaced it; they strengthened their position by asking only for reforms which are concrete and practical.

The inference from these facts is fairly clear. The movement for reform is now too broad and too popular to be at the mercy of personal accidents. The chances are that the few Chinese personalities whose names we happen to know are really much less important than we are apt to suppose. They reign in our minds in vacuo; in China they are two or three among hundreds of millions. The transformation of the central government will probably be the last stage in a long evolution. What is vital and important is that, in the provinces and the cities, here faster and there slower, the work of reconstruction does go busily forward. The certainty of a revival is not in doubt. What is doubtful is only how far the quicker motions and assured position of Japan will enable her to dominate the heart of China, as she has dominated Korea and South Manchuria. It is in its bearing on this problem that this odd, spasmodic act of self-assertion in Thibet gains significance. It may, when we know more of it, turn out to be a move actually inspired by the same Japanese influence which brought about the fall of the too-nationalist Yuan-Shih-Kai. It may, on the other hand, be a spontaneous act of calculating and far-seeing self-defence. If it is the latter, then at last, even though it be with uncertain steps, China has begun to walk by herself.

PLUCKED FROM THE PIT.

THE Liberal Party has this week plucked its leaders from the pit into which they had nearly fallen, and has set their feet in the path in which they should go. In this task it has had three powerful allies. The first was Irish Nationalism, the second was the Labor Party, and the third was Mr. Redmond's gifts as a Parliamentarian and his power to represent a cause left temporarily derelict by its natural leaders. But Liberalism has done something on its own account. The effect of the election on both sides has been the same; it has emphasised, italicised, the party creed. The Tories have come back Tariff Reformers almost to a man; the Liberals, fresh from fighting a revolutionary issue, in which the new democracy drew strength from the old Liberal feeling about representative government, have reappeared as an almost solid army of Radicalism. Moreover, this body has none of the *malaise* which besets a host fresh from a doubtful encounter. Wealth may have trampled down Free Trade in Southern England; but this is no discouragement to a Liberal Parliamentary party hailing from an almost solid North, where organised labor and the stern and bitter feeling about the Lords have swept kingdoms and counties that usually consider themselves predominant forces in democratic politics. Add the fact that the new Liberal-Radical Party contains a larger infusion of young men than its predecessor, and one perceives the driving power that brought about the Cromwellian parleys of the rank and file with the Liberal leaders during this week and last. These parleys have had the desired result. The party has been brought to the fighting point; timidities and pruderies have been roughly swept away—and the flag goes forward.

This change of front and demeanor in Parliamentary Liberalism has had an unfortunate effect on the Opposition. Like the Radicals, the Tory Party returned from the election with a song of victory on its lips. Beyond its personal view of Mr. Lloyd George as a Monster, it had one definite political idea—Protection. The debate on the Chamberlain amendment may have been a revelation to some of its members of the power and intellectual superiority of the Free Trade argument; but Mr. Balfour, as a giant in the things of the mind, was confidently expected to put matters right. That great leader, however, had formed a different conception of the situation, and of the part which he desired to play in it. Mr. Balfour may really possess an intellectual conscience, or we may suppose that the prospect of office gave an unpleasant look to the gaudy lures which he had spread for the electors. In any case, he decided to dispense with these attractions, and during his speech the familiar Protectionist formulæ—"Work for All," "The Foreigner Pays," "Your Food will Cost you Less"—gradually melted away into the metaphysical mist. This was discouraging, but worse remained behind. Mr. Balfour had probably formed two fairly precise ideas of the situation. He has had enough of Revolution, and he wanted to get the Budget out of the way. And he was in no mind to be suddenly called to power after a refusal of Supplies to the Government. In the first instance, he must have seen himself summoned in hot haste to a task for which he was both unfit and unprepared. In the second, he recognised a sure means of hurling him on to the electorate with the smallest possible chance of a friendly reception. If he refused Supplies to the Liberals, the Liberals would naturally refuse Supplies to him.

Beyond all this, a fascinating vista seemed likely to open to an ingenious mind in the prospect that the Government, forgetting its plain engagements of honor and obligations of policy, was going to "reform" the House of Lords instead of destroying its Veto. Here, then, was a game in which Mr. Balfour's speculative fancy would have found rich employment between this and Christmas. And he would not have played it alone. Lord Hugh Cecil has already made his seat on the front bench below the gangway a new fortification of the Balfourian spirit. Cecil answering to Cecil, these ingenuous critics would have made excellent sport of a

betrayed and distracted party, while the Order Book was piled high with amendments till Pelion heaped itself on Ossa. Such an amusement presented, as its sure reward, the total extinction of Radicalism, privilege saved, the Budget and its fruits scattered to the winds, and Mr. Balfour himself, temporarily delivered from the fear of his enemies on both sides of the House, given a bumping majority, to be played with and destroyed in its turn.

How far this Balfourian paradise had advanced in its author's imagination it is impossible to say; but events have given it a rude shock. The Prime Minister's speech on Monday, backed by Mr. Lloyd George's incisive and expansive commentary, saved the situation for his party, just as last week's announcement all but ruined it. But when Mr. Balfour rose to reply, he spoke as if nothing was changed. He assumed a still hostile Irish party, bent on refusing Supply. If this state of mind persisted, he knew that, if he would risk office, gained through the Irish-Tory coalition already offered him by Mr. O'Brien, he could have it. But he shrank back. For what gain could so sceptical a spirit divine in a perilous deal with Nationalism on a scheme of Protection, not one fact or element of which had been thought out, and through the mazes of which his vague, unpractical intelligence would have groped in vain? Far better wait and trust to the growing confusions of the hour, the signs of alienation between Liberalism and the Cabinet. As it happened, he might have played the bold game with safety. The faithful warnings of the Liberal Parliamentary Party on the primacy of the Veto question, and Mr. Redmond's clear presentment of the tactical issue, had done their work, and the ship's course was turned in the right direction. But the official Tories could not overcome the fears of turning out the Government which had made their Whips watch with fevered eyes the lobby movements of the Irishmen. The story went about that a familiar humorist had playfully led a small body of his countrymen in the direction of the Opposition lobby, in order to enjoy the undisguised torture of Sir Alexander Acland Hood and his colleagues. Mindful of these alarms, the Tory leader played for safety. The Government should have their Supply. True, they would not pass the "People's Budget," and they were actually proposing to kill the House of Lords first and then to reform it. But these were the eccentricities of Radical strategy, not to be measured with the pressing needs of the hour. This care for constitutional decorum was expanded a little later on by Lord Hugh Cecil and other Conservative critics into a suggestion that the Commons should revert to their earlier practice of a Bill for every tax, and undoing the bundle of faggots which Gladstone tied up for them in 1861, present for the separate approval of their Lordships such imposts as the Tory minority in the Commons approved.

But Mr. Balfour's strategy found small favor with the Protectionists behind him. They saw power slipping from their leader's listless grasp, and the Government once more in command of the electoral situation. Bitterly did they resent his weakness. Mr. Healy's taunts, crude as they were, stung them deeply, and the reproaches of the "Morning Post" reflected their wrath. But, in reality, it mattered little what Mr. Balfour did or did not do with the Government's demand for the passage of Supply. The Coalition has been practically rallied again to the policy of "Veto First," which was its only reason for existence, the pith and meaning of all the success that the elections had brought it. It is still an unsolved mystery of politics why a Government full of able men should have so lost sight of, and touch with, its following; why, when, speed and unity were essential, delay and dissension should have so prevailed; why, when the direction was so plain that a wayfaring man need not err therein, a set of hieroglyphics should have been proposed for the Liberal Party to decipher; why, when the Government was told to build up the House of Commons and to put down the House of Lords, nearly half the Cabinet—in the heat and din of a most dangerous Parliamentary situation—should have calmly set about the construction of a Senate.

H. W. M.

Life and Letters.

THE SOVRANTY OF "SOCIETY."

How is it that while a working-class audience becomes wild with indignation when one of its chosen leaders dares to dwell upon its foibles or its vices, Society smiles complacently at every exposure of its folly, every reprobation of its wickedness? It has always done so. "Vanity Fair" and "The Newcomes" aroused no resentment, they were the favorite reading of the very people whom their satire was designed to flay. The more vehement denunciation of a recreant aristocracy and a vulgar new plutocracy by Carlyle and Ruskin, Matthew Arnold's taunts at the "barbarian" class, were treated by the objects of attack with the same amused interest as the present-day tirades of a Father Vaughan, or the mock revolutionism of Mr. Bernard Shaw. None of these things move them. Nay, one may go further, and say that Society thrives on such abuse. Denounce the idleness, frivolity, vice, luxury, display of "high life," its denizens, if they condescended to reply, would say, "Yes, this is the way we live; we can afford to do it. Don't you wish you could? In your secret souls you all admire us for it." It is the half-conscious recognition of the validity of this retort that makes all these linguistic assaults upon the fortress of Society so utterly innocuous. Those inside know very well how amenable are their fiercest critics to well-chosen social influences. It could hardly be otherwise. For, though "Society" forms but a minute fraction of our national life, its moral influence is pervasive, a very atmosphere in which we all live, move, and have our being. For though we may be born and reside in a distinctly inferior grade, we look for our rules of respectability in most matters of behavior, dress, bearing, habits, and interests, to the grade next above us, and they, in their turn, look up, and so it comes to pass that the "form," "style," "fashions" of the glorious beings at the top percolate through the social fabric and are imposed upon us in due course at our lower level.

Nowhere does authority achieve such absolute finality as in the unanswerable phrase, "Madam, it is not worn." Society rules by this moral prestige. To ask how it has acquired the sway is to ask for a complete history of modern England. No doubt the breakdown of fixed status, especially in the aristocracy, had much to do with its extension. A too exclusive aristocracy cannot radiate such power, for where there is no hope of entrance the prestige is one of impotent admiration, not of imitation. But the chief cause of the operation of the power is the full evolution of a great and highly stratified middle-class moving upward by hardly sensible gradation into aristocracy, and stooping in its lower reaches to meet the upper grades of the skilled and well-paid workers. Given this elaborate social-economic structure, the product of the industrial changes of the last century and a half, we have the prime condition of a moral control of Society, far more powerful, various, and pervasive than has been exercised in any other nation at any other age. This theme is handled ably and with profound insight by Mr. H. E. M. Stutfield in a work of realistic sociology, "The Sovranty of Society" (Fisher Unwin).

His treatment is the more effective because the writer is a Conservative in politics, and his diagnosis, though keen and even ruthless, is highly discriminative. He dwells little on the graver scandals and vices which stand in the limelight. He does not find "Society" particularly wicked. Indeed, our "Society" as compared with that of Imperial Rome, or medieval Florence, or eighteenth-century Paris, or even London under the Georges, is a cradle of innocence. There are not nearly so many black sheep, nor are they so black. Even the coarse brutalities and the mad recklessness which marked English "Society" in the eighteenth century, the drunkenness, gaming, and brawling, are no longer the accepted attributes of an English gentleman. The extravagances which mark our Society are less audacious, milder, and more consistently foolish. The life,

though equally destitute of principle or purpose, is less full-blooded and virile. The words which best express that life are sport, dissipation, frivolity, insipidity, triviality. It is, indeed, this last word which Mr. Stutfield rightly chooses to summarise the characteristic features of "Society." Wherever Society lays hands on any occupation or practice, it trivialises it. And Society does directly, and not by subservient imitation only, interfere with so many of our institutions. It must do so, for it has to mould the character of the "Society" man or woman, to furnish them scope for "social" activities, and to secure supports for "the existing order of things," of which Society is the decorative frieze. So the hand of frivolity is laid upon our public schools to teach boys to be little "sportsmen," and little "gentlemen," in the first place, scholars afterwards, if at all. In all save an indomitable few, the seeds of free curiosity and love of knowledge are destroyed, or their young shoots are carefully grafted on to some older stock of reputable learning. As Professor Veblen has shown in his "Theory of the Leisure Class," all intellectual or cultural valuations are vitiated and reversed by the canons of social reputation, which give importance to studies in inverse ratio to the utility which they contain.

Nor does religion fare much better. As a subsidiary instrument of Society, the modern Church not merely serves the ceremonial and sedative purposes for which it was primarily designed, but it blossoms out into a mass of light weekday functions destitute of any serious purpose, and, in the main, thin cloaks for frivolity. Or, again, if we ask what is wrong with our art, our graver literature or drama, why any worthy practice of these great creative arts is well-nigh impossible, we are met by the same inevitable answer. Society, that sets the tone, does not want serious art and literature; they bore it, and it recognises in them a deep-rooted hostility to itself. It belongs to frivolity, indeed, to be wayward and inconsistent: it plays pranks with its own nerves. So it will let in, and even sanction with some brief stamp of fashion, some dangerous play of Mr. Galsworthy. But no great realistic work of wide and shaking purpose could have a run; the self-protective instinct of Society, operating through its press, its pulpit, its ubiquitous buzz of drawing-rooms, would soon stifle it.

But Society enjoys special spheres of influence. The Army, the diplomatic service, and the Foreign Office have always belonged to it, and through them Society has pulled innumerable strings. It is just here that the crux of Army reform is found. How shall an Army which is primarily, not a profession, or a means of livelihood, but a "social function," get itself reformed into "efficiency"? Mr. Stutfield thinks that the illuminating confession that in the Army "It is bad form to be keen" is no longer true, and that a genuine spirit of reformation has set in. But we doubt its lasting character, or its power so easily to extricate itself from the blight of sport and frivolity.

More indirect, more insidious, and, perhaps, more dangerous is the grip of Society over politics. It is one thing to have an open formal oligarchy, as was the case half a century ago, quite another to have a formal democracy with the real strings of government pulled from a few drawing-rooms in Mayfair, or by rich financiers who buy their right to call or block a public policy by subscriptions to the party fund. Mr. Stutfield's caustic summary, though certainly not new, is deeply significant. "The Mandarins of the Front Bench on either side thoroughly understand each other; they abuse one another in public, but they are often in reality excellent friends, for, as they spring from the same classes, there is a bond of social union between them. You may nowadays have bitter political opponents calling one another, outside the House, by their Christian names; their families intermarry, and a high Tory will sometimes act as best man at a Radical politician's wedding. Their virulent polemics, their furious logomachies across the floor of the House, are largely make-believe; and the week-end may find them shooting, golfing, or dining together, just as though no political bar sundered them."

"Yes," it will be replied in one of those very phrases which Society has imposed for its protection, "it is this absence of personal ill-feeling that is so admirable in our public life." Just so long as this answer sounds satisfactory, will it remain true that private considerations (a synonym for Society) determine public policy. Nor is it in Parliament alone that social influences rule. Everyone acquainted with the workings of party politics is aware that the bestowal of "titles" is only the most patent of the workings of the "social spoils" system which operates down to the most trifling use of invitations through every grade of popular life.

One other avenue of this "sovranty" requires mention. From Society emanates the same taint of frivolity into our business life. Capable men are passed over in the control of our great businesses in favor of rich men. In some cases, notoriously our railroad system, the appointment of untrained and incompetent directors for their name and influence has done immeasurable damage. But the directorates of many other sorts of business suffer from the same inefficiency, at a time when other countries are selecting and training their best brains in order to keep abreast of new inventions and new modes of enterprise.

How comes it that Society can exercise this baleful and multifarious power, can impose the maxims that it is bad "form" to be keen, or to exhibit strong feelings, to value steady industry, and to have serious interests in life? Perhaps this important question would be fully answered if we could explain to ourselves how the colossal act of impudence is possible by which the name "Society" has, with the connivance of all users of our language, been usurped by a tiny section whose power and practices, nay, whose very existence, are anti-social.

"WHERE CRUEL RAGE."

"FRET not thyself," sang the cheerful Psalmist—"fret not thyself because of evildoers." For they shall soon be cut down like the grass; they shall be rooted out; their sword shall go through their own heart; their arms shall be broken; they shall consume as the fat of lambs, and as the smoke they shall consume away; though they flourish like a green bay-tree, they shall be gone, and though we seek them, their place shall nowhere be found. A soothing consolation lies in the thought. Why should we fluster ourselves, why wax so hot, when time thus brings its inevitable revenges? Composed in mind, let us pursue our own unruffled course, with calm assurance that justice will at length prevail. Let us comply with the dictates of sweetness and light, in reasonable expectation that iniquity will melt away of itself, like a snail before the fire. If we have confidence that vengeance is the Lord's and He will repay, where shall we find an outlet for our indignation so secure?

It was the pious answer made by Dr. Delany to Swift at the time when, torn by cruel rage, Swift was entering upon the struggle against Ireland's misery. Swift appealed to him one day "whether the corruptions and villainies of men in power did not eat his flesh and exhaust his spirits?" But Delany answered, "That in truth they did not." "Why—why, how can you help it? How can you avoid it?" asked the indignant heart. And the judicious answer came: "Because I am commanded to the contrary; 'Fret not thyself because of the ungodly.'" We are grateful to be reminded of so characteristic a scene by Miss Sophie Shilleto Smith, who has written for Messrs. Methuen a new account of the Dean's life, with sympathy and knowledge, though with an immature sententiousness and uncertainty of judgment that one hopes are but the defects of youth's incalculable advantages. We call the scene characteristic because, under the qualities that it reveals in Swift and Delany, it also reveals a deeply marked distinction between two orders of mankind, and the two speakers stand as their types. Dr. Delany we all know. He may be met in any agreeable society—himself agreeable and tolerant, unwilling to judge lest he be judged, solicitous to please, careful not to lose

esteem, always welcome among his numerous acquaintances, sweetly reasonable, and devoutly confident that the tale of hideous wrong will right itself without his stir. No figure is more essential for social intercourse, or moves round the cultivated or political circle of his life with more serene success.

To the great comfort of cultivated and political circles, the type of Swift is not so frequent or so comprehensible. What place have those who fret not themselves because of evildoers—what place in their tolerant society have they for uncouth personalities, terrible in their indignation? It is true that Swift was himself accounted a valued friend among the best wits and writers of his time. Bolingbroke wrote to him: "I loved you almost twenty years ago; I thought of you as well as I do now, better was beyond the power of conception." Pope, also after twenty years of intimate friendship, could write of him: "My sincere love of that valuable, indeed incomparable, man will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory were I to live a hundred lives." Arbuthnot could write to him:—

"DEAR FRIEND,—The last sentence of your letter plunged a dagger in my heart. Never repeat those sad, but tender, words, that you will try to forget me. For my part, I can never forget you—at least till I discover, which is impossible, another friend whose conversation could procure me the pleasure I have found in yours."

The friends of Swift—the men who could write like this—men like Bolingbroke, Pope, Arbuthnot, Addison, Steele, and Gay—were no sentimentalists; they rank among the shrewdest and most clear-eyed writers of our literature. And, indeed, to the present writer at all events, the difficulty of Swift's riddle lies, not in his savagery, but in his charm. When we think of that tiger burning in the forests of the night, how shall we reconcile his fearful symmetry with "eyes azure as the heavens," which Pope describes as having a surprising archness in them? Or when a man is reputed the most embittered misanthrope in history, how was it that his intimate friend, Sheridan, could speak of that "spirit of generosity and benevolence whose greatness and vigor, when pent up in his own breast by poverty and dependence, served only as an evil spirit to torment him"? Of his private generosity, and his consideration for the poor, for servants, and animals, there are many instances recorded. For divergent types of womanhood, whether passionate, witty, or intellectual, he possessed the attraction of sympathetic intimacy. A much younger woman of peculiar charm and noble character was his lifelong friend, risking reputation, marriage, position, and all that many women most value, just for that friendship and nothing more. Another woman loved him with more tragic destiny. To Stella, in the midst of his political warfare, he could write with the playfulness that nursemaids use for children, and most men keep for their kittens or puppies. In the "Verses on his own Death," how far removed from the envy, hatred, and malice of the literary nature is the affectionate irony of those verses beginning:—

"In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine;
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, 'Plague take him and his wit.'
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way;
Arbuthnot is no more my friend
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce;
Refined it first, and showed its use."

And so on down to the lines:—

"If with such talents Heaven has blest 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?"

To damn with faint praise is the readiest defence of envious failure; but to praise with jealous damnation reveals a delicate generosity that few would look for in the hater of his kind. Nor let us forget that Swift was himself the inventor of the phrase "Sweetness and light."

These elements of charm and generosity have been too much overlooked, and they could not redeem the writer's savagery in popular opinion, being overshadowed

by that cruel indignation which ate his flesh and exhausted his spirit. Yet it was, perhaps, just from such elements of intuitive sympathy and affectionate goodwill that the indignation sprang. Like most oversensitive natures, he found that every new relation in life, even every new friendship that he formed, only opened a gate to new unhappiness. The sorrows of others were more to him than to themselves, and, like a man or woman that loves a child, he discovered that his affection only exposed a wider surface to pain. On the death of a lady with whom he was not very intimately acquainted, "I hate life," he cried, "when I think it exposed to such accidents: and to see so many thousand wretches burdening the earth while such as her die, makes me think God did never intend life for a blessing." It was not any spirit of hatred or cruelty, but an intensely personal sympathy with suffering, that tore his heart and kindled that furnace of indignation against the stupid, the hateful, and the cruel to whom most suffering is due; and it was a furnace in which he himself was consumed. Writing whilst he was still a youth, in "The Tale of a Tub," he composed a terrible sentence, in which all his rage and pity and ironical bareness of style seem foretold: "Last week," he says, "I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse." "Only a woman's hair," was found written on the packet in which that memorial of Stella was preserved, and we do not know in what elegy there breathes a prouder or more poignant sorrow.

When he wrote the Drapier Letters, Ireland lay before him like a woman flayed. Of the misery of Ireland it was said (we think by Sheridan):—

"It fevered his blood, it broke his rest, it drove him at times half frantic with furious indignation, it sunk him at times in abysses of sullen despondency, it awoke in him emotions which in ordinary men are seldom excited save by personal injuries."

This cruel rage over the wrongs of a people whom he did not love, and whom he repeatedly disowned, drove him to the savage denunciations in which he said of England's nominee: "It is no dishonor to submit to the lion, but who, with the figure of a man, can think with patience of being devoured alive by a rat?" It drove him also to the great principle, still too slowly struggling into recognition in this country, that "all government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery." It inspired his "Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures," in which the advice to "burn everything that came from England except the coals and the people," might serve as the motto of the present Sinn Féin movement. And it inspired also that other "Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Ireland from being a burden to their Parents and Country, and making them beneficial to the Public. Fatten them up for the Dublin market; they will be delicious roast, baked, or boiled."

As wave after wave of indignation passed over him, his wrath at oppression extended to all mankind. In "Gulliver's Travels" it is the human race that lies before him, how much altered for the worse by being flayed! But it is not pity he feels for the victim now. In man he only sees the littleness, the grossness, the stupidity, or the brutal degradation of Yahoos. Unlike other satirists—unlike Juvenal or Pope or the author of "Penguin Island," who comes nearest to his manner—he pours his contempt, not upon certain types of folly or examples of vice, but upon the race of man as a whole. "I heartily hate," he wrote to Pope soon after "Gulliver" was published, "I heartily hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth." The philanthropist will often idealise man in the abstract and hate his neighbor at the back door, but that was not Swift's way. He has been called an inverted hypocrite, as one who makes himself out worse than he is. We should rather call him an inverted idealist, for, with high hopes and generous expectations, he entered into the world, and, lacerated by rage at the cruelty, foulness, and lunacy he there discovered, he poured out his denunciations upon the crawling forms of life whose filthy minds were

well housed in their apelike and corrupting flesh—a bag of loathsome carrion.

"Noli æmulari," sang the cheerful Psalmist; "Fret not thyself because of evildoers." How easy for most of us it is to follow that comfortable counsel! How little strain it puts upon our popularity and our courage! And how amusing it is to watch the course of human affairs with tolerant acquiescence! Yes, but, says Swift, "amusement is the happiness of those who cannot think," and may we not say that acquiescence is the cowardice of those who dare not feel? There will always be some, at least, in the world whom savage indignation, like Swift's, will continually torment. It will eat their flesh and exhaust their spirits. They would gladly be rid of it, for, indeed, it stifles their existence, depriving them alike of pleasure, friends, and the objects of ambition—isolating them in the end as Swift was isolated. If only the causes of their indignation would cease, how gladly they would welcome the interludes of quiet! But hardly is one surmounted than another overtops them like a wave, nor have the stern victims of indignation the smallest hope of deliverance from their suffering, until they lie, as Swift has now lain for so many years, where cruel rage can tear the heart no more—"Ubi sæva indignatio cor ulterius lacerare nequit."

THE DECAY OF MELODRAMA.

THERE is a state of mind in which it is proper to visit a melodrama, as there is a state of mind in which it is proper to go to church. You must leave behind you your problems, your bewilderments, your eccentricities. On this stage nothing is in doubt. It is not here that new casuistries are applied to old sins, or fresh solutions sought for ancient bewilderments. You expect from the melodramatist a firm and unquestioning morality, a well-trying plot, an inevitable end. His message has the certainty of orthodox preaching, and it comes to you with the assurance of anonymity. The author's name, perhaps, is in the bills; but you do not look for it. The curtain is his surplice, the cheers of the gallery his ordination. He stands in an apostolic succession, and you may predict of him, before you have seen his piece, that he will question none of the councils and prevaricate over none of the articles. In his pulpit there is no heresy. Virtue will always triumph. Of his erring characters one at least will have a heart of gold. The *ingénue* will assuredly wear yellow hair. The villainess will certainly dress in black. You go to the solemn performance, not because you look for novelty, but because you are comfortably certain of its absence. It is a ritual, and you love it because it stirs in your breast the older loyalties, the surer faiths of our race. You would resent a variation, as you would a new ceremonial in your village church. So it was that our ancestors saw life, and so our descendants will see it. The footlights are a consecrated illumination which range the shadows and adjust the glories, as men have chosen to see them adjusted, since ever their hands could clap. On this stage no piece is ever stale. It has its repertory theatre in every village booth, where still you may see the classic "Iron Box"—an adaptation of Godwin's "Caleb Williams"—or the older and still more classic "Sweeney Todd." They have never bent to changing fashions. Their morality submits to no social evolution. Their judgments admit no "larger hope." In their world, vice is vice and virtue is virtue, and the naval officer always marries the golden girl. Here alone is your *quod semper*, your *quod ubique*. Cross the Channel, and you will find that strolling companies are playing the same pieces with the same morality to Norman peasants at village fairs. The uniforms are changed. The local color is varied. But the same brave men share with the same tender women the splendors of the stage and the plaudits of the pit.

A blind man who knows the traditions of our stage can find his way to the melodrama with no guiding hand to lead him. The acid scent of oranges is its symbol and advertisement. The orange-seller does not

ply her trade outside the theatres where strenuous crowds are waiting to be harrowed by "Justice," or to be caught in some guilty triangle of the affections. The orange is not the fruit of the intellectuals, nor yet of the frivolous and the light-minded. It is part of a usage which never varies. Where Drury Lane opens towards Covent Garden this venerable trade grew up. An innovating London has swept away the cloistered inns and the timbered houses. The narrow lanes admit to-day the sun which for three centuries they never saw, and wild flowers are growing on the waste land where once was the centre of a nation's revels. But the faint scent from the orange-woman's basket brings back with it the ghosts who sold and bought and paid their duty to melodrama on this narrow acre between restoration and revolution, from Commonwealth to County Council. Just so Nell Gwynne must have stood as the chairs and the coaches set down their brilliant burdens. In these days oranges were not the exclusive solace of the pit. One is constrained to believe that King Charles himself must have devoured them between the acts and flung the skins upon the floor of the royal box.

It was the orange-woman who lured us into the Aldwych Theatre. *Cucullus non facit monachum*. It takes more than an orange to make a melodrama. We confess we were a little suspicious of the title of the piece. "The Bad Girl of the Family" has a meretricious, even a modern, ring about it. The true melodrama deals rather with the good girl. Its votaries are interested, above all, in the triumph of virtue. Nor were the posters altogether promising. That lady with the sinister leer belongs to another tradition. Woman in melodrama is not the destroyer or the vampire. She errs, indeed, but always by the defects of her qualities. If we are to consider it nicely, Mr. Walter Melville's piece marks a decay and a decline in British melodrama. The music-hall has invaded his stage, and the clowning riots out of all reason and proportion. Melodrama demands its broad humors, its physical jokes, its recognised absurdities. But here, too, something is due to tradition. It is to sin against all the canons of the art that the tragic characters should themselves lapse into their moments of buffoonery. The essence of the tradition is its sincerity, its broad and clear-browed seriousness. We must know from the beginning who are the laughable and who are the pathetic personages. What is tolerable in the Irishman or the old woman is not allowed in the heavy lady or the *ingénue*. We respect a yellow wig when we see it; it may make us weep, it may make us cheer, but it must not make us laugh. We know the deep chest notes appropriate to stage wickedness; they must not be varied by a screaming falsetto. It is, moreover, past all forgiving that a moving scene, in which the heroine is about to be arrested for a murder, should suddenly degenerate into a pillow-fight between girls and policemen. We speak of these things gravely and with regret. There is a great classic tradition to conserve, and no one who honors the history of our stage can see it violated without a serious protest. Mr. Melville is playing Strausslike tricks with a form as reverent and inviolable as the symphony itself. These indecent familiarities, where all should be high purpose and pure emotion, are as gross violations of good taste as the splashing of the baby in its bath midway in the *Symphonia Domestica*, or the bleating of the sheep in *Don Quixote*. Mr. Melville murders passably well. But the suspicion seizes us that he does not take his own plots seriously. We do. We were all agog for the tragic sequel. We thrilled when the "bad girl" rushed, a panting fugitive, into that bedroom. We applauded with all our hands when those spirited girls vowed that they would save their comrade. The least that we expected was that one of them would thrust her slender arm, like Catharine Douglas, into the staple of the lock. There had come one of those tense heroic moments for which melodrama exists. It was an impishness worthy of Mr. Shaw which gave us a pillow-fight for our anticlimax. We hasten to add that, although Mr. Melville's piece is decadent and frivolous melodrama, it does at least retain some relics of a great inheritance. The "bad girl" is really good at heart—had it been otherwise we

should not have deemed her history worthy of notice, nor would the crowds have flocked to see her. The morality throughout rings true and sure—though the moral speeches, we regret to state, are almost epigrammatic in their brevity. There is a convict scene, and a stirring marriage scene. There is a bad earl, and a good thief. Mr. Melville is worth a remonstrance. Had he canonised the earl, or damned the thief, we should have consigned him to the oblivion which is the uttermost darkness.

Melodrama is decadent. Yet the fault lies, we are convinced, with the dramatists and not with the public. These vast crowds which flock to "The Bad Girl" lack nothing of the old seriousness, the essential loyalty of mind. And it is the pit which makes the melodrama. You may write your problem-play as you will, and it matters little how the public receives it. You have done your thinking aloud. But of a melodrama there is only one test. It is that your audience should hiss your villains. Fail in that, and you have failed in all. There was nothing wanting at the Aldwych in the heartiness with which the audience hissed. We can conceive no prouder moment in an actor's career than that in which he first receives this tribute to his realism. So Apelles must have felt when the birds pecked at the cherries on his canvas. He is lost in his art, forgotten in his own success. He knows that his hearers have judged him as they judge of life. They are in no mood to recognise counterfeits and simulacra. Your drawing-room play may turn on philanderings and flirtations, on misunderstandings to be cleared up, on points of casuistry to be determined. But the melodrama inherits a robust tradition. The sins with which it deals are real crimes, which end at Portland or the galleys. There is something at stake. There are lives in the balance. The Greeks, also, knew that it needed such material as this to make a great play. They dealt for choice with a parricide or a matricide, or hung their tragedy on the sack of a city or a human sacrifice. It is in these footprints, if he did but know it, that the melodramatist treads. His benevolent convict is a Prometheus Bound. His wicked earl with one fair daughter is a lineal descendant of Agamemnon. He is right to eschew innovation. The great themes of tragedy were long ago discovered. The primitive myths of the long-lost child, the birth-mark and the forbidden marriage, these are the things which natural man has cared to hear of since first he sought in ordered speech to tell his rarer experiences. For it is the chance of such happenings as these which is the salt of life. Life is for the simple man a lottery in which none of the numbers count, save the fatal number which is drawn. He endures in daily life the barren tedium, in which there are no coincidences and rarely a complication. When he goes to the theatre it is with the demand that one of these portents shall happen there. It happens, he applauds, and comes away. The wisdom of the ages, the experience of unnumbered generations, has once more been confirmed.

Short Studies.

THE SIGN OF ALLAH!*

(A Monologue.)

You want me to tell you how I came to know you, my little son, do you? Then lean your head on my knees and you shall know all about it.

Many years ago, that is, before I knew you, I had become very ill. It was my soul that was sick, so much so that death appeared to me as a great deliverance. I remember well the nights that I lay on the tin floor of the balcony in your grandfather's house. My body was freezing, but my soul was burning and throbbing and shedding tears of poison. Sometimes in life, dear one, you will realise that, but I hope that it will not be to the extent of my realisation.

The doctors had told us that I would be cured if Allah sent His Sign. And not long after that I dreamt a dream in which I was asked to choose a soul among the souls of youth and I cried out, saying, "I choose the soul of the 'Sign of Allah.'" Then we knew that you would come before long.

And you did come! Wait a moment longer, my soul, and I shall tell you how; and also many more things that concern you.

I do not need to tell you that all this took place in your grandfather's house. It was in the small room that overlooks the garden gate. The whitewashed walls, the bare iron bed, the white dress of the doctor, and the clamoring of the crowd at the door keep their special place, not in my head, but in my heart. Somehow more than these, I have a vivid memory of how the smallest atom in my being contained the Universe, so infinite, so wonderful did I feel. It has been a marvel since how every human mother receiving a son drinks infinity to the very depths, and still continues to be a moving bit of maimed humanity on our poor earth.

"Let me see him, doctor!" said I, and the crowd at the door re-echoed my words. "Let us, O doctor, let us see the little visitor!" But the doctor was implacable. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "you will have to wait my good pleasure."

The crowd was headed by your grandfather, followed by various aunts, grandmothers, visitors, and servants. They all groaned with impatience till the door was opened. I waited eagerly till my turn came to look at your face.

"Subhan Allah!" they all exclaimed, "it is *her* face!" And when at last my thirsty eyes could look at you, I knew that I had come once more to the world, reproduced as only Allah can. Then I knew what it is to get the real assurance of eternity on earth. I do not know how many hours your little face kept the stamp that awed me. But I thrilled with the idea that the stamp may be deeper, and you may live my life, not as I have lived it, but as I have striven and struggled in vain to live. Among the soft wrappings your large orbs had such an unfathomable expression, your little mouth was serenely calm, and you had black curls that were strangely long for a newly-arrived little man.

My next vision and sensation is a prolonged rosy delight. You will know, my beloved son, that the greatest moments of one's life have some decided or faint color and perfume. I was carried to my bed as if I were a precious burden and the world consisted of rosy tints and delicious spices. Your little bed was all pink, the color under the lace of the pillows, even my night-dress and the globe through which the light filtered in that hallowed room.

There was to be a proper, old-fashioned Turkish reception in your honor next day. Arm-chairs were placed in a row opposite my bed, ready to receive great ladies and their congratulations. All the old heads of the family decided that your solemn looks and sacred Islamic name demanded a great deal of Turkish respect, and every detail was properly Turkish for the occasion. We had a separate old woman to make the hot sherbet for the visitors. (O, the all-invading spicy odor of it!) Another old woman was to wash your clothes for forty days, for the clothes of the baby for forty days are sacred, and great care is taken as to where the water is thrown and whether it is likely that the Jinns may get wet and revenge themselves by horrible misdoings. There was a nurse and another servant especially for those days to wait on us. One extra old woman, who was provided for fear that some other might fail, completed the great number of far and near relatives and attendants staying for forty days. There were three onions wrapt in muslin and tied with rosy ribbons hanging on the wall, to procure plenty of milk for you. There was a red bow everywhere and a Koran to protect us from the inhabitants of the fairy world.

You know our dear, old, fat Mme. Themie, the Greek nurse. She was not very scientific, she quaked at the arrival of the over-particular doctor, but whiskered old-fashioned remedies into the believing ears of

* Ayetullah, a Turkish boy's name, means "The Sign of Allah."

the old women. She used to call you, "lili ha." Nobody knows what it meant, but it was such a soft, clinging silkiness of sound that it just suited you then. Those dim and warm August nights she walked up and down chanting and shaking you rhythmically, with soft melody: "Io lili li li li kamou. . . ." It was so much *you*, my soul, that every "li" inundated my bosom, penetrated into my heart and limbs with something so warm, living, and blissful, that ever since that time each happy falling out of consciousness into sleep brings back to me that soft, meaningless melody: "Io li li li lili-kamou. . . ."

Then came the first pain of those wondrous balmy days. Some of the crowd had departed. The nurse was dining downstairs, and your Aunt Nermine sat on my bed waiting. Both of us listened anxiously to the movement in the little pink bed. You were three days old and had not cried yet—which appeared rather unnatural to the nurse. All at once there was a dovelike murmur, followed by an unlooked-for yell. Your Aunt jumped up in an instant, and you were taken on to your cushion on the floor. But do what she would, she could not arrange the funny pink legs that rebelled. The next moment I, too, jumped down, though I was not to move for many more days. When I also failed to quiet you, we both of us sat there weeping in unison with you. At that instant I felt that it was impossible for me to survive all the crying that you would naturally do in the course of babyhood. The next moment we were thumping on the floor as a sign of alarm. Everybody ran up, but when they found us weeping with you there was a general roar of unkind laughter. Numberless are the times that I have wept for you and with you, my soul, but none had the helpless grief of that time.

My great occupation of the first months and years was your self and your service, with the continual worry that your nurse caused me. She was an Anatolian woman of the densest kind, and it was impossible for her to understand the necessity of wearing stockings and not eating certain food. The moment she found out our great adoration for you and the way your health depended on her, she was all caprice, all unreasonable demands. I was so worn out with nightly care that the doctor ordered us to remove my bedroom from being next to yours. I was to sleep at the other side of the house where I could not hear your voice. That very night we left our bedroom and our beds were laid on the floor of the north room. How terrible it seemed to me! I remember the many times I used to creep out of bed and tremble in the cold and dark corridor listening for your voice.

What a wonderful three months those were! You were a most beautiful little thing. Your dark eyes were violet blue, and you had such silky hair and a divine gaze in your eyes.

It was Ramazan, one of those wakeful and gay nights; your grandfather had not come home. That was not strange for one night, but when he did not come the next evening there fell an ominous silence on the house. As I walked in and out with restless anxiety, your father came after me and told me the reason of your grandfather's absence. He was to have a rather dangerous operation which had been put off. Not to make us suffer unnecessarily, he had gone to the hospital and was to have the operation the next morning. Everybody was to know this except myself. As each word fell like a cut of a sharp knife on my heart, a feeling much like that of the children of Israel visited me. God was jealous of too much happiness, and He would not allow me to have two such beloved ones near me. As if to ward off the Anger of Fate, I did not go to your room that night, and sat shivering and weeping in that cold north room, bitten by all the winds of the Bosphorus. It was impossible to cross the water at night,* and I had to bear that agony until morning as best I could. I do not know when or how I went over to the German Hospital next day. As I entered his room, his beloved pale face lay in all its Christlike gentleness as still as it could be.

* On account of police regulations against any navigation on the Bosphorus after one hour after sunset. The writer was at Scutari. The hospitals are at Pera.

The next day as I sat opposite him reading to him from that dear story-teller, Hans Christian Andersen, there was a knock at the door and Hussein entered. His face was very queer, and he stood hesitating as if he had a very grave thing to say.

"The nurse has become ill, effendim," he said, "and I have come to fetch you."

Both of us understood that something had happened to you. As I began putting on my veil hastily, I saw your grandfather's dear face grow pale and his affectionate eyes fill with tears.

"I shall telegraph immediately, baba,"* I said thickly, and walked on. I do not quite remember the drive and the boat of that fateful day, but as the carriage dragged up our hill, I saw another carriage going down in haste, and there was our doctor with a very grave and thoughtful face. I cannot explain why I did not speak to him, but I was completely petrified. As I entered the gate I saw the cook pumping water and looking at me with an awed curiosity, the kind of look given to those stricken by the hand of Allah.

"Is he alive yet?" I sobbed, as I ran up the stairs. But no one answered.

I heard footsteps and a slight murmur in your room. I pushed open the door and walked in. There you were in the same place as when you first came, and you lay in a towel, your little face livid with the agony of the attack, and your beloved eyes staring with terrible pain. The world seemed whirling and passing away, and I was hopelessly weak and powerless to hold on to anything. The next reality for me was a sudden hatred of the strange doctor left in charge. He had the face of a cat, with a bushy, disagreeable beard that intensified the horror of the moment, although I could not tell why. Your first attacks were not long, but they were worse than your first tears. No creature in medieval ages was more exquisitely tortured than your mother was, when your attacks came on.

The next torturing element during those times was your nurse.

"I want to eat oily dishes and I will not wear stockings," she would say all of a sudden, and the next moment she would pull them off and walk into the corridor with insolent ease. How I fought with myself to obtain that moral quality, that patience which I had never possessed.

"I want Broussa silks and a burnouse; above all, a silk veil."

"I am sorry, nurse, that I cannot get you those things, especially this month."

"Can't you? Then you will pay all that money to the doctor, for you know that the baby's health depends on my happiness; if I am refused, my milk will turn sour, and the baby will have convulsions."

She repeated this refrain; if she were refused anything, she knew what to do. She would just open her bosom and stand before the window. With her stupid blue eyes full of defiance she would stare into my eyes.

"Shut that window, nurse; don't be a child."

"A child! I shall do what I please. In my country we don't have such nonsense."

One day when life seemed unbearable and she especially worrying, I opened the door and said coolly:

"You can go, nurse. I will find another."

"Find another, indeed! Don't you know the change of milk will kill the dear one?"

"Then let him die," I answered, leaving her to apostrophise the Constantinople ladies and their tyranny. It was a white day in our city, the ground covered with snow. But I drove into all the mysterious old quarters of Stamboul, looking for a nurse. My search was in vain. That evening your old nurse was all love and indignant loyalty towards you.

"I will not be able to leave the baby," she wept falsely; all the time watching my face with the corners of her cunning little eyes. But she did leave you three times, in spite of vows, and was brought back in triumph, driving at the right of your grandfather, and her wages increased.

* Baba—father.

Days grew into months and months into years, and you grew to be a more significant Sign of Allah. My turn also came to be on the verge of death when you were only four. But in a house of careless attendants your little soul and your little body respected my struggles with death, and you hardly moved for fear of disturbing me. That was the time when so many doctors used to come to our house. You remember it, do you, my soul? I remember, also, the day you crept silently to my bed. Then I saw your little face shadowed with patient loneliness and neglect, and I vowed that I *would* live on to help you some more years through life.

At times I wonder how anybody can be so blest as to have you both, my little sons; without one of you we would be incomplete. Besides, there is the great Idea that has come to all the mothers of our beloved country. Shall I ever be called on to choose between you and the Idea? I do not know how I would act, beloved, but in either case you will love and forgive me. If I choose the Idea, you know that we must all live and die for it. If I choose you, it is because you are the Sign of Allah which has kissed my soul into love, and I am only a weak mother.

So, little Sign from Allah of mine, you know that you are the first element and face in bringing to my heart the great and sublime love which has so many other little elements and faces.

Halide Salih,

NOUR OSMANIE.

January 22nd, 1910.

[The Turkish lady who writes this charming sketch sent us a letter in October, 1908, on the education of Turkish women, and afterwards came to England on a visit. She is now taking an active part in education among her countrywomen, and is already, Miss Isabel Fry informs us, a great force for enlightenment in Turkey as educationalist, philanthropist, politician, speaker, and writer of Turkish prose.—ED., NATION.]

The Drama.

THE TRIPLE BILL.

It is pleasant to catch the Meredith accent on the stage, and yet one feels that the stage is not the place for it. "The Sentimentalists," which holds the middle place in the triple bill at the Repertory Theatre, would seem, on internal evidence, to be an early work of the author of "Evan Harrington" and "The Egoist." Not that the style is uncharacteristic or undeveloped; on the contrary, it is Meredith all over and nothing but Meredith. What seems to date the fragment is the flavor of the 'forties that hangs about its conception and structure. Though the style is far enough removed from the amazing bombast of Sheridan Knowles, yet the piece seems to belong to the period when Sheridan Knowles was possible. Its incompleteness is not so tantalising as might have been expected, for one does not feel any anticipation balked, any development cut short. Rather, one may guess that the fragment remained a fragment because no very inevitable development suggested itself to the author. The best scene in the play, from a stage point of view—and an excellent comedy invention—is that in which the inconsolable young widow, Astræa, talks about one of her suitors for an undivided quarter of an hour, in pointing out to her confidant that he must not be talked about. When, in the second scene, the characters dropped into blank verse, I confess that my interest flagged. One certainly sees no reason to regret that the theatre of Meredith's prime was not in such a condition as to tempt him to devote his genius to it. The piece is most originally mounted, and charmingly played by Miss Fay Davis, Miss Mary Jerrold, Mr. Charles Maude, and their comrades.

Mr. J. M. Barrie plays in and plays out his friend and master. He plays him in with a very powerful little drama in a quite new vein for him; he plays him out

with a comedy in his old vein, at its brightest and pleasantest.

Mr. Barrie is the last man one would have expected to take a leaf out of the book of Edgar Allan Poe; but "Old Friends" suggests nothing so much as a tale by that genius of the uncanny. Up to a certain point, within ten minutes of the end, it is, to my mind, entirely successful. Never has an atmosphere of vague dread, a sense of imminent disaster, been more powerfully suggested on the stage. Mr. Dion Boucicault's excellent production contributed not a little to this effect. One sat fascinated and intent, wondering what doom impended over this seemingly secure and peaceful household. Unfortunately, when the true nature of the tragedy revealed itself, though it surpassed one's wildest expectations in point of horror, it at the same time aroused certain doubts—doubts of its physical possibility, doubts of its moral justification. These doubts are interdependent, and are easily stated. In the first place, is it possible for the taint of alcoholism to transmit itself from one generation to another in the way Mr. Barrie indicates? In the second place, if there is the least shadow of uncertainty on this point, is an author justified in suggesting ideas and apprehensions on so painful a topic that may have no foundation in physiological fact? If Mr. Barrie has convinced himself that his facts are right, my second query falls to the ground, and he is doing a social service in uttering this most impressive warning. None the less does it remain artistically imprudent to found a play on an assumption which, to say the least of it, is not universally accepted, either by men of science, or by the man in the street. The scientific orthodoxy of the day (I take it) denies the inheritance of acquired characteristics; and Stephen Brand's own account of his case leaves no doubt that his alcoholism is, so to speak, an accidental acquisition, not an ancestral proclivity. I cannot, of course, pretend to any competent opinion in the matter. I must own, indeed, that Weissmannism, so far as I understand it, leaves me unconvinced, and that I am not personally indisposed to admit the possibility of the case Mr. Barrie presents. But science, on the stage, ought to be either purely fantastic or absolutely undoubted. We admit without difficulty the potion that changes Dr. Jekyll into Mr. Hyde; it is a case of "*credo quia impossibile*." But if the slightest doubt lingers in our minds as to the possibility of such a case as that of Carry Brand, we decline to yield ourselves up to the illusion, and the play misses its artistic aim. When the idea began to dawn on me, I imagined for a moment that Stephen Brand's vice had infected, not his daughter, but his wife: a much more acceptable and scarcely less tragic contingency. But when I realised the true state of the case I could not but feel that the horror, though skilfully and even poetically touched, was not quite legitimate.

Curiously paradoxical, too, is the reason assigned by Mrs. Brand for the chill contempt which she feels for her husband. She will give him no credit for his conquest of his vice, because she holds that it was not a real conquest at all. "Our sins," she says, "tire of us and leave us—we don't give them the entertainment they need." This may be roughly true of certain other vices, but surely not of the alcoholic habit. At any rate, whether true or not, it is a novel idea, which we ought not to be expected to accept offhand. If it was worth stating, it was worth developing more fully.

I sincerely trust that the reservations which have to be made with regard to "Old Friends" will not discourage Mr. Barrie from developing the more serious and even tragic side of his talent. Though its fundamental idea is scarcely acceptable, the play shows very remarkable power and originality, which ought by no means to be suffered to run to waste. At the same time, it is refreshing to find Mr. Barrie, in "The Twelve-Pound Look," reverting for the nonce to his lighter vein. He here treats one of his most whimsical inventions with his subtlest and most penetrating humor. The title of the little play will soon become proverbial; for it is at least as apt a contribution to feminine psychology as "What Every Woman Knows." How many husbands,

for how many years to come, will look furtively at their wives' faces for "the twelve-pound look"! And how many, seeing it, will remain blind to it! Description or analysis would merely spoil the reader's pleasure in the play, which is eminently a thing to be seen. As acted by Miss Lena Ashwell and Mr. Edmund Gwenn, it far more than redeems whatever drawbacks may be found in the other items of the triple bill.

Mr. Somerset Maugham's play, "The Tenth Man," at the Globe, is an extremely clever but rather superficial drawing-room drama, which stands out from the common herd of clever superficialities by reason of Mr. Bouchier's very remarkable acting. His portraiture of the rotten financier, George Winter, M.P., is by far the best thing Mr. Bouchier has ever done, and I do not hesitate to call it one of the most masterly performances of our generation. It is daring, original, and highly colored, yet without the least exaggeration or caricature. Here is one more proof, among a hundred, that the English stage can hold its own, in respect of acting, with any theatre in the world.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Letters to the Editor.

THE LORDS AND A REFERENDUM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Among the many suggestions that have been put forward as to the policy of the Government in dealing with the House of Lords, I have seen no mention of one particular proposal which seems to me to deserve consideration. If the Government remain in office long enough to send up their Bill on the veto to the House of Lords, that House presumably will reject it. We shall then have a General Election under conditions very similar to those which prevailed at the election just concluded. The Government will appeal to the country on the question of the Lords; but the Unionists, presumably, will do all they can to obscure that issue. They will unite, as before, on talking about Tariff Reform, about Home Rule, about everything except the question on which they know themselves to be weakest. And whatever the result may be, we shall be told that the country has not given its verdict on any one of the conjoined issues that have been before it. There is, so far as I can see, only one way of avoiding this difficulty. The Government could attach to their Bill dealing with the House of Lords a clause directing that the Bill be referred to the country by referendum before it becomes law. The Lords, it is true, might still reject the Bill; but if they did so, their position would be weakened and that of the Government strengthened. In particular, it would be clear that the new attitude assumed by that House, that they only desire to consult the electorate, is the hypocritical pretence Liberals have always asserted it to be. On the other hand, the Lords might think it more politic to pass the Bill. In that case, and in that case only, the country would vote definitely on that one single issue. Each elector would be asked to declare on his voting paper whether he is in favor of the Bill or no, and it would be impossible for him to vote on any other question. I see no other way of ascertaining what the judgment of the country really is on the House of Lords, and that is what Liberals, at least, desire to know. There may be objections to the plan, which have not occurred to me, but its advantages appear to me obvious.—Yours, &c.,

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

March 2nd, 1910.

[Mr. Dickinson will have seen a proposal similar to his own in last week's *NATION*.]

THE REFUSAL OF SUPPLIES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Asquith's failure to obtain satisfactory guarantees for the passage of his Veto Bill through the Lords before accepting office thrusts the responsibility for the defence of popular government upon the private Members of Parliament, and on the people themselves. The Premier's position, as chief Minister of the Crown, may be correct

enough, but it is certainly not the duty of the private member to support him in it. It is the duty of Parliament to insist on the redress of grievances before supply, whether supply be asked for by a modern Cabinet or by a Stuart King. That, I contend, is the elementary function of our House of Commons. Whatever Mr. Asquith himself meant in his Albert Hall speech, it is certain that most of the anti-peer majority in the House pledged themselves quite honestly to support him in the sense in which they, and nearly everyone else, understood him. They are pledged, and their constituents expect them, to support no Government which has taken office without adequate guarantees for the destruction of the veto.

What we want at the present moment is, it seems to me, a definite refusal on the part of an adequate number of members, to vote even the Budget until it is clear that the Veto Bill will actually become law this year. The Premier has pointed to the chaos likely to result if the financial votes are not obtained at once, and this seems to be regarded by Ministers as conclusive reason for voting supplies. It is nothing of the kind. Our liberties have been founded on just such situations as the present. Our early Kings did not love Parliaments, and rarely summoned them, except when, without their aid, there would have been a financial deadlock. The extremity of the King was the opportunity of the people.

But if it is the duty of the private member of the House to refuse supplies without redress of grievances, it is equally the duty of earnest democrats outside of it to assist him. The time is, of course, very short, but is it not possible to organise a number of "Veto First" demonstrations in those parts of the country which, as the elections have shown, are enthusiastically anti-peer? If we can only get the people to understand that Mr. Asquith's attitude is not endorsed by his followers, the solid majorities from the industrial centres will, I am convinced, stand firm until the veto question is settled once for all. But the memory of the way in which the Lords escaped in 1884 still rankles, and these very majorities will melt like snow if they are not given a fighting lead. Could not the Labor Party take the lead in this? There is a great opportunity for them.

It seems to me that all our difficulties are those due to a lack of courage. If the Radicals and the Labor Party make up their minds to refuse supplies if need be, it will be our enemies and not we who will immediately be in trouble. No doubt, the financial aspect of the matter is grave, and we may depend upon it that both Whig and Tory bankers and manufacturers know that as well as we do. No Budget, except that of last year, is possible in this House of Commons, and any further delay in collecting taxes, any further borrowing, would seriously affect securities. It is probably a realisation of this, certainly not any respect for the electors, that has made Lord Lansdowne promise a safe passage for the Budget through the Lords. There will be great searchings of hearts and much negotiating in wealthy circles if it be made clear that the Budget cannot go through the House of Commons without either Tory connivance or guarantees. What the upshot of such negotiations would be it is impossible to say; but refusal of supplies on the part of Radicals and Labor men would, at least, convince the anti-peer majority of the electorate that they still had leaders thoroughly worthy of support, and would leave the road open for future victory.

I think if a "cave" were formed, consisting of the advanced Radicals and Labor men, to adopt the following policy, there would be a possibility of early, and a certainty of ultimate, victory. The members of the cave should pledge themselves (1) to abstain from voting for the Budget of 1909 unless guarantees were given for the safety of the Veto Bill; and (2) to vote *against* any modified Budget that may be patched up, by Whig and Tory collusion, to get over the deadlock.—Yours, &c.,

BROUGHAM VILLIERS.

March 2nd, 1910.

"THE TWO ENGLANDS."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have read with great interest your fine article on the two Englands, but it appears to me that there is still a deeper sense in which one can speak of two Englands.

I do not simply mean the class cleavage between rich and poor, but the existence through British history from the very beginning of two totally different types of Englishmen inspired by opposite ideals.

The first type may have in private life a very strict idea of personal responsibility, but his whole outlook on life is narrowed by a stiff, legalistic system of morals and a high sense of what is respectable and proper; his respect for rank, wealth, authority, is so great that he does not only resist every attempt towards progress but that he considers religion itself merely as a State establishment, a guarantee of the social order. In politics, and especially in international politics, his aims are freely national, imperialist; they lack generosity and unselfishness, and the highest moral principles must yield when the Empire's welfare is at stake. Of course, the imperialist's idea of the uniqueness of Great Britain's rule and of the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race is not without magnitude, but history shows us that he is only aiming at material power and territorial greatness.

That type of Englishman has played an important part in English history; the present empire is largely his work. We find him everywhere—in the Army, in the Navy, in politics, and in the Church. Men like Laud, Clive, Castlereagh, Wellington, Cecil Rhodes, and the present Unionist leaders, are typical examples of the kind.

On the other hand, we have a totally different type, the idealist, the progressive Englishman (with whom we might include the Scotsman and the Welshman). He is not attracted by ideas like the Frenchman, but he *feels* very strongly moral ideals. If he has a much higher conception of social responsibility than the other man, it is often because his religious faith is real, alive, turned towards progress, the firm basis of his civic faith. He is ready to fight desperately against Wealth, Rank, Convention, to defend his liberties, and the rights of his weaker brethren. He is convinced, as Lord Morley puts it, "that progress on its political side means more than anything else the substitution of justice as a governing idea instead of Privilege." He loves England, and is ready to die for her, not because she is rich and powerful, but because she embodies an ideal of liberty. He is the man that has made Great Britain the home of Parliamentary government, and one of the bulwarks of progress. We find his spirit at work through British history from the Middle Ages. It is the author of Piers Ploughman, with his pity for the poor and his wrath against the lazy rich; it is Wycliffe and the Lollards, with their cry for religious freedom and social righteousness; it is Latimer speaking against the sins of London; it is the Independents and the Puritans with Milton and Cromwell, reasserting the liberties of the citizen and the rights of Parliament; it is Wesley and Whitefield waking up the religious conscience of the nation; it is Fox, Priestley, and Wilberforce, fighting for the rights of man; it is Gladstone, Cobden and Bright, with their zeal for freedom, both in their country and abroad; it is all the great British poets and writers, the Wordsworths, the Tennysons, the Brownings, the Burnses, the Carlyles and many others, who loved humanity and liberty. It is nowadays the Radicals and Socialists, too numerous to mention, who are boldly fighting the great fight for coming democracy, against a powerful Conservatism.

In fact, as politics have played in English history a very prominent place, we might say, to sum up, that all things considered, the two great political parties have been for the last century a fairly good representation of the two Englands. In any case it was my privilege to be in England during the General Election, and I was struck by the opposition between the ideals of the two sides. On the one hand was Rank, Privilege, all the "respectable" things of this world, coupled with Jingoism, hatred of the foreigner, and a genuine fear of the working-classes. On the other, there was a noble, often deeply religious, ideal of social justice, a bold faith in its ultimate triumph, a keen sense of the right of Parliament and the duties of the British citizen, coupled with a true love of humanity.

Of course, Great Britain is much too complex a country to be divided abruptly in two parts. There are not two Englands, but twenty; and we foreigners find it impossible to understand them all, or even one of them. But, nevertheless, the distinction between imperialist and idealist England

appears to me fundamental, and explains perhaps some of the contradictions of British history.—Yours, &c.,

ANDRÉ DE BAVIER.

25, rue Franklin, Paris,
March 3rd, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I be allowed a word of comment on your interesting article on "The Two Englands"? You seem to me to have fallen a victim to the optical illusion fostered by a study of one of the colored electoral maps.

It is true that in the North of England and Wales the progressive forces reckoned by votes are in a majority, and that in the South of England they are in a minority. But in each case the superiority in votes is far from being so overwhelming as to justify an inference of a complete difference in social and political aspirations.

In Northern England (including Wales and Monmouth) there were cast at the last election 1,474,163 Ministerialist and 1,075,377 Unionist votes; or, speaking roughly and allowing something for the plural voter, the Ministerialists were to their opponents in a ratio of 3 to 2. In the rest of England there were 1,521,452 Unionist and 1,295,718 Ministerialist votes, or, again speaking roughly, the Unionists were to their opponents in a ratio of about 7 to 6—or, if plural votes be allowed for, there was perhaps almost an equality. The truth is that the supposed territorial division of opinion is an illusion which under a rational system of proportional representation would disappear.

If we southern Ministerialists were represented in proportion to our strength we should have a permanent fighting force, well and strongly led, which might soon give us, even in the South, a majority. One of the worst results of our present electoral system is that it takes away the strongest men from the very points of the fighting line where they are most needed. Under proportional representation it would be otherwise.—Yours, &c.,

J. F. W.

March 2nd, 1910.

REFORM OR VETO?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—For the time being the danger of combining the reform of the House of Lords with its veto seems to have happily gone. But at the same time we are told that the declared policy of the Liberal Party is to veto the Lords first, and then reform its composition "on a democratic basis." So it is just as well to set out the basic reason why many Liberals and many students of our constitution refuse altogether to consider the question of the reform of the House of Lords.

Many subsidiary tactical reasons have already been given. For example, that a policy of reform was never before the country at the recent election; that the question of the veto is hard enough to tackle without tacking on reform; that the Liberal Party will never combine on any one method of reform, and so on. But the real basic reason of our opposition lies deeper still. We oppose all measures of reform because any such measure, *e.g.*, making the House of Lords elective, inevitably tends to strengthen it. That is to say, it leads towards "separation des pouvoirs," in opposition to our present unitary system of government. It strikes at the whole root of our constitution.

In order to understand this, it is necessary to go back to our University days, and to try and remember what we then learnt about comparative, analytical, and deductive politics. We shall find that—speaking broadly—there are two kinds of Second Chambers, those which aim at securing representative and personal weight respectively for their members. Those which aim at securing personal weight are alone possible for a Parliamentary system of government which endeavors to secure representative weight for a system that separates carefully the legislative from the executive functions. Why this is so, I have not the space to explain in a short letter like this. But read Bagehot, Dicey, Anson, Sidgwick, and Lowes Dickinson, and you will agree that it is so.

The English constitution, for good or ill, through long centuries has evolved a Parliamentary system of govern-

ment, *i.e.*, a unitary system, for which any elective, or, indeed, any strong Second Chamber is essentially undesirable. Indeed "under a Parliamentary system of government" (I quote Professor Sidgwick) "there is nothing to show that a Second Chamber is necessary or even desirable."

Curb its powers, leave its composition alone, and let this already moribund anachronistic survival of the medieval system of estates die a natural death. Such seems to be the legitimate course of events in a democratic direction to a student of English history.—Yours, &c.,

F. N. EVANS.

Inner Temple Reading Room,
March 1st, 1910.

THE KING'S ENGLISH.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your article in this week's number on "The King's English," you state that you have not seen the phrase used in the same sense as "The Queen's English."

May I, therefore, draw your attention to a book bearing that title, which Mr. Frowde published in 1906 for the University of Oxford? The book does not claim to be an English Grammar in the ordinary sense of the term, for the principle adopted throughout is "to pass by all rules, of whatever absolute importance, that are shown by observation to be seldom or never broken; and to illustrate by living examples, with the name of a reputable authority attached to each, all blunders that observation shows to be common." Human nature being what it is, those "living examples" add greatly to the piquancy of the reading. But although the anonymous authors claim nothing more for their work than that it may do something "for the negative (literary) virtues by mere exhibition of what should be avoided," the claim is really far too modest; for the book is packed with suggestive recommendations inculcating the positive virtues. It is, moreover, written in so delightfully easy a style, with a vein of sub-acid humor running through it, as to provide for its readers a liberal education in style.

I venture to trouble you with this letter because I feel that the book is not nearly so widely known as it deserves to be.—Yours, &c.,

THOS. HUGHES.

1, Colebrooke Avenue, West Ealing, W.
March 1st, 1910.

P.S.—I may, perhaps, add that the names even of the authors are unknown to me, since the preface is signed merely "H. W. F.," "F. G. F."

GOVERNMENT IN GREECE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—To one who has, like myself, spent a considerable part of the last two years in Greece and among Greeks, your recent article on the new Greek Government seems to be somewhat one-sided, and perhaps a little lacking in insight. You say, for instance, that the new Premier was "badly implicated in the worst phase of the Macedonian disturbances." Surely the stigma attaches to those who were implicated, not in the worst phases of the struggle, but in the first phases of it. It is really curious how ready people have been to pass judgments in connection with these unhappy "disturbances," without considering at all who were the original aggressors.

The fact is, that our sympathies with the Young Turks have been perhaps a little indiscriminate. It has, for example, been argued that Crete must not be ceded to Greece because to do so would damage the prestige of the new Turkish Government. This might or might not be the result. If there is a real equality between Turks and Greeks, Jews and Armenians, under the new Turkish *régime*, it is at least doubtful whether the ceding of Crete would wreck the Constitution. If, however, the new *régime* means that the Christian races of the Turkish Empire are going to be well-treated slaves of the whole Turkish nation, instead of badly treated or neglected slaves of a single despot, then it is getting from English Liberalism more support than it deserves. It might be the truest friendship to Turkey to point out how utterly she will lose our sympathies if she gives way to this temptation, and that, though we may respect, we cannot admire, from the point of view either of generosity or statesmanship, her insistence upon her rights over Crete. Turkey

has a splendid chance of wiping out the past with Greece. Could she be possibly making a worse use of it? The question how the Cretan problem affects liberal and democratic Greece has not received nearly such friendly and thoughtful treatment. We have been inclined to forget that Crete is a Greek island, and its exclusion from the Greek Kingdom entirely unnatural. We have forgotten, too, in how real a sense Greece has been all along a centre of true Liberalism, not rendered more or less ineffective by class or race antipathies. From one point of view, that of the the archæologist, Greece is perhaps the richest country in the world, and from this point of view Greece represents the Liberal policy of the open door carried to its fullest extent. One good feature there certainly is about our present attitude towards Greece. It must at least make it plain to her that we are determined to keep peace in Europe. Possibly it may be incidentally necessary that Greece should have to make impossible promises about Crete, or to look on and see the Cretans "brought to their senses," as one of your contemporaries feelingly remarked last week; but if she has to, we might at least regret the necessity, and perhaps feel a little sorry at the loss of reputation that we shall ourselves incur.

Meanwhile, Greece is doing its best to put off the evil day, hoping that a new Gladstone may be found abroad, and its own resources may be developed at home. Whatever the policy and intentions of the League may be, it has, as a matter of fact, certainly helped to defer the crisis, and perhaps Greek politicians as a whole may not be altogether ungrateful to what you call its "brainless military despotism." Scarcely a word has been said during the whole of the last six months of the excellent behavior of the Greek people all through this trying time. I happened to be in Athens during the first few days of the "revolution." The whole city was evidently talking and thinking of nothing else. Crowds were flocking out to the place where the Army was encamped. It meant dreary waiting to get a tramcar going in that direction. But the crowds on the cars and the crowds in the streets were all behaving admirably. There was no demonstrating or rowdiness. The people of Athens and of Greece generally have certainly been showing us recently a splendid example of patience and self-restraint.—Yours, &c.,

P. M. URB.

Leeds, March 3rd, 1910.

[We should be only too delighted to witness and hail a general revival of the political power of Greece.—ED., *NATION*.]

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—A misnomer has many a time played havoc with a good cause, and advanced an evil one by throwing dust into the eyes of the unthinking.

Why call a reactionary movement "Tariff Reform" instead of "Tariff Reaction"?

If instead of the Dutch word "Uitlander" we had used the good English word "foreigner," who knows but that the Boer War might have been averted?

If, in speaking of denominational schools (which they are), we avoided using the term "voluntary" schools (which they are not, for they are mainly supported by public money out of local rates, &c.), the vexed education question might have been satisfactorily settled by now.

Had Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in his recent letter to your journal (page 675), entitled "The Law of Surplus," employed the term "The Law of Over-Production," he could not have refuted the charge of sending steel abroad at lower than cost prices.

It is well known and admitted that over-production is the main cause of the disorganisation of honest and straightforward trading.—Yours, &c.,

J. K.

Woodthorpe, Victoria Park, Manchester.

THE LIBERAL PRESS IN SCOTLAND.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—"Scottish Liberal" accuses his Liberal fellow-countrymen of being illogical, because they usually buy Unionist newspapers. He is wrong. Almost all people buy

newspapers for their news, and not for their politics. Scottish Liberals find the best and most complete service of news in the "Glasgow Herald" and "Scotsman," and therefore buy these papers, while, of course, grumbling platonically at their political views. However keenly readers and advertisers may sympathise with the political creed of a newspaper, they will not buy it nor give advertisements to it unless they are assured that it returns them better value for their money than any of its rivals.

This elementary principle of human nature explains why Scottish Liberals read the "Glasgow Herald" and "Scotsman," why Manchester and Liverpool Unionists prefer the "Manchester Guardian" to their own organs, and why Yorkshire Liberals hold by the "Yorkshire Post." What the public wants is the best news—not a particular brand of political views. The recognition of this fact would save earnest politicians from needless worry.—Yours, &c.,

H.

Glasgow, March 1st, 1910.

THE STUDY OF FREE TRADE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have not found it a very easy matter to comply with A. de Natorp's request; so much has been written in the last twenty years by social reformers.

He will find some useful lists of books in the "Daily News" Year Book, 1910, classified under the different subjects. On looking over my books I find the following are probably those that I have learnt most from:—

Money's "Elements of the Fiscal Problem," and also his latest publication, the "Fiscal Dictionary."

Bastiat's "Sophisms of Protection," an old book, but not superseded.

Mrs. Unwin's collection of letters under the title of "The Hungry Forties," a book that, if carefully read and pondered over, will teach much.

On the land question, the League for the Taxation of Land Values, 377, Strand, publish tracts and pamphlets.

Slater's "English Peasantry and the Enclosure of Commons."

Cadbury and Bryan's "Land and the Landless."

On the distribution of wealth, Slater's "Britain's Next Campaign," Rowntree's "Poverty," Money's "Riches and Poverty," and, most valuable, "The Minority Report," as published by the Committee for the Break-up of the Poor Law, 5, Clement's Inn. 2 vols. 1s. each.

On licensing, Rowntree & Sherwell's "Taxation of the Liquor Trade."

To the above I ought, perhaps, to add Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," Thorold Rogers's "Work and Wages," and Morley's "Life of Cobden."

I should recommend studying facts more than theories. Nothing appeals to the plain man like figures simply put.

For instance, it is a good method with intelligent Tariff Reformers to put such questions as, "How would you deal with the cotton trade under Protection, where there is an export trade of about the value of 100 million pounds and an import of only 7 million pounds?" This is more effective than the question of whether the standard of living is lower in Germany than in England.

It sets men thinking, and the endeavor to prove their theory often reduces their confidence, engendered by the plausible arguments of Tariff Reform specialists.

It is always essential to study well your opponent's side of the question, without which you cannot be effective. If he thinks he is teaching you, he will face the subject with less prejudice. In old Izaak Walton's words: "Treat him tenderly, as though you loved him."

If he presents an apparently unanswerable argument, do not leave it until you can give the explanation according to the Free Trade theory. This is always possible. We do well to recognise that there are some whose hide of prejudice is too thick for penetration, and to leave them for those who have not lost the faculty of thinking.—Yours, &c.,

A WEST COUNTRY LIBERAL.

Poetry.

JOHN-JOHN.

I DREAMT last night of you, John-John,
And thought you called to me,
And when I woke this morning, John,
I hoped your face to see;
But I was all alone, John-John,
Though still I heard your call;
I put my boots and bonnet on,
And took my Sunday shawl,
And went, full sure to find you, John,
To Balla fair.

The fair was just the same as then,
Five years ago to-day,
When first you left the thimble men
And came with me away;
For there again were thimble men,
And shooting galleries,
And card-trick men and maggie men,
Of all sorts and degrees;—
But not a trace of you, John-John,
Was anywhere.

I turned my face to home again,
And called myself a fool
To think you'd leave the thimble men
And live again by rule,
And go to mass and keep the fast,
And till the little patch;
My wish to have you home was past
Before I raised the latch
And pushed the door and saw you, John,
Sitting down there.

How cool you came in here, begad,
As if you owned the place!
But rest yourself there now, my lad—
'Tis good to see your face.
My dream is out, and now by it
I think I know my mind:
At six o'clock this house you'll quit,
And leave no grief behind;—
But until six o'clock, John-John,
My bit you'll share.

The neighbors' shame of me began
When first I brought you in;
To wed and keep a tinker man
They thought a kind of sin;
But now this three year since you're gone
'Tis pity me they do,
And that I'd rather have, John-John,
Than that they'd pity you.
Pity for me and you, John-John,
I could not bear.

Oh, you're my husband, right enough,
But what's the good of that?
You know you never were the stuff
To be the cottage cat,
To watch the fire and hear me lock
The door, and put out Shap—
But there now, it is six o'clock
And time for you to step.
God bless and keep you far, John-John!
And that's my prayer.

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"Retrospections of an Active Life." By John Bigelow. (Unwin. 3 vols. 36s. net.)

"A History of Gardening in England." Third and Revised Edition. By the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil. (Murray. 12s. net.)

"Shakespeare's Roman Plays and their Background." By M. W. MacCallum. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

"In the Torrid Sudan." By H. Lincoln Tangye. (Murray. 12s. net.)

"An English Student's Wander-Year in America." By A. G. Bowden-Smith. Arnold. 5s. net.)

"Simon Bolivar, 'El Libertador': A Life of the Chief Leader in the Revolt against Spain in Venezuela, New Granada, and Peru." By F. Loraine Petre. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Papuan Fairy Tales." By Annie Ker. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

"Service: A Domestic Novel." By Constance Smedley. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

"Reginald in Russia, and Other Sketches." By Saki. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Blaise Pascal: Etudes d'histoire morale." Par Victor Giraud. (Paris: Hachette. 3fr. 50.)

"Souvenirs de la Comtesse Golovine." Avec un introduction et des notes par K. Waliszewski. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 7fr. 50.)

"Rationalisme et Tradition." Par J. Delvolle. (Paris: Alcan. 2fr. 50.)

"Au Couchant de la Monarchie: Louis XVI. et Turgot (1774-1776)." Par le Marquis de Ségur. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 7fr. 50.)

"L'Ombre de l'Amour." Roman. Par Marcel Tinayre. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)

* * *

THE study of contemporary fiction at the Universities finds an advocate in Professor W. L. Phelps, who holds the chair of English Literature at Yale. Fourteen years ago he introduced a course on "Modern Novels" as an elective subject, and, though it met with a good deal of opposition at the time, Professor Phelps is still convinced of its value, and he justifies his procedure in an appendix to his recent book, "Essays on Modern Novelists." The main objection to novels as a University study is that a course confined to them is lacking in mental discipline, and this Professor Phelps hardly attempts to meet. He merely states that novels "can be taught in such a way as to produce the best kind of mental discipline, which consists, first, in compelling a student to do his own thinking, and, secondly, to train him properly in the expression of what ideas he has." Of course, in the hands of an ideal teacher almost anything can be made a means of mental discipline, but it is extravagant to claim that the works of even the best contemporary novelists come into the same category for educational purposes as the great masterpieces of classical literature. Professor Phelps does not, it is true, wish to supplant the study of the classics by the study of modern novels. He only urges that the latter should have their rightful place, and not be regarded either with contempt, or as unworthy of serious treatment. But there is little doubt that no good purpose would be served by the introduction of courses on novels in the Universities. Time is the only infallible test of literature, and it should be allowed to do its work in sifting the permanent from the ephemeral before a book is made the subject of careful study by those whose taste is not yet formed.

* * *

IN the meantime the crisis through which the English novel is passing shows few signs of a satisfactory conclusion. A novelist, writing in a recent number of "The Athenæum," blames the cheap magazine and the immense welter of books that are poured forth, while a critic, in a letter to the same journal, thinks that some share of the evil is due to the reviewers. All three causes have helped to lower the level of English fiction. The cheap magazine, with its demands for crude sensationalism, has ousted more serious work; the excessive number of novels published makes it easier for talent to escape notice; and criticism, which, as the "Athenæum" writer puts it, has now become largely a matter of deft adjectives, is often incompetent and sometimes biassed. The main evil is that too many books are published, and that, in making a choice, readers often depend on the advice tendered them by the circulating

libraries. These naturally look only to the commercial side of the books they handle, and all other considerations fall into the background. The first step towards improvement will be taken when people buy books instead of borrowing them, and it is just possible that the attempt of the libraries to make themselves censors of literature may enable the publishers to succeed in their effort to reduce the standard price of novels. In this connection Messrs. Nelson's enterprise deserves notice. Their series of two-shilling novels, which will shortly make its appearance, includes books by Mr. J. C. Snaith, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. George Birmingham, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. H. A. Vachell, and other writers of distinction.

* * *

THE Cambridge University Press announce for immediate publication "Hungary in the Eighteenth Century," by Professor Marczali, with an introductory essay on earlier Hungarian history by Mr. H. W. V. Temperley, Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge. The author is Professor of History in the University of Budapest, and has been described as "the most impartial of Magyar historians." His work is based on numerous official documents and records, and also on the archives of private families. It has long been well known on the Continent as the classical work on this subject, and forms an indispensable preliminary to the study of modern Hungarian history and politics. The translation has been made by Dr. A. B. Yolland, Professor in the University of Budapest.

* * *

MR. FIFIELD has in the press a new edition of Samuel Butler's "Unconscious Memory," which has been out of print for several years. The book is a development of the theory laid down in "Life and Habit," and the new issue will contain an introduction by Professor Hartog upon Butler's scientific views.

* * *

WE understand that Mr. Thomas Seccombe is preparing a collection of literary essays for publication in the early autumn. "The Night Watchman" is to be the title of the volume, and Mr. Seccombe's freshness of treatment and comprehensive knowledge of English and French literature lead us to expect a book of uncommon interest.

* * *

WITHIN the next few weeks Messrs. Harrap will issue "An Introduction to the Study of Literature," by Professor W. H. Hudson. The aim of the book, which is intended for the general reader as well as for students, is to treat of critical methods in popular fashion and to enable his readers to approach books with more discrimination, and, as a consequence, to gain a higher pleasure from their reading. Professor Hudson does not confuse the study of literature with the study of rhetoric, and holds the view that "good reading is better than all scholarship, and the cultivation of the art of good reading infinitely more important than all the acquisitions of scholastic learning." Mr. Arnold Bennett has written a book on similar lines, but there ought to be a public for Professor Hudson's manual, which is the result of several years' experience as a University Extension Lecturer.

* * *

A COURSE of three lectures on "The Theatre," "Contemporary Poetry," and "The Intellectual Movement in Ireland," will be given by Mr. W. B. Yeats, at No. 1, Old Burlington Street, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of next week.

* * *

AMONG Mr. Heinemann's spring announcements are "The Memoirs of Heinrich Heine," an English rendering of the mosaic made out of Heine's writings—chiefly the letters—by Karpeles, and published by him as "Heine's Autobiographie"; the second and third volumes of "The Memoirs of the Duchesse de Dino," edited by the Princess Radziwill; and a translation of M. Lenotre's "A Gascon Royalist in Revolutionary Paris." The latter volume is an account of the Baron de Batz, mainly based on documents discovered by M. Lenotre, and giving a dramatic picture of Paris at the time of the Revolution.

Reviews.

THE YOUNG GAMBETTA.*

AFTER the death of Gambetta, his father was asked to allow the body of his son to be buried in Paris. "You had him while he was alive," was the bitter reply; "now that he is dead, worn out by your politics, I wish to have him. He shall rest in the little cemetery of Nice, whither his mother preceded him. I do not wish his grave to be desecrated in the future." This fascinating volume of family letters reveals, in most attractive intimacy, the affections and simplicities of the great statesman and orator. Perhaps the real hero of them is that stern old father who could send so defiant a message to the French people. A little shop-keeper of a provincial Southern town, "not exactly a good man of business," "he did not strike his neighbors as being either very intelligent or very prudent." Scarcely a word of his correspondence appears in these letters; almost alone, a comment on another's folly—"He has bought his experience in the fashionable world; and as truth is not found there, he might be sometimes mistaken!" Here are only the replies, with frequent and sometimes passionate remonstrances from the son in Paris, against frequent reproaches and condemnations. It is always "You"—the world outside—especially the wild, agitated, unstable world of the city—which is the subject of contempt. That world is leading the son into debt, into café-haunting oratory, into wild, unappeasable ambitions. Later, it is feeling the need of him: it has fallen into the madness of unforeseen war, into the greatest secular calamity that has ever come to the nation. He alone can save you: he will re-establish Civil Government, and lay the foundation of the Republic. He will wrestle with principalities and powers in one long, unquenchable struggle against the cowardice and jealousies and stupidities of the time. At length he will fall, before half the journey is over, worn out by a task too heavy for human hands. "Your politics" have done it, cries the fierce old man at the last: you who kill the prophets and garnish their sepulchres and subsequently violate even these last resting places of those who have served you. Let him rest by the seas far away from you—from your mad fever-world. "I do not wish his grave to be desecrated at the last."

Such was one of the parents: an Italian of a race of Ligurian sailors, who married a French girl from the South, from which union of races sprang Léon Gambetta, that volcanic energy which flamed for twelve years across the history of France. He was born in 1838; he was brought up in comparative poverty: educated at the seminary of Montfaucon, and later at the Lycée of Cahors. In this volume there are many child letters, written from school, little distinguished, but already revealing ardent family affection, and already also the sentiments of a youthful Republican. He persuaded his father to send him to Paris to study law; and he first appears there, in the life which has meant so much for France—the life which has given to France all her greatest things. It is generally near the attics of one of those tall white houses, with a glimpse of the sky and perhaps of the river from the window; poorly furnished, with little outward adornment. And here a young man is living with bed only for warmth in winter, on the minimum of bodily sustenance, supported mainly by the high resolve of youth—to conquer Paris or die. So the youth of genius have been sucked into the capital from remote and tranquil provincial cities; driven there by the "large unrest which made them do it;" Balzac and Taine from the garden of Touraine, Renan from Brittany, Zola and Gambetta from the South, each carrying some memory of pleasant sunlit lands outside, to console them for privation and loneliness in the obscurity of the still unconquered city. "Here we have a room thirteen feet square," writes Gambetta to his father, "ornamented with a clock that never goes and never has gone; a chest of drawers, the drawers of which can only be opened with the greatest difficulty; an armchair which was once crimson and soft, and is now colorless and hard; a bed which is

fairly good, for when I lie down upon it I am usually very sleepy; a grate in which I never make a fire, because I can't afford it." A drawback is the semi-darkness. "The sun which Paris ever sees during three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, does not peep in to wish me good morning!" Breakfast consists of one roll, value one sou; lunch, a glass of water; five o'clock dinner, 17, 18, or 20 sous; supper another one-sou roll, sopped in water. Memories are continually haunting, of Cahors, with the tall poplars shading a green distance; of the smell of the perfumed banks of the river; of family meals, almost intolerable to think of in the fireless desolation of a one-sou supper: "You all seated round the soup, one adding pepper, the other sprinkling cheese, while behind your back you hear the cheerful sound, especially comforting on a cold winter evening, of a real old-fashioned fire, before which a fowl is roasting—would to God I could smell it." Yet the student in the tall house at Paris is sustained by that undying hope and ambition, which have comforted so many who have succeeded—so many, also, who have failed. He encourages himself with epigrammatic wisdom: with the saying of Charles V., "Fortune is so fickle, and especially so in her treatment of young men"; with Napoleon the Third's epigram—"One can master fate by work, and force the future to obey one if that work is performed in an intelligent manner." He has hopes of personal attainment. He cherishes dreams of a wonderful future for the world. It is the dream of youth, not yet disenchanted, seeing—as it seems—how easily and quickly this world can be transformed into a place of Paradise for the children of men. "We must succeed," he declares. "Our opinions are the daughters of a painful past; they are big with a promising future; they must eventually give birth to the happiness of mankind. But first they must be developed by study. Education must widen their knowledge. Men must make them know, and everyone must respect and honor them." "You smile," he concludes. "I am too impetuous. It is true. But the people suffer so, that I may be excused if my feelings are sometimes too much for me."

Meanwhile he is miserably poor: driven to get into debt, and finding his father torturing him with silence—worse, for such a temperament, than open reproaches—he is himself compelled to apply for sundry mean sums required for renewed solvency. Rumors travel also to the far South—spreading readily, here as always, because malicious—of his café-haunting habits, of his noisy rhetoric, of a life generally irregular and uncontrolled. Passionate always, he is passionate in repudiation of these charges: always pleading, without a word of reproach, with this stern old man who despised all the doings of that city of Vanity. Sociable, unassuming, with the quick power of making friends, he was becoming celebrated in the *Quartier*: carousing—on the smallest of sums—in a feast of rhetorical and political extravagances. Nothing could wear out that indefatigable energy, which on the world arena was later to astonish the world. "Very strong and very fearless, the young orator sometimes provoked noisy disturbances, in which he made himself dreaded on account of his tremendous strength. It sometimes happened about this time that he would smash a marble-topped table with one blow of his fist; but the state of his funds prevented him indulging too often in this expensive pastime; in fact, he only repeated this operation when, having won at *écarté*, at which game he fancied himself an adept, he could afford to do so." So youth has rioted always, confident in itself and in the future; so old age has looked on with cold disapproval, seeing here nothing but the beginnings of a wasted life. One can read between the lines of this one-sided correspondence, the frequent exhortations. "I know," he writes, "I must persevere, be orderly, even more orderly: as you say very rightly, and as I myself feel, I need to be more orderly in my habits." His health began to fail at this time, when he was only twenty years old. He was utterly careless of himself, he allowed his injured eye to cause him acute sufferings before it was finally removed; throat troubles commenced, which continued to the end. On the other hand, he was now at the summit of that extraordinary popularity which made him the students' hero. They hailed him as the Hercules of the Republic, and the Destroyer of the Empire; they applauded his wild and violent

* "Gambetta: Life and Letters." By P. B. Gheusi. Authorised translation by Violette M. Montagu. T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.

harangues: they would have followed him anywhere, to do anything.

"He fell like a bomb upon Paris," says Léon Cladel. "I can see him with his leonine mane, his bloodshot eye bulging far out of its socket: I can still hear him roaring forth his fiery apostrophes against the *César de contrebande* whom he was to succeed in some measure. Yes, in spite of his sloppy, badly made clothes, evidently made by a provincial tailor, he looked a splendid fellow. I can remember how the poet, Gustave Mathieu, having met him somewhere about town one day, with his collar flying and his coat all unbuttoned, came up to us still half deafened by the future tribune's animal-like roarings, crying, 'We've got another Jupiter! So much the worse for M. Vêto! Mirabeau has come to life again!'"

So he gradually struggles into manhood: with this outward disturbance, with a soul underneath it, as these letters show, passionate indeed in affection, but loving nature and his family, frugal, austere in living, grateful for human kindness. He is tired even as Deputy: continually demanding an impossible rest. Rest could only come to him with the grave. What he would have done had the great catastrophe not happened, it is impossible to conjecture. That he would have essayed violence is certain: that violence might have left him incompletely memorable as one of "twenty-four leaders of Revolution." But the challenge of the war, with its dominant demand for some tremendous and elemental force, in the midst of the wrecking of a whole stable society, found in him the one man adequate. Henceforth his life is the life of the young Republic, created in the main (as M. Hanotaux has affirmed) through his unquenchable energy. The old home affections continue, but letters become scarcer. A new star had arisen, Mme. Léon, upon whom he poured out all the passion of his soul, laying at her feet the whole-hearted devotion of one of the stormiest spirits which ever have animated human clay.

These letters will stand as some of the great love letters of the world. Those reserved for the old family home retain something of the undimmed affection of child for parent, in the years which bring tranquillity and serene old age to the one, to the other only endless labors in a task beyond men's endurance. "Alas, I am overwhelmed with work: the task is killing me," is the cry of one who felt often "an implacable need for rest." "I am beginning to feel a little better, but I am still in great need of rest, and especially silence," he writes in 1878. Three years afterwards, "I am confident that I shall soon confound all my enemies," is his hope, "and that I shall at last be able to take a few weeks' rest." Early in 1882—he was to die on the last day of that year—"from time to time I throw a glance athwart the terrible life which I am now leading, towards my home, and I dream that some day I shall be able to enjoy a well-earned rest." "I embrace you both a thousand thousand times," he writes to his old father and mother, "and remain for life the son who loves you." It is the year of his short-lived administration: the Ministry of All-the-Talents, which ended in hopeless collapse. His mother dies while he is making speeches from the tribune. Happiness at the end seemed within his grasp. Mme. Léon, after his political "fall," consented to be his wife. They were settling down in Balzac's "little Les Jardies," when an illness, to-day easily curable by a simple operation, suddenly silenced this astonishing and fiery spirit. He was buried in the Nice which is "at once the cradle of Garibaldi and the grave of Gambetta," the two men who more than any other, in the Europe which followed the Revolution, had revealed the absurdity of the use of the word "impossible" in human affairs.

ORDERS AND UNITY.*

HIGH Churchman as he is, the Bishop of Birmingham represents what must be regarded as a *Via Media*: he is suspect with the extremists of his own side. "Lux Mundi" was the Trojan horse of Anglican orthodoxy; and the treatise on "The Body of Christ" excited misgivings in the ranks of Sacerdotalists which are not yet allayed. To this must be added his attitude towards Disestablishment, and in general towards social questions. Were the hypothesis of double personality admissible, we might see in him a Mr. Hyde and a Dr. Jekyll, a medieval and a modern man. It is

* "Orders and Unity." By the Bishop of Birmingham. Murray. 3s. 6d. net.

possible that one of these will master the other; it is perhaps more probable that the conflict will remain unsolved. In either case, its presence gives a certain unexpectedness to utterances weighty both in themselves and by reason of the personality behind them. It is certain that what the Bishop says will be worth hearing; but it is never quite certain what he will say.

It is safe to prophesy that "Orders and Unity" will meet with a reception similar to that given to the works mentioned. It will neither satisfy those who think with Lord Halifax, nor be endorsed by scientific theologians. For the former it is at once too scholarly and too spiritual. "We can accept Dr. Lindsay's theory of origins," and, "to deny God's presence with them—the Protestant Churches—and His co-operation in their work and ministry, would seem to me to approach blasphemy against the Holy Ghost." On the other hand the episcopate is "an essential constituent of Christianity," "the necessary and divinely given link of continuity and cohesion in the Church universal." The two positions lie side by side unmediated. One or other, not both, can be maintained.

From the point of view of an English churchman, Bishop Gore's theory of episcopacy—it is the theory now, it must be admitted, in fashion—is of political rather than religious or theological significance. It was foreign to the reformers of the Tudor and to the theologians of the Stuart period. Orders, says Article 25, is "not to be counted a sacrament of the Gospel"; it has grown of "the corrupt following of the Apostles." The conditions of the ministry laid down in Article 23 are fulfilled in the non-episcopal churches; Article 36 affirms no more of the Ordinal "set forth in the time of Edward VI., and confirmed at the same time by authority of Parliament" than that it "doth contain all things necessary to such Consecration and Ordering (this against Rome), neither (as against the Puritans) hath it anything that of itself is superstitious and ungodly." This, it should be remembered, was the contention of Hooker. He argued not that episcopacy was necessary either to a true Church or a valid ministry, but that it was not unlawful, not a thing beyond the competence of a Church to accept and impose. So sound a churchman as Usher writes that "for the testifying my communion with those Churches (which I do love and honor as true members of the Church Universal) I do profess that with like affection I should receive the blessed sacrament at the hands of the Dutch ministers if I were in Holland, as I should do at the hands of the French ministers if I were at Charenton." The idea that the retention of the episcopal form of church government placed the Church of England on a different level from that of the foreign reformed churches was repudiated; Bancroft in 1610 refused to re-ordain Spottiswood and his colleagues, maintaining that "thereof there was no necessity, seeing where bishops could not be had the ordination given by presbyters must be esteemed lawful, otherwise it might be doubted if there were any lawful vocation in most of the reformed Churches." And the Act of Uniformity recognises the orders of non-episcopal churches by the provision that "the penalties in this Act shall not extend to foreigners or aliens of the foreign reformed Churches allowed, or to be allowed, by the King's majesty, his heirs and successors in England." In the future, Canon Henson reminds us, it was to be possible for non-episcopalians to hold preferment in the Church of England, "as Bucer, Peter Martyr, Saravia, Casaubon, and many others had done at an earlier period." Till Tractarianism, the view of the episcopate put forward by Bishop Gore was sporadic in the Church of England: if it has become endemic, it is because, on the one hand, the Oxford divines found it a short and easy method of dealing with dissent and Romanism, and, on the other, their knowledge was too uncritical to enable them to discern the weakness of the foundation on which it was built. The weapon was at once needless and ineffectual. To take a strong line against dissent it is not necessary (as the example of the Church of Scotland shows) to fall back upon sacerdotalism; the separatist temper—it is an open question whether it is more dominant in free than in established churches—is, as such, to be condemned. While history deals conclusively with the Roman attitude towards English orders, the controversialists who accept it are cutting away the branch on which they sit.

Birmingham boasts of two bishops, an Anglican and a Roman. If a wise man is asked whether either of these ecclesiastics can trace his spiritual ancestry to the Apostles by an unbroken series of episcopal ordinations, he will answer that it is exceedingly improbable; and that to suppose that any spiritual power is attached to such a succession is a pagan, not a Christian, idea. But the claim of the latter to regard the former as a "mere layman" admits of an easy reply. Nothing took place at the Reformation to break any succession which then existed, or to cause the English clergy to forfeit any power which this succession, such as it was, conveyed. And for this conclusive reason. The Reformation in this country was carried through not by divines—otherwise the English Church would almost certainly have been modelled on that of Geneva—but by statesmen whose purpose was, for political motives, to make the nation and the Church co-extensive. This purpose would have been effectually frustrated had a breach with the historical ministry been brought about. It can scarcely be supposed that the counsellors of Queen Elizabeth attached much value to Apostolical succession as such; but it was so necessary for them, on political grounds, to preserve it, that it is impossible to doubt that it was preserved. Any succession, therefore, which the Roman clergy possess, the English clergy possess equally; nor is any power which we may conceive as attached to this succession wanting to the English Church of our own day.

Bishop Gore treats the question from a larger standpoint than the Anglican. He is too scholarly to overlook, and too sincere to dissimulate, the facts brought out by such writers as Lightfoot, Hatch, Sohm, and Lindsay: yet only by such means as these, it seems to us, can his conclusions be reached; another view of the matter is indicated by the premises which he admits. That Christianity is not individualistic; that it was conceived by its Founder and His followers as social; that, not indeed a priesthood, but a ministry was part of its conception; that, imminent as the Parousia was believed to be, the work of evangelisation was to be carried on till the Master's coming—all this is true. But the writer's keen spiritual sense is hampered by, and in unconscious conflict with, a conception of Christianity which is not spiritual, as his learning struggles with a reading of history which is not historical.

Principal Lindsay's suggestive analogy between the Church of the first age and the missionary communities of our own day is the key to much of the history of ecclesiastical organisation, and meets the objections raised by the Bishop to the view commonly held by Protestant scholars with regard to the development of the official out of the charismatic ministry. In India, he writes:—

"One seemed to be transported back to the early centuries, and to see what the earliest writers had recounted and described. Portions of the 'Didache,' of the 'Apostolic Canons,' of the 'Canons of Hippolytus' were living practices there."

Bishop Gore's view, it seems to us, is one from which the growth of knowledge, of morality, and of the religious sense have led, and are leading, men surely, and no longer slowly, away. It is certain that the world is not going back to it; to insist on it is to widen the already too threatening gulf between the clerical and the lay mind. If the former is right, the consequence, grave as it is, must be accepted. But before theologians incur it, let them be certain that it must of necessity be incurred.

SIERRA LEONE.*

To speak with authority, and not as the tourists, is the best qualification for the author of any book on a foreign land, provided that he speaks at all. That is where the trouble often comes in. To the old resident the scene has become so familiar that he does not see it, or his knowledge has become so minute that he cannot tell it. So it happens that the hurrying tourist often gives us the best picture of little-visited countries, because he sees and says everything with the freshness of ignorance and unfamiliarity. But, after all, the man who knows is best, provided, as we

said, that he is not blind or dumb. And certainly Mr. Alldridge is neither. If this excellent account of Sierra Leone has a fault, it is that, especially in the earlier chapters, almost too much is seen and told. There are pages that read like the diary of an enthusiastic young lady who has taken a trip to "the Coast" and sees a black race for the first time. Yet, behind every word, Mr. Alldridge sets the experience of nearly forty years.

For nearly forty years he has played his part in that Crown Colony of evil repute. As Travelling Commissioner and District Commissioner, he has guided its fortunes and watched its progress since 1871; and now, as he passes the years in review, his verdict on the result is that all is very good. Not quite all, perhaps. Like everyone else who visits the West Coast or penetrates into the basin of the Niger, he laments the decay of the best native arts under competition with European imports. You still may find the beautiful fabrics ornamented with native stripes and patterns, and colored with immutable dyes—such fabrics as the red-walled city of Kano used to produce in immense abundance, and still produces—but it is a vanishing industry. The cheap and flimsy hideousness of Lancashire and Germany is fast driving it out, and in a few years it will be extinct, as the fine muslin of Eastern Bengal, similarly exterminated in the name of the trade that follows the flag. So it is that our Imperial possessions always lose the skill, the art, the sense of beauty that long ages of their separate life have evolved in them, and tend to become mere fields for producing the raw materials for our ugly and worthless goods.

Mr. Alldridge is quite aware of the loss, but he does not dwell too much upon it. We take him to be a man of happy and sanguine disposition (he has even a good word for gramophones), and what he enjoys narrating is the real progress of the Colony in the ways of peace and good order—the railway, the hospital, the law courts, the food supply, and, above all, the increasing production of palm oil and kernels, which form the broad basis of trade in Sierra Leone, as in all our West Coast Colonies. He never tires of extolling the remarkable advances along these lines since his first arrival, and he foretells all manner of possible developments, such as the growth of cocoa, lately introduced on the Gold Coast with a success that proves it can be cultivated perfectly well by free African labor, in place of the slavery of San Thomé.

Equally from this volume and his previous work on "The Sherbro and its Hinterland," which has for some years been a classic for "the Coast," we form an opinion of the author as the best type of British official in savage lands—kindly and sympathetic, watching the interests of the natives at least as carefully as his own country's, a little heavy, perhaps, and slow in imagination, but scrupulous in details, and honest above suspicion. It is a high character for governing officials to bear, and it remains the only chance, the only excuse, for an Empire's continuance. For the author of a book like this it is the best recommendation, and the whole account is written with peculiar modesty, carefulness of knowledge, and an intimate acquaintance with the native mind that can only come with sympathy.

Except for traders and governors, the most interesting part of the volume will certainly be the chapters dealing with native customs and beliefs. All such things are, no doubt, slowly changing, slowly disappearing, though they seem likely long to survive the native arts and industries. But up to now they have not altered much, and it is very noticeable what a close resemblance in certain customs persists over nearly the whole of Africa. The present writer, for instance, when in West Central Africa, some distance south of the Equator, has come upon rites of initiation for boys and girls very nearly the same as the ceremonies here described in Sierra Leone, and a similar ritual is to be found in Mozambique and the East Central Coast. Yet wide divisions of race, as well as of space, lie between the tribes, and if there is a common origin for the rites, it must be very remote. It may be said that, after all, the initiation of boys and girls at a certain age is a very natural ceremony, and likely to be universal; we ourselves, in fact, retain a strictly religious form of it in Confirmation; the Romans retained a political or social form in the assumption of man's dress. That may be so, though it is strange that the Bundu and Poro (girls' and boys' mysteries) should everywhere be accompanied by almost exactly the same secretion in forests

* "A Transformed Colony." By T. J. Alldridge, I.S.O. Seeley & Co. 16s. net.

for weeks together, ecstatic dancing, and in most cases, we believe, by the painting of the body in stripes and the mummery of imitation devils. The devils, however, are certainly most at home on the West Coast, and in that congenial atmosphere we may leave them. As to the game called "Warre" in Sierra Leone—a simple mixture of backgammon and "Archer Up"—we do not know how to account for its prevalence through nearly the whole continent, unless, like drink, it is too fascinating to remain hidden from the native mind.

All the extraordinary conglomeration of symbolism and cruel nonsense that we class as Fetishism still remains almost unaltered throughout the Coast and its Hinterland.

"Fetish," says Mr. Alldridge, "is still the most powerful agency at work in this part of Africa. Whether civilising influences will ever be able to dig down to the tap-root is one of the complex problems which only the future can solve; at present Pagan and Mohammedan are alike enslaved by it, and even when the native professes Christianity it is very difficult for him to shake himself free from its subtle and all-pervading influence."

It was to maintain the horrible Fetish medicine, called Bofimor, prepared from human fat, that the society of "Human Leopards" was inaugurated about twenty years ago. But we are surprised to learn that, in spite of the efforts at the end of last century, described in the author's former book, the society still exists, and from time to time one of its members, disguised in leopard skins, leaps unexpectedly upon a victim, causing instant death by plunging a three-pronged knife into the back of the neck. In this admirable account of one of the least known, but most interesting, of our native colonies, the author displays his minute and careful knowledge of much that is almost equally strange alike in the habits of animals and men.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AS A GIRL.*

MR. MUMBY has made a popular and attractive book by putting together practically all the extant letters written by, to, or concerning Queen Elizabeth during the first twenty-five years of her life. The subject is perennially interesting, for no English queen exercised so great a personal influence upon English history, or possessed a character so strong and yet so subtle. She was unique in other respects; no English sovereign had so severe an apprenticeship, or served a term behind the Traitor's Gate before being elevated to the throne. From her earliest years she had to wear a mask, and the habit clung to her through life, and even these letters do not enable us to pierce the disguises which shrouded the development of her mind. There is some approach to frankness in the letters here reprinted from Miss Strickland, who translated them from Gregorio Leti's "Life of Queen Elizabeth"; but Mr. Rait is too cautious when in his introduction he merely states that "they cannot be accepted without reserve." Leti was a prolific scribbler, who lived in the latter half of the seventeenth century, wrote books as numerous as the years he lived, and made no pretence to historical scholarship. He garnished his romances with letters containing not what his heroes and heroines wrote, but what he thought they would have been likely to write under the circumstances; and his critical apparatus provided inadequate checks on the flight of his imagination.

Thus, when Elizabeth was not yet four years old, he ascribes to her a letter written to Queen Jane Seymour on July 31st, 1537, in which the child is made to say:—

"I am under great obligation to the King, my father, for so often giving me news of your health, but if he should forget to inform me I should not take it ill, provided he will let me hear from time to time of the child who is so soon to be born to him. If I should be there when he comes into the world, I do not know how I should keep myself from giving him a good beating in revenge for the pain he has made you suffer!"

The ingenious Leti has apparently transformed a letter actually written by Elizabeth to Catherine Parr in 1548, but only dated July 31st, into one written to Jane Seymour eleven years earlier. Most of Leti's productions have even less historical foundation; in one of them he makes Elizabeth say that she only heard of Philip's marriage with Mary

"several months" after it had taken place; and the love letters of Elizabeth and Courtenay are palpable forgeries. We should therefore translate Mr. Rait's caution that these letters "cannot be accepted without reserve" into an admonition to reject them without hesitation.

Another of Mr. Rait's warnings, *i.e.*, that relating to the defects in the calendars of State Papers (p. xx.), has been somewhat ignored by Mr. Mumby, for he reproduces letters from the calendars even when the full text is accessible in print; for example, in the Spanish "Documentos Inéditos," or in Kervyn de Lettenhove's "Relations Politiques des Pays-Bas et de l'Angleterre"; while others are given from Froude's version of the "Granville Papers," although those papers have been printed and are to be found in many libraries. Nor have the original MSS. in the British Museum, Record Office, or Bodleian been used to any extent, the letters being almost invariably reprinted from previously published texts. On the other hand, Mr. Mumby has done good service by reproducing the neglected "Bedingfield Papers," the most important source for Elizabeth's history under Queen Mary; and it is convenient to have all the materials collected in a handy volume.

They do not, as we have said, solve the problems of Elizabeth's youth. The extent to which she was compromised with Protector Somerset's brother, the Lord High Admiral; the reasons why Lady Jane Grey and not Elizabeth was chosen as Northumberland's tool; the exact relations between Elizabeth and Courtenay; her complicity in Wyatt's plots; and her attitude towards religious doctrine, all remain obscure. Mr. Mumby quotes, but does not discuss the *provenance* of, Elizabeth's well-known quatrain on the subject of the Mass:—

Christ was the word that spake it:
He took the bread and brake it;
And what His word did make it
That I believe and take it.

It was a clever subterfuge, characteristic of Elizabeth; and we stand in respectful amazement at Bishop Creighton's comment, which Mr. Mumby quotes: "It was a saying, the theological truth of which has become more apparent as controversy on the point has progressed." The theological truth of a statement which may mean anything or nothing is, of course, indisputable; and no politician has excelled Elizabeth in the invaluable capacity for framing non-committal phrases.

MR. CHESTERTON'S LATEST NOVEL.*

HEROIC farce—extravagant, grotesque, eloquent, frantic sometimes in its appearance of lunacy, sometimes in its appearance of a certain sanity, judging and condemning the madness of mankind—such is Mr. Chesterton's latest exploit in the realms of fiction. "The Ball and the Cross" contains many chapters of striking symbolism, mingled with chapters of symbolism whose meaning altogether defies the reader. It comprehends in many conversations much of the Chestertonian philosophy—his passionate affection for certain old elemental things, his passionate hatred of certain would-be teachers of mankind. Dreams and miracles follow each other across the stage. The last scene ends in the conflagration of a gigantic asylum, in which most of the characters of the story have been incarcerated owing to a veracity which appears pathological to the world outside. The irrelevance and confusion resembles one of Mr. Bernard Shaw's later plays. The difference is in action. In Mr. Shaw's play the characters talk and nothing happens. In Mr. Chesterton's fantasy everything happens—and the characters go on talking. In a wild manhunt across England and the Channel Islands, with hairbreadth escapes from the police, motor adventures, yachting adventures, and every form of exhilarating new Arabian night adventures in secure suburban or rural byeways, the chief characters carry on a perpetual dialogue as to the existence of God or the meaning of the Universe. The whole book—baffling as much of it is—holds the attention of the reader. In texture much of it is perfect. Mr. Chesterton scatters with a liberal hand—"like wealthy men who care not how they give." In the midst of the whirlwind and riot of farce, he will set

* "The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth: a Narrative in Contemporary Letters." By Frank A. Mumby. With an Introduction by Robert S. Rait, M.A. Constable. 10s. 6d. net.

* "The Ball and the Cross." By Gilbert K. Chesterton. Wells Gardner. 6s.

descriptions of scenery, dawns and sunsets, a touch of character, the picture of a woman's face, in which "anything that was heavy in all this was abruptly lightened by two large light china-blue eyes, lightened all of a sudden, as if it had been lifted into the air by two big butterflies." And the critic feels a sense of exasperation against a genius which sprawls itself away in so impossible a medley of suggestion and extravagance and fantasy, for lack of a control which might create a work of permanent appeal.

There is a huge sense of jollity in the writing of it, and that jollity carries the reader through to the end. All Mr. Chesterton's favorite affirmations are here propounded, and most of them, at least for the moment, convincingly. The glory of the sum of things and of every separate particle of them, the superiority of effort over attainment, the blindness and madness of all atheisms and life denials, the essential insanity of much that calls itself "modern"—from Tolstoians who condemn Combat for any causes, to stoutish sedentary writers who gobble oysters and demand Blood—all these, the subject of not unfrequent essays, help to form material for these endless conversations. Professor Lucifer as "incarnate evil" appears at the beginning on a flying ship sailing over St. Paul's Cathedral. He is a kind of combination of rationalist and scientist—the spirit of the scientist-socialist organised millenium of the days to come. He is armed with tools—"the ancient human tools gone mad, grown into unrecognisable shapes, forgetful of their origin, forgetful of their names." His passenger is an old monk, fished up with a lasso out of a back garden in Western Bulgaria. In a fog the airship strikes St. Paul's Cathedral. Lucifer, enraged at Michael's arguments, hurls him out on the cross above the ball. The monk sets himself "to climb up into a star," and is promptly arrested and spirited away to the lunatic asylum where all the characters gather at the last.

Immediately, to the shop window of "The Atheist" at Ludgate Hill, decorated with pictorial blasphemies with which everyone had become bored, there comes the one man in Britain who believed. Brought up as a strict Roman Catholic and Jacobite in the Western Highlands, Evan Maclan saw the things as illusion which most men thought real, the things as real which most men could never see at all.

"On that fantastic fringe of the Gaelic land where he walked as a boy, the cliffs were as fantastic as the clouds. Heaven seemed to humble itself and come closer to earth. The common paths of his little village began to climb quite suddenly and seemed resolved to go to heaven. The sky seemed to fall down towards the hills; the hills took hold upon the sky. In the sumptuous sunset of gold and purple and peacock green, cloudlets and islets were the same. Evan . . . understood the supernatural before he understood the natural. He had looked at dim angels standing knee-deep in the grass before he looked at the grass. He knew that Our Lady's robes were blue before he knew the wild roses round her feet were red. All through his life he thought of the daylight world as a sort of divine debris, the broken remainder of his first vision."

Seeing with a fury of amazement some insult to the Mother of God in the Atheist's shop-window, he smashes the glass. The only man who whole-heartedly believes, finds himself confronted with the only man who whole-heartedly denies. In the rest of the book they are making frantic efforts to fight out the eternal quarrel against the organised opposition of a fat, contented civilisation, which desires nothing less than the revival of the ancient elemental challenge about ultimate things. After repeated astonishing escapes, the two duellists find themselves safely inside the lunatic asylum; where the Jacobite is confronted with one lunatic who announces himself as Edward VII., and immediately attacks him as a usurper: while the Atheist makes a frantic impeachment of the handiwork of the Deity to a lunatic who calls himself God. Committed on account of their fundamental sanity to the lowest dungeons of the asylum—clean polished cells, where everything is performed by machinery: the kind of spiritual universe to which the world of the future would naturally commit anything so irrational as the affirmation of belief or disbelief—they discover here Michael the monk, buried alive, an "idiot," the wisest and happiest man on earth.

In the end the lunatic asylum is consumed by fire. An attempt is made to rescue the "idiot" in the cell at the bottom of it. "Fool, come out and save yourself," calls out the Atheist. "Father," cries the

believer, "come out and save us all." Then comes the miracle. The forest of flames slopes, one side towards the inland heights, one towards the sea. "As the echoes of Evan's last appeal rang and died in the universal uproar, the fiery vault over his head opened down the middle, and reeling back in two great golden billows, hung on each side as huge and harmless as two sloping hills lie on each side of a valley. Down the centre of this trough or chasm a little path ran, cleared of all but ashes. And down this little path was walking a little old man, singing as if he were alone in a wood in spring."

They kneel as he goes; but no one sees his face. The flames flare to heaven, catch Lucifer's disappearing airship, send the bodies of the doctors who had escaped with him crashing into the fire. "They are not lost," says Evan; "they are saved. He has taken away no souls with him, after all." And "there among the ashes lay two shining things that had survived the fire, his sword and Turnbull's, fallen haphazard in the pattern of a Cross."

So—in a vision of mystery difficult of interpretation—ends this extraordinary work. Earlier in the volume Lucifer had shown each of the combatants in a dream a vision of his heart's desire. Evan sees the revival of the old age of religious chivalry in London: "the Kings have come back to us"; the dome and the Cross of St. Paul's are guarded by a triple row of knights in armor; the ball has disappeared. But in the street below he sees a ruler on horseback, knighted and plumed, striking an old man with the flat of his sword. "Discipline for the whole society," says Lucifer, "is more important than justice to the individual"; and Evan knows that the vision is of the devil—not of God. Turnbull is borne to the future—to the accomplishment of the Revolution he desires. There is St. Paul's—with the ball still standing erect, the Cross stricken sideways. The reformer is exultant at the opening of "the last war of the world." But he finds East London being consumed in flames by the triumphant revolutionists. "Dr. Hertz has convinced everybody," says his guide, "that nothing can really be done with the real slums. His maxim has been adopted: 'No men should be unemployed. Employ the employables. Destroy the unemployables.' 'We are improving life by removing lives.' 'New lives for old. Good lives for bad.' And then Turnbull knew also that it was the devil who was speaking; and cursed him by the Gods in whom he disbelieved."

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW" for March begins with two articles on the election, one by Mr. E. T. Cook and the other by Colonel D. C. Pedder. Mr. Cook gives statistical tables of the votes recorded in the elections, and argues in favor of the adoption by the Liberal Party of a scheme of reform of the House of Lords, and also for the necessity of making the Veto subsidiary to the Budget. Since Mr. Cook wrote, both these schemes have been overruled, to the great gain of the Liberal Party. Under the title of "Intensive Electioneering," Colonel Pedder speaks strongly of the pressure brought to bear on the voters during the election, especially in agricultural districts. His conclusion is that "money, position, and power can be used, and have been used, to construct an engine of compulsion which is practically irresistible. Its mechanism will be perfected by the experience of this election, and the next dissolution will find Tory organisation so complete as absolutely to defy opposition." Colonel Pedder argues that unless legislation is introduced to curb that power, the Liberal Party can only look forward to certain defeat. Mr. Laurence Jerrold describes the condition of Paris after the flood, and Mr. Ferdinand L. Leipnik discusses the nature of the Ottoman Empire. The German Press Bureau forms the subject of an article by Mr. G. V. Williams. Mr. Williams holds that such an organisation would be an anachronism in a country where newspapers kept abreast of the times, but he is of opinion that "there is no civilised country, except perhaps Austria, where the Press stands on so low a level, both socially and commercially, as in Germany." To the Government the Press Bureau is a valuable instrument, since it enables it to set the tone of public opinion, while the newspapers themselves are so poor

FICTION

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that they cannot afford independent news-agencies. Mr. Williams's general verdict on the institution is that, despite some advantages, it is reactionary, and "a hindrance both to the ripening of the German to political maturity and to the advance of the Empire in modern political development." Dr. E. J. Dillon contributes his usual article on foreign affairs, laying stress this month upon the financial difficulties of the European Governments.

* * *

THE most interesting article in "The Fortnightly Review" bears the title "Black Bread and Blatchford," and is signed "Journalist." The writer is severe on the conduct of both political parties during the elections, though he admits that the Black Bread argument, if a mistake, was at least used by the friends of Free Trade from an undoubted desire "to defend a threatened position by means of irrefutable facts." As regards Mr. Blatchford's agitation, "Journalist" writes: "Mr. Blatchford's pamphlet is still in circulation, and is perhaps only at the beginning of its mischievous work. It is enough and to spare, however, for the present that Mr. Balfour, conceiving it necessary after some hesitation to toe Mr. Blatchford's line, has uttered at Hanley that masterpiece of equivocation, which has been received in Germany with something more uncomfortably like cool contempt than one could wish for the speeches of a British statesman; and that Lord Cromer, whose sense of justice and prudence has successfully made head for many years against an ingrained Teutophobia, has, by publicly praising Mr. Blatchford's work, damaged a reputation for statesmanship that was world-wide, and was almost as great in Germany as among ourselves." Mr. Sydney Brooks contributes a rather detached article on "Liberalism and the Crisis," laying stress on the dependence of the Government on the Irish vote. Mr. J. F. Macdonald writes in interesting style on "M. Edmond Rostand and 'Chantecler,'" and other noteworthy articles are "A Visit to Bohemia" by Mr. G. S. Street, "The Italian Circle at Holland House" by Miss Ethel M. de Foublanque, and "The Clergy and the Marriage Law," by Mr. Herbert Ives. The number contains a further instalment of Meredith's "Celt and Saxon."

* * *

MESSRS. HACHETTE issue English translations of the Joanne's Guide-Books for Cannes and Mentone (1 fr. each). Joanne's guide-books are so well known that they need no praise. In the present issue the maps and illustrations are clearly printed, and the little books will be found useful by English visitors to these districts.

The Week in the City.

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APART from the Stock Exchange activity in rubber and oil, the attention of the City is still fixed upon our national finances. The Bank has decided to go on deducting income tax, in spite of the continued suspension of the Budget. But there is a general desire for regularisation; though no doubt individuals (especially those interested in breweries) would dearly like to see the Budget (or some of its parts) come to grief. I am told that our licensed traders have been threatening whisky distillers in Ireland with a boycott if the Irish Nationalists vote for the Budget. The story shows the desperate anxiety of the trade, for it must know that such a threat is worthless. Those who want Irish whisky will have it; and besides, Ireland offends less against the Trade than Scotland or Wales. For there are twenty Irish Unionists and ten Factionists from Ireland to vote against the Budget.

There has been some set back in rubber shares and rubber speculation this week and possibly the top of the boom has now been passed. But it is not a mere speculation bubble like so many of the manias and excitements which periodically visit the Stock Exchange, and carry even

experienced members off their legs. The rubber boom is primarily caused by the fact that rubber consumption has advanced far more rapidly than rubber production in the last few years. If the price of rubber per lb. averages only half its present figure for the next few years, most of the honestly financed rubber plantations will pay good dividends. But then, of course, they are not all honestly or competently financed. Luckily, the rubber speculation has not been in the usual "carry over" style. Borrowing facilities have not been readily extended. In fact, the rubber boom has been largely in the nature of speculative investment. Although the Bank statement on Thursday revealed a much reduced reserve and was followed by a tightening of money rates, there is no sign of disquietude on the Stock Exchange. Evidently the nation is prosperous, and plenty of money is coming forward for investment. Home industries will get their share of attention when the rubber and oil booms have subsided. Speculation is rampant in the City. One authority told me that every City man he met was speculating in something or other. Everyone seems to be giving or receiving tips. The turf is neglected. Fine gentlemen and ladies are all engaged in small or great "flutters." In intervals of relaxation they find time to abuse the Government.

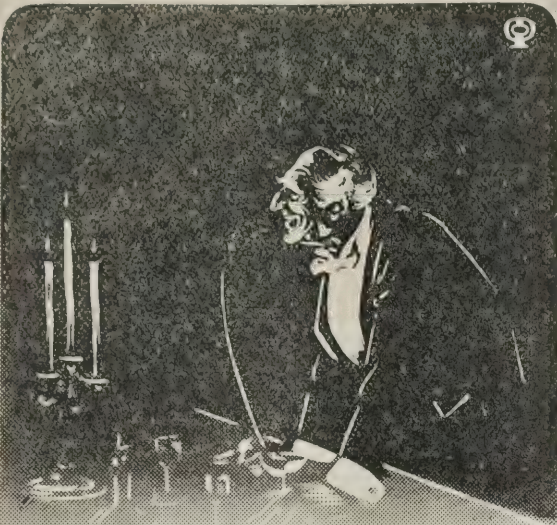
THE BUDGET.

Now that the supplementary estimates are in full swing and the magnitude of public waste upon armaments is becoming apparent, the necessity for Mr. Lloyd George's Budget is more urgent than ever. It is therefore highly satisfactory to learn from the Prime Minister that the Budget is to be introduced before the spring recess. Otherwise the arrears of Income tax and licence duties would be very difficult to collect. Mr. Gibson Bowles had suggested that the Income tax should be dealt with separately. But to have done this would have been a surrender of the modern principle of the Budget. The City was very full of Mr. Asquith's failure to pass the Budget, and the interest of the Tory journals and City editors was becoming quite remarkable. They are now in a great difficulty, unless they can persuade the Irish to throw over the best financial business that Ireland has ever been offered.

RUBBER SHARES AND RUBBER TRADES.

With prospectuses of small rubber plantation companies coming out at the rate of four or five a day, the probability that investors will be swindled right and left has become a certainty. No one, of course, ought to invest a penny in any new company of this sort unless he knows that the directors are both practical and honest men, and that they can be trusted to spend his money economically and efficiently. Under the best conditions it will be several years before one of the new companies can distribute a dividend. If I am any judge of City manias a crop of scandals will precede the crop of rubber. For any good and well-conducted company, however, the prospects are excellent, for rubber is proving a most valuable and even indispensable raw material in countless modern industries. Its uses are rapidly multiplying, and it is amazing that consumption continues on such a scale after the price has doubled. The way in which Free Trade England has grabbed and absorbed this most profitable of new industries (a veritable Rand) should give pause to those who mourn over the decadence of British enterprise. Since 1880 our imports of rubber have grown from 169,000 cwt. to over 700,000 cwt., of which nearly 400,000 are re-exported to all parts of the world. Liverpool and London are the two great rubber ports, rubber warehouses, and rubber marts. In the same period (since 1880) our manufactures of rubber have grown nearly fourfold; for in 1880 the home consumption of rubber was only 82,000 cwt., whereas now it amounts to over 300,000 cwt. Raw rubber, as everyone knows, is partly wild, partly tame. Most of the "wild" rubber comes from Brazil, most of the "tame" from the new British plantations in the Straits Settlements. But the proportion of "wild" to "tame" is still about ten to one. The biggest share in the consumption of rubber is now taken by tyres for motors, bicycles, and other vehicles, including perambulators. Then come rubber shoes and water-proofings of all kinds; then telegraph cables, belts, medical apparatus, elastics, and golf balls.

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accom-
panied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts
no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE counter attack on the House of Commons, which the Unionist Party is organising as a set-off to the Liberal assault on the Veto, was opened on Friday week by Mr. Balfour in the City. He pronounced for a Senate—designed to remedy the great defect of the present House of Lords, which was that it lacked, not "efficiency," but "strength." "I do not want," said Mr. Balfour, "a better Second Chamber. I want a stronger Second Chamber." By some miracle of constructive ingenuity this body was not to "suck" virtue from the House of Commons, and yet was to be powerful enough to represent "not the passing mood of the people," but its "permanent wishes." He threatened that a future Tory Party would undo a Liberal restriction of the Veto, but confined his outline of methods to a hint that the new Chamber must be independent of the party machine and the party spirit.

* * *

ON Wednesday Lord Rosebery seconded the assault by giving notice of his reform resolutions which he is to move in Committee on Monday. They run as follows:—

(1) That a strong and efficient Second Chamber is not merely an integral part of the British Constitution, but necessary to the well-being of the State and the balance of Parliament.

(2) That a Second Chamber can best be obtained by reforming the House of Lords.

(3) That the necessary preliminary of such a reform and reconstitution is the acceptance of the principle that the possession of a peerage shall no longer in itself give the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords.

The last resolution may simply mean a mild extension of the principle of Representative Peers as it now ob-

tains in Scotland and Ireland, not a wholesale clearance of "backwoodsmen." If this were contemplated, these gentlemen might show Lord Rosebery that a Lord was a Lord for a' that. But Lord Rosebery's legislative children are mostly short-lived, even if they do not perish in the birth-throe.

* * *

IN answer to these manœuvrings, the Government have taken a vigorous step for restoring the full power of the House of Commons over finance, and therefore over the Executive. Acting as "House of Commons men," even more directly than as Ministers, they have reverted to the old and proper practice of passing a Vote on Account for a short period, instead of for six months. This was the custom before 1896, when Mr. Balfour, who more than any statesman has weakened the House's control over the Executive, substituted for it votes which put the House at his mercy for the greater part of the Session.

* * *

THE Government now propose to give themselves (or their successors) a short run of supply, lasting from April 1st till the middle of May. The Chancellor properly made no secret as to the motive of this tactic. It ties every Government to the House of Commons, and will prevent Mr. Balfour, if he comes in, ruling by the House of Lords, independently of the body which alone has a right to make and unmake Ministries. "We do not think it expedient," said the Chancellor, "to invite the House of Commons at this stage to arm the Executive with funds that would make it practically independent of the House of Commons, as far as funds are concerned, for more than that very crucial period in its history." (i.e., the interval between April 1st and May 15th.)

* * *

THIS simple precaution, like every fresh reminder and penalty of the act of November 30, naturally drove the Opposition to fury, for it cripples their power to take office till the Commons get back their rights. Mr. Chamberlain, who in Mr. Balfour's unfortunate and we are afraid prolonged absence, acts for the leaderless, called it "a shabby game," the meaning of which was that the Government would leave a "financial morass" for their successors. "You and the Lords," retorted Mr. Bowles, "dugged the morass on advice from Birmingham, where they provide false gods for the heathen and false policies for British statesmen." Lord Hugh Cecil said this was the first instance of the Commons withholding Supply since the time of Charles I.—an ominous and quite apposite reference. Mr. Lloyd George again made the appropriate reply: The Government were only doing what Lord Hugh Cecil's father did, but they wanted to be rid of the financial interference of the Lords, and were determined that the Tories and their fellow-conspirators in the representative House should not do without the financial interference of the House of Commons.

* * *

ON Monday, Lord Lansdowne preferred a touching plea for the immediate resuscitation of the Budget which he killed last November. No doubt its rejection had

put finance "out of joint," but as "reasonable and patriotic people" the Lords wanted to minimise the mischief. They thought only of the taxpayers. Unfortunately, the Government thought only of party. Why should not one part of the Budget be dealt with apart from the rest, and bits of it at least sent up to the House that was panting to pass it? Lord Lansdowne carefully refrained from pledging himself to support the Budget as it stood. To this Lord Crewe replied that if the Government attempted to cut up the Budget and thus destroy the Commons' control of it, their followers' chassepots would go off of themselves. The Lord Chancellor added that the financial trouble and the necessity of borrowing were "created wholly and solely by the unprecedented and, as I think, constitutionally unjustifiable interference of this House by throwing out the Budget of last year." Lord St. Aldwyn suggested the mild course that the Commons should pass resolutions legalising the collection of the income tax. But by the action of the Peers last November the validity of such resolutions has been destroyed.

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THE Liberal Party has reason for grave concern in the Army and Navy Estimates. The first have reached £27,760,000, and show an increase over last year of £325,000. All this and more goes to the increased cost of the Territorials, whose establishment now stands at over 312,000, with an actual strength of 271,000. Mr. Haldane thanked the Lords Lieutenant and the newspapers, Liberal and Tory, which had contributed to this result. But he threw no real light on two important problems of Army organisation. The first was the increase which he has brought about in the old Stanhope standard of the strength of our expeditionary force, which, over twenty years ago, was fixed at two army corps. Mr. Haldane replied that he had settled this strength at a point between Tory and Liberal policy. He gave a number of reasons for keeping 11,000 men in the very expensive South African station. The most persuasive of these appears to be that the men will be useful either for trouble in India or, if not in India, in Egypt, and that, in any case, South Africa wanted to retain them, and that it was not convenient for them to go. The truth probably is that they are kept in South Africa because if they were sent home the Army would have to be reduced.

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MORE serious still are the Navy Estimates. They show a total of £40,603,700. This the "Daily Mail" proudly describes as a "record," and, in fact, it exhibits an increase of £5,461,000 over last year's Estimates. New construction alone is to cost £13,279,830. Nearly twelve millions of this total will be devoted to "Dreadnoughts" now on the stocks, and to the four "contingent" ships begun this April, and less than a million and a half is for a new and additional programme. This proves to be of the most extensive character. Five more "Dreadnoughts"—four battleships and one nominal cruiser, we imagine—are to be constructed, two by the dockyards and three by private contract. These vessels will be ready at the end of 1912, or the beginning of 1913, so that it is probable that at that time we shall possess 27 or 29 "Dreadnoughts" to Germany's thirteen, in addition to overwhelming power in other ships! In addition to these monsters, we are to build five protected cruisers, twenty destroyers, and a number of submarines, while we are experimenting with an airship. The Estimates, says the Parliamentary Correspondent of the "Chronicle," "sent a shiver through the Lobby." But apparently the Liberal Party will

only shiver. A still more characteristic comment was that of a Liberal member, "Awful, but please don't mention my name."

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THE London County Council elections have practically overthrown the only "Moderate" Council which the constituencies ever chose. The "Municipal Reformers," so called because they are neither municipalists nor reformers, went into the fight with a majority of forty (seventy-nine to thirty-nine), and returned from it with one of two (sixty to fifty-eight). This they can increase by taking all the aldermen they can get, but their power is gone. They appear to feel this, for they have invited the Progressives to meet them in conference, and discuss the means of governing the Council on non-party lines. Watch-dogs have had these invitations before, and usually have the sense to decline them. The Progressives must not forget that they have still to win back middle-class London to its old allegiance to their banners. It is disgusted with the wrecking of the "reformers," but it has not recovered its zeal for a forward policy. Only about fifty-three per cent. of the electors voted, and the discredited party retains a majority of votes. But the Progressives have to recapture constituencies of the type of Clapham, Brixton, Norwood, and Chelsea, in order to reinforce the strong industrial vote which they have received from North and East London and the inner Southern divisions where the work-people live.

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SIR GEORGE WHITE, the leader of the Nonconformist Party, made a strong protest on Thursday against the Government's continued acquiescence in the state of the Congo. It was clear that the Belgian Government neither meant nor desired reform, and were practically setting Europe at defiance. Sir Edward Grey could promise nothing, except that the annexation of the Congo would not yet be recognised, which is a mere form. He suggested that the hope of awaking Belgian sense of responsibility still existed, but produced no scrap of evidence to show that this was the case. The more "Dreadnoughts" we build, the weaker our foreign policy becomes, so far as any moral purpose is concerned.

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ON Wednesday, to the general surprise, Nicholas Tchaykowsky was dismissed by his Russian judges with a verdict of "Not proven." His companion, the aged Madame Breshkowsky, who had avowed her connection with the Socialist Revolutionary Party, and gloried in it, was exiled to Siberia. It is more than two years since Mr. Tchaykowsky, an exile who usually lives near London, was arrested, somewhat disguised and carrying a false passport, as he was leaving St. Petersburg. He was flung into the fortress prison of St. Peter and Paul, and few of his friends, remembering his record as one of the founders of the revolutionary movement of the 'seventies, expected that he would be tried at all. But an influential petition from his American and English friends, backed by several newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic, convinced the autocracy that it had to deal with a man whose character had won for him a high position abroad. He was even released on bail of £5,000. The trial has been conducted in secret, but it was generally known that the chief witness was a spy ex-criminal, a man who had been convicted of murder and brigandage before, and of perjury after he joined the police. Other witnesses were conveniently absent. It should not be assumed that the procedure of Russian political trials has improved because Mr. Tchaykowsky has been acquitted. Few prisoners who

come before these courts are well known abroad. No great harm ever comes to the Tolstoyes, or the Gorkys. It is the obscure and friendless who pay.—There is once more talk of a political crisis. All the centre parties in the Duma, including even the Octobrists, have been solemnly telling M. Stolypin that things are at a standstill, and that reform is impossible. A general election is accordingly proposed. What is wanted is rather a "purge" in Court circles.

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THE opening of the new Diet in Finland marks a new stage in one of the most serious conflicts which Europe is likely to witness this century. There is, we are afraid, reason to suppose that the solemn Act of Assurance at the Diet of Borgo, sanctioning the separate Finnish Constitution signed by Alexander I. and confirmed by succeeding Czars, may be torn up. It is not promising that so many stories of Finnish plots are being scattered among European newspapers. At the same time a few German and Russian international lawyers, whose names would not, we fear, be immediately recognised in the Universities of Europe, have been persuaded to state that Finland is a mere province or "border territory" of Russia, with no right to rule herself. Arguments supporting this theory are hardly serious, but its appearance at this hour is much more significant. Surely Russia will not take a step that must seriously embroil her with British opinion.

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THE Berlin Socialists carried out their "franchise walk" on Sunday with perfect success. The police held Treptow Park in force, mounted and afoot, rural and urban. Some feints were made against it, and one group of demonstrators had a taste of the quality of the police, who fired into it, though its behaviour was perfectly orderly, and wounded as many as twenty-five persons by bullet or sabre. Meanwhile, the real demonstration took place where the police had least expected it, in the Tiergarten, on the very steps of the Siegessäule, and in front of the Reichstag. Speeches were made, the Marseillaise was sung, and the crowd quietly dispersed before reinforcements could arrive. The affair proves three things—(1) that a crowd of tens of thousands of men can keep a secret, for no public announcement of the rendezvous had been given; (2) that the police spies do not know their business; and (3) that these demonstrations, which the Government tries to repress with bullets and sabres and imprisonment, are as orderly, when they are left alone, as any gathering in church. Prussian society shivers a little at the spectacle of the courage, determination, and, above all, the perfect organisation of the masses. The squirearchy drilled them into discipline. But it is the Socialistic leaders whom they obey.

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THE Naval Estimates have been this week before the Reichstag. There was an attack in the interest of rival firms on the Krupp monopoly, which dates from the days of Bismarck and the National Liberal ascendancy. The discussion merits our attention only because it drew from Admiral von Tirpitz the statement that naval armor costs per ton £125 in Russia, £115 in France, £97 in England, Italy, and Austria, only £87 in the United States, and some still lower figure (undisclosed) in Germany. Our Admiralty should be closely questioned on that. There was a general discussion on Anglo-German rivalry, in which the Socialist, Herr Südekum, explained the grounds of English uneasiness, pointed out how little Germany has to protect in the shape of Colonies, and warned the German mercantile class that if their arma-

ments forced us into reprisals, the adoption of protection would be a part of them. Herr von Bethmann Hollweg made an anodyne reply about the purpose of German armaments, which, of course, is purely defensive, a reply in the key of his previous invitation to confidential relations between the two countries. There was, however, no hint of any reduction of armaments, nor any invitation to discuss the question.

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THERE is evidently something fatal to human virtue in the process of robbing a church. The French are now digesting a scandal almost worthy of Tudor times, and not a little reminiscent of the process by which Thomas Cromwell built up an aristocracy on the ruins of the English monasteries. Among the liquidators appointed after the dispersal of the religious orders, to arrange their property, was a certain Duez, who started life as a clerk in a drapery warehouse, and rose to this position of trust by some protection which has not yet been disclosed. He had thirteen orders to deal with, and he admits annexing some £200,000 in the process. Some of his methods were ingenious. He set to work with the aid of an "heraldic expert" to discover surviving relatives of the original pious donors. To these he assigned the monastic properties, and as they were commonly quite unaware of the fortunate relationship, he had no difficulty in charging a commission of 50 per cent. It is not yet known how he so long contrived to escape exposure. It is well over a year since we read the first hints of this scandal in the Socialist Press. The protection, whatever it was, seems to have been withdrawn somewhere about the time of M. Briand's arrival at the head of affairs. The instinct which makes Panamas will doubtless insist on probing the affair, with the usual consequences to some political reputations.

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Two legal appointments of some consequence have been made. Sir John Bigham retires somewhat mysteriously from the Presidency of the Divorce Court and becomes a peer, and his place is taken by Sir Samuel Evans, the Solicitor-General. Sir Samuel made a highly competent Solicitor-General, and he should make an equally good judge. The new Solicitor-General is Mr. Rufus Isaacs, the most accomplished advocate of his time. The new appointments have been filled without loss or check to the Government. Colonel Seely has been re-elected by a majority of 3,333, and, after their defeat in St. George-in-the-East, the Conservatives did not challenge Mr. Isaacs's re-election.

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DR. KING, the aged Bishop of Lincoln, died on Tuesday at the age of eighty-one. A friend and pupil of Pusey's, Dr. King was one of Mr. Gladstone's High Church Bishops, and he came near to being one of the martyrs of his party. The judgment in the Lincoln case, with which his name will be associated, went both for and against the ceremonial practices which he favored. But he accepted it, and passed out of the fighting ranks. His real distinction was the unfailing sweetness of his character and demeanor, revealed in a beautiful dying message to his people. Almost alone among the Bishops he represented the tradition of saintliness which the Church of England has never formally dissociated from its higher priesthood.—Judging by Mr. Jowett's brilliant Presidential Address to the Free Church Council, Non-conformity also feels the absence of this ideal from its ministry and the presence of a certain flippancy, sensationalism, and want of depth in tone and doctrine. Later on Dr. Forsyth made a fierce attack on the new theology. But new movements thrive on attack.

Politics and Affairs.

THE THREAT TO EUROPEAN DEMOCRACY.

THE proposal by a Liberal Government of a naval Budget of over 40½ millions, closely following on a military Budget of 27¾ millions, is a matter of which much will and must be heard. The two sums together represent an increase in a single year of close on six millions of war expenditure. Issued in a time of profound peace, they exceed by 3¾ millions the votes passed in the second of the years of feverish shipbuilding produced by the after-thought of the perils of the South African war. No Tory Administration has ever made such demands on the nation's purse. On account of the Navy, the second great Gladstone Government, in the year in which it quitted office, asked directly for not much more than a quarter of the sum which Mr. Asquith and Mr. McKenna now demand of our democracy. For the two services together it only called for about a quarter of a million more than Mr. Haldane's Bill for the Territorial and Regular Army. The vote for naval construction alone exceeds by over two millions the total expenditure on our Army and Navy which led Peel to suggest that the time had come "when the powerful countries of Europe should reduce their armaments." The year 1910 is, therefore, to be marked with black in the annals of Liberalism. Either it, or Europe, or both, have gravely changed for the worse, since the middle-aged men of to-day were young. For the worse, we say, but not for the worst. This sixty-eight million war Budget represents a mere interim stage of expenditure; a moment's halt of the caravan on its journey to the "re-barbarisation" of Europe. This year's forty millions for the Navy is next year's forty-five millions, and that, in its turn, is the easily-crossed stepping-stone to the fifty million naval Budget of 1912.

This is not a situation which the organised British and Irish democracies can accept, knowing, as they do, that when its full consequences appear, the hope of effective social reform is blotted out of the landscape of our politics. If it were the sole condition of our island safety, they would assent. But they feel that, in great part at least, it is a political game, played by the Tories for power, and capped by the Liberals because they are afraid the game may succeed. Their decision cannot be lightly taken, but we must ask the Prime Minister and the Government to consider how gravely they are upon their defence. For these Estimates flow less from the nation's need than from the speech of its servants. The Government sowed dragon's teeth, and the nation reaps taxes. We should have said that the statement of the naval case made last year by Mr. Asquith and Mr. McKenna, fruitful parent, as it was, of all the alarms that have succeeded it, had been almost obliterated by later events. That we may judge how far this is the case it is only necessary to compare those speeches with the admission of the unquestioned facts made by the "Navy League Annual." Mr. Asquith and Mr. McKenna based their demand for the four contingent "Dreadnoughts" on an expectation of 17 German "Dreadnoughts" in

the spring of 1912, a figure which Mr. Balfour, not to be outdone in speculative exaggeration, enlarged from 21 to 25. This estimate, in turn, was based on a false view of an "acceleration" of the German Naval Law, a charge which we conceive to be inconsistent with its general scheme and legal character. The 1908 ships, said Mr. McKenna, would all be completed before their time, and the 1909 ships were being hurried forward with corresponding haste. How does this suggestion look to-day? Writing six months later, the Editor of the "Annual" informs us that these 1908 ships were "all late in being laid down"; that the first German quartette of "Dreadnoughts" were equally late, and that, taking the scheme as it stands, the so-called later acceleration represented an effort to wipe out these earlier delays and bring the whole instrument up to time. On this we have the solemn and public assurance of Admiral von Tirpitz and the German Ambassador, not merely that there is no such aim as that of naval equality with England, but that by the autumn of 1912 Germany can only have her regular complement of thirteen "Dreadnoughts" in commission, and therefore that in the spring she will have only eleven. Does Mr. McKenna accept this statement? He has given up his seventeen German "Dreadnoughts" for April, 1912, and with that admission his case falls to the ground. He is now providing twenty-two "Dreadnoughts" (including the "Nelsons") of a superior calibre to the thirteen German "Dreadnoughts" which will be on the seas in the autumn of 1912. If we take the tables of comparative strength given by the "Navy League Annual," which assumes an earlier appearance of the German thirteen, we shall have in April, 1912, 101 modern battleships and armored cruisers of 1,493,800 tons against Germany's forty-eight such ships of 578,120 tons. These ships are backed by a *personnel* incomparably superior to Germany's, and by an expenditure which doubles hers. This strength we could have attained without alarmist speeches and without contingent "Dreadnoughts," and, above all, without the sensational picture of a stealthy German assault on our naval greatness, the colors of which have already faded away, save on the hoardings where the tatters of the Tory electioneering posters shake against the wind. It constitutes an ample, a magnificent, provision against even seventeen German "Dreadnoughts." But Mr. McKenna's seventeen are gone, and even the "Times," abandoning them, and conjuring up "a similar German acceleration" that "may take place hereafter," or "may, indeed, be already taking place," can only body forth a "contingent" fifteen for 1912, to vanish in turn when they have served their polemical purpose.

If these calculations are sound, we cannot escape the conclusion that the Government have put four unnecessary "Dreadnoughts," eight squandered millions, to the debit of social reform and of the advancement of national efficiency. What of the future? The new programme really means that early in 1913 we may have twenty-seven or twenty-nine "Dreadnoughts" to Germany's thirteen. Within the space of twelve months the Mother Country and her dependent States, pioneers and exemplars in the arts of

peace, and subject still to Liberal doctrine and guidance, will be planning or finishing or laying down about fifteen "Dreadnoughts," a fleet equal to that of the whole European and American world put together, with subordinate items too numerous to mention. The five new "Dreadnoughts" to which we are committed are next year's burdens; part of the four "contingents" are largely this year's. By the time they are laid down we shall be planning five or six more, with trimmings in the shape of protected cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and airships. The game is avowedly to give Germany an idea of the hopelessness of a further contest, and to head her off an expansion of her Naval Act after 1911, when her construction of "Dreadnoughts" drops to two a year. Policy is brushed aside from these calculations, for Mr. McKenna informs us that whatever Germany says, she goes on building just the same.

But what if policy has something to say, after all? What if our shipbuilding goes on producing what it always has produced—merely more German shipbuilding? What if the effect among the Germans is to heighten the unthinking fears, as *we* think, the rational calculations, as *they* think, that we mean to "bottle up" either their fleet or their diplomacy? Our popular speakers and writers have left nothing undone to convince them that we are an unfriendly Power. They have retorted, and now we have a mechanical statesmanship, here and in Germany, moving doggedly along a blind track, till it stumbles into war. It will be too late to talk of policy then. But it is not too late now. The Liberal Party will have to brace itself for an unflinching inquisition into the following points:—

1. What view of comparative naval strengths, here and in Germany, does the Ministry now hold, in contradistinction to that which it professed in March, 1909?

2. What is its measurement of naval power for this country, and to which of the Prime Minister's two definitions of the two-Power standard do these estimates correspond?

3. What precise and definite effort has it made to secure either an understanding on armaments with Germany, or a revision of the laws of naval warfare?

4. What are its military engagements with France and Russia?

5. What is its general view of foreign policy, and its definition of the purpose and scope of our military and naval armaments?

When these questions are answered, and not before, the Liberal, Labor, and Irish Parties will be in a position to know whether they can support these Estimates. They will also know what shreds from the fabric of Gladstonian doctrine survive, and can conjecture what future remains for European and British democracy under the forbidding and all but fatal commitments with which it is threatened.

THE LORDS ATTACK ON THE COMMONS.

WHILE Liberals are deliberating, the House of Lords and its friends are acting. Indeed the present conflict between Lords and Commons differs from all

previous constitutional conflicts in our history, in that it is the established order, the forces of rank, wealth and privilege that have taken the aggressive. The Lords began operations more than three years ago with a deliberate defiance of a newly-elected and overwhelming majority, challenging it on two of the points which had undoubtedly been clearly submitted to the judgment of the people. They developed the attack last year when they claimed the right to "refer" the Budget to the people, and to establish for themselves the right of veto upon finance. They are proceeding now to criticise supply, to overthrow the precedent of 1861, to claim that the financial measures of the year should be submitted to them piecemeal. At the same time, conscious of the weakness inherent in their constitution, they develop schemes of reform. The objective is perfectly clear. There is to be a Second Chamber, not purely hereditary, but undoubtedly Conservative, which is to be in name co-ordinate with the House of Commons, and in fact prepotent. The attack is led from different sides by Lord Lansdowne, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Balfour, but it converges on one and the same point.

Lord Lansdowne, on his part, presses his attack with his accustomed appearance of sweet reasonableness. He had always been anxious to assist the Government in avoiding the financial difficulties inherent in the rejection of the Budget. To do so would make rejection easy. He is even more anxious to assist them now. To do so covers up his own injury to the commonweal. Here, he says in effect, are some taxes to which objection was taken. But there are many others, and they, for the moment, are the more urgent, as to which we are all agreed. Why not send up these taxes to us? Why involve the nation in bewilderment and certain loss? Why not carry through what we all admit to be necessary, and postpone points of difference to a more convenient season? How foolish of the Government to stand on its dignity, and how unpatriotic to let its dignity get in the way of the public convenience! What Lord Lansdowne does not point out is that his simple plan merely destroys the whole case for the House of Commons. If the House of Commons is to control finance, there can be no separation of the taxes to which the Lords agree from those to which they are opposed. The Lords themselves made the necessity clear in 1860, and Mr. Gladstone, who was a man of resource, showed the House of Commons the way to deal with them. The rejection of the Bill for the Repeal of the Paper Duty was within the letter of the privileges claimed by the Lords, but it was a practical extension of their recognised powers, and it was deliberately met by the incorporation of the whole provision for the year in a single measure. No one then dreamt that the House of Lords would upset the whole financial arrangements of the nation by throwing out this comprehensive measure. People in the slow-going days of our fathers considered consequences. They were not content with consigning them to a distant region. But the House of Lords moves as other things, only it moves backwards, and with a recklessness which political writers more often charge on popular assemblies, it destroyed the whole elaborately arranged machinery for meeting the increase of national expenditure last year.

And now its remedy is that if we will be so good as to give up everything that we have ever contended for, to renounce the right of the House of Commons to control taxation, to submit our proposals one by one to its august consideration, it will have the grace to accept such as it likes, while the consideration of those that it does not like will be deferred to a more convenient season. In short, its veto on finance is not only to be general, but particular. Each several item is to pass its scrutiny, from which it follows that by a process of selection and elimination it can dictate the contents of the Budget in every particular. As an argument in support of this aggression, it makes use of the financial chaos which its own action has caused.

But the leaders of the peers have the wit to see that a House constituted so absurdly as theirs cannot permanently sustain such a position. They will therefore, themselves, set on foot schemes of reform, and we may well imagine that those schemes will go beyond the proposals of the Rosebery Committee. Lord Rosebery's resolutions admit the principle that something more than the accident of birth is desirable as a condition of becoming a legislator in a House which is to claim equal, or something more than equal, authority in the work of government. But whatever they propose in detail, we may be sure that they will carefully guard against any fundamental change of character. Mr. Balfour frankly tells us that he does not want a better House. What House could be better for his purposes? What House could be more subservient to his call? What House could more fully perform the function of a Conservative reserve? What House could be so purely partisan, so touchingly loyal to the party cry, so insolent to the people, so deaf to every cry of humanity, so tenacious of the privileges of property as against the rights of life?

Here, then, is the pivot and greatest limiting principle of reform. The new House of Lords must faithfully represent privilege, it must stand for vested interests, it must respect intoxicating liquors, it must embody unimaginative stupidity, it must present a barrier of brass to the plaint of the suffering, it must be ready to hold the glass to the drunkard's lips in the sacred name of the brewer's rights, it must be prepared to swear that food taxes take no morsel of bread from the hungry, it must defend the land from the people. There are many ways of filling such a house with much more plausible deference to modern notions than by merely summoning Lord No Zoo from his pleasures. Lord No Zoo may be left in peace. Perhaps he may be asked to cast his vote once in ten years for Lord Superior or the Duke of Consequences, and delegate his powers to these more up-to-date representatives of the anti-popular will. Perhaps he may find nominated ex-officials of approved Toryism sharing his privileges. But one thing will remain. "All Liberalism abandon, ye who enter here" will for ever be inscribed on the portals of the Second Chamber. And one other thing "reconstitution" may gain at the same time. The power of the Crown has always existed, a visible background to the House of Lords. True, as long as democratic states-

men remain inert, divided, irresolute, that power is little more than a shade. Yet there it is—a permanent, discomfiting possibility. The Lords are under the Crown. The Crown makes them, the Crown can unmake them, or at least change their complexion. Therefore, get rid of the Crown, or, better still, try and lay it across the track of progress. The reformers will doubtless aim at so reconstituting the Second Chamber that the Royal power is formally withdrawn. Revised by a dash of modernity, renovated and started on its new career by Act of Parliament, emancipated from the Crown, secure from the trouble and expense of popular elections, supreme in legislation, equal in finance, the new Second Chamber is to consummate by its very conception the destruction of democracy and the downfall of every hope of social progress.

WHAT IS THE FUNCTION OF THE BRITISH ARMY?

THIS week's debate on the Army Estimates, like so many which have preceded it, was remarkable rather for what it concealed than for what it revealed. It gave occasion to a farcical episode in which the Labor members voted against their own amendment. It drew from Mr. Haldane the usual buoyant speech, in which he explained away the usual stealthy increase in expense, and balanced it with the usual promise of a reduction in the future which never arrives. It provoked the familiar desultory talk about horses and aeroplanes. But on the larger issue of the purpose which this re-organised army is supposed to fill, there was an almost total silence. Mr. Wyndham, indeed, talked invasion, and the assumption that the repelling of this menace is the main reason for the existence of the army was allowed to pass almost unchallenged, save for a grave but brief protest from Sir Charles Dilke. To the mass mind this undoubtedly is the meaning of Mr. Haldane's scheme. It was for this that the "Daily Mail" and the "Englishman's Home" usurped the duties of the recruiting-sergeant. Mr. Haldane summoned the nation to think, and it has consistently thought invasion. Its popular and unofficial guides have doubtless followed what Swift used to call "the sound principles of political pseudology." It is only by focussing the public mind on some unreal danger that it can be induced to regard military questions seriously. The consequences, as Sir Charles Dilke pointed out, may gradually become threatening. There has been no substantial increase in the numerical total of our land forces. Some increase in the efficiency of the Territorials is balanced by a growing decline in the numbers of the regular reserve. It is the cost which continually expands. The pretext of preparing for an invasion which no serious authority believes to be possible, has been used to lure us into this expenditure. The lure becomes too patent, even for Mr. Haldane's power of adroit concealment, when we are faced with such Navy Estimates as those of Wednesday last. This doctrine of a dual line of defence threatens, if it be pushed much further, to add to the burdens of our insular position the not less crushing obligations of a land Power.

The Whigs had reduced the theory of our army to

a precise and limited formula. It had to defend India, to hold the garrisons, and to provide for "little wars." The defence of these islands was no part of its duty as they conceived it. For that the navy provided. The last contingency which they would have contemplated was that this army might have been called upon to take its share in a Continental campaign. The utmost liability which had been contemplated up to recent years was defined in 1888, in the Stanhope standard, which both parties accepted up to 1900, as the ability to send abroad two army corps. Mr. Haldane's scheme has substituted for these two corps some six or seven divisions, an increase of nearly 75 per cent. This has happened despite the disappearance of more than one permanent danger, against which our former preparations were mainly directed. The *entente* with France secured our position in Egypt, which the change of *régime* in Turkey has further assured. South Africa is a united Commonwealth, bound to provide for her own defence. Russia, if we may judge by events in Persia and the Balkans, is more nearly an ally than a friend. Two diplomatic instruments protect us in India—the Anglo-Russian Convention, which defines the spheres of influence and regulates the ancient rivalries of the two competing Empires, and the Japanese Alliance, which stipulates for the assistance of a Japanese Army in the now impossible event of an invasion of India. Australia and Canada provide by local militias for their own defence, and South Africa will certainly follow their example. What is it, then, that has happened since 1900, which excuses this immense expansion in our conceptions of the expeditionary force? The answer is as freely given outside Parliament as it is carefully ignored within it. The *entente cordiale* was, in fact, a defensive alliance. There is little reason to doubt the precise statements which have been made on the French side—by the "Temps," by M. Tardieu and M. André Méville, directly inspired as each of them is either by M. Delcassé or by his successor. We hear that we are under a formal obligation to assist the French armies with an expeditionary force, which would land in France in the event of an attack on France by Germany. This open secret is the property of all in the three countries concerned who pretend to be well-informed. It has been set out in black and white by the "Temps"; it has passed uncontradicted in the French Chamber; it has received publicity on German platforms from an authority so competent as Herr Bassermann, the leader of the National Liberals. It is only our own House of Commons which shows no curiosity to have it affirmed or denied. Here is a statement made by competent Continental authorities, which, if it be a fact, colors the whole of our diplomacy, and underlies the whole of our military and naval policy. Parliament, in the occasional annual reviews by which it supposes itself to control our foreign policy, is content to pass it without a question, while it votes the supplies which are unintelligible unless it be such an obligation as this which underlies them. Our army, Mr. Haldane explained, is a mean between what Liberal policy requires, and what the Opposition might require if it should come to power. It is too large for our needs; it is too small for theirs. A party of peace, in other

words, is creating a weapon for use in Continental complications, which is a needless burden to-day, and will be an inadequate force to-morrow.

There are other points at which the clear thinking that was to characterise Mr. Haldane's term of office seems to halt. He was at some pains to justify the retention of the 11,000 men who at present garrison South Africa. On the one hand, he declared that we were under a pledge to South Africa to keep them there, but they would be withdrawn when the Commonwealth could undertake its own defence. On the other hand, he urged that this force should be kept at the remoter end of Africa, for use at need in Egypt or in India. The two defences contradict each other, and neither will bear examination. If India and Egypt need this aid, it ought not to be withdrawn after South Africa has reorganised its local defence. One smiles a little at the idea that Generals Botha and De Wet, with the united veteran forces of ex-Burghers and English Colonials behind them, can require this exiguous town-bred garrison for their defence. It is equally difficult to understand what advantage comes to Egypt or India from keeping men in a spot much less accessible than Aldershot at nearly double the cost. The fact is, we suppose, that under the Cardwell system, every superfluous battalion kept abroad furnishes an argument for retaining another superfluous battalion at home. The real reason which stands in the way of a reduction of the army is this unavowed policy which has made us a partner in Continental combinations. We have taken our part as a member of a Continental group in a game to influence the Continental balance of power. Our army, small as it is, plays a certain rôle in that game. If it is important for the French to withdraw the white garrison from Algeria, it is also important for them to secure even so small a reinforcement as we could furnish to their land forces. So long as Parliament is content to leave such vital matters of foreign policy an unexplored mystery, so long will our military schemes fail to answer the Liberal promises of retrenchment.

THE FUTURE OF THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY.

THE party which three years ago took the title of Municipal Reformers, in order to conceal the fact that they were against reform and meant to thwart municipal government, have been deprived of the power to do much further harm to the people of London. Going into the elections with a majority of forty, they come out of them with a majority of two, which they can slightly increase by a strictly partisan use of their advantage with the aldermen. Thus, in the course of twenty-one years' experience of a County Council, London has made one decided venture in anti-municipalism, and has already repented of it. Its five Progressive Councils gave it a labor code and a method of keeping the contractor in order, saved it from the water companies and the old Thames Conservancy, organised one of the best schemes of public carriage in the world, cleansed its river, re-ordered its main drainage, added hundreds of acres to its pleasure grounds and made them the joy of millions of children and young people, modernised its schools, im-

proved and stimulated every department they controlled and initiated many new organs of public care and activity, maintained and encouraged an able and devoted Civil Service, and fired it with their own ideals of the general good. Its one Municipal Reform Council spoiled what they could spoil of this harvest of statesmanship, and depreciated the rest. It would be invidious to compare the "Reformers" of 1907 with the Metropolitan Water Board or even with the Moderates of 1889 and 1902. The latter party contributed little or nothing to the early policy of the Council. But it was not a deliberate anti-London party; it did contain a fair proportion of able men and loyal administrators. Its successor was neither competent nor loyal. Its ideas were as small as its talents, and though it commanded some respectable names, it never once rose to an honest conception of its stewardship. The only London with which it was concerned was the collection of mean streets to which the Borough Councils Act gave a false appearance of unity. Even this carved and shorn London was handled as no Town Council in England would have dared or wished to treat its citizens. If we examine the records of municipal government during the last ten years, we shall see no acts comparable to the scuttling of the Thames steamboats, the starvation of the public schools (and even of the public scholars), and the wrecking of the Works Department. The whole attitude of the "Reformers" to public life was based on a denial of municipal duty, and it is one of the tragedies of our times that not merely the wide heritage of Progressive policy, but the later advances and applications of civic science, should have fallen into hands profoundly false to its principles and grossly incapable of applying them.

Such a party is *hors concours*; no moderate or even reactionary body in charge of any modern European capital would even shake hands with it. Still less can the Progressives accept the suggestion of the humbled faction now in office, and come to any kind of truce with such an instrument of pure reaction. The deterioration of the old County Council "Moderates" was not an accident; it was a consequence of the movement which revived the school of *laissez-faire* in the domain where its activity was simply a quarrel with sixty years of progress. Even at the end of the term of Progressive rule, London could not be placed in the first flight of our own municipalities; it was a full generation behind the best German exemplars. Moreover, since the Council took over education the Progressive party was, we think, plainly over-weighted. The eternal feud between Church and Chapel was re-opened, and the Council's older and more familiar administrative responsibilities were weakened. But the mission of the Progressive party is not ended; it is only begun. It would never do to compromise its past and destroy its future by entering into an arrangement with the "Reformers" to run the Council on "non-party" lines. Such an agreement would be an obvious betrayal of the ratepayers, who, if they have not been put upon their guard by the abandonment of the Works Department, would see in this combination of parties directly opposed

in principle and in practice the loss of all safeguards against lax or even corrupt dealing with their concerns. It would also destroy the force and obscure the meaning of the Progressive movement. The moral of the Council elections is clear. Those who study the returns will see that they follow along the lines of the General Election. Industrial London is, in the main, ranged on one side, residential London on the other. Both are rather feebly represented, so far as votes are concerned, but they are definitely ranged in opposite camps. Now this force is not enough to guarantee the future of Progressivism. The earlier Progressive Councils were sustained by a more complex constituency. A dozen semi-residential neighborhoods that have now gone Moderate kept the Progressive flag flying right through the period of reaction in Imperial politics, and these must be re-captured. Progressivism was essentially a middle-class movement, and in its young days it attracted the best of Liberal statesmanship and administrative skill, and the flower of the new Radical-Socialist school of thinkers, because it had a clear vision of London rising out of its mid-century squalor and neglect into a great unified organ of civic life. Tory policy largely dissipated this vision, and successive Tory Governments wore down with continued repulses the youthful activities of the party. But the ideal can be renewed, for, though London has stopped, the world has moved on, and when the Progressive party has got its soul again, it will find a new generation of citizens, and a new bundle of wants, waiting on its ministrations.

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND THE WHIPS.

ALTHOUGH the events of the first week of this Session have left an unpleasant memory of anxiety and suspicion which it will take a little time to dispel, let us hope that the Liberal Party in the House of Commons has not come through those few days of despondency without having learned at least one useful lesson.

All politicians have grown accustomed to the frequent employment of military expressions in reference to political life. We talk of "campaigns," "generalship," "tactics," "strategical positions"; we designate the members of the party as "lieutenants" and the "rank and file," and our arguments as "powder and shot," till at last from the constant use of these metaphors the impression gains ground that the composition of a party is identical with that of an army. The general assisted by his headquarters staff spies out the enemy's position and issues orders for the disposition of the troops and the time and place for action, insisting on perfect discipline and expecting implicit obedience. It would not be too much to say that the analogy is not only false, but that the closer a political party approaches the model of an army the more certainly will it be liable to disruption and defeat.

The party is under no special obligation to render implicit obedience to any Government. The only link that can unite the two is unswerving loyalty to certain principles and to a common cause. The Cabinet is not a headquarters staff specially constituted to impose any policy it may evolve within the four walls of its council chamber upon its followers in the House of Commons and through them upon the country. Just in so far as it attempts to do anything of this kind, it is misusing its proper function and inverting the procedure which should give birth to political action. No candidate who attempts to impress his individual views on a constituency can be sure of success, because the constituency

in refusing to adopt his views will refuse to accept him as their representative. In the same way no Cabinet can force its party in the House of Commons to adopt whatever policy it chooses, because the very existence of the Government depends, not only on the votes and support, but the cordial acquiescence, of the main body of members. A Cabinet can, of course, initiate and propose, being generally conversant with the broad principles on which the cause of Liberalism is founded, and being able to count on party loyalty while moving on the accepted lines. But, until it has received the party's sanction to its proposals, it cannot with safety attempt to press forward any new projects. After a General Election its particular duty is to formulate and give articulate expression to the wishes of the electors, the precise nature of which can only be learned from the representatives themselves who come fresh from the polls. Such a moment anyhow is not the one to choose to slip into the Government programme novel schemes that have never been submitted to the electorate.

Now, in order that a Cabinet may have no misconceptions and may take no false step, and in order that Ministers, having given a forecast of a certain line of action, may clearly understand in what sense the party as a whole have interpreted the projected action—and it is in these two directions that dilemmas have recently arisen—it is imperative that the electors, the members, the Government, the Cabinet, and the leaders, should be in the closest touch with one another, and that there should be a continued interchange and circulation of ideas and opinions. Nor is anything gained by avoiding conference and consultation with any other party that is prepared to co-operate with the Government. By this means, and by this means alone, can unity, harmony, and effectual action be secured. No one asks a Cabinet to make indiscreet disclosures before its policy is matured, though a moment comes when the party has a right to expect that a firm decision has been arrived at; nor is it asked to disclose any differences that may exist among its members, out of which political capital could be made by the enemy. But disregard for, or indifference to, the opinions of any section of its followers, the existence of aloofness or the setting up of barriers between "lieutenants" and "the rank and file," are elements that are bound to produce an uncomfortable feeling of suspicion and possibly eventual discord.

For the purpose of promoting this desirable and essential interchange and circulation of opinions an instrument exists in the shape of the party Whips. Nothing is more interesting for a private member than hearing what a Whip has to say, but there is something far more important, and that is that the Whip should hear what private members have to say. It may not be interesting, it may not always be pleasing, sometimes, even, it may be unreasonable and annoying, and the more annoying it is, the more necessary is it that he should hear it, digest it, and pass it on. His duty is not only to goad the obstinate and cajole the recalcitrant members, but to collect impressions, gather together the threads of divergent opinions, and be the sympathetic and receptive confidant of as many men as possible. For, however obscure and unimportant some of them may seem to be, they are each one in fact, as elected representatives and as numbers on a division list, on precisely the same level as the Prime Minister himself. Were a completely successful mutual intercourse possible, the existence of factions, sets, camps, and caves would be far rarer. As matters stand, when members are anxious that their particular attitude on an important question should be properly represented to the powers that be, they adopt the only means they have at hand to effect their object, namely, to call meetings, pass resolutions, or send deputations. In acting thus they lay themselves open to unfair accusations of disloyalty, of constituting themselves as leaders, of embarrassing the Government, and of breaking up the party, although they are really intent on rendering a service to their leader.

The tendency to ignore the views of any group of members arose in the last Parliament on account of the huge Ministerial majority. Extremists and wild men could be overlooked; the opinions, in fact, of nearly a

third of the party could be disregarded without risk. As it is now, a score of members have it in their power to make the position extremely critical, and this makes free intercommunication between all ranks of vital consequence.

We have a new Chief Whip and several new Junior Whips, all men of ability and deservedly popular. We may be sure that the shocks of the first days of the Session will have shown them the necessity of establishing this mutual confidence, and they will recognise that a Whip's work in this Parliament is very different from what it was in the last. There are rocks ahead, and the course to be steered is by no means easy. So far as strategy is concerned, members are sensible enough to know that the Cabinet must be the best judge of methods and opportunities, and they have not the smallest desire to interfere. But in matters of principle and policy, not only have they a right to be heard, but from now onward it is eminently desirable, from the point of view of security and solidarity, that they should be encouraged to express their feelings and that their opinions should not be stifled, lest smouldering discontent should bring disaster.

A RADICAL MEMBER.

Life and Letters.

VIRGIN SOIL.

A LONG generation has passed since Tourgenieff with his light and pointed harrow skimmed the surface of the "virgin soil" of Russian revolutionary idealism. His novel, by reason of its subtle psychology, its grace, and its pathos, will remain to all time the classical picture of a movement which has failed to make its due impression on the imagination of the modern world only because, by its reckless courage and its almost fantastic devotion, it seemed to pass the limits of the probable. It ranged itself in those days among the weird portents of an alien world of darkness and tyranny and ice. Civilised Europe looked on in the 'seventies and 'eighties, and reckoned these exotic phenomena, with the northern lights and the Siberian winter, a thing outside its hemisphere. It classed the Russian revolutionaries with the strange sects of mystics and heretics who spring from the same virgin soil, with the Doukhobors, who profess the Sermon on the Mount, and the Scoptsi, who mutilate themselves. Tourgenieff took the line of least resistance. He treated the movement "to the people" as a local and half-pathological manifestation. He played to the romantic instincts of his public by concentrating all its heroism and devotion in a young girl, who seems, as we read of her, to be rather Madonna or saint than Russian or revolutionary, while the type of the conscious theorising Socialist is a visionary young man in whom egoism and imagination have combined to paralyse the power of action. On these lines the superb legend became probable. It was very strange, but strange only as all pathology is strange. The world would have understood if these young men had dressed themselves in red shirts and taken rifles in their hands. It was puzzled because they only renounced fortunes and careers, turned their backs on society and the university, flung their property into the common fund, and went among the peasants in the dress and guise of peasants, to teach and organise them. Nothing stranger had happened since the days of the begging friars and the missionaries of Galilee. There was this difference. The begging friars did not regard their pilgrimages as a road to Siberia or the gallows. The people revered them as they filled their bowls, and the official world was proud to win their blessing. The teachers from Galilee did, indeed, leave behind them homes and parents and wives; but they were not called upon to sacrifice learning and fashion, academic honors, or an official career.

It is the rude plough of a Russian State trial which has uncovered the buried strata of this virgin soil this week. The soil is virgin no longer. It has borne its

crop of devotion and anger, of self-sacrifice and terrorism, of blood and hope and tears, exile, imprisonment, and torture, mutinies uncounted, abortive revolutions, plots and counterplots, a maimed Constitution and a powerless Parliament. Almost the last of the men and women who were ardent and young in the 'seventies stood white-haired, but still resolute and defiant, to face together the verdict of a secret tribunal. Felix Volkhovsky and Peter Kropotkin are honored exiles in London; Vera Figner, broken and aged after half-a-lifetime of solitary confinement, moves about, a wounded veteran, among younger exiles in Paris, who are giving, as she did, beauty and eloquence and zeal to a cause which never will be lost while it can command such service. But who else is left of that epic time? Nicholas Tchaykowsky and Madame Breschowsky stood in the dock, the last active combatants of the old guard. The mention of Tchaykowsky, honored to-day in America and England, carries one back to the first apostolic grouping which led this movement—the famous "circle" which bore his name. It is easy to understand his ascendancy over his contemporaries. Tall, handsome, commanding—what Russian novelists call a "representative personality"—quick in thought and with a certain volcanic energy of emotion, he had yet learned, in a hard school, reserve and the economy of words. A realist by temperament, his natural bent was towards applied experimental science, intensive agriculture for choice. He combined a certain caution and scepticism over the choice of means, with an unflinching courage and a perseverance which no check could weary. Their novelists have taught us to think of the Slavs as a race easily moved to self-sacrifice, but as easily discouraged. Through the long years of exile, Tchaykowsky never flinched or wasted thought or emotion on the picturesque self-pity in which the weaker refugee is tempted to indulge. If he could do nothing to organise the movement in Russia, he bent his powers to win it friends in England or the States. He had his gallery of memories like every veteran who survives—that comrade of his youth who fell while he escaped, that bright young man who, fired, perhaps, by his own example, met early a fate which the leader challenged but escaped, the sinister face of some spy whom he had trusted, the despairing looks of the mother or the widow who had lost husband or son in the unceasing conflict. There came to him a certain grimness from living in that portrait gallery. The clear blue eyes had hardened from gazing on it, and the end in which so few of the fighting line could share shaped itself in his thoughts as an abstract formula, an inevitable consummation. He cherished his faith at the cold fire of a philosophy of history, and a nice prediction of the march of economic evolution was for him the sign by which he conquered. If faith had failed there was anger to sustain him—the rage of a good man who had seen for forty years the sacrifice of all that was ardent and generous in Russia, the torture of genius and beauty, the slow decay in noisome prisons of strength and courage, that Grand Dukes might peculate, that fanatics might persecute, and officials enjoy their easy round of promotion with sycophancy, of power with self-abasement.

It was a singularly innocent movement when it began, that persecuted Tchaykowsky circle. A few young men and women, students at the University, some of them noble, some of them rich, all of them ardent, devoted, and capable, set themselves to break down the barrier of class which the emancipation of the serfs had left still standing. They founded night schools. They taught the artisans to read and write, and in the common life of what we should call a University settlement, they began to work out a democratic theory. They had the police at their right hand and the literary censor at their left. It was part of their activity to translate into Russian modern progressive books, Darwin and Spencer among the number, and these they lent to their adherents. Early in their history they were compelled to enlist the services of the smuggler of forbidden books and of the secret Press. It was for offences such as these that the young Tchaykowsky served his first terms of imprisonment. The circle was not as yet definitely

Socialistic. It had no fixed views of political tactics. Its aims were educative, and if it dreamed at all of revolution, it certainly took no steps to promote it. Prince Kropotkin has left his impressions of this little society as he entered it, when already some of its members had been driven to live "underground" under assumed names and in disguises which for long baffled the police. There grew up among them the passionate comradeship that comes of a common danger, the elevation of thought and the brave idealism of men and women who strengthen each other in the sacrifice of life and ambition and fortune to a disinterested end. They were a knightly order, among whom no trivial or unworthy word was ever spoken. Those who lightly renounced all else, held it the highest honor which life could bring to be received within this circle, and to be trusted by its adepts.

It was the reaction itself which caused the Tchaykowsky circle to evolve towards revolution. The first acts of violence were done to release comrades from an unmerited imprisonment; the first conspiracy was neither an act of revenge nor an attempt to intimidate, but simply a gallant feat which opened a prison door. It was the plain demonstration that the autocracy under Alexander II., who had long since ceased to be the idealist and the liberator, would tolerate no educative work, however harmless, which drove these young men and women into the struggle for elementary freedom. The movement "to the people" sprang partly from a spontaneous impulse which made these missionaries anxious to reach the peasants in their villages, partly from the impossibility of working any longer in open associations in the cities. They went out by ones and twos, men and women alike. Some, like Stepniak, who disguised himself as a carpenter and worked in a travelling "artel" (the traditional Russian guild company, formed on communist principles), were bent mainly on political propaganda. Others, and especially the women, aimed at raising the moral and material level of peasant life. They qualified as elementary teachers, as midwives, or as the empirical half-trained doctors which the Russian law used to recognise. They met with varying fortunes. Some were surrendered to the police by the peasants themselves, others successfully imposed themselves as teachers and leaders, but the spies were on their track and the prisons filled with hundreds at a time. Terrorism had its origin at first as a protest against the betrayal by an occasional traitor, and then as a reply to the repression which had begun to fall indiscriminately on every young man and woman who dared to cherish an ideal of social service. They were tried by the score and the hundred, at first before a jury until juries showed themselves disposed to acquit, and in public until Felix Volkhovsky gave, in the dock, an exhibition of eloquence, half-ironical, half-prophetic, which made his condemnation a moral triumph. The autocracy runs no such risks to-day. The secret tribunal and administrative exile weeded out whatever was generous and courageous in the youth of Russia. Geneva and Paris received those whom Siberia had failed to swallow. A new generation came to manhood before the revolution stirred again.

It was amid the memories of this epic that Nicholas Tchaykowsky faced in secret the selected judges and the witnesses reprieved from the penalties of murder and brigandage that they might perjure themselves in the name of order and the law. He is "the happy warrior" who faced, white-haired, the enemy whom he defied and the perils which he survived in youth. He has come through the peril unscathed. It is the brave old lady at his side who will go to Siberia, not for any deeds or plots, but for professing a creed which our Fabians preach safely from the desks of Government offices. They have made their legend and written their page of history. Russia has not been freed. But the example which they and their comrades set survived the repression of their efforts. It was the memory of what they had faced and endured which steeled the Russian "intellectuals" of our time to face the field courts-martial and to find a bed of honor on the reeking planks of a convict prison. They have dignified life by their readiness to lay it down.

A SAINT AMONG BISHOPS.

ENGLAND has never been, what Ireland once was long ago, a land of saints. Our Church had, no doubt, in olden times its proper quota of registered saints, and a few of them were doubtless men of holy character. But temporal powers, great possessions, and high organisation have always been qualities inimical to saintliness. For whatever be the meaning given to saintliness (and it is surely one of those words of which we only know the meaning when we are not asked), it seems to require a simplicity of character and calling, a gentleness of heart, an indiscriminateness of charity, that are not easily compatible with an ecclesiastical institution. For whatever virtues of wisdom, of goodness, even of holiness, may emanate from the corporate life of a Church, there is an individuality in saintliness which for its very gentleness is apt to be overborne or quenched by the larger, more impersonal power. The very doctrine of subordination is, perhaps, fatal to this noblest flowering of personality, for the humility which bows most completely before ecclesiastical authority is the excessive denial of a "self" whose sweet assertion is most needed for the saintly life.

Absolute submission may be the condition most favorable to that more impersonal "holiness" which the Church has ever recognised as the goal of the religious life, but "holiness" and "saintliness" are not the same thing. For though the saint may not stand alone, for his inner virtue or his exterior status, though he requires the fellowship of a Church, he is never Church-made, but draws his virtue from a primal purity of soul. Indeed, the conditions of his adhesion to, and still more his direct and full participation in, the collective or common Christian life, have always been a perplexing problem for the saint. From the anchorite isolation to the complete temporal and spiritual communion of the most highly centralised monastic order, the soul that sought to keep itself unspotted from the world would ever fluctuate, seeking peace.

In these later days, when people speak of saints or prophets, our thoughts do not straightway turn to our Churches. Nor, indeed, do we think of England's greatness as in any way associated with this type of human achievement. To India, Persia, and in general the non-practical East, we look for such high cultivation of the soul, and for the popular spiritual acceptance and response which sainthood requires. And yet we are mistaken in thus disparaging our time and country. In this age of materialism and intellectualism, both qualities deemed adverse to simplicity and purity of feeling, there are around us shining in quiet corners of our busy world examples of true saintliness whose lustre is even enhanced by their drab surroundings, men and women who carry help and healing in their very countenance and bearing, and whose converse is a glow of true divinity. Such power and purity of soul triumph over every "environment," nay, indeed, transmute it into an instrument of noblest service by the very alchemy of their presence. Indeed, to those who tell us that the Church is a moribund institution whose corruption and decay poison the fountains of spiritual personality instead of feeding them, it is always possible to reply by pointing to a Keble, a Manning, or, in the more detailed labors of human service, a Sister Dora and a Father Dolling, whose star-like souls do not dwell apart, but are ever in contact with the larger constellation of celestial powers.

As Epictetus found it possible, even in slavery, to practise virtue, so we may find a man of saintliness upon the episcopal bench. We speak in no tone of sarcasm, but of sober truth. For all who know the structure and the external operations of the Established Church are well aware that the processes of official advancement and elevation are not such as will lead us to expect to find upon the episcopal bench many men resembling in spiritual quality the Bishop whose passing away good men and women are this week lamenting. There is nothing in the extensive record of his labor to distinguish him from many others who have gained preferment in the Church. A Canon of Christ Church, a President of a Theological College recognised as the nursery of ritualism, a Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford,

Bishop of Lincoln for a quarter of a century, this record of functions tell us very little of the man whose nature and influence are described by one who knew him as "one whose very name carries light and lustre with it; who brings honor and beauty to the office which he bears; one whose name is an inspiration, whose presence is a benediction, whose face is a message of joy and consolation wherever he passes. . . . It is impossible for us not to believe that, however dark the outlook and the position, God is yet working out some great good for the Church when the instrument that is used is Bishop King of Lincoln."

We cannot ourselves affect any sympathy with many of the Bishop's cherished opinions, ecclesiastical or lay; in religion, as in politics, he looked backward rather than forward for his authority, and it was a pathetic vision a few weeks ago to watch this feeble, good old man, like some stray sheep among the goats, tottering into the House of Lords to record his vote against the Budget. But all mere opinions, however firm, fall away, fade into triviality, before the quality of soul that speaks from such a message of farewell as this dying prelate—save the mark!—issued but a few days since to his "dear people" from his sick bed. "All I have to do is to ask you to forgive the many faults and innumerable shortcomings during the twenty-five years I have been with you, and to ask you to pray God to perfect my repentance and strengthen my faith to the end. All has been done in perfect love and wisdom." And he adds these supremely significant words: "My great wish has been to lead you to be Christ-like Christians." The phrase, we are aware, is "common form" in many of our Churches. But in this last word we can attribute to it no common meaning. For it must always present the gravest perplexity and the deepest trouble to the saintly nature to contemplate the sort of Christianity that passes muster, not merely among "professing Christians" in this country, but among genuinely devout persons, such as are most of the fellow-occupants of the Bishop of Lincoln upon the episcopal bench. For there has always prevailed in this country a fairly definite British Christianity which is not even in direct profession Christ-like, but which is the real religion of almost all the genuinely religious people of this country, including the Bishops. We say it is not Christ-like, because it excludes, or, even worse, it explains away, some of those principles of the conduct of life which, to the founder of Christianity, were fundamental. Tolstoy preaches these principles, but he is a heretic, and neither our Church nor his own will receive him. To us he is simply a "literary man," we have no room for him as what the Roman Church calls a "practising" Christian. To love our enemies, to resist not evil, and to despise riches, are three behests which never, even "in theory," has our Church attempted seriously to inculcate as principles of conduct. We live in an age when the Church is a mighty organisation, taking the world—and the flesh—into close partnership for the execution of the many works to which it sets itself. It has through the ages been able to persuade itself that it could sanctify the use of great material power, and that it would not itself succumb to that use. Of all the wiles of the Evil One seeking to bring to naught the powers of organised religion, this is probably the most fatal. It is, indeed, the supreme instance of "the deceitfulness of riches." It might almost be contended that the distinctive mark of the saint was that he saw through and resisted this temptation. There are amongst us multitudes of religious people who read lives of saints, who believe that they get good and guidance from these examples. But what sort of sympathy do they feel for the practical saintliness of St. Francis? "And this is what I call a great treasure, that there is nothing here provided by human industry, but everything is provided by Divine Providence, as we may see manifestly in this bread which we have begged, in this stone which serves so beautifully for our table, and in this so clear fountain; and therefore I desire we should pray to God that He would cause holy poverty, which is a thing so noble that God himself was made subject to it, to be loved by us with our whole heart." A hard saying, is it not, for British Christians?

THE ART OF VANISHING.

THE question is, which may be the cleanliest manner of escaping, not from existence (for that is a matter of a bare bodkin and a pail of water), but from identity, which is a complicated concern. It is evident that the desire for escape is almost universal among mankind. Consider the delight in masks and dressing-up, the fetish dances, the fancy-dress balls—all equally pleasurable to savages and Society. Consider the joy of all men and women in giving themselves another face to the one God gave them—the joy in painting and false hair, in shaving, in tableaux, charades, and theatricals. Solemn moralists may call us self-centred, self-satisfied, self-conceited, but they do not go to Covent Garden; they have never seen a puny shred of human flesh so little self-satisfied that it posed as Achilles, or disguised the lamentable reality under the similitude of Neptune with his trident. A dog does not ape the lion unless man clips him; a cat never questions her own sufficiency; a rat dips his tail in oils only to lick it. Man alone of animals is plagued with humility; he alone distrusts his value, and longs to escape the trammels of himself.

The greatest and wisest furnish us with examples. From the prime of the world, princes have been transformed into toads and beasts so readily that their people hardly noticed the difference. We read that Augustus, once a year escaping from divinity and the kingship of the world, played the mendicant in rags upon the curbstones of the city. This week Paris has affected to ignore a Duke of Lancaster's more familiar designation. Last summer a member of Parliament announced his intention of visiting Switzerland incognito—a ruse that surpassed the demands of absolute necessity. Why could not the excellent Dr. Jekyll be satisfied with one personality? Why did the Lord of Burleigh ever suppose that anyone but the Royal Academy and a village maiden would take him for a landscape painter? These are cases in which so praiseworthy a virtue as humility has tended almost to abasement in its dissatisfaction with self. Similarly among writers, Swift wrote best as a draper or sea captain, Carlyle as a German philosopher, George Sand as a man.

"*Patriæ quis exsul*," asked the Roman—"What tourist has escaped himself?" But when we meet tourists abroad, we cannot doubt that their object is to escape, and that they have succeeded in escaping the constrained personality of their suburbs, though the thing they reveal in clothes and behavior may only be a truer self. Every bank-holiday reveller rejoices in displaying a nature finer than his habitual—more generous, reckless, and gay. In every life there come moments when, as the old comic opera song said, it is time for disappearing. The song advised you on such occasions to take a header and go down until it seemed a suitable opportunity to emerge serenely. Our instances, so far, have shown that this brief obliteration may be accomplished with success. But what shall we say for those who plunge without desire to emerge—the princes who would choose to swelter venom in cold stones for ever, the kings and members of Parliament who would die incognito, the lords who would become real artists, the tourist exiles who would never return by Tube?

There have been many such, and in various ways they have striven to confound their identity. Few, indeed, have proved so successful as the Man in the Iron Mask, who attained to the distinction of being no one. But Charles V. submerged his glory in a monastery, and daily rehearsed his own obsequies till death rang the curtain up for the complete performance. To eat grass as the ox, to grow feathers as the bird, and be wet with the dew of Heaven might seem an unnatural ferity, had not the King of Babylon commended it by his example, and many thousands of holy men adopted that mode of life among Egyptian deserts and the pinnacles of meteoric cliffs. What shore is not strewn with the derelicts of Europe? What Pacific isle is not haunted with beachcombing shadows of a past? How many have risen on stepping-stones of their dead selves to different things! It is oblivion that must first be sought, and some have found it, like Waring, in an Adriatic boat; some, like Valjean, in a plunge from

the galleys; some, like Monte Christo, in a shotted sack; some, like John Harmon, in a Thames mortuary; some, like the Silver King, in a railway accident, backed by the "Daily Telegraph"; some in the House of Lords.

Short of suicide, all these escapes from self are open. There is another, which we cannot recommend, though this train of thought was started by the excellent account given of it in Herr Erwin Rosen's volume, just issued by Messrs. Duckworth. We mean "The Foreign Legion," forming part of the French army, and having its headquarters in Algeria, though always ready for service at a moment's notice in any part of the world. The existence of such a regiment is one of the most interesting problems of humanity, and if only our University Professors of Psychology would join it for five years, we are convinced they would be able to throw much new light upon the human mind. In some instances, men are driven to it by general misbehavior or trouble about a woman, and that, we gather, was Herr Rosen's case. To him the Legion was the readiest alternative to romantic suicide; he wisely took it, and, having successfully deserted, is now happy ever after, as we are glad to be informed. For some it is the alternative to gaol, and to them it has the advantages of a prison enlivened by sun and air and an occasional debauch. The great majority are recruited by hunger; to many Frenchmen, as well as to thousands of Alsatians, Germans, and Italians, the Foreign Legion takes the place of the English workhouse, and, savage as the life is, any man worthy of manhood would prefer it. But our interest for the moment is not with the hungry; it is with the recruits who join simply to escape from themselves—to cut their line of life in half, to start fresh in their short race to the grave, and, if only it is possible, to become a new being when their bodies are already one-third the age of man. Herr Rosen's obviously truthful account of the Legion and its life proves how desperate a plunge they take into the waters of forgetfulness.

The Legionary's existence is almost uninterrupted toil on a halfpenny a day, plus uniform, barrack sheds, and a minimum of food. Cleaning, drill, firing, road-making, and marching—that is his life. Above all, marching. On the route marches, simply for training and discipline, the Legion covers a minimum of 25 miles a day, carrying kit and rifle that come to 100 lbs. weight together, and that along sandy tracks under the African sun. The sick are arrested; stragglers are dragged over the ground behind carts; a legionary who slinks into the desert is sure to be butchered by Arab women with horrible mutilations. In barracks the one joy comes on the fifth day, when the wages of twopence-halfpenny secures a pint of wine and three ha'porth of tobacco. For the smallest offence, especially for losing a fragment of uniform, the punishments are intolerably severe, though the silo, or exposed pit, and the crapaudine, under which a man became a semi-circular bundle with legs and arms lashed together over his back, have lately been abolished. So life goes on from day to day, the original contract lasting five years; but at the end of that time the contract may be renewed for another five, the pay being a little increased with length of service, until fifteen years have passed. The legionary may then retire on a pension of £20 a year, if Providence has granted him so long a life, which is, indeed, seldom. In nearly all cases, the last oblivion has overwhelmed his body in unrecorded sand before half the term has run.

Perpetually harassed and overstrained, exposed to unanswerable insults, tormented by heat and thirst, brutalised by inevitable vices, the legionaries fall into a hysterical excitement or a brooding madness, both of which they call "cafard." They hack off their fingers to avoid service, they drink absinthe in milk to induce fever, they feign insanity for months together, all at the risk of being sent as "Zephyrs" to the deadly treatment of the penal battalion. The staple of their conversation is the best way to desert, though desertion seldom succeeds, and failure means a hideous death in the desert or heavy penalties on recapture. Yet the Legion is always full; it now averages over 10,000 men;

the author estimates that more than 100,000 have entered its ranks since its establishment eighty years ago. And, what is more remarkable, the legionaries take an intense pride in the Legion's reputation for cleanliness, marching, music, and behavior on the field. When the order for active service comes, the whole Legion is full of joy. Eleven times it has refused to obey the order for retreat in battle.

The Professors of Psychology who will join it can explain to us the reasons of many contradictions equally strange. We refer to the Legion now only as an example of the means to which men turn for escaping from themselves. The women who in old days recruited in our army, or served our battleships and travelled with Captain Cook, devised a wash-out of the past still more complete. Deep down in the soul lurks this desire for the destruction of half itself, a demi-suicide, an obliterating initiation, a renewed infancy, a rebirth in maturity, a cancelling of debts, a moral "nova tabula," a clean slate, if not a clean heart. For this object the Greeks celebrated their mysteries, scoured the neophant with bran, and bade him rise from the holy bath exclaiming, "Evil have I fled, to the better have I sped." When we describe anyone as a new man, we always mean that he has altered for the better and not for the worse. In everybody's breast the hope is laid up that at any moment by a change of circumstances he may become a new man, having cut himself loose from the haunting associations that keep calling him back to the past and dog his footsteps with hateful reminders, like the barking Furies or the sleuth-hounds of the Charity Organisation Society. To leave all hampering impediments behind, to set out lightly burdened as a baby upon the remaining pilgrimage of grace, to start fresh, to flee away into the wilderness and be at rest, that is the hope even of the Foreign Legion's recruit—an elevating and consolatory hope, no matter how frequently the theoretic philanthropist may tell us it is disappointed.

ON PROVERBS.

To the Icelanders who boasted that Iceland was the finest land the sun shone upon, Thangbrand, the drunken priest in Longfellow's "Saga of King Olaf," tauntingly replied that "three women and a goose made a market in their town." This proverb is found all over Europe, from Iceland to Sicily. "Tre donne e un papero fanno un mercato," it runs in Italian. The question suggests itself, about it as about all proverbs, "Did it travel from South to North, from East to West, or was it the spontaneous popular expression of a fact observed everywhere?" There seems no doubt that the latter is the case. In the proverbs of all lands, the thought is the same, as the experiences of humanity are the same always, but the expression varies according to local conditions and circumstances. "To carry owls to Athens," "to carry fir-trees to Norway," "to carry coals to Newcastle," "to sell shells to those who come from St. Michel," are local variations of a universal idea. "To carry water to the sea" is French, German, Dutch, Portuguese. "He no more wants it than the sea wants water" is the usual English version of this proverb, and one remembers in very early days (when it was a question of another tart or apple) resenting the application of this particular piece of proverbial wisdom. "To throw a sprat to catch a mackerel," again, we have all been familiar with from our cradles. In versions of this proverb current all over Europe, it is only the kinds of fish that vary. The Dutch say "to throw a smelt to catch a cod," the French "one must lose a minnow to catch a salmon." "Donner un œuf pour avoir un bœuf" is another variation of the same theme. This idea of the proper course to be taken by enlightened self-interest is very widespread. "There is a withholding that tendeth to poverty," the great Master of proverbial wisdom declared, and a French proverb ad-

vises us "to give a piece of cake to him who has a pie in the oven." Retaining rather than getting is the idea in the Italian "to him who gives you a pig you may well give a rasher," or the Spanish "to him who gives you a capon you may spare a wing and a leg." To give one or two more examples of these foreign equivalents of our most familiar phrases: the Italian variation of "to kill two birds with one stone" is "to catch two pigeons with one bean," the Dutch is "to bring down two apples with one stick." "To make an elephant out of a fly" is Russian, Italian, and Dutch. This is much more picturesque than our "to make a mountain out of a mole-hill." No doubt in all three countries, widely separated as they are, the same image presented itself to the popular fancy playing with the same thought. Better still is the Portuguese rendering of the idea "to make a knight in armor out of a flea." These variations, sometimes very slight, show the independent origin of the proverbs. We say, "When the cat's away the mice will play." The French say "Absent le chat les souris dansent," and they dance in like circumstances in every other European country. People of most other nations buy a cat in a poke—"acheter chat en poche"—instead of a pig as we do.

Nothing in the world gives the present writer greater pleasure than to come upon some quite new proverb in a foreign book, or some different version of an old, well-known one, or to find the universal character of proverbs illustrated by hearing suddenly from English lips a proverb he had always supposed to be French or Italian. "God sends t' meat, and t' divil cooks it," said the good woman of a small farm-house in a remote district of the North Riding of Yorkshire, who had been complimented on her cooking. "Dio ci manda la carne, ma il diavolo i cuochi," is Italian, but the writer has never come across it in any other language, and has only heard it that once in English. Again, he remembers hearing "to skin a flint and spoil a shilling knife in doing it." This is a variation of the French "gâter une chandelle pour trouver une épingle." "The young cock crows as it hears the old one," used to be common when he was a boy, but he has never heard it since. Richard Whiting, the last Abbot of Glastonbury, speaks, by the way, of "our most ancient English proverb, 'the young cock croweth as the old doth learn and teach.'" There are many equivalents of this used all over Europe. He remembers on one single occasion hearing "To give a Roland for an Oliver." The French of this is "rendre pois pour fève"—"to give a pea for a bean"—and the Italian "dare pan per focaccia"—"to give bread for gingerbread." "An ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy," used to be common enough a generation ago, and the word "clergy" used in the sense of "learning" shows how old the saying is. There is something like it in almost every European tongue. "Dio ci manda il freddo secondo i panni," "God sends the cold according to the clothes," is the Tuscan for "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." The same sense is given by perhaps the most beautiful of all proverbs, found in old French and Italian, "God builds the nest for the blind bird." Some proverbs, otherwise universal, seem not to exist in English. For instance, the writer has never heard or read anything in English like "Au pays des aveugles le borgne est roi." "To be king among beggars" is, or was, a very common English phrase.

Proverbs give many delightful glimpses into the life of vanished days. The manners and the dresses of the Middle Ages could be reconstructed from them. Thus the German "'What we must suffer for the sake of God's Church,' as the Abbot said when he burnt his fingers with the roast chicken," carries us back to a time before forks. "To laugh in one's sleeve," is as good as a picture of the dress of Plantagenet days. "Mettre la charrue devant les bœufs,"—a variant of our "to put the cart before the horse,"—calls up at once the old-world Virgilian way of ploughing. We hardly realise, perhaps, how concrete, how full of images, our traditional popular language is. A trouble, for instance, is a "burden," and in Christian countries a "burden"

is interchangeable with a "Cross"—the great Burden. A proverb, above all, is the translation of a thought or an idea into an image. Every true proverb is a quaint and delightful little picture in half-a-dozen words.

An artist with a whimsical fancy who would set about illustrating a book of proverbs would find no end of beautiful and fantastic things. "*Femme qui beaucoup se mire peu file*," for instance, calls up a girl of seventeen with a great mass of red gold hair in a cobwebbed garret—Margaret sitting glorious there—forgetful of her stepmother's scowling brow and lifted stick, dreaming by silent wheel and idle distaff and neglected flax, before a great round mirror in a copper frame, which shows the reflection of a lovely face. There are great possibilities in "*a cat may look at a king*." The writer prefers the French, "*un chien regarde bien un évêque*." One sees the little spaniel in his basket looking with affectionate confidence at an old bent bishop in a purple cassock, in his great carved chair, in the low oak-panelled, tapestried room, lit by wax tapers in silver sconces, with the firelight flickering on pectoral cross and amethyst ring. Some truly delightful proverbs suggest not only pictures, but fairy tales like Andersen's, or grotesque *contes* like Hoffmann's. Such are "*chi ha capo di cera von vada al sole*"—"he who has a wax head should not go in the sun," or better still, "*chi ha coda di paglia ha sempre paura che lo pigli fuoco*"—"he who has a straw tail is always afraid of its catching fire." The French say, "if your head is of wax, don't become a baker." What would not one give to read "*The Man with the Wax Head*," or "*The Man with the Straw Tail*"?

The delightful suggestions of proverbs are, indeed, endless. One meets in them all the old-world figures, the priest, the innkeeper, the miller, the blacksmith—one hears the cheery bustle of market day, the sound of flute and fiddle at village fêtes in old-time France. There is the stay-at-home wonderment at far-off places and things, the road leading to Rome with its Pope and Cardinals, the southward flight of stork and swallow, and their return in the spring, the stories of "warm countries," told as in Andersen's tales by nurses to children in the far North. One sits by the fireside in a house of a little Danish town among the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired children, or in some country inn in seventeenth century Holland, when the shuddering tales of the Spanish cruelties had half become matter for a jest.

Will there ever be any more proverbs made? We seem to have lost the power of thinking in images, in this delightfully concrete way. One cannot but feel that the atmosphere of a democracy is unfavorable to proverb-making. The old-time people accepted life as they found it—their business was to live, not to make laws or to reform the world, and so their interest was not in politics, but in life itself. The King and the Court, the laws and the war, were as unalterable as summer and winter. The people did not meddle with them, and so had the more leisure for stories and ballad-making and the spectacle of the world. The proverbs, for all their frequent bitterness, are full of the *joie de vivre*.

The writer has once, at least, found himself in such an atmosphere as that in which these old sayings were made. He was detained with a sick friend in a village in Lower Brittany, and wandering out aimlessly one morning, found an unusual stir and animation in the street. It was caused by a blind man playing a flute, accompanied by a dog holding in his mouth a tin can in which to gather sous. Like the Pied Piper, the blind man had attracted all the children in the village (school, if compulsory, did not appear to be very stringent), and not the children only. Everybody in the place had leisure to wonder at the blind man, and especially at the dog, and everybody was able to find a sou for his can. Out they came from the dark little shops—Yves Bannalec and Yves Le Borgne. There were faces at every window and at every door, the crippled tailor, the hunchbacked old woman, figures often grotesque enough, but full of interest, vivacity, good humor. It was in such a world of contented leisure and cheery acceptance that the old proverbs were made.

The Drama.

A SECTION AND A SLICE.

For two reasons, I wish it were not incumbent on me to write quite sincerely about "*The Madras House*." The first is that when a play has given you such keen and abundant pleasure as this play gave me, it seems ill-conditioned to make any reservations; the second is that, artistic human nature being what it is, I feel sure that my reservations will do Mr. Barker no good, but may, if they have any effect at all, tend to harden him in his—what shall I say?—in his foibles, or his excesses. It is by carefully disregarding my counsels of prudence and commonplaceness that Mr. Barker has become the brilliant and original playwright he is. But it remains true that "*The Marrying of Anne Leete*" is not a successful play, even by the most rarefied standard of success; and it may one day be accepted as equally true that "*The Madras House*" would be a better play if it did not taper off into nothingness—if the talk did not outrun the interest by about five minutes in Act III., and by about twenty minutes in Act IV.

So much premised, let me hasten to say that, in the main, this new technique, which Mr. Barker has invented, seems to me a most valuable addition to our dramatic resources. What is its character, its definition? Manifestly the old formula of the "slice of life" will not do. The slice of life implies, in its very terms, something chopped off from life, an incident or an action that can be cut away from the mass and form a whole in itself. Mr. Galsworthy's "*Justice*" may be called a slice of life, though it is very different from the mere crudities that used to go by that name in the distant 'nineties. It is an individual whole, an incident studied from its beginning to its end, and with all irrelevances eliminated, except—if the bull may be pardoned—those which are indispensably relevant. But "*The Madras House*" is not an incident at all. It shows us several incidents in process, but not one of them can be said either to begin or to end. It is not a definite whole detached from life, like a microscopic preparation, but rather the application of a powerful magnifying glass to certain portions of the living social organism. Shall we say that it is not a slice, but a section, like that which we see when a railway cutting lays bare three or four different strata of rock, mutually exclusive one of the other, and yet interdependent inasmuch as circumstances have jammed them together in close local contiguity? Not that "*The Madras House*" lacks unity. It has not, like "*Justice*," the unity of a close-linked chain, but rather that of a stone cut in many facets. In other words, it has unity of theme; and its theme is the position and destiny of women in this queerly-ordered world.

What a gallery of women it presents! First, the terrible and terribly true group of the Denmark Hill mother with her five unmarried daughters, all drifting into middle-age with the seal of suburban spinsterhood on their narrow foreheads. This Huxtable interior is a marvel of observation and life-like movement; an admirable contrast, moreover, to the æsthetic-intellectual, one-child, Phillimore-Gardens interior of the fourth act. Then we have the soured, silly, exacting, ineffectual Mrs. Madras, a martyr to pains of body and emptiness of mind. In the second act, again, we have three absolutely masterly pieces of portraiture: the hysterical, un-governed shrew; the rigid, ironclad old maid; and the clever, competent, unillusioned woman who, being economically self-supporting, and having no social position to lose, can look forward with equanimity and almost with exultation to the "trouble" which her thirst for life has brought upon her. The scene between these three and their unconventional employer is a piece of admirable and most original comedy. Finally, we have in Mrs. Philip Madras, the restless, semi-satisfied woman of culture, who tries to find in æsthetics a refuge from her senses on the one hand, her social conscience on the other, and who, without passion, drifts within measurable distance of vulgarities which are foreign to

her better nature. All these types are admirably observed and vividly portrayed; and the whole of the third act, in which no woman appears, save three mute "mannequins," is devoted to a discussion of female character and function, which I venture to call one of the most scintillating passages in modern literature. The American philosopher-financier, Mr. Eustace Perrin State, is a gem of humor, and at the same time an extraordinarily faithful study. I do not mean that any American is quite like him, but that his character is compounded of genuinely American traits. As for Constantine Madras, the mouthpiece of Oriental anti-feminism, he is less happily conceived inasmuch as he betrays a touch of the Shaw influence. But this does not seriously detract from the originality and delightfulness of the scene. It is full, as indeed the whole play is, of brilliant wit, which is never mere epigram, but always a true product of character and situation; and among all the brilliancy, there is every here and there a saying of real profundity, a memorable flash of insight or poignant utterance of truth.

It may seem that my threatened reservations are long of coming, and even that, after what I have said, there is scant room for any reservation at all. The fact is, they do not arise until the very end of the third act, and it is to the fourth alone that they apply with any force. It is the old story—Mr. Barker is so determined not to be theatrical, that he sometimes forgets to be dramatic. He drifts away into sheer talk, which is no part of any action or fragment of an action, but exists simply (or so it would seem) because he has some ideas left over, which he feels he must at all hazards express. No doubt he will think this a quite unjust way of putting it; he will prefer to say that his characters remain incomplete until they have talked themselves out. Well then, let us accept this version of the case: the fact remains that it is a technical error to leave portions of character undeveloped until every semblance of action is over and done with. If, and inasmuch as, the technique of the first three acts is right, that of the fourth act is wrong. The first three acts, despite their lack of continuous story, are absorbingly interesting; but for one reason or another the interest of the fourth act is languid from the first, and dies away altogether long before the end. The talk between Philip and Jessica Madras is good enough talk in itself, but we feel it to be all wrong at that point in the play. Mr. Barker may reject the reasons I have tried to give; but I can assure him of the fact that I strove in vain against the feeling of restlessness which I felt to be taking hold of my neighbors and of the house. I tried to persuade myself that I did not feel it; I told myself that a first-night audience is abnormally nervous, and recalled how the third act of "Waste" had on first hearing seemed to me much too long, while on second hearing I would not have spared two words of it. But the very fact that these thoughts had time to pass through my mind showed that I was not absorbed in the drama; and at last I had reluctantly to yield to the feeling that I did not want to sit and listen to the fire-side talk of Philip and Jessica, when I knew that there was no point to be settled, no climax to be reached, in short, nothing to come of it. Mr. Barker ignores what I take to be a fundamental fact in the psychology of the theatrical audience: that it is anticipation which keeps us in our seats at the play, and that, when all anticipation is over, the curtain cannot fall too promptly. In other words, it is an author's business not to let his action, however slight it may be, run out before his character-study is completed—more especially when the dregs of his character-study have a suspicious air of mere abstract philosophising.

The acting of "The Madras House" is altogether admirable. Quite in the first line I would place Mr. Arthur Whitby, whose performance of the American financier was a pure delight. Mr. Charles Bryant and Mr. Charles Maude gave us the best pieces of comedy they have ever done; the soft-voiced subtlety of Miss Fay Davis's Jessica Madras was memorably excellent; and Mr. Eadie, Mr. Garden, Mr. Valentine, Mr. Casson,

Miss Florence Hayden, Miss Mary Whitty, Miss Mary Jerrold and Miss Mary Barton were all as good as they could possibly be. This is the advantage of a play which puts actors on their mettle.

A typical and most interesting "slice of life" is Lady Bell's play, "The Way the Money Goes," at the New Royalty Theatre. It seizes, develops, and exhausts an incident. It is a rare instance of real dramatic skill coming to the aid of intimate knowledge of social conditions. There is unmistakable and terrible truth in the way in which the excellent Mrs. Holroyd, quite against her will, blunders into one after another of the pitfalls that are dug for the feet of the ignorant and inexperienced poor. In the ordering of the incidents, too, there is ingenuity of the best sort—ingenuity as distinguished from artifice. The play interests us, moves us, widens our knowledge and our sympathy. My one quarrel with it is that it ends too tamely. I long to see John Holroyd, that insufferable pharisee in fustian, made to realise that it is he and not his wife that is to blame. If Lady Bell could not find it in her heart to let Mrs. Holroyd "round upon him," she might at least have let Mrs. Riggs do so, even if it had involved some modification of that good lady's character. Miss Helen Haye's performance of Mrs. Holroyd is a very remarkable piece of acting, and the whole cast is more than competent.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Music.

HOPE FOR PROVINCIAL OPERA.

It was a rather curious coincidence that just at the time when Mr. Beecham was waking London up with his "Elektra" and other performances, and with his promise of a further spring and autumn season at His Majesty's and Covent Garden, Edinburgh should have been the scene of an operatic experiment that may have consequences as far-reaching for the provinces as Mr. Beecham's schemes may have for London. No dweller in the provinces needs to be told of the unsatisfactory state of opera there. We have some touring companies that do their work honestly according to their lights and their means, though the lights are sometimes dim and the means often inadequate. The repertoire mostly consists of operas that kindle little or no enthusiasm in musicians who have moved with the times in orchestral or chamber music. People who have become interested in the later Wagner, in Strauss, in Debussy, in Elgar, and in Bantock, feel no particular yearning to spend an evening over Gounod's "Faust," or "Tannhäuser," or "Lohengrin." So desolate is the state of opera that the managers of our touring companies think they have done something wonderful when they have spent a week in an ordinary town without giving "Maritana" or the "Bohemian Girl." Now and then attempts are or have been made at such things as "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger," "Siegfried," or "The Valkyrie," but the means at the disposal of the companies have been quite inadequate for performances that would satisfy musicians who had heard the works elsewhere. Your intentions may be the best in the world, but good intentions will not enable you to play the score of "Tristan" with an orchestra of forty or so; nor are the people who have spent their lives with "Faust" and "Maritana" and the "Bohemian Girl" the ones to make "Siegfried" sound and look as its creator intended it to do. The situation therefore seemed absolutely hopeless. So long as opera in the provinces means a round of stale works pretty well given, with an occasional dash of great modern works badly given, musicians will have nothing to do with it; while the reply of the companies is that until the musical public supports them better they cannot launch out into untried seas. The obvious rejoinder to this is that it is the business of the vendor of an article to show it to us before he asks us to buy it; and that the companies would probably find the larger

musical public rallying round them if they catered properly for it. So there has been much talk and much newspaper correspondence, but nothing more practical. Some of us have seen that the only solution of the problem was for some man of broader musical sympathies and a more daring imagination than those of the ordinary impresario to start doing the thing thoroughly well and hoping for the best. We thought that some day Covent Garden might be induced to send a troupe round the provinces after the London season had ended, or that some concert manager of experience, such as Mr. Percy Harrison, might try running an operatic tour as a diversion from running orchestral tours or prima donna tours.

It looks, however, as if the impetus is to come, not from London or Birmingham, but from Edinburgh. We might have waited till doomsday before any of our ordinary operatic companies produced the "Ring of the Nibelung" on a proper scale. It has been done during the past couple of weeks in Edinburgh, the motive force being Herr Ernst Denhof, an Austrian resident of that city. He has, of course, had incredible difficulties to contend against. Some of them were inevitable; others might have been avoided if the venture had not aroused, as schemes of this kind always do, the jealousy of people who will do nothing themselves, but are always ready to throw cold water on the plans of more earnest and energetic men. Nor, if report speaks truly, has Herr Denhof had the support from the Press of his own town that any man engaged in so fine a work as this should have been able to count upon with confidence. Some of the newspaper critiques upon the performances, indeed, even in Edinburgh, indicate that the critics have still a good deal to learn about Wagner and the "Ring"; even the plot, judging by the inaccurate summaries of it that appeared in one or two of the leading papers, had been hastily worked up by the scribes at the last moment. One intrepid writer actually informed the public that in the first scene of the "Rheingold" there was not only the gold on the rock, but the Ring and the Tarnhelm as well! This is magnificent, but it is not Wagner.

Yet in spite of everything, the performances—two cycles of the work have been given—were not only an artistic success, but so far a financial success that Herr Denhof contemplates a tour of the leading provincial cities in the autumn. Such little shortcomings as the performances exhibited now and then were entirely due to the smallness of the stage of the King's Theatre, or to the rather insufficient mechanical equipment of it, or to the inexperience of the stage hands. Mr. E. C. Hedmond worked wonders as stage director, considering the material he had to deal with. But though anyone who knew the "Ring" well and was familiar with other performances of it could see, by sundry little signs, that the people behind the scenes had their hands full, practically nothing went really wrong. For the rest one can only speak in terms of the highest praise of the performances, which frequently had a more complete unity than those that Covent Garden has given us in English during the last two or three years. An orchestra of eighty-two poured out a magnificent flood of tone that must have astonished the provincials whose previous notions of an operatic orchestra had been derived from what the touring companies have given them. Herr Balling, of Bayreuth, was a first-rate conductor, in whose hands the score was a mine of beauty and expressiveness. Miss Agnes Nicholls as Brynhilde, Miss Florence Easton as Sieglinda, Mr. Francis MacLennan as Siegmund and Siegfried, Mr. Frederic Austin as Wotan and Gunther, Mr. Thomas Meux as Alberich, Mr. Charles Knowles as Hagen, Mr. Sidney Russell as Mime, Mr. Hedmond as Loge, and Mr. Robert Radford as Fasolt and Hunding, all sang excellently and showed gratifying ability as actors, though several of them were taking the parts for the first time. The work of Mr. Austin was especially admirable throughout, not only vocally but on the intellectual side.

It would be too bad if these two cycles of the "Ring" were allowed to be the end of the matter. So much enthusiasm, so much courage, deserve a better fate than that. The question now is, will the provinces en-

courage Herr Denhof to bring the "Ring" to their own doors? Are Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, and Sheffield going to show themselves less intelligent and less artistic than Edinburgh? It will be to their lasting disgrace if they do. The situation is simplicity itself compared with what it was a few months ago. The provinces have long wanted to hear the "Ring," but the enormous difficulties in the way of a beginning led to nothing being done. The beginning has now been made; the vast preliminary work of organisation is over, and Herr Denhof and his assistants have acquired much valuable experience. The other towns will profit by this. All they have to do is to show sufficient interest in the scheme to encourage Herr Denhof to go on. Will they do this, or will they show an indifference that will not only deprive them of the "Ring" now, but will effectually discourage any one from attempting to give it them in the future?

Communications.

THE PLANNING OF GREATER PARIS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—At the end of December last the permission of both Houses of the French Parliament was given to the increase of the municipal debt of Paris, and the Municipality of Paris are now committed to what is, without doubt, the greatest single scheme of municipal improvement that the civilised world has known.

This scheme involves the expenditure of 900,000,000 francs (£36,000,000 sterling), and this enormous sum will be raised as it is needed over a period of from fifteen to eighteen years by the issue of municipal loan stock.

The construction of new schools and improvements in existing schools will take 91,000,000 francs; new works and improvements in water supply 125,000,000 francs; construction, improvement, and repair of public hospitals 35,000,000 francs; and the reconstruction of abattoirs 40,000,000 francs.

For the improvement of roads and pavements and various improvements in the services of public lighting and street cleansing, 44,000,000 francs will be allotted, but it is certain that this great amount must be still further increased in order to repair the ravages made by the recent floods.

Paris enjoys the honor of being the first municipality in the world to devote a large sum of money to the definite purpose of fighting the "white scourge" of consumption. 30,000,000 francs of this great municipal budget are to be expended on "La lutte contre tuberculose." Half of this amount will be used in the demolition of insanitary dwellings, and the investigations of the municipal "Casier Sanitaire" will now bear most valuable fruit, for the municipal authorities have in the records of this department the life and death history of every house in Paris since 1894.

The improvement of existing promenades and open spaces, the completion of public squares and the creation of new squares and public gardens will take 15,000,000 francs, and improvements and developments in various public buildings 25,000,000 francs.

The central feature of this municipal budget is, however, the apportionment of 440,000,000 francs (£17,200,000 sterling) for improvements in the planning of the city.

The first great scheme of town-planning improvement in Paris was due to Baron Haussmann and his imperial master, Napoleon III. In 1850, the only streets of great importance were the grand boulevards, and these dated from the time of Louis XIV. To these Haussmann added the Boulevards Voltaire, Magenta, Barbes, Haussmann, and Malesherbes, the Rue Lafayette, the Avenue de la République, and many other broad traffic streets.

Haussmann found a Paris with narrow, crowded streets, and by a few bold engineering achievements—costing in all 180,000,000 francs—transformed it into a city which, to the visitor from England, has the appearance of a city of broad boulevards and spacious avenues.

The scope of the new scheme is thus described by the Rapporteur to the Paris Council on the budget—Councillor Louis Dausset:—

"It will be easy to summarise the character of this great project if for a few minutes we consider it to be complete. If

we carry our imagination forward for fifteen years what do we see?"

"To begin with, great arteries for traffic have been created or lengthened. On the left bank of the Seine from the Place St. Germain de Près as far as the Seine itself, a broad thoroughfare gives traffic easy access to the right bank of the river. Not far from this new street the rues de l'Abbé, de l'Épée, de Bue, St. Jacques, de l'Ecole, and de la Madeleine are greatly enlarged."

"The Church of St. Severin, one of the most beautiful buildings in Paris, is freed from the wretched buildings—centres of disease and consumption—which formerly surrounded it."

"In the neighboring (13th, 14th, and 15th) arrondissements new thoroughfares have been constructed and old thoroughfares enlarged."

"On the right bank of the Seine even greater improvements have been made. The Central Wholesale Markets have been completed and the surrounding streets greatly enlarged to meet the ever-growing traffic to and from the markets. At the angle of the rue Drouet and the Boulevard des Italiens a large and handsome junction of roads completely alters the aspect of the living centre of Paris."

"For forty years the Boulevard Haussmann ended abruptly at the rue Taitbout; it has now, however, been carried through to the Grand Boulevard."

"In the 10th arrondissement the old prison of St. Lazare has disappeared, giving room for new streets and healthy houses."

The work of city improvement is, however, not to be confined to the centre of Paris, for great developments in the suburbs are projected, although provision has not been made for these in the present municipal scheme. Hitherto the growth of greater Paris has been hindered by the fortifications of the city. These are now obsolete, and their destruction is only a matter of time. Schemes for the laying out of the land at present occupied by these out-of-date defences have been carefully considered, the Paris Municipality are negotiating with the Government for the purchase of the land, and a municipal endeavor will be made to secure a large number of open spaces and various garden village developments.

The movement which in Great Britain has produced the Housing and Town-Planning Act (1909) has had its counterpart in France, and, as a result, the Beauquier Town Extension Act has been passed to secure the proper planning of all new housing areas, including those of greater Paris.

This Act provides that:—

"Within five years from the date of the passing of this Act each Urban District with more than 10,000 inhabitants shall prepare a town extension and improvement plan.

"This plan shall determine the positions of public squares, gardens, parks, and open spaces, shall fix the width of roads, their direction, the manner of constructing the houses, and, in general, shall establish the proper development of the town on hygienic and artistic lines."

"The plan, when prepared by the officials of the Municipal Council, shall be submitted for the approval of the Bureau of Hygiene for the Department in which the town is situated, and also for the approval of the Departmental Commission for the Preservation of Sites and Places of Natural Beauty or Historic Interest."

"These Departments shall then prepare and submit such observations as they may deem desirable. There shall also be kept open for a whole year at the Town Hall a public register in which observations and objections to the plan may be recorded."

"The plan when definitely finished shall be authorised by an order of the Council of State."

"If during the period of five years from the passing of this law a municipality does not establish a town extension and improvement plan, this neglect shall be remedied on the initiative of the Prefect of the Department in which the town is situated. The plan will then be made public in accordance with Clause 3 as above."

"The plan, when finally approved, shall remain in operation for thirty years, and must then be renewed. During this period of thirty years all extensions and improvements in the town must be made in accordance with the plan."

When the great scheme for replanning the centre of Paris has been completed, and the girdle of land now occupied by fortifications has been properly planned, Paris will have a good claim to the title of the most beautiful city in the world.

Whether it will also be the most healthy city will depend on the efforts of Léon Bourgeois, Jules Siegfried, Paul Strauss, and other housing and health reformers. These indefatigable workers for hygienic reform claim that, to build a Paris which shall be worthy of the great traditions of the French people, the densely packed areas in which the poorer citizens of Paris dwell should be vigorously dealt with and every unwholesome house destroyed. They state with truth that it is not enough to improve those parts of

the city to which visitors come for pleasure and rest. The housing problem of the thrifty, hard-working Paris artisan must receive equal attention, and new and healthy dwellings replace the unhealthy dwellings which to-day act as veritable "foyers" of tuberculosis and other diseases.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY R. ALDRIDGE.

Letters to the Editor.

WHY SHOULD THERE BE A SECOND GENERAL ELECTION?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Many Liberal speakers are assuming that another General Election will almost certainly take place in a few weeks' time. This assumption grounds itself upon the belief that as Mr. Asquith has not obtained, in advance, from the King, guarantees for the creation of a sufficient number of peers to secure the passage of a Veto Removal Bill through the Lords, the King will decline to give this guarantee when a definite proposal embodying the views of the Ministry and of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons is brought before him. But to give currency to such a belief is surely both ungenerous and impolitic. It is impolitic, because a widely disseminated forecast of the kind will tend to bring about its realisation, and it is unfair to assume that because Mr. Asquith may have failed to secure the requisite assurances, in advance, the King will avail himself of a tactical error, if such it be, on the part of his Prime Minister, to make futile the election which has just taken place, and so prolong an angry controversy which can end only in one way, and which on grounds of high national expediency, should be speedily settled.

The request for guarantees will come before the King with an urgency and authority to which a second election can add little, if any, weight. It is not as if a new question had been sprung upon him. He will know that the present position is one which it is impossible should last. When the Conservatives are in power the country is practically under Single-Chamber rule; when the Liberals are in power, their measures are mutilated or rejected whenever the House of Lords considers that it will serve the interests of the Tory Party to destroy them. In 1906 and 1908 the most important measures of the year, which passed through the Commons with huge and unprecedented majorities, were destroyed in the Lords, while last year witnessed the crowning outrage of the rejection of the Budget.

The spirit of the Constitution, to say nothing of the elementary requirements of a self-governing State, demand that this condition of things should be changed. In 1907 Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman brought forward resolutions which, if embodied in legislation, would secure that the will of the House of Commons should prevail within the lifetime of a single Parliament. These resolutions were accepted by the House of Commons by a majority of 285, the figures being: for, 432; against, 147. Although these proposals were characterised by extraordinary caution, and fell far short of the demands of many reformers, they have been loyally accepted by all sections of the Liberal Party, and during the recent election, held the field.

We know Mr. Asquith's famous Albert Hall declaration that "We shall not assume office, and we shall not hold office, unless we can secure the safeguards which experience shows us to be necessary for the legislative utility and honor of the party of progress. . . . The will of the people, as deliberately expressed by their elected representatives must, within the lifetime of a single Parliament, be made effective." For the purpose of my argument it matters not whether the popular interpretation put upon the former of these sentences throughout the election, or the more restricted import since given to them by Mr. Asquith, be adopted. There is no ambiguity at any rate about the latter sentence. In either case, the King will have known that the continuance of a Liberal Ministry in office was dependent upon obtaining guarantees for the passing of the Veto Bill. If the Government are not to obtain these guarantees, the purpose for which this Parliament was

elected will have been rendered vain. I refuse to believe that the King will decline to accept the mandate of the country as given at the recent election. The majority is sufficient in numbers for the work it has to do, and it has with it the most powerful forces of the State—the great industrial centres of the North of England and of Scotland.

Mr. Asquith has deprecated bringing the name of the King into this discussion, but consider what would happen if a second election were held. As a Member of Parliament said to me the other day: "When I go down to my constituency and ask for their mandate against the Lords, they will reply, 'We gave you that in January, why do you come again?'" The only answer that could be given would be that the King had refused to give the guarantees, without which the Veto Bill could not pass. No true friend of the monarchy would wish that the King's name should come into the struggle in this way. Even if a second election were held, what evidence is there that the country would be nearer a solution of the difficulty? Having regard to the very heavy polls at the recent election, it does not seem likely that one held in a few weeks' time upon the same issues would result in any great change in the balance of parties. If the Liberal majority were reduced to fifty, would the King give the guarantees, and, if not, how could the Government of the country be carried on? The Liberals would not assume office, and the Conservatives could not hold it with a majority of fifty against them. If, on the other hand, the results of a second election were the same as those of the first, or if the Liberal majority were increased to 150, would the guarantees then be given? If not, then a Parliamentary deadlock would arise, and the Government of the country pass into a condition of hopeless confusion.

The controversy has reached a stage in which neither Parliament nor the country will be satisfied with anything short of the limitation of the veto, and in which Liberal Ministers will not retain or assume office unless they have the power to secure the passing of the Veto Bill. I cannot accept the assumption that the King will be unwilling to give the guarantees; the facts of the situation point to the extreme un wisdom of taking a step which would inevitably drag the name of the sovereign into an embittered electoral controversy, and do more than anything which has happened for the last two generations to shake the foundations of the throne.—Yours, &c.,

AN OLD LIBERAL.

March 7th, 1910.

THE LORDS AND A REFERENDUM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, in your last issue, after suggesting that the question of the veto of the House of Lords should be decided by means of a Referendum, says: "The country would vote definitely on that one issue. Each elector would be asked to declare on his voting paper whether he is in favor of the Bill or no, and it would be impossible for him to vote on any other question."

Surely, as Mr. Asquith is determined to resign if he cannot carry the abolition of the veto, most electors would vote Yes or No, according to whether they wished to have a Conservative or a Liberal Government in office.

The impossibility of an honest declaration of opinion on any measure, so long as the fate of the Government may conceivably be depending on your vote, is one of the curses of the party system of government, and it would surely come into play in the case of a Referendum, just as it does in the House of Commons.

It is well worthy of note in this connection that the only country in the world where the Referendum has been a marked success is Switzerland, and that in that happy land (the best-governed country in Europe, and the only real democracy in the civilised world) the party system of government is quite unknown. Party government and democracy are incompatible.—Yours, &c.,

E. MELLAND.

March 7th, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The suggestion in *THE NATION* of February 26th, and in Mr. Lowes Dickinson's letter in your following

number that a Referendum on the veto of the House of Lords is the way out of the present crisis both seem to suffer from a failure to realise that the other side would have the choice of whether they would accept or decline the challenge, and if accepting, on what terms.

The Referendum must either be a mere consultation with the nation, or a portion of an operative resolution or Bill, which, if carried, would have the force of an Act of Parliament.

In the one case the Conservatives could well say that if the Government wished to obtain a vote of confidence from their Liberal constituents, they would not raise any objection, but that they did not propose to take any part in it, and, of course, would not feel bound by the result. In such circumstances the average elector, feeling none of the excitement of an election, would probably not bother to record his vote.

In the other case, that which Mr. Dickinson seems to contemplate, the details of the Bill would have to be settled before the Referendum was taken. It would, therefore, be open to the House of Lords to so amend it as to take the Referendum on the most favorable issue to themselves, and, *inter alia*, to provide that the Referendum must be carried by a two-thirds majority either of those voting or of the whole electorate. However we may talk about the revolutionary action of the Lords in stopping supplies, it will be difficult to persuade the ordinary citizen that a limitation of the veto is not an alteration of the *status quo* under the Constitution, and to resist an amendment that such an alteration should not be carried by a bare majority of votes.

But if not by a bare majority, by what majority? Two-thirds is a recognised fraction in local government and trade union practice. But have we such a majority?—Yours, &c.,

R. C. PHILLIMORE.

Battler's Green, Watford, Herts.,
March 6th, 1910.

STRAUSS AND HIS ELEKTRA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I, as an old critic of music, and as a member of the public who has not yet heard "Elektra," make an appeal to Mr. Ernest Newman to give us something about that work a little less ridiculous and idiotic than his article in your last issue? I am sorry to use disparaging and apparently uncivil epithets as "ridiculous and idiotic"; but what else am I to call an article which informs us, first, that Strauss does not know the difference between music and "abominable ugliness and noise"; and, second, that he is the greatest living musician of the greatest school of music the world has produced? I submit that this is ridiculous, inasmuch as it makes us laugh at Mr. Newman, and idiotic because it unhesitatingly places the judgment of the writer above that of one whom he admits to be a greater authority than himself, thus assuming absolute knowledge in the matter. This is precisely what "idiotic" means.

Pray do not let me be misunderstood as objecting to Mr. Newman describing how "Elektra" affected him. He has not, perhaps, as much right to say that it seemed ugly and nonsensical to him (noise, applied to music, can only mean nonsense, because in any other sense, all music is noise) as Haydn had to say similar things of Beethoven's music, because Haydn was himself an eminent composer; still, he is perfectly in order in telling us honestly how ill "Elektra" pleased him, and not pretending he liked it lest his opinion should come to be regarded later on as we now regard his early opinion of Wagner. But he should by this time have been cured by experience and reflection of the trick that makes English criticism so dull and insolent—the trick, namely, of asserting that everything that does not please him is wrong, not only technically but ethically. Mr. Newman, confessing that he did not enjoy, and could not see the sense of a good deal of "Elektra," is a respectable, if pathetic, figure; but Mr. Newman treating Strauss as a moral and musical delinquent, is—well, will Mr. Newman himself supply the missing word, for really I cannot find one that is both adequate and considerate?

When my "Candida" was performed for the first time in Paris, the late Catulle Mendès was one of its critics. It

affected him very much as "Elektra" affected Mr. Newman. But he did not immediately proceed, English fashion, to demonstrate that I am a perverse and probably impotent imbecile (London criticism has not stopped short of this), and to imply that if I had submitted my play to his revision he could have shown me how to make it perfect. He wrote to this effect: "I have seen this play. I am aware of the author's reputation, and of the fact that reputations are not to be had for nothing. I find that the play has a certain air of being a remarkable work and of having something in it which I cannot precisely seize; but I do not like it, and I cannot pretend that it gave me any sensation except one of being incommoded." Now that is what I call thoughtful and well-bred criticism, in contradistinction to ridiculous and idiotic criticism as practised in England. Mr. Newman has no right to say that "Elektra" is absolutely and objectionably ugly, because it is not ugly to Strauss and to his admirers. He has no right to say that it is incoherent nonsense, because such a statement implies that Strauss is mad, and that Hoffmanstahl and Mr. Beecham, with the artists who are executing the music, and the managers who are producing it, are insulting the public by offering them the antics of a lunatic as serious art. He has no right to imply that he knows more about Strauss's business technically than Strauss himself. These restrictions are no hardship to him; for nobody wants him to say any of these things: they are not criticism; they are not good manners nor good sense; and they take up the space that is available in THE NATION for criticism proper; and criticism proper can be as severe as the critic likes to make it. There is no reason why Mr. Newman should not say with all possible emphasis—if he is unlucky enough to be able to say so truly—that he finds Strauss's music disagreeable and cacophonous; that he is unable to follow its harmonic syntax; that the composer's mannerisms worry him; and that, for his taste, there is too much restless detail, and that the music is over-scored (too many notes, as the Emperor said to Mozart). He may, if he likes, go on to denounce the attractiveness of Strauss's music as a public danger, like the attraction of morphia; and to diagnose the cases of Strauss and Hoffmanstahl as psychopathic or neurasthenic, or whatever the appropriate scientific slang may be, and descant generally on the degeneracy of the age in the manner of Dr. Nordau. Such diagnoses, when supported by an appeal to the symptoms made with real critical power and ingenuity, might be interesting and worth discussing. But this lazy petulance which has disgraced English journalism in the forms of anti-Wagnerism, anti-Ibsenism, and, long before that, anti-Handelism (now remembered only by Fielding's contemptuous reference to it in "Tom Jones"); this infatuated attempt of writers of modest local standing to talk *de haut en bas* to men of European reputation, and to dismiss them as intrusive lunatics, is an intolerable thing, an exploded thing, a foolish thing, a parochial boorish thing, a thing that should be dropped by all good critics and discouraged by all good editors as bad form, bad manners, bad sense, bad journalism, bad politics, and bad religion. Though Mr. Newman is not the only offender, I purposely select his article as the occasion of a much needed protest, because his writings on music are distinguished enough to make him worth powder and shot. I can stand almost anything from Mr. Newman except his posing as Strauss's governess; and I hope he has sufficient sense of humor to see the absurdity of it himself, now that he has provoked a quite friendly colleague to this yell of remonstrance.—Yours, &c.,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.
March 1st, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A lady once asked Mr. Shaw to dine with her. Mr. Shaw's answer was, "Certainly not; what have I done to provoke this attack on my well-known morals?" or words to that effect. The lady's telegram in reply was as effective as it was quiet: "Know nothing about your morals, but hope they are better than your manners." I, too, hope so; for Mr. Shaw's manners, judging from this letter of his, are getting almost as bad as his logic. If I were to respond to his "appeal" to me in a spirit similar to his own, I

should appeal to him not to talk so dogmatically and offensively of things he knows nothing about—for he confesses that he has not yet heard "Elektra"—and to control his bad temper and his vanity to a degree that will save him from too gross a parody of the case he is attacking—one does not expect, of course, too much from the man who has written about Shakespeare and other people as Mr. Shaw has done. I nowhere said that Strauss did not know the difference between abominable ugliness and noise, or that he is "the greatest living musician of the greatest school of music the world has produced." Mr. Shaw plainly does not know the difference between what he reads and what he dreams. To say that a man at times writes ugly music does not imply that at other times he cannot write beautiful music; and to say that Strauss's large and wonderful previous output, plus the wonderful passages of "Elektra," prove him to be the greatest of living composers (the "greatest school of music, &c., &c.," is the product of Mr. Shaw's own hectic imagination) is not inconsistent with the opinion that in recent years Strauss has sometimes done vulgar and stupid and ugly things. I hope this is clear, even to Mr. Shaw.

I shall be happy to discuss "Elektra" with Mr. Shaw when he knows something about it; and to discuss the general problem of æsthetic judgment with him when he shows some appreciation of the real difficulties of it. For a man who is always at such pains to inform the world that he is cleverer than most people, he really talks very foolishly—if I may be permitted to copy his own style of adverb. It is wrong for me to object to some of Strauss's music, even after careful study of it; but it is quite right of Mr. Shaw to say I am wrong, while confessing that he himself has not heard "Elektra!" But Mr. Shaw's logic was always peculiar. Look at some of the delightful deductions he draws from my article. I said that there was a lot of incoherent and discontinuous thinking in the opera. From this plain ground the industrious Mr. Shaw raises the following wonderful crop, which he puts to my credit: (1) Strauss is mad, (2) "Elektra" is the "antics of a lunatic," (3) Mr. Beecham and the singers and the orchestra are insulting the public by performing it. Prodigious logician! How does he do it? Mr. Shaw's ingenious theory is that I don't like some of Strauss's music because I can't follow it—his "harmonic syntax," for example. My objection to passages of this kind is not that they are opaque to my poor mind, but too transparent; and my general objection, as a musician, to some of Strauss's later themes and his combinations of them is that they are so ridiculously easy to write. But perhaps I am taking Mr. Shaw and his outburst too seriously. I quite agree with him that his letter—so rich in knowledge, so admirable in reasoning, so perfect in taste, so urbane in style!—should teach the musical critics something, even if only in the way that the language and the antics of the drunken helots were held to be useful for teaching the Spartan youths the advantages of sobriety.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST NEWMAN.

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND THE ESTIMATES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Naval Estimates are a terrible disillusionment, and it is to be hoped that the more immediate crisis will not prevent supporters of the Government from saying so plainly. What is the use of laboring to popularise new methods of taxation if the whole product is to be squandered in a fruitless and unnecessary competition of waste? What is the use of unofficial efforts to create a better feeling between the British and German nations if the Government is to upset this work by the production, at a moment when the German Estimates are actually being reduced, of a programme which can only be called arrogant and provocative?

The main part of the increase of 5½ million pounds is due to the panic plans of last spring and autumn, never justified, and, indeed, based upon information which has been proved false. It means that the £40,600,000 of this year will increase to something like 45 million pounds in the next two or three years. Where is the next extra five million pounds to come from? The programme means the destruction of every reform involving large expenditure for which the present Government stands. It is a betrayal of promises made and expectations encouraged by almost every member of the Ministerial majority. If it is persisted

in it means, when the emergency task of curbing the Lords is done, a wholesale desertion of the present Front Bench for some sounder leadership.—Yours, &c.,

G. H. PERRIS.

March 10th, 1910.

A POLICY OF THOROUGH.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—We all feel the need of unity in fighting the House of Lords, but the unity must be real. If our unity be only a superficial make-believe, and not built upon a solid foundation of mutual understanding, it will fail us again when the storm comes, as it soon will. Why did it fail before? There was no disunity between the branches of the democratic force—Liberals, Labor, and Irish—but between all these and the Cabinet, and it would be blind folly to ignore the fact that this grave danger still exists, and will continue to exist until the democratic party chooses its own leaders, which as yet it does not. Had it done so, the great opportunity of 1906 would not have been frittered away. In the meantime the Irish and other stalwarts have saved us, and it is to them that we must look for leadership. Let them rouse the country and formulate in unmistakable terms the people's demand. The withholding of supply has already put the enemy into fear and confusion, and this policy must be maintained at all costs till the Veto is settled. It is already evident that with this weapon we can win if we have only courage enough. We should insist on real guarantees, and resist with all our might the feeble contention that there is any need at all for another General Election.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL.

13, Charlotte Road,
Edgbaston, Birmingham,
March 7th, 1910.

THE BUDGET AND THE WHISKY DUTIES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—“The Lords have no backing in the country, and no popular force exists as an obstacle in dealing with them.” These are your own words, and I agree with them. I am confident that there is in the country a much greater resentment of the Lords' intrusion into the forbidden realm of finance than is represented by a majority of about 120, and, in looking for the reason why the Government was not returned by a much larger majority, I have come to the conclusion that the 1909 Budget forced a large number of voters into what may only be temporary opposition. Speaking for the whisky trade (in which I am interested), I am aware that a large number of English voters were compelled to cast their lot with the Lords' party, not from any love for them, but from the feeling that they have a right to be allowed to *live* before being either Liberal or Conservative.

For some years there has been growing in the ranks of the more reflective members of our trade a conviction that, as our wares are sold quite as freely to Liberals as Conservatives, it has been bad business to allow our organisations to be so palpably political as they have been. Traders are known to me in London, Birmingham, Stockport, Shrewsbury, Kidderminster, Birkenhead, Leeds, and Nottingham, who were quietly endeavoring, as I have been, to remove from the trading associations their political bias, but the 1909 Budget did not leave breath in our bodies, and the movement is suspended for a time.

We have figures now which demonstrate that the additional duty on whisky had been bad business for the Chancellor as well as for us, and the same results may be anticipated from the imposition of the licence duties as proposed. Is it wise for the Government to persist in forcing friends into the enemy's camp for no pecuniary benefit to themselves? There is just now a very strong feeling of annoyance in our trade circles that the opposition to the Budget was most selfishly, as well as unsuccessfully, engineered in the interests of the land-owning classes. The real grievances of our trade were shamefully ignored in favor of the incomparably smaller grievances of the landowners.

Although my business is very hard hit under the Budget proposals, I hope I may be saved from having to accept temporary salvation at the hands of the Lords.

Protection would, in the end, be worse than the Budget,

but people in distress are sometimes known to cling to straws.

In any case, I cannot support a Government which deals so unfairly with my business and doesn't help *itself* in so doing.

Let us have some fairness in the 1910 Budget in respect of our trade, and the 120 majority may easily be doubled at the next “time of asking.”—Yours, &c.,

BON-ACCORD.

March 7th, 1910.

THE KING'S ENGLISH.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The writer who discourses on “The King's English” ought to know that there is no authority whatever for the word “correctitude,” which he uses. The “New Oxford English Dictionary” does not even recognise the existence of such a word, and it appears to be a recent, and quite unnecessary, invention.—Yours, &c.,

H. V. R.

London, March 9th, 1910.

THE CRISIS: A SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Might I offer a suggestion? In common with every Radical outside the Cabinet, I think that “the Guarantee” should have been demanded as the first thing by the Government. And I would greatly wish to see the Referendum put in force.

But the most of us think that when the Lords kick out our veto proposals, the King will not give either “the Guarantee” or the Referendum.

And what then? John Redmond says yesterday that we shall have another election in a few weeks. And in that case there are two things which the Government must do. (1) It must now tell the House of Lords that it shall not have another opportunity of rejecting the veto; (2) and secondly, if it has a majority, it must at once insist on the exercise of the prerogative. And when a sufficient number of Radical life peers have been created, here you will have not only a sufficient instrument for forcing the veto through the House of Lords; but you will also have the instrument, the only possible effective instrument, for doing the next necessary thing, viz., the reconstruction of the Second Chamber. I write from a spot sacred to true Liberals of the latter days. From my gate I can see the grave of the revered and beloved “C.-B.” And it occurs to me that once again the mouse may help the lion.—Yours, &c.,

D. K. AUCHTERLONIE.

Regent Villa, Meikle, Perthshire, N.B.

March 7th, 1910.

THE MEANING OF THE SCOTTISH ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I thank the “English Liberal” who describes himself as having “taken a small part in four English elections,” and also as having beforehand done some work amid the Scottish people. If I write, it is not simply to thank him, but also to correct him, especially as for two reasons he stands in need of correction, mainly because his history is at fault, and also because he manifestly thinks of the Highlands as Scotland, while I, who am a Lowlander, agree with Mr. Andrew Lang in thinking that the people who live between the Tay and the Tweed have been the actual makers of Scotland. I would, indeed, include more than the men living between the Tay and the Tweed. All the Eastern Counties I prefer. Mr. Lang, as becomes a Yarrow man, says, “A Selkirk, Roxburgh, Berwickshire, or Lothian man is probably for the most part of English blood”—that is Danish and Anglo-Saxon. Mr. Lang, indeed, speaks largely of the people as English, and says that Edwin, who was the rightful prince of Deira, then reigned over the English from Forth to Trent.

It is a great mistake to think the people of Scotland are purely Celtic. I claim to be as much a Scotsman as anyone, and I am no Celt. When Lang said “The English speech and laws were the germs of the Scotland of history,” he says what is manifestly right. I have then to explain that I am a Scot by birth, living one half the year in the north and the other half in the south country. I have,

indeed, been trained to think of political questions very much as the Scottish people think of them, and my training has persisted in England, in spite of many influences that oppose Scotland. My grandfather, who lived before the days of comfort and through the hard times which preceded them, and which were due mainly to the operation of the Corn Laws, was a typical man of the higher yeoman peasantry. One of the things his daughter, who later became my mother, best remembered, was that when he was visited by the then local Earl, who had been appointed to canvass him and all his kind in the interest of the Corn Laws, the Earl said to him, "Laird, you will, simply by signing this document, increase the value of your land," and my mother, who was working with her father at the time, well remembered his look, as he replied, "I will never enhance the value of my land at the expense of the people's food," and the reply was characteristic of the man as well as of the time. It was characteristic of the time, for it said what the French Revolution believed and had put in circulation. It is to be attributed to Scottish Christianity, as well as to the nature of the man and his time. Still, if we think that not only was food so expensive in those far-off years, which are well named "hungry," but practically the food lay outside the reach of the common people, who had to live on barley meal and similar dainties. I can, for I have often heard of these days, tell a tale that would make men think twice before voting once, to bring back times so hard on the common race of men. We therefore see how every man who loved men, could not but speak a language that preferred their good to any amount of wealth.

I have said that I live one half the year in Scotland, and the other half in England, where, in the Midlands, I have had many and eminent opportunities of studying the contrast between North and South. The writer says that he thinks various causes have been at work in moulding the thought of the people, and he puts in the first place their religion. That is, I think, what they themselves would do, and were they accustomed to analyse, they would say that their religion is not a thing of polity and political framework, but of conviction. But he omits the very reason why the people are so religious. He thinks that the Free Church of Scotland—which came into being in 1842—has for nearly a hundred years been an educative force in the country. My memory and that of my ancestry goes back farther than the Free Church, and if we can ask why the people are so political and true to conviction we must think of many things, mainly of this, that there was a far older dissent in Scotland than the Free Church. I am jealous for it, because men I know were formed by it, and learned, before the Free Church was, to act in harmony with their convictions. It sprang from sincere religion, and was of the kind that disposed men to think of others more than they thought of themselves. The Scottish laborer who said, "We know now the value of the vote," really meant its value as regards the happiest of all states, the state according to the ideal of the Sermon on the Mount. "English Liberal" gives as a parallel the case of a young man who "kept a quite respectable and tidy shop." He replied to a suggestion, "If I cannot believe in the Birmingham 'Daily Mail' there is nothing left to believe in."

On this difference quite a multitude of moralisings may be built. We see why religion, which is a great factor in the life of the Scottish people, may have a far wider influence than the daily newspaper, which is, not only "a poor and sordid gospel," but no gospel at all.

I have to say about Birmingham that even where it is most partisan it is faithful to its color. One said, "I do not believe in putting a restriction on goods which would injure my own trade"—as much as cutting off one's nose to spite one's face—"and so I cannot support a cause that puts a restriction on the free entry of goods to this country"; but he added, "when it is made a party question, and as such formulated, I am not prepared to split my party or join the opposite camp; I have consequently no option but to adhere to my own party and its cries." That is a fair sample of the dominance of party spirit in the Midlands, a dominance we have to reckon with and overcome.—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL.

Poetry.

FOUR POEMS.

By H.E. THE CHINESE MINISTER, LORD LI CHIN-FONG.

The Chinese originals of these poems are in eight lines of five syllables each. They are rendered into English verse by Mr. L. Cranmer-Byng, who has taken care to keep them as literal as possible.

SPRING.

WITH a gush of larks returns the Spring
And the swallow's tireless chattering.
The plough glides o'er the water-lands
And paper kites from tiny hands
In country lanes are seen;
While willows newly green
Loom through the haze, and bright with dew
The peach-bloom takes a tender hue
Like maiden's blush that half defies
The challenge of her lover's eyes.

Alas! in lonely room apart
A young wife frets her lonely heart,
And grieves for him she lightly sped
To follow where ambition led.

SUMMER.

Pomegranate blossoms fresh and bright
Now dazzle our delighted eyes,
And care's mosquito clouds take flight
Before the south wind's lullabies.
Now, while the spell of noontide lingers,
The round fan sways through listless fingers,
And our enforced idleness
Finds solace in a game of chess;
Till the vague breath of evening roves
Through windows shaded by green bamboo groves,
And o'er the pond where shadows shift and wane,
The lotus yields her fragrance to the rain.

Oh, harsh is June to those whom war beguiles!
Oh, fair is June to those who court her smiles!

AUTUMN.

From every tree rustles the dry dun shower.
How fair the parks in golden sunset's glow!
Over yon brow loom mountains capped with snow,
While moonlight silhouettes the storied tower.
Dew makes the song of the cicada faint;
The rare still air prolongs the crane's complaint.

Though winter's furred brocades seem far away,
The wanderer's thoughts fly homeward bound to-day.

WINTER.

Our honored guest, with sable cloak,
Sits radiant in the fireside's glow;
Without, black harbingers of snow,
The ravens croak.

Horses and winds across the hill
Mingle as if in mirth their neigh,
Yon chimneys cast in coils of grey,
The smoke they spill.

Now flashing through the forest deeps,
Red beacons light the quarry's lair.
Fling up the blind! O, pale and rare
The moonland sleeps!

Eastward the Pa Bridge faintly gleams,
Like silver arches spanned in dreams.

Reviews.

A SCHOLAR AND A THINKER.*

Few things are more pathetic than the slender gleanings of a scholar's work that has been cut short prematurely by death. The years of preparation, the sanguine forecasting of large schemes of work, the long laborious accumulation of materials, they take up the years. The actual unburdening of the stored mind is usually rapid enough; but the student has one gambling risk which he cannot avoid. He has to stake all on the chance that life and health hold till the end, for till the work is complete he is nought. It is not the poet who has most need to have

"fears that he may cease to be
Before the pen has gleaned the teeming brain,
Before high-piled books in character,
Hold like rich garners the full-ripened grain."

More tragic is the fate of the scholar who has nothing done till all is done, and dies leaving notes which, for all their value to the rest of the world, might as well have been written in cipher, while for him they represent nine-tenths of the matured work which it was his ambition to add to the thought of the world. The brief and unrevised paper which has been prefixed as an introduction to the new edition of Hobbes's "*Leviathan*," lately issued by the Clarendon Press, is, a short preface tells us, all that there is to show for the many years which the late Mr. Pogson Smith, of St. John's College, Oxford, had devoted to the elucidation of that thinker, and his position in the history of thought. Mr. Smith was a man of great powers, of whom high expectations were justly formed by a wide circle of friends, though the stress of that combination of the student's life with the teacher's, which some mistake strangely for a life of ease, broke him down before the threshold of middle age was even reached, and of his special work nothing remains but this fragment, vigorous and full of character in a measure to justify the expectations formed of the author, but, of course, the merest crumb from the store of his knowledge.

We will quote two passages in confirmation. The first compares Hobbes as a stylist and Bacon, "that bourgeois Machiavelli":—

"Bacon wrote to display his wit; Hobbes to convince and confute. Bacon invented epigrams to coax the public ear: Hobbes found his epigram after he had crystallised his thought. In short, the difference between the style of Bacon and Hobbes is to be measured by the difference between ostentation and passionate thought."

Unduly severe upon Bacon, perhaps, but undoubtedly a finely conceived defence of Hobbes, whose epigrams have the sort of terseness that belongs to formal logic and springs from the vigor of unadorned argument. They are pithy because they are precise, and are meant to convey what the argument has justified, so much and not a word more.

Hobbes was, in fact, what Mill described him, one of the "clearest and most consecutive thinkers that this country ever produced." Though with some claim to be considered the founder of the English school of philosophy, he was decidedly opposed to the characteristic methods of English thought—the only prominent man at all resembling him being, oddly enough, Mill's own father, who, like him, took up very partial truths and premises, and reasoned from them with much rigidity and consistency, and with little regard to empirical verification. This fearless one-sidedness is, in fact, the root of Hobbes's strength and his weakness. The result is well characterised by Mr. Smith in the second passage:—

"He offers us a theory of man's nature which is at once consistent, fascinating, and outrageously false. Only the greatest of realists could have revealed so much and blinded himself to so much more. You cry angrily: 'It is false, false to the core'; and yet the still, small voice will suggest, But how much of it is really true? It is poor, immoral stuff! so you might say in the pulpit, but you know that it probes very deep. . . . It is only the trick of the cheap cynic, you retort in fine. Yes, it is cynicism, but it is not cheap."

All this is well said. Hobbes takes up a position in which man, the individual man, is absolutely self centred, and he works out all its consequences with ruthless logic. At all points his results are, taken as a whole, profoundly false. Yet at hardly any point are they wholly false. They

would not, if they were so, carry the sting which is actually felt in them. So far as the self throws its shadow—and it throws it further than we like to think—Hobbes's account holds, and granting that his conclusion is, as a complete statement, untrue and unjust, Hobbes challenges us all to find out where he is wrong, and to prove him so with a logic as coherent as his own. Take any of his well-known definitions:—

"Sudden Glory is the passion which maketh those grimaces called Laughter; and is caused either by some sudden act of their own that pleaseth them; or by the apprehension of some deformed thing in another, by comparison whereof they suddenly applaud themselves."

The two words, "sudden glory," have more of the just analysis of roaring fun, flashing wit, and keen humor than many a ponderous essay on the nature of comedy, and some of us may be won to a partial favor towards the rest of the definition by the fact that it is attributed to "them"—to those others who laugh when the wind carries off our hats, or when they see us from their snug corner puffing and panting after the starting train. Having "them" in mind, we gladly con over Hobbes's next sentence:—

"And it is incident most to them that are conscious of the fewest abilities in themselves; who are forced to keep themselves in their own favor by observing the imperfections of other men."

If Hobbes does not please us when we laugh, he gives us, let us thankfully acknowledge, a word of consolation when we are laughed at.

What Hobbes really confused was the thought of self with the mass of experience and feeling which makes up the working content of the self. His equally well-known analysis of pity suffers from that defect:—

"Grief for the calamity of another is called Pity; and ariseth from the imagination that the like calamity may befall himself; and therefore also is called Compassion, and in the phrase of this present time, a Fellow-feeling."

Here it is true enough that a sense of "being in the same boat" sharpens our feeling; but as far as real grief for the misfortune of another is in question, the reason is not that given by Hobbes. He would have us suppose a kind of reasoning whereby we conclude to a lugubrious anticipation of the evil fate of ourselves. This we should feel not as grief but as fear. Such an element of selfish fear may, in fact, be blended with pity, but this blend only confuses the psychological issue. The true influence of "self" in the matter of pity is that what we realise of the feelings of another is based on our own experience, or expanded by our imagination, and as in most men the imagination is feeble, we have difficulty in vividly interpreting in our own minds a misfortune which is very alien from anything which we have ever known. Those who have never known the pinch of poverty talk of it with complacency, and are rather attracted by the idea of a "simple life" that contrasts so refreshingly with their own overloaded experience. The man who has known the smart can feel what it is when it descends on the shoulders of another. It is the experience of one's self, not the thought of one's self, that comes into play, and it is want of experience, and still more of its god-given substitute, imagination, that accounts for nine-tenths of the callousness of the world. Human nature is less logical than Hobbes supposed, and infinitely more complicated and subtle in its emotional structure. But Mr. Smith is right. Hobbes is no satirist or egoist. He has merely taken up one element, the sense of self, the demand of self assertion, and has carried it right through the theory of human life and the working of the social structure. To do so was to set to all subsequent thinkers the task of deciding where precisely he was wrong, and what was the starting point at which he ought to have begun. Here is a problem of reconstruction which, after more than two centuries, still awaits a statement as clear, consecutive, and, on its own lines, convincing, as that of Hobbes.

A FRIEND OF SCOTT.*

"THE SKENE PAPERS" afford a most pleasing and characteristic picture of Sir Walter Scott. James Skene was a whole-hearted enthusiast for "the Shirra," and is content

* "The Skene Papers: Memories of Sir Walter Scott." By James Skene. Edited by Basil Thomson. Murray. 7s. 6d. net.

* Hobbes's "*Leviathan*." Reprinted from the edition of 1651. With an Essay by the late W. G. Pogson Smith. Clarendon Press.

to efface himself, if only he can emphasise the indefinable charm of his "illustrious" friend. The present work, therefore, is not packed with good stories after the manner of Mrs. Hughes of Uffington, whose "Letters and Recollections" we are delighted to see re-issued in a compact shilling form; but, for a quiet picture, with the finer shades of delineation carefully preserved, of Scott as country gentleman and Tory magnate it could not, perhaps, be surpassed. It is a portrait of Scott as he showed himself to a man of like sympathies with his own.

The student of Scott's life, which ranks with the lives of Johnson and Lamb as the finest cordial in the whole history of our literature, turns instinctively to Mrs. Hughes for evidence of Scott's buoyancy after the financial crash of 1826. He will turn to Skene for the discreet revelations of Scott's early ardors as a German student, a cavalry officer, and a Liddesdale borderer. Lockhart depends upon him implicitly for his account of Scott's ambitions as a Quartermaster of Light Horse. His devotion to his troop and his drill was so intense about 1797 as to provoke the unflattering comment from his lawyer friend: "Scott is become the merest trooper that ever was begotten by a drunken dragoon on his trull in a hayloft. Not an idea crosses his mind, or a word his lips that has not a reference to some damned instrument or evolution of the cavalry." Of course, "Earl Walter," as he then was, wrote the regimental song, and the whole of the fifth canto of "Marmion" is said to have been composed riding up and down the drill ground at Portobello on his charger, Lenore. It was three years before this enthusiasm, so amiably reflected in "The Antiquary," first took root, that Skene of Rubislaw (*aet.* 19) was first introduced to the young Writer. Associates at court, these young men had naturally much to tell each other. Skene was full of his school days at Hanau, and the rumors of revolution. He had a good knowledge of German, and was able to direct Scott in his callow Bürger-worship. Their close companionship reveals many delightful traits in Scott, and some of them would indubitably have been lost but for Skene. There are few more fascinating passages in Lockhart than the pages communicated by Skene on the Ettrick and Liddesdale excursions from Ashestiel. The best passages, it is true, have already appeared (this ought, perhaps, to have been indicated in the present issue), such as the breezy description of Sir Walter's amazing fondness for fords. He liked to be the first man to cross a ford after a flood. He would even attempt them on foot, and tell stories or recite a ballad upon a stone in mid stream. "Upon one occasion of that kind, I was assisting him to pass the Ettrick on foot, and we had got upon a stone in the middle of the water, when some story about a Kelpie occurred to him, which he stopped upon our slippery footing to relate, and, laughing at his own joke, he slipped off and pulled me headlong after him; so that we both had a complete drenching, to the great entertainment of Mrs. Skene and Mrs. Morritt, who were standing on the bank of the stream."

Scott's solemn affectation of innocence in regard to the "Waverley Novels" is so unmeaning to us now that it is difficult to realise how vigorously he disclaimed the authorship ninety years ago. Yet it can hardly ever have been much more than a pretence with Skene, who recognised at the early stage of "Guy Mannering" a German song put into the mouth of Dirck Hatteraick, which he had been made to repeat several times to Scott. He rebuked Scott for a mistake in the transcript, and begged him to inform the author, which that shameless pseudonymist laughingly promised to do. Scott's tenacity in this matter is hardly less remarkable than his amiability in regard to interruption, impertinent correspondence, and the other minor crosses of the literary life. He always, we are told, volunteered some jocular excuse for any waywardness or inconvenience to which anyone had subjected him. The two minor grievances that really stung him to a momentary flame of annoyance were, first, the bad treatment of one of his books, and, secondly, the inadvertent use of his particular pen. Alert as he was to the occurrences of a whole countryside, Scott was prone at times to extraordinary lapses of observation, and to that total absence of mind which is noteworthy in a few of his later letters. He had an aunt, Mrs. Curle, who lived in Jedburgh. He was assiduous in visiting her. About 1821 she moved her dwelling, but habit led him to the accustomed door. He insisted on Lady Scott going up with

him to visit his aunt. The lady who now occupied the house happened to be at home, but in age and appearance she differed greatly from Mrs. Curle, who was a stout, burly looking piece of antiquity. Scott now saluted a wan-looking, shrivelled old maid, with a "How do you do, my dear aunt?" She rose in some confusion, to receive her unexpected guests, and, though Lady Scott at once perceived and tried to rectify the mistake, her husband proceeded to embrace the astonished old maiden, and addressed her again as "dear aunt," before she could make him realise the mistake of identity. He was greatly embarrassed then and afterwards at the recollection of such an incident.

Such traits are particularly interesting, coming from Skene, who had the faculty of admiration rather than the gift of intimacy. He tells us, too, a very interesting example of the way in which Scott, at a time when he seemed entirely preoccupied, absorbed every detail and hint about him, and was capable of embellishing a story from a grain of mustard seed until it resembled a monarch of the forest. Skene himself was instrumental in giving his friend some decidedly valuable hints. The incident narrated in the introduction to "Quentin Durward," the topography of that novel, the incident of the Vehmgericht, and the episode of King René of Provence, and much of the landscape in "Anne of Geierstein," are due to Skene's diaries and drawings. It was he who suggested the introduction of a persecuted Jew into "Ivanhoe," and who experienced the encounter with a phoca or seal, which Scott uses so effectively in "The Antiquary." We can hardly be too grateful to the man who was even remotely responsible for Isaac of York.

Skene's description of the poet's waning powers, his joy in Scottish earth, his last visit to the Hazelcleugh, and his deep grief at Erskine's funeral, when the tears rolled down his cheeks and he wept like a child—these things are told with much tenderness by an old man, to whom life was never quite the same thing again after "dear Scott" had departed. At ninety, his daughter tells us, one autumn evening he had a hallucination. Scott came from a very long distance to visit him. That must have been in 1865, when poor Skene's sense of the loss of his hero was almost as poignant as it was when in 1832 he fainted beside the open grave at Dryburgh.

These letters and documents are rather a mild draught of the fine champagne that was the spirit of Scott. Skene was not another William Erskine. But they are at least authentic, and they reflect for us the fighting Temeraire of letters, a figure that we all love, not only as one who stated incomparably, for all time, the ancient life of his native land, but also as one who was, individually, one of the most attractive and lovable of his species.

AN AMERICAN DIPLOMATIST.*

It is characteristic of America that the most definitely formative influences in its political thought should have proceeded, not from academic theorists or professional statesmen, or arm-chair philosophers, but from the daily and weekly Press. Among these influences none has been so definite and so distinctively American as that exercised for over half a century by the "New York Evening Post." It has never striven after popular circulation, has never pandered to the baser tastes of the public, and the ordinary American is apt to mention it with a disparaging sneer as the organ of "the superior person." But its impression upon the life and thought of the nation through the medium of the best minds has been incalculably great. It has stood for scholarship and principles among a people rather scornful of both as hampering to the freedom of a new world. These principles have been those familiar in Europe under the name of Liberalism, though naturally the concrete issues which evoked their application have made the course of liberal politics in America different from that followed in such a country as Great Britain. The political problems of the Civil War, with its emancipation and reconstruction policy, sound finance, and civil service reform, were distinctly American issues, though the Free-Trade and anti-Imperialistic attitude of this school of American Liberals has brought them into closer touch with European Liberals.

* "Retrospections of an Active Life." By John Bigelow, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France, 1865-67. 3 vols. Unwin. 36s. net.

One of the most active men in the early days of the "Evening Post" was Mr. J. Bigelow, who carried with him through a long career of distinguished public service the sturdy principles which he formed and inculcated during the years in which he acted as joint-editor with Mr. W. C. Bryant of that great journal. To many readers of the three huge volumes of these "retrospections," the most attractive chapters will be those dealing with New York journalism at a time when C. A. Dana, Bayard Taylor, George William Curtis, and others whose names are written enduringly upon the literature of their country, were active pressmen.

But while still in early manhood, Mr. Bigelow, like so many writing men in the United States, was drawn into the public service as diplomatist, and the materials which occupy these volumes consist almost entirely of documents and letters bearing upon the foreign policy of America at a time when her relations with other countries were of a peculiarly delicate character. Mr. Bigelow represented his country at Paris, and afterwards at Berlin, during a period when a steady head, great energy, tact, and audacity were required in a minister, and his successful career entitles him to rank, as indeed he does, among the greatest public servants of the Republic.

To many readers the book will prove disappointing. It is in no sense an autobiography, for though the chronicle of public work is interspersed with casual glimpses into private life, there is no orderly attempt at a connected life story. Neither is it much occupied with anecdote or commentary upon the many important personages and external events which came within his experience as diplomatist. To tell the truth, Mr. Bigelow belongs to a serious, rather heavy type of American, very thorough, level-headed, and laborious, but not particularly interesting upon what is called the personal side. At the same time, it is evident that, like many men of this order, he had a great capacity for making and for holding friends, and upon occasion he showed real capacity in reading character and in penetrating masks. His earliest visit to Paris and London, 1858-60, brought him into contact with many men prominent in literature and politics. Russell of the "Times" was an early and an intimate friend, and Delane, Thackeray, Bright, and Cobden are among the men whose society he found most interesting. Here is a sketch of Gladstone in 1860:—

"He has the nervous, bilious temperament; black hair and bright black eyes; a square forehead, which does not rise as much in the region which phrenologists assign as the abode of the moral sentiments as one could wish; a rapid nervous motion, and everything about him rather more suggestive of a French or Italian than of a Saxon origin. His face is strongly marked with the lines of thought, and in his conversation he occasionally betrays the impression that his mind was pursuing a train of thought beyond the area prescribed by his interlocutor."

On his return from Europe Mr. Bigelow, abandoning his connection with journalism, designed to settle down to a quiet literary life. But the Civil War imposed other duties upon him. The meaning and necessity of that war were clearly discerned by him as the struggle for democracy against a privileged aristocracy, entrenched in power by the provisions of the Constitution, and the interpretations of the courts. Of Lincoln, at the beginning of his first Presidency, Mr. Bigelow records the strange impression of so devoted a friend as Senator King: "That he was not only unequal to the present crisis, but to the position he now holds at any time." His own maturer judgment is that "Lincoln's greatness must be sought for in the constituents of his moral nature. He was so modest by nature that he was perfectly content to walk behind any man who wished to walk before him. I do not know that history has made a record of the attainment of any corresponding eminence by any other man who so habitually, so constitutionally, did to others as he would have them do to him."

Mr. Bigelow's public career began with his appointment in 1861 as Consul at Paris, when he was entrusted with the important duty of watching and informing the European Press at a time when Confederate agents were everywhere busily engaged in poisoning public opinion in order, if possible, to secure European intervention for the South. Mr. Bigelow's Press experience stood him in good stead, and a full and interesting intercourse with Bright, Cobden,

and the few prominent Englishmen who upheld the Northern cause from the beginning, forms an interesting feature in the book. Bright discusses as usual not only the detailed expediciencies of the policy, but the great underlying principles, and explains to Bigelow the reasons for the prejudices of our ruling class.

"It is a great mistake to imagine that our people are against your people. Our Government is made up of men drawn from the aristocratic families—it is therefore aristocratic, and, from a natural instinct, it must be hostile to your greatness and to the permanence of your institutions. Our rich men take their course mainly from the aristocracy, to whom they look up—and our Press, in London especially, is directly influenced by the Government, and the two sections of the aristocracy for which it writes—we have also our tremendous military services with all their influence on the Government and on opinion. But we have other and better influences—the town populations—the nonconformist congregations, the quiet and religious people, and generally, I believe, the working-man—these have done much to put down the war cry, and to make a very considerable demonstration in favor of moderation, and, if needful, of arbitration."

A remark made to Mr. Bigelow by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton when he learned that the Civil War was at an end expresses a view widely current in high quarters. "Well, I must tell you frankly, Mr. Bigelow, I am sorry for it. I had indulged the hope that your country might break into two, or perhaps more, fragments. I regard the United States as a menace to the whole civilised world if you are allowed to go on developing as you have been, undisturbed."

The real importance of these "retrospections," however, consists in the mass of official and semi-official documents for the first time exposed to the public eye. Mr. Bigelow flings them out in great slabs to form a quarry for historical researchers. Many of the documents throw strong light upon the financial, political, and military machinations of the Confederates in England and France, especially during the first two years of the war, when so well-informed a man as Gladstone could suppose that Jefferson Davis had made "a nation." How near to execution came the proposal for an intervention by the English and French Governments we learn from correspondence between Russell and Palmerston. Indeed, it seems probable that if statesmen had dared to face their peoples with a project to re-establish slavery in the Southern States, the Confederate design of European interference would have been consummated.

The last volume gives the inner politics of that amazing plunge by which Napoleon the Little strove to recover his waning prestige, the war with Mexico and the foisting of the miserable Maximilian on an imperial throne which he was utterly incompetent to hold. The entanglements of this tale of multifarious intrigue and treachery, with its tragic catastrophe, are set forth in the wearisome repetition of official correspondence, but even so the monumental folly of the story staggers the credulity of readers.

Mr. Bigelow, in these volumes, containing nearly two thousand pages, carries us no further than 1866. He has, we gather, many more boxes full of letters. If we might venture a suggestion, it is that he should make out of them a book. This he has not done here. There is no selection, no compression, no consideration for the brevity of human life.

RACHEL.*

For a chosen few among players, the gates of wonder have been opened. Of this shining fellowship was the Jewess Rachel, in whom the flames of genius and life itself were extinguished at thirty-eight. For Rachel also the gates of wonder were opened. Passing through them, with the mien and in the garb of Elektra, she drew light-hearted Paris after her, even to the confines of the Athens of Sophocles. For the scenes of Greek tragedy, when we recall the majestic spaces of the amphitheatre, the modern play-house is a mere back-parlor; but Rachel appearing, the stage of the Français seemed limitless and roofless. As she stood there with outstretched arms, the audience felt, says Mme. de Faucigny-Lucinge, "l'émotion sacrée qu'on ressent devant une statue antique," and when her voice rose in imprecations

* "Rachel et son Temps." Par A. de Faucigny-Lucinge. Paris: Emile-Paul. 3fr. 50c.

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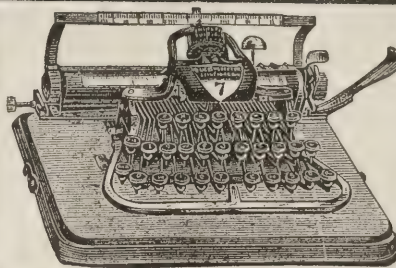
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tion it must have been, in the tremendous words of the collect, "a sudden great sound, as it had been a mighty wind."

The career of Rachel is a measure of what genius will accomplish in the theatre. Her resources were almost solely those of the tragic actress, for though she could and did occasionally play in comedy, she could lay no high commands upon the comic muse. In tragedy, moreover, the realm in which she took natural and unchallenged station, her force and sway were definitely bounded. Those parts wherein she seemed to be deified at once by her own spirit and by the spirit of the antique drama were few in number. Rachel was essentially a classicist; and at the time when she was acting her noblest at the Théâtre Français (and when in fact she *was* the Théâtre Français), classicism was pretty nearly at the last ditch in the long struggle with romanticism. The influence of Chateaubriand had not spent itself; the influence of Victor Hugo, of Lamartine, of Musset was still passing through the whole of French literature; and the influence of the youngest of the three schools of the romantics, represented chiefly by the exquisite Gautier, was already felt and relished. Alone, the Jew girl from the gutter, thin, consumptive, demoniac, kept her classic lamp alight. De Quincey, reviewing the talents of some Grecian orators, speaks in his magic way of the "naked quality of vehemence." Rachel is largely, though not wholly, in that phrase. By her naked quality of vehemence, joined, of course, with many other qualities, she, an alien in a hostile field, upheld the worship of the classic for sixteen years, in the Paris of all the romantics.

A Jew girl from the gutter! Yes; this was Rachel, and this was what she was. Not by origin nor by association had she any link with the theatre. There are and have been Thespian families upon the members of which the very fact of birth confers a kind of right to the perilous calling of the stage. But Rachel was no more dedicated to the footlights than Garrick was or Irving was. She fought for the place that she had first accidentally stumbled into. From the tattered days of childhood she was a delightful and indisputable proof that genius will be served. What a titillating, poignant picture we have of her trotting up and down the boulevards, harp in hand, and edging her way with fierce, bright shyness into cafés. "Are you cold?" asked old M. Choron, her first befriender. "Yes; but I'm a lot more hungry." To Paris she had come with her Hebrew parents; Hebrews whose slender commerce with the world drove them to be wanderers upon the face of France, and almost mendicants. The father was a pedlar, "marchant ambulant"; travelling here and there, gipsywise, in a little cart. Something lured him to Paris; and in Paris it was that the child Rachel began to kick her heels up, singing and improvising; not in frolic, but to gather coppers for the common store.

On one of her nightly rounds the child was met by Choron, eminent music-teacher, and no laggard in philanthropy. This benefactor's death, soon after he had placed her in his school, sent Rachel home again, and probably again to the streets. One day a neighbor lent her a volume of Racine ("Not that you'll find much in it, dear, I'm afraid!"); and in this the muse of fire spoke at last to her. But like the Peri at the gate of Eden she stood long disconsolate. The hawkers, water-carriers, and out-of-works round about where she lodged knew quite well that the child of Judah was a genius, but could hardly force the theatre for her. She managed it all by herself, beginning at a shabby little concert-room, where she was seen by one of the people of the Gymnase Theatre. This discerning person took Rachel to the manager, Poirson, who seems at once to have recognised in her a recruit to be enlisted. Poirson brought her out in a piece imitated from Sir Walter Scott. This was in 1837, when Rachel was scarcely more than sixteen.

Poirson was something more than an astute manager; he proved himself to be also a man in whom the traffic of the stage had not frozen the current of the soul. He saw where the débutante's future lay, and calling her into his room one morning, he said: "My dear child, I am proud of you, but I do not wish to circumscribe your talent. There is a greater stage than mine for you. Tragedy is dead at the Comédie Française; you shall go there and call

it back to life." In a year from this date, on June 12th, 1838, Rachel, not yet eighteen, was applauded on the boards of the House of Molière. "Rachel était transfigurée," is the author's suggestive summing-up. Dr. Véron, one of the best and raciest gossips of the period, said that the young actress, unknown the night before, "revealed herself in a flash"; and that eccentric character, Barbey d'Aurevilly, went about proclaiming "la grâce incorporelle de Rachel, la Psyché Rachel, la Psyché presqu'ailée."

But though this Psyche might indeed, as d'Aurevilly said, have wings, she was not in one night borne by them into her true empyrean. A woman's work, observed a gentleman at a Cambridge Commencement (how he came to say it there one knows not), "is never done"; and the statement is doubtless very true indeed of the woman whose work is play-acting. But Rachel had character as well as genius, and effort in her craft was natural to her. To revive Racine and Corneille, for audiences that had tasted of the modern art of Hugo, Dumas, and Alfred de Vigny, must have meant, in the case of so young and inexperienced an actress, an immense deal of study and practice of the severest technical sort; and Rachel, like many another great performer, had sundry defects to get rid of. Her power and truth of gesture seem almost from the first to have been quite wonderful; and she had the expressive Israelitish features that carry emotions across the lamps before the words are spoken; but her voice in her younger days lacked flexibility, sonority, and variety. She developed it into an organ that must have been well-nigh perfect for tragic utterance. Here is an interesting note by an anonymous English critic of the last century:—

"By careful training her originally hard and harsh voice had become flexible and melodious, and its low and muffled notes under the influence of passion possessed a thrilling and penetrating quality that was irresistible. When excited, her plain features became transfigured by the glow of genius, and in her impersonations of evil and malignant emotions there was a majesty and dignity which fascinated whilst it repelled. Her facial elocution was unsurpassable in variety and expressiveness, whilst the grace of her gestures, and the marvellous skill with which she varied her tones with every shade of thought and emotion, were completely beyond criticism."

In London, where she came three years after Queen Victoria's accession to the throne, and in Russia, Germany, Austria, and Holland, the magnetic Jewess was fêted and almost adulated. Signal everywhere, though chiefly, of course, in her own country, were her social triumphs. She divined the world, one may say, as she had divined the theatre. Intellectual and artistic Paris had a lively and deep regard for her; and in salons the most exclusive of the Faubourg St. Germain (at least until she had electrified the town by reciting the "Marseillaise": what one would give to have heard this!) she enjoyed a homage that was manifestly genuine. They say it was a delight merely to hear her speak. ("Madame," said the Comte Molé to her at Mme. Recamier's, "vous avez sauvé la langue Française"); and her air and manner in private displayed nothing of the portentous Grundyism of our splendid Siddons, who asked for porter in blank verse, and eyed an unattainable mustard-pot as it had been the urn of Orestes' ashes.

Born at a poor Swiss inn in 1820, this daughter of Israel and the gods died of consumption, at Cannet, near Cannes, in 1858. In the history of the French stage there are two imperishable names: Talma and Rachel; and as the woman was (we fancy) indisputably greater than the man, so is her renown so-day. So far forth as the stage can immortalise, they are both of the immortals.

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In the introduction to this little book, Dr. M. E. Sadler writes:—

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We cordially echo Dr. Sadler's tribute to the vigor, courage, and independence with which Mr. Temple has treated this great and difficult subject; and we may add that his lucidity of thought and simplicity of language make the book delightful reading. In a course of popular lectures to young people, printed as they were delivered, it would, of course, be foolish to expect an exhaustive treatment. The demand for definiteness of impression requires a certain dogmatism of statement, which a sympathetic reader will gladly overlook, while hoping that so fresh and striking an argument as is here presented may before long receive a more adequate exposition. Some of the chief difficulties of Christian faith, such as those that attend belief in prayer and in miracles, are here scarcely noticed at all.

Christian apologetic has moved far since the days when science and historical criticism were regarded as hostile forces, and the only question seemed to be what remnants of territory they would leave for Faith to occupy. Modern apologists, like Mr. Temple, have turned them into allies, and their territory, with full self-government, is now part of the imperial domain. There is a striking change, also, in the universality of the appeal that can now be made. Formerly, the divisions of Christendom gave a powerful weapon to the hostile critic. To those who desired him to accept Christianity, his easy answer was, "Which? Is it to be Catholic or Evangelical, Calvinist or Mystical?" Each creed seemed to be defending itself by arguments that destroyed the others. The outward divisions persist, but the inward separation is breaking down. And the reason clearly is that truth is one, and that its fearless and honest pursuit leads by many paths to one goal. Opinions and practices separate; facts and truth unite. As William Penn wrote long ago, "Humble and devout souls are everywhere of one religion." There is very little in Mr. Temple's argument that betrays his color, or that need be unacceptable to Christians of whatever hue.

The strongest feature in his method of dealing with the subject is the way in which he weaves together lines of argument in four strands, showing how they support one another. These are: Personal religious experience, the necessities of philosophic thought, the facts of history as revealed by critical study, and the witness of the Christian fellowship. These are brought to bear on the fundamental contradiction between reason and experience. Reason demands that the world shall be a coherent system; the presence of evil makes it, as experienced, a chaos. What is to resolve this hopeless and apparently irreconcilable antagonism? Nothing, urges Mr. Temple, but Christianity—with its revelation of love as the ultimate principle of the universe, and of atonement as the means whereby good is brought out of evil.

The argument will appeal differently to different minds; but it is worthy of the respectful attention of all seekers after truth.

A SATIRE ON JOURNALISM.*

THIS is a satire on journalism, and the victims of Mr. Montague's bitter wit lie strewn about every corner of Fleet Street. No type is spared; neither the old-fashioned party newspaper, Tory or Liberal, nor its successor, the merely "yellow" journal, trading under the motto of "patriotism," much as a saddler or costumier blazons his shop front with the Royal Arms. Mr. Montague finds them all guilty of the crime which he cannot pardon, the false coining of words. He assails these offenders with extraordinary brilliancy and vindictiveness, chases them out of every corner of refuge, and in the joy of exposure makes almost a serious hero of his comic villain, a kind of Captain Shandon, plumped down in a Manchester newspaper office. His novel gives you no rest; like "A Tale of a Tub," it harries every kind of game that flies, until the hunter has shaken the last feather out of the scarecrows of the mind that he pursues. The effect of this continual glitter of satirical writing is now and then a little over-dazzling, and we are not quite sure whether Mr. Montague's victims will understand it. But it is astonishingly good. Our only doubt is whether its author, in clearing the Temple of Journalism of the

sinner who defile its outer courts, has not swept away the Sacred Edifice itself.

The main stuff of "A Hind Let Loose," is, we are afraid, one of the open secrets of journalism. Most of us know the bright spirit who is "on hire" to the party newspaper, and it seems a little invidious that both Thackeray and Mr. Montague should assume that he is usually an Irishman. In Fay-Moloney, indeed, he creates for his purpose a special variety of the type. We have known convinced Tories who have habitually written Radical articles, and Radicals who have spent the best part of their lives in a Tory newspaper office. "Mark Rutherford," for example, makes a brief, impressive study of such a man, who, with Radical sentiments, is "obliged to be violently Tory" in his articles, though he "draws the line at religion." But Fay-Moloney perpetrates the really dazzling wickedness of writing, on the same evening, the leading article (on the same topic) for the Tory "Warder" and the Radical "Stalwart," and presently illumines, to the same purpose, the new patriotic organ of everybody—Radicals, Tories, and a *tertium quid*. Thus Mr. Montague is able to drive home to the full-stop of his last chapter his thesis of the unreality of journalism. For see how Fay's impish talent has served his employers. Both to the "Warder" and the "Stalwart" this paragon of imitativeness has imparted the character which endears it to its readers. "The Warder" he feeds with good "John Bull" common-sense Toryism; into the "Stalwart," that acid regenerator of mankind, he stokes fuel appropriate to its Baptist soul. He even keeps up the Pott and Slurk polemics of the two journals: rebukes the "Warder" for its "Chinese torpor," and retorts on the "Stalwart" for its "compost of maudlin sentiment and gabbling abuse"; and all the time writes interchangeable articles, which will fit either into the Radical or the Tory slot. The game is only apparently up when Fay and Moloney are revealed to be one and the same person. Then the two editor-proprietors set to work to realise the journalistic "soul" that this rascally genius has improvised for them both. But the spirit will not rise: Fay-Moloney has "queered the pitch." His make-believe has come to be so much the real thing that the clients of Brumby, of the "Warder," write imploring him to "sack his wishy-washy windbag of an understudy," and give them again something from the fountain-head—"just a little plain, English common-sense, from someone who means what he says and says what he means," while voices in the train torture the listening Pinn, the Radical, by asking each other what has gone wrong with the "Stalwart"—with its "fat pi jaw about moderation"? The chorus becomes intolerable to both oracles, so they sneak off their tripods to Fay's shabby lodgings, and entreat him to come back to them both on his own terms, and give the people—both the peoples—"what they want." Even this is not the limit of Fay's triumph, for Roads, the "yellow press" organiser, is a third connoisseur of the unmeaning, and is so tickled with Fay's master-building, that he engages him for the journal that will make all Halland conscious of itself as "the second city of the Empire." So Fay pontificates for the three.

Mr. Montague's satire is the instinctive cry of the honest and able journalist, and if we take it to be written in mockery of party advocacy, the anonymous habit of our newspapers, and the whole mechanism of a cheap traffic in ready brains set up to counterfeit culture, we shall be the last to deny it point and efficacy. Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope have done it before—"avec tendresse." Mr. Montague has no "tendresse." He is an implacable intellectualist, one of the most accomplished and truthful of political writers, and therefore, perhaps, the more contemptuous of the conventional pleading which any clever pen can imitate. It is certainly worth our while to inquire how it has come about that the business which once could hire Addison and Swift is now content to hire the "leader-writers" of the "Daily Mail." France has not come to that pass; and a balance of advantage would seem to rest with the system which, within the last four years, could retain as working journalists two men who have succeeded each other as Prime Ministers, and a third who will probably be Prime Minister before he dies. Why is much of our journalism so meaningless, so insincere, so open to Mr. Montague's taunt that any smart stranger can play upon

* "A Hind Let Loose." By C. E. Montague. Methuen. 6s.

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its conductors and its public? And if the secret lies with the poor, backward taste and uncritical spirit that produced the old journalism, we are afraid the remedy does not lie with the new type which Mr. Montague scoffs at in this brilliant passage:—

"Going on with £150,000 in pocket, from strength to strength, he founded a daily paper, not for talented people and sportsmen only, but for everybody. Soon he had two—one in a Scotch city, one in an English; each when opened undoubtedly gave you a more poignant first sense of the appalling or intoxicating character of yesterday than any of the older journals offered for double the money. You might often think, from the way those niggards fobbed off their customers, that nothing seismic or cataclysmic at all had happened for twenty-four hours. Roads resented this slander on the richness, the diversity of life; no day but, as his paper showed, England was slapped in the face, by somebody, somewhere; no day but he rolled up Britannia's sleeve and said, 'Feel that biceps!' It kept your blood nicely on the boil. New worlds, too, came in to cover the bald places of the old, and our Mother England's broken and precarious flow of murders and connubial convulsions worth reporting was replenished from a score of tributary rills in Paris, Brussels, Vienna, and Melbourne; the lusts of New York and the homicides of California enriched for the first time the sacred home life of English families at their next morning's breakfast."

FOUR NOVELS.*

MR. EDGAR JEPSON is a novelist who is always interesting. Long ago—which is to say some twelve or thirteen years ago—he wrote a book called "The Passion for Romance," which deals in a vein of grave and yet vivid satire with certain passing follies of the time. He followed up this success with an enchanting fantasy called "Keepers of the People," which is in reality a panegyric on the extremest Toryism put in romantic form; later he invented "Lady Noggs," and while he was publishing the amazing achievements of this heroine, he wrote a little book called "The Horned Shepherd," which, as it seems to the writer, is quite an amazing achievement in the reconstruction of certain age-old mysteries. Now again, in "No. 19," he treats of the mysteries, and he has used his very considerable knowledge of such matters as the substratum of a tale of great sensational interest. The scene is laid in a mild and peaceful suburb of London, called Hertford Park, and thus is the note of the book struck in an early chapter:—

"One evening I sat waiting with one of the oldest inhabitants of the Park, Mr. Herbert Vincent, till a court should be vacant and we could play singles. We were talking as we waited; and presently he said, 'You live in the Walden Road, don't you?'"

"Yes, at No. 20," said I.

"Do you find anything queer about the road?"

"Queer? No. How do you mean?" I said in some surprise.

"Well, I can remember the time when every house in it was always occupied. But for the last five or six years it has been impossible to get people to stay in it. One family, at any rate, cleared out when they had been in it only two months, and went on paying rent for their house for three years; they lived at No. 18. Another family cleared out of No. 16 because they could not get a servant to stay with them."

"As I came down Walden Road I thought of what Vincent had said about its being queer. Truly, it was very still; and the fancy came to me that there rested on it the brooding hush which sometimes comes before a storm."

Now this passage very fairly indicates the task which the author has set before him. He has willed to enchant Suburbia, to summon the fume and flame of the abyss into a modern street, to make the trim lawn of a newly built villa the meeting place of those dark and surmised Powers that some believe to be the concealed inhabitants of material nature. Of course, it is easy enough to ridicule Pan; to declare that there does not exist, *in rerum natura*, a being of terror who manifests as half-man, half-goat. There is no such being; but the grotesque monster with horns and hoofs who does not exist, is the pictorial symbol of forces which do exist. The fashion of symbol changes; the old Greek image of Pan is obsolete these many centuries; but there are those who are inclined to think that the ancient

mystery of Pan is rehearsed to-day under a very different symbol, and beneath less picturesque disguises. And, quite apart from its strong sensational interest, Mr. Jepson's story really states some highly interesting psychical questions.

While Mr. Jepson is concrete and direct, Mrs. Antrobus is abstract and allusive. "The Stone Ezel" was a huge boulder standing on the wild border of a wild northern village between moor and forest. For this monolith the country people had a vague but intense reverence and fear; as the author hints, it had possibly been the symbol of some forgotten religion, and still preserved a certain measure of its ancient sanctions:—

"There was, too, a dim idea of the Stone as a witness, possibly an avenger; so that the death, nearly two centuries before this present time, of a young and beautiful woman, killed by the hoof of a rearing horse, was held ominous to the family of the rider, her husband. Close by the great boulder she died, and her story, like all other stories of the Stone, was handed down from generation to generation of the long-memoried people of the soil."

The Vengeance of the Stone Ezel is the theme of the book; it falls on the guiltless descendant of the guilty Adye in a strange and terrible fashion. But the murderer of the last of the Adyes does not escape scot-free. He had fled to South America, but the avenger was on his trail:—

"And now, my dear friend," said the General, when dinner was over and cigarettes lighted, "what happy chance or design has brought you hither. Will you join us? A command—any command—is at your feet."

"A thousand thanks! Would that I could accept your generous offer, but my visit must be brief—too brief. I came from England to ask a favour."

"It is granted. Do I not owe life to you?"

"Well, I want one of your officers hanged."

"With pleasure. They all deserve it! Who is the man?"

So the murderer meets his deserts, and the last chapter ends on the note of happiness, with one of the old race once more in the old home of her fathers.

From these two books to Miss Crommelin's "Lovers on the Green" is a passage from one extreme to another. Mr. Jepson is all for terrors and occult mystery, Mrs. Antrobus has a tale of doom to tell; and Miss Crommelin has written a very pretty pastoral. "Cranford," that exquisite classic, must have served her as a model; the book is a picture of a village community whose habitations circle round "Gospel Green"; and with very considerable ingenuity, the writer, while affecting to be purely idyllic, weaves half-a-dozen pleasant little romances into one connected tale. The heroine, Serona Doyme, is the centre of the interest, she both witnesses and assists at the interludes that are played on the Green; and all the while, in the background, there is her own love-story, beginning in blank and hopeless despair, and ending with all fit happiness and good fortune. The episode of the three Belgian countesses and the *gouvernante* is really capitally done, and the final curtain—the discovery of the frumpish old lady's real station—comes as a surprise and a delight. And the affair of the Lee-Carters, of more serious import, is equally well managed in its way. "Lovers on the Green" is capital reading for any season, but it is above all a "holiday" book; it will be best read in a hammock under a tree, on a sunny August afternoon.

"They also Serve," by Christopher Stone, is a pleasant and interesting book. It fails in one way; the author impresses on the reader the philosophic depth and wisdom of Mr. Cotiller, a blind author. Now Mr. Cotiller is a most amiable man; he is in a way the "god from the machine" of a careful and successful plot; but his philosophy hardly strikes us as possessing the depth and significance claimed for it. Here is an example of the Cotiller system:—

"The mechanical business of life, such as administration, or cleaning boots, or holding services in churches, or law-suits, are only justifiable because they are mechanical; the child does not find them necessary, but since they are necessary, or at least conventional and not easily negligible, we teach the child all the domestic virtues, neatness and practical habits and concentration on trivialities. The wise man knows that these unavoidable trivialities can be relegated to their proper sphere, and in our Western ethics, so noble and strenuous in their lessons of unselfishness and chivalry, we can often find no better epitaph for a man who has never seen over the hedge than that 'he has fought a good fight.'"

Now we have here an old heresy—Manicheism—under a new disguise. The implied doctrine is that the spirit is

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everything, and that the body—the external—is nothing. And this is a proposition which must always be false, always productive of bad results both in body and spirit, in a world which is a compound of body and spirit. And then again we may question whether law-suits are mechanical, and whether a child can do without them. When Johnny smacks Dolly over a dispute as to the possession of an apple or a piece of chocolate, a nursery law-suit or criminal process is made inevitable; and, indeed, every law-suit is a civilised substitute for the ancient trial by combat. And, by the way, Mr. George Alexander may be astonished to learn, on the authority of Mr. Cotiller, that there are “several lines” in “The Importance of Being Earnest,” “which no lady would care to speak before an audience.”

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There is, of course, a very close connection between the rubber share boom and the extraordinary high prices which rubber is now fetching. The rate at which shares in new rubber companies are being subscribed by an ignorant and credulous public would speedily slacken if the price of rubber fell two or three shillings. But of this there is no sign. In the Rubber Sale Rooms, Mincing Lane, at the fortnightly sale on Wednesday, buyers, it is reported, were present in force, and the utmost keenness was displayed in the bidding. The largest quantity of rubber ever put forward was on sale, the total being a little over 200 tons or about 3,800 packages. The first proposal (“Smoked Sheet”) realised up to 10s. 6³/₄d. per lb., as against 9s. 10¹/₄d. a fortnight ago. Other grades met with good support at considerable advances. Of course, these tremendous prices mean tremendous profits for those lucky plantations which are already producing and have rubber to sell. But there is really no reason for thinking that the price of rubber next year or the year after may not be nearer five than ten shillings. And there is good reason for supposing (as many well-informed “bears” do) that speculators have been cornering rubber, so that there may be quite enough to supply the real demand

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The movement in the shares of rubber-producing companies really began three years ago, quietly and modestly, in Mincing Lane, where merchants, who knew what had been done in the tea industry, devoted their attention to the expansion of rubber production, and helped to supply planters with capital because they anticipated an ever-increasing trade. The actual speculative boom, however, did not begin until last December, and was the direct result of the upward rush in the price of rubber, which was yielding fabulous dividends to a number of existing plantations. There are now hardly less than two hundred companies with shares on the market, with an aggregate nominal capital of perhaps twelve millions sterling. But this capitalisation is not all, because many of the rubber shares are standing at premiums of several hundred per cent. Shares of one concern, for instance, with a par value of one pound sterling, started last year at £4¹/₂, and rose to £14¹/₂. And this hardly exaggerates the general movement of shares in rubber producing companies. But in these cases investors are on comparatively firm ground compared with those who recklessly buy shares in new companies, many of which are floated by unscrupulous adventurers merely to fill their own pockets. The new companies will get no rubber for five or six years, except where they buy planted estates at ridiculous prices ranging up to £500 per acre. So there is plenty of scope just now for a tremendous slump. It is significant that the lately floated rubber companies (about five come out every day) have not been much over subscribed. The public appetite has apparently been satiated.

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Labor troubles in the United States, fear of Supreme Court decisions, the unpopularity of the Government, and other factors (especially new bond issues), are all adverse to Wall Street; but, of course, the fall in prices may have gone far enough for the present. But investors should be wary; for trade seems now once more to be declining in the States. Here, for instance, is the last report from the well-informed Pittsburg correspondent of the New York “Evening Post” on the iron and steel trade. As regards pig iron he writes:—

“The one thing evident to us at Pittsburgh is that sentiment in the trade is decidedly mixed. Trade journals this week referred to an improved tone in the pig-iron market, and then immediately contradicted the statements by pointing out evidences of weakness. The “Iron Age,” for instance, reduced its quotations on basic iron to \$16 per ton, valley, while the “Iron Trade Review” quoted prompt at \$17 and first quarter at \$17.25 per ton, valley furnaces. Basic has certainly sold lower than \$16, but not in sufficient quantity to establish the market; yet it seems evident that the tendency in iron is toward a lower level, both in the North and South.”

Then, with special reference to the Steel Corporation, he adds:—

“The blowing out of two Carnegie Steel furnaces, presumably for relining, and the backwardness of the Corporation in blowing in the two completed furnaces at Gary, reflect the situation accurately, and, in fact, further announcements of stacks going out to blast are expected here. The continued

heaviness of coke, despite a 20 per cent. curtailment in production, is also significant, and curtailment of iron output, in line with the falling off in demand, is not only natural but prudent. Along with the weakness in iron, there are persistent reports of concessions in finished materials, and the fact that independent manufacturers are complaining that they are losing business to the subsidiaries of the Steel Corporation suggests that prices are being shaded."

This seems rather important, and it has inspired the "Post" to comment on the possibility of the dividend on Steel Common being reduced. Of course, the very existence of the Steel Corporation seems to be jeopardised by the decisions of the Supreme Court. New York financiers are much dissatisfied with the President and with Attorney-General Wickersham, who is now said to write bills before he has thought out the subject. It all comes of thinking that the tyranny of the trusts and of monopoly prices can be removed without removing the cause, which is the Tariff.

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Diary of the Week.

THE Lords are well at the bottom of the bog of "Reform" into which Lord Rosebery rashly plunged them. The Rosebery resolutions are to go to a Committee, but it is clear that the Tory Party will not look at them, and that in particular his two conditions, the first the elective principle, introduced through the medium of the County Councils and the Town Councils, the second the abandonment of the hereditary basis, will be struck out. What will emerge is impossible to say. Lord Halsbury is a greater power among the Tory peers than even Lord Lansdowne, and he says flatly that all the resolutions are bad, and the third—the anti-hereditary motion—the worst of all. Even Lord Curzon, the best friend of the Rosebery policy which the debate disclosed, accepted it with many qualifications, and the only point of advance seems to be a movement in favor of a strictly limited nomination of peers by the Prime Minister of the day. In other words, the old Dragon is to have a new coat of paint and a new kind of roar.

* * *

A MORE intransigent note was given out by Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Northumberland, and Lord Cromer, who was definitely for fastening the Lords' invasion of finance on to the Constitution. A mass of peers said frankly that the House of Commons called for reform more than the House of Lords, while Lord Curzon hinted that though Lord Rosebery might have a poor opinion of the Lords, "Potentates of Asia" and "Princes of India" greatly preferred them to the Commons. Lord Willoughby de Broke entreated them not to stultify themselves by decrying heredity. He had been a foxhound breeder all his life, and he was prepared to defend the hereditary principle in that or any other animal. The

Duke of Marlborough thought that the hereditary and honorary peers, like youth and age, would never go together. Every speech, however, agreed in expanding Mr. Balfour's watchword of a "stronger" House of Lords—that is to say, of a House more certain to clash with the House of Commons than that which exists to-day. All again united to oppose the restriction of the Veto, which, said Lord Rosebery, would establish a "precarious, muzzled, and impotent phantom," fit only for Madame Tussaud's, and the principle of popular election, which, said Lord Rosebery again, would merely bring about a "feeble understudy of the House of Commons.

* * *

LORD MORLEY's speech supplied the one line of clear thought in this welter. It should be read by every Liberal, and sent broadcast throughout the country, for it is the only statement of the party's case with which the Front Bench has yet supplied it. The House of Lords, he said, had completely overlooked "the practical emergency," which was the Lords' invasion of finance and the dispute as to powers between the two Houses. The case for that invasion was now being destroyed. Last year the Lords claimed to be an impartial, impeccable House; now Lord Rosebery admitted it to be indefensible in constitution, and proposed to strip it of its rights and privileges. It first of all committed homicide by killing the Budget, and then suicide by denouncing itself as unfit. It was impossible to proceed with reform until the question had been settled whether the Lords were to be stronger or weaker than the Commons—the very point upon which Lord Rosebery's Cabinet Committee came to grief in 1895. It was idle to talk of the dangers of single-Chamber government when, for all the great purposes of government, the single-Chamber system existed now, while the proposal for a great, strong, and efficient second Chamber was merely a proposal to take back the extensions of popular electoral power. All the new elements, said Lord Morley, which the reformers would add to the House would be Conservative. The concoction of a second Chamber was an old *pons asinorum* of democracy, and where Cromwell had failed, it was not likely, hinted Lord Morley, that lesser men would succeed.

* * *

It is a pity that this powerful criticism, coming from the fullest mind in the country, was not in the view of Sir Edward Grey, who, on the same night, made a somewhat distracting speech to the City Liberals. He said, satisfactorily enough, that no limitation of the powers of the Lords could be too stringent for Liberal policy, and that that was the question of this Parliament. He insisted that the root of the mischief was the hereditary principle. This done away with, the Liberals must proceed to remodel the Second Chamber, for, if they confined themselves to a Single-Chamber issue without reform, the result would be "disaster, death, and damnation." For an hereditary Chamber he would substitute an elected one on a democratic basis. It should not be chosen at the same time as the House of Commons, or for the same areas. If such bodies came to a dead-lock, he should not mind.

SURELY this is dangerous doctrine. It might involve precisely the crisis in which we are at present engaged. The substance of Sir Edward Grey's proposal was probably that of a Second Chamber of 150 members, elected, like some local bodies, for differing periods, chosen, or partly chosen, on grounds of public service, and sitting together in case of a dead-lock. The method of election would probably be *scrutin de liste*. Such a body might clearly be a powerful rival of the House of Commons, and on this ground alone the Radicals, the Labor Party, and the Irish Nationalists are certain to oppose it. Thus the moment this "naked, new-born babe" of Reform leaves its crib in Downing Street, it will have to "stride the blast" of adverse criticism. Surely the Liberals can take warning by the House of Lords, now laboriously chasing the Apple of Discord which Hippomenes-Rosebery has thrown down to them.

* * *

MEANWHILE, Lord Lansdowne trimmed and pared down the Rosebery resolutions, finally reducing them to a copy of the report of the Rosebery Committee. The Tory leader would have nothing to say to (a) a small House of Lords; (b) a serious rival to the hereditary peers; and (c) an Imperial Senate. But he admitted that the House was "badly composed," and that it did not look quite so impartial as it really was. There might be a few more Liberals in it—just for the look of the thing—and a Liberal Ministry might be allowed to exchange the now unrestricted power of the Crown in creating peers for "some well thought-out and properly restricted scheme" of adding some of their supporters. In other words, Liberals are to give away the lamp of power now in the hands of the Crown for the rush-light offered them by the Tory leader. For the rest, Lord Lansdowne suggested a large but not overcrowded House mainly elected by the hereditary peers, with a thin sprinkling of Liberal nominees and new life peers, chosen on grounds of experience and position—in other words, a "stronger and more efficient" break-water against Liberalism than the present Chamber.

* * *

LORD CREWE scoffed at this dressed-up sham. Was not the House of Lords strong enough already, that it must be made stronger still? Did Lord Lansdowne contemplate anything but a Tory House, that would pass Tariff Reform and throw out land reform and land taxation? Clearly he wanted to retain power over Liberalism, only with a little more popular credit; to keep his Unionism and dispense with the control of the Crown. Finally, the Lords passed a reference of the Rosebery resolutions to a Committee, which will bury them with a few crocodile tears, and probably resurrect a second Rosebery Report in their place.

* * *

WE strongly hope that the differences of tactics between the Government and the Irish—there is very little between the Irish and the Liberals—are being composed. Speaking at Newcastle on Wednesday, Mr. Redmond promised that he would vote for the Budget "without the change of one comma," if the Government could assure him that they would be "able effectively to deal with the Veto." On the other hand, Mr. Asquith, answering Lord Hugh Cecil on Monday, said that it was the "intention" of the Government to "pass the Budget and get it through" before the House adjourned for the spring recess. This has been interpreted to mean a reversion to the abandoned policy of Budget first, and that, in its turn, means smash, with Liberalism dead against the tactics responsible for it. On Thursday night at the Irish National banquet

Mr. Redmond deplored the idea of a severance on tactics, and Mr. Dillon spoke of the Budget as one of the best democratic instruments ever forged for Great Britain, and only objectionable to Ireland in respect of one or two taxes. "Give us the Veto and we will vote for the Budget," he added. Certainly the Government are bound to put all their force into getting the Veto. If they fail, terms may, we think, be arranged on the lines suggested in our leading article.

* * *

ON Monday Mr. McKenna explained, without excusing, his 40-million Naval Budget, in a speech which was addressed almost entirely to the Opposition. He virtually put the responsibility on the Board of Admiralty, and challenged the Tories to dispute their conclusions, an improper and unconstitutional doctrine. He said nothing on policy, and would have dropped all reference to German shipbuilding had he not been challenged by Mr. Harcourt. He did not reaffirm his seventeen German "Dreadnoughts" in March, 1912, the legend on which these Estimates have been built, but, pressed on a following night, said that if Germany "accelerated" all her unbuilt ships of this year and next, and dispensed with trials, she could have seventeen "Dreadnoughts" in 1912 and twenty-one in 1913. Thus the fabric of a new scare is being woven as the tatters of the old one fall to pieces.

* * *

THIS attitude, and the insulting indifference to Liberal opinion, brought a torrent of damaging criticism on Mr. McKenna's head. Only 34 members voted for Mr. Lough's motion reducing the men by 3,000, for the party feared to wreck the Government, while they felt that they were being played with, and the situation with the Lords used against them. But in the course of a week's debate only one Liberal speech was delivered in support of the Estimates, and the general tone on the Ministerial side was one of grave and even bitter remonstrance. The Labor Party, through Mr. Barnes and Mr. Snowden, took the same line, Mr. Barnes ruthlessly destroying the pretexts of a general German acceleration and an Austro-Italian programme of eight "Dreadnoughts," and Mr. Snowden saying gravely that the impossibilist attitude of governments on the armaments question made organised Labor and Socialism the only living force for international peace. Mr. Macdonald's, Mr. Harvey's, and Mr. Ponsonby's speeches were specially impressive.

* * *

PUBLIC interest in the United States and Canada is concentrated on the Tariff negotiations, which have, so far, been unsuccessful. President Taft thinks he is bound to apply the maximum Tariff, unless Canada gives the United States some of the favors she has given France. But then the United States Tariff is very unfriendly to Canada, and Canada buys more from the United States than she sells. The Republican party is already unpopular, and is desperately afraid of a tariff war, especially the newspaper proprietors, who are expecting their wood-pulp supplies to be cut off or made dearer. What will happen if the wasteful and stupid hostilities are commenced, will be that the trade between Canada and the United States will be largely effected through England, which will be the *entrepôt* or shop in which they buy one another's products, our merchants and shippers taking their toll. This is more profitable than Colonial preference.

* * *

EVENTS in Germany are moving with unusual rapidity. On Monday, the Chancellor announced a Bill

dealing with the Constitution of Alsace-Lorraine in the sense of conferring "greater independence." The Reichstag, at the instance of the Socialists, lost no time in passing by a narrow majority a resolution demanding autonomy for Alsace-Lorraine on the basis of universal, equal, and secret suffrage, with proportional representation. The formula, one suspects, was drafted with one eye on the Prussian conflict, which shows no sign of slackening. The demonstrations in provincial towns continue unabated. In the Landtag the Government's "Reform" Bill has now passed its third reading, but it has been turned inside out by amendments. The Centre and the Conservatives have combined to introduce the secret ballot, while retaining indirect election. This is theoretically a gain, but in practice will not do much to democratise the franchise. It means, however, that the Government will lose the power of coercing voters who happen to be minor officials.

* * *

ON Tuesday, the Reichstag, once more following Socialist leadership, took up the unfinished agitation against "personal rule," by passing a resolution in which the Government was invited to draft a Bill, establishing the responsibility of the Chancellor to it for his own acts and words, and also for those of the Kaiser, the responsibility to be enforced by impeachment before some special tribunal. The resolution is, of course, purely academic, but it bodes ill for Herr von Bethmann Hollweg's chances of carrying his Budget. On the same day there were made some significant references to Mr. McKenna's Estimates. Count Kanitz complained that "bad relations" between the two Empires continue, and that "Germany's peaceful assurances had been useless." Herr Scheidtmann for the Socialists threw the responsibility for the mistrust primarily on Germany, and declared that "the British Naval Estimates were really made in the Reichstag." It is the first principle of Socialist strategy to blame the native *bourgeoisie*, and Mr. Snowden said of our Jingoës very much what his German comrades say of theirs.

* * *

THE French are still absorbed in the exciting Duez scandal. The "evaporation" of at least £200,000 in the liquidation of the property of the monastic orders is admitted. The only question is now whether any of the three liquidators was honest. M. Lecouturier, at least, is hardly less suspected than M. Duez. M. Jaurès, who opened a three days' debate in the Chamber, rightly insisted that the real scandal lay (1) in the choice of such men for such a task, and (2) in the immunity they enjoyed, despite the fact that their robberies were suspected as far back as three years ago. Who was their protector? Scandal points at M. Millerand, who held a number of briefs as barrister for M. Duez. The official Radicals are trying to divert hostility to the Church, and suggest that it acted in collusion with M. Duez. That personage reserves his revelations. The "Figaro" translates the general attitude of expectation in a cartoon, which represents M. Duez in his cell meditating on the theme, "Whom shall I have arrested?"

* * *

THE Persian Mejliss still hesitates to accept the Anglo-Russian loan, burdened as it is with conditions which would ruin Persian independence. Meantime, Russia is tightening the screw. She has threatened once more to increase her garrison in Tabriz, which had been reduced to 500 men. Two versions of the pretext for this fresh aggression have been put forward. In the first, it is said that Russia demands the withdrawal from

Tabriz of the two Nationalist generals, Sattar and Baghir Khans. They are, it is suggested, a menace to foreigners—an odd complaint when one remembers how scrupulous they were while they were the absolute masters of the town. The second version complains that two "bands" of 3,000 men are hovering near Tabriz. The simple fact is, we suspect, that Russia means to convey to the Persians that if they will not accept Russian money on Russia's terms, they will have to put up with a permanent Russian occupation. But the responsibility does not lie with Russia alone. Sir Edward Grey sanctioned the original occupation of Tabriz, and pledged himself that it should be temporary. He also has sanctioned the terms of the proposed loan, which are believed to accentuate the partition of Persia, and to subject all its armed forces to Anglo-Russian control.

* * *

MR. CHURCHILL, with his usual resourcefulness, has accomplished at a stroke the reform for which we and all Liberals have pleaded for years, and practically turned political prisoners into first-class offenders. We say "practically," for the formula adopted by Mr. Churchill is a little wide. He proposes that prisoners guilty of offences not involving "dishonesty, cruelty, indecency, or serious violence" should be subject to prison treatment which, in its turn, does not involve the meaner restrictions on personal liberty and dignity. This is a great advance, and we congratulate the Home Secretary upon it. It is not, however, quite complete. The prison system is so hard, and so tuned down to the most abandoned and wretched classes of the population, that it takes a good deal to suit it to well-meaning people, whose quarrel is with political custom, not with the criminal law. We hope therefore that Mr. Churchill will vigorously forward his predecessor's scheme of reform and add to it.

* * *

DR. LUEGER, the Burgomaster of Vienna, was buried on Monday, with almost Royal pomp, in the presence of the Emperor, the Duke of Cumberland, several Archdukes, and the representatives of the Pope and the Kaiser. As the creator of the "Christian Socialist," or, more properly, Anti-Semitic and Clerical Party, he had become the most valuable Conservative force in Austria, and the Crown was duly grateful. The son of a beadle, emphatically a man of the lesser middle class, he owed his popularity to his instinct for understanding the prejudices of the Viennese crowd. He destroyed the Liberalism of the 'seventies, which had never cared to become popular, rarely held public meetings, talked an academic jargon, and relied largely on the support of wealthy and cultivated Jews. He championed the "small man" and, above all, the little shopkeeper against the monopolist and the international financier.

* * *

LUEGER was German as against all other races, but Austrian and Catholic even before he was German. He led a feud against the Hungarians, whom he used to call the "Judaëo-Magyars," almost as fierce as his crusade against the Jews. It is difficult now to remember that when he was elected in 1895 the Crown refused to sanction the choice of Vienna, and yielded in 1897 only after his repeated re-election amid demonstrations which recalled the days of Wilkes. His first care was to break the hold of Jewish finance upon the city. He was a good administrator, and, despite his hatred of Socialism, proceeded, with complete success, to municipalise all the public services of the city.

Politics and Affairs.

THE DUTY OF THE LIBERAL LEADERS.

THE Government have arrived at a stage of their policy when they must take a decision of great moment, and, when taken, adhere to it. On one issue the ground has been cleared. The House of Lords have not waited to see the Government's proposals for abbreviating their powers; they have tacitly admitted that the body which grasped last November at the power of the purse cannot, in their present form, defend that act or abate the popular judgment upon it. As Lord Morley put it, the Lords first commit homicide on the Budget, and then commit suicide by admitting themselves unfit to do the deed. The House of Lords of to-day is dead; it may linger on, mummy-fashion, embalmed and enwrapped in the garments of the past; as a living force, it exists only in the imagination of men like Lord Halsbury. But the debate on Lord Rosebery's resolutions has taken us a step further. It shows that, sceptical as are the ablest champions of the Lords of their ability to face democracy, the House itself is unwilling and unable to reform itself. The Rosebery resolutions are still-born. The debates have revealed an indomitable pride of caste, which will tolerate no mixture with the base blood that Lord Rosebery's suggested vaccination with ichor from Little Peddlington would bring with it. The peers do not want to rub shoulders with new men who will "come in on a 'bus," with "a few lawyers and county councillors," as Lord Lansdowne contemptuously said. Democracy or no democracy, they stand by hereditary rule as a by-plan of the Creator, thoughtlessly thrown aside by innovating Man; and while they grope about for new defences and allies and subterfuges, they maintain their war on representative government, and mean only to arm themselves with fresh weapons against it.

In all this the Liberal Party, and, in spite of Sir Edward Grey's speech, we hope we may now say the Liberal Government, may divine the wisdom of its first and only policy. The House of Lords is at war with the House of Commons, with Liberalism and all its works, with democracy and democratic finance, with self-government for Ireland. It will not yield one inch in that struggle until it knows that its head, and not the head of its enemy, will fall; in other words, that the Crown is ready to exercise upon the peers, by the advice of its Ministers, the power which can alone restore the balance of constitutional rule, and give the Monarchy, as of old, the support of two alternative forms of government. It is a mere commonplace, therefore, to say that Veto must come first. Clearly it must precede any system of "reform"—for that will have to pass through the doors of the House of Lords, armed as they are with triple brass. It must also go before the Budget—for the Budget, important as it is, is a weapon and incident in this fight, not its centre and prize. Thus far all members of the coalition—Liberals, Labor men, and Irish Nationalists—are agreed. Nor is there, so far as the Budget is concerned, any alternative tactic. The debates of the week make it obvious that the Lords will not pass the Budget intact, and that their zeal to

have it sent up to them is mere hypocrisy. When it goes, therefore, it should go as the second object-lesson for the electorate, already enlightened by the refusal to pass or to discuss the resolutions on the Veto. The country will then see the full meaning of this Revolution of the Rich, economic and political. But, like Mr. Redmond, we see no point in the House of Commons loosing its hold of the Budget before the Veto has been dealt with. A safe and wise plan would be, we think, to ask the House of Commons to pass it in its preliminary stages and then to send it up as the last act of a Government that has either got the King's assent to a creation of peers, or, failing that assent, is prepared to resign or to appeal to the electorate.

Is this plan one on which the Irish will unite with the British part of the coalition? We see no reason to doubt it. Mr. Redmond disowns opposition to the Budget as a whole on the ground of specific taxes. He declares his willingness to vote for it on condition of an effective dealing with the Veto. He has a heavy stake in this matter as well as we; for the hopes of Home Rule rest, not only on the disappearance of the Veto, but on the maintenance of good feeling between the British and Irish peoples. But a dissolution on the destruction of the Budget by Irish votes would mean that the Budget, and the attack on the Lords, and the hopes of Home Rule, would wither at a breath. For the defeat of the Bill "referred" to the electors by the Lords would naturally be taken as a second object-lesson, following on that of 1893, in the beneficence of an over-ruling House. Clearly, therefore, both sides have an interest in averting so wretched, so senseless, a catastrophe, and Liberals would not forgive their leaders if it came about on a line of tactics which they thought had been abandoned for a better one. All of us fancied that it was to be Veto first and Budget second, and we shall be surprised to learn that the Prime Minister's announcement on Monday has reversed the order. Mr. Redmond does, indeed, seem to go beyond this, and to suggest that the Budget should be dropped altogether unless, and until, the Government can produce the King's authority for a creation of peers. But what if it fails in this quest? Is it then to go empty-handed to the electors, confessing a double defeat, and with no new fact, no promise of better success on a second appeal?

Now, on this matter it is well to be candid. Grave events will follow such a situation, and no man can foretell their issue. But it ought not to occur; it is so bad a thing that it must not occur. Our leaders must not quarrel with the Irish without good cause; the Liberal Party must not allow them to quarrel. It is well to consider, therefore, whether we need reach a *cul de sac*. Is it not possible to ease the situation both for the Crown and for the Liberal Party and its allies? The House of Commons persisting, and the House of Lords remaining recalcitrant and irreformable, a state of revolution inviting counter-revolution, and the ultimate employment of force, is set up. A dispute as to powers has arisen between the two Houses, in which neither will give way, while the Crown will not, or cannot, act. We confess we contemplate this deadlock with great reluctance. If the Crown is properly advised, it ought

not to happen. The King is a good constitutional Monarch, not a supreme and irresponsible over-lord. He acts through his Ministers. They, in turn, have a right to call on the Crown in certain emergencies, and we can imagine no greater emergency arising in a democratic State than the theft by the non-representative House, of powers belonging to the representative Assembly. There is every reason to believe that the King hated the action of the Lords last November, and a gross indignity to him is involved in the way in which the Peers have discussed their privileges and status without the smallest regard, direct or indirect, to the interests and powers of the Crown from which they derive. But if he does not act, the reproach lies with our chiefs, and it is gravely laid upon them to discover a way out of the difficulty. Saving the Crown, the only court of appeal is the nation. Should not the people be asked to settle this question by a specific reference, which could not in the nature of things become a precedent, for it would end the dispute as to powers, and lay the corner-stone of a new Constitution? In other words, why should not the Veto resolutions be embodied in an Appeal to the People Act? The House of Lords would refuse such a measure at their peril, and with consequences clear to the minds of all. Its rejection would mean that they dared not face the people, and that fact, in turn, must bring us within sight of the end.

THE ONE ISSUE FOR LIBERALISM.

THE reform of the House of Lords is eminently the subject for Lord Rosebery. It is a theme for the master of polished speaking. It gives occasion for the exercise of a certain pseudo-ingenuity in a region divorced from the harsh tests of practical reality. It affords an opening for the display of a Liberal and modern spirit in the castigation of archaic anomalies and indefensible privileges. At the same time, it offers a vantage ground for that superiority of mind which detaches itself from all that Liberalism and the modern spirit practically require. It shows what politics might be under conditions other than those which actually obtain. A set of circumstances may be quite easily imagined in which Lord Rosebery's speeches would have an important bearing on practical affairs. Unfortunately, they are never the circumstances which are actually found at the time and in the place where Lord Rosebery is speaking—a point which, among others, distinguishes him from great orators of the type of Demosthenes, Cicero, Gladstone, or Bright. In one point, however, Lord Rosebery is pre-eminent. When he wishes to justify a party, an institution, or a creed, he can always select some incident in his own career to which that party, that institution, or that creed has been opposed, and in which it has proved itself right, and Lord Rosebery has been proved wrong. Thus, on Monday, the most cogent instance that he could adduce of the wisdom of the House of Lords and the necessity of a Second Chamber was its treatment of the legislation, particularly of Home Rule, in which he bore a responsible part between 1892 and 1895. This kind

of self-castigation Lord Rosebery is wont to administer with an apparent unconsciousness that the blows are falling on his own shoulders which recalls the most perfect type of Indian ascetic. It is altogether in keeping with Lord Rosebery's statesmanship that he should disclaim all intention of embodying his scheme in a Bill, and that the operative part of his resolution should, in fact, be limited to a single and to a purely negative suggestion. It is also instructive to find an ex-Liberal statesman crying out in horror at the suggestion that the House of Commons possesses that predominance in the Constitution which always belonged to it, and which, in words and in effect, he claimed for it in the controversy of 1895.

While Lord Rosebery's speech, if read in the proper spirit, will be found to blend instruction with amusement, the real point of the controversy was put directly and powerfully by Lord Morley, whose speech will, we hope, be framed and diligently read by his colleagues with their morning and evening prayers. Before approaching the question of reform, the thing to be determined is whether we want to make the House of Lords stronger or weaker. Now, the Campbell-Bannerman resolutions undoubtedly tend to make it weaker—weaker at least during the periods when a Liberal Government holds power. Under a Conservative administration we are already accustomed to Single-Chamber Government, and it is remarkable that, in dilating on the terrors of that system of Government, neither Lord Rosebery—who cannot sleep for thinking of what the Colonies will say of us if we should dispense with a Chamber of a kind from which they are happily free—nor Sir Edward Grey, who sees death and damnation in the Single-Chamber schemes, should have based their arguments on the practical experience of this country under the Single-Chamber system. They talk as though the Single-Chamber system were unknown to the civilised world except in Greece and Costa Rica. They forget the central custom of the British Constitution, under which the fate of Ministries depends on the vote of a majority of the House of Commons. Equally do they forget their own country under the recent Unionist administration. The Conservative Cabinet had, for the time, a power as plenary as that of most autocracies, and whatever check may have been applied to it did not come from the House of Lords. It may be added that, if there is one argument which appeals to the average Liberal in favor of a check on the Single Chamber, it is that derived from the dealings of Mr. Balfour's administration with the country between 1900 and 1905. It seems strange, then, that neither of these speakers should have touched on this point that lay under their eyes, until we remember that, by habit of mind, both of them are appealing to Conservative audiences, to the Conservative Press, to the Conservative forces in the Constitution. The type of Liberal statesman which relies on the applause of the opposite party has the problem of House of Lords reform well in hand.

But though personally accustomed to the contempt of his leaders for his most cherished convictions, the rank and file Liberal still expects of them some respect for the recent verdict of a General Election. It is at

this point that speeches like those of Sir Edward Grey puzzle him most. Sir Edward Grey speaks as though the Campbell-Bannerman resolutions, the Albert Hall speech, and the General Election had never been. He treats the resolutions as leading on to a Single-Chamber system, and as involving, if not fortified by proposals for reform, the certainty of division in the party and defeat in the country, while if the problem of reform is left to the other side the result is to be, politically, "disaster, death, and damnation." In all this Sir Edward Grey is speaking as though he were considering a hypothetical case, something that never has arisen, and could only arise if the Liberal Party had lost its wits. He seems wholly innocent of the simple truth that he is describing the very policy on which his own Government agreed, the very policy which was put to the country at the Albert Hall, the very policy upon which the country dealt out to the Government, not disaster, death, and damnation, but a majority of 124. The very sense and substance of the veto resolutions was to avoid the immediate decision on the question of one Chamber or two, of the hereditary principle, reconstitution, or reform. The policy of the Government was to put this issue alone to the country, and to leave any question of reform open to the other side, "unoccupied" by proposals of its own. Far from resulting in disaster, this policy was approved by a substantial majority, and had the mandate of the people been executed without hesitation and without the raising of belated and inopportune suggestions, the difficulties of the present situation might have been avoided. We may, therefore, traverse every one of Sir Edward Grey's propositions by a direct appeal to simple and obvious facts. The anti-veto policy, promised for nearly three years, did not develop into a Single-Chamber policy. It did not necessitate the discussion of reform or reconstitution. It was put to the people. The advocacy of reform was left to the other side. The result was not disaster, but a substantial majority for the Government and its plan.

If the leadership of the Liberal Party is to be more successful in the future than it has been in the recent past, two elementary conditions must be observed. Our leaders must give more consideration to the feelings of their supporters and less to those of their opponents, and they must not shut their eyes to palpable facts, or expect us to do so at their bidding. It is with some effort and at the cost of some personal sacrifice to many of the rank and file that Liberal leaders are placed in power. They owe to their supporters in return some effort to carry out Liberal ideas, some sign that Liberal policy differs from Conservative, some proof that they rely on Liberal support and not on the applause of the Opposition benches and the Unionist Press. In the matter of the reform of the House of Lords, above all, the party had every reason to believe that the Government were united, clear, and determined in their policy before the election. The party went to the poll to support that policy, and it has listened to the interpretation of its verdict, given in such speeches as that of Sir Edward Grey, with sheer stupefaction. "Leadership" of this kind must cease, or the party will cease.

THE WOMEN'S CHARTER.

To those opponents of Woman's Suffrage who contend that the sex wrongs and disabilities admitting of legal redress are few in number and negligible in degree, the Women's Charter, drafted by Lady McLaren and discussed last week by the Lancashire and Cheshire branches of the Women's Liberal Association, furnishes an extremely effective answer. Inequality in divorce is claimed as one grievance among many. The legal structure of the family as regards the relation of husband and wife, the control of children, and of property, is biassed in favor of the man, while in the pursuit of a livelihood outside the home woman is weighted with legal disabilities which restrict her liberty, and respecting which she has never been consulted. As soon as Parliament is open to ordinary processes of legislation, it is intended to institute an organized endeavor to redress these inequalities by a series of closely related Bills introduced by Sir Charles McLaren and supported by prominent Radicals and Labor men. The whole doctrine of Coverture, practically suspending the civil existence of a wife and preventing her from taking legal action except through her husband or by his consent, is to be assailed. Not only is the right to maintenance to be legally enforceable, without application to the Poor Law guardians, but a wife is to have a legal claim on the income and the estate of her husband in respect of her work as housekeeper and nurse, and an equal share to the profits of a business in which they may be jointly engaged. When husband and wife possess property on marriage, a contract entered into by both is to secure a minimum contribution to the expenses of housekeeping, and limits are to be put upon the testamentary powers of the husband, securing his wife and family against total disinheritance, while, in case of intestacy, the survivor shall be equally secured, irrespective of sex.

These are the principal demands having relation to rights within the family. About their essential equity we entertain little doubt, and, so far as changes in our statute law can secure their due enforcement, we should give a general support to the Charter. Many well-meaning and genuinely liberal-minded persons will doubtless raise the objection that to make the relation of husband and wife the subject of close commercial contract, enforceable by law, tends to degrade the marriage bond into a mere cash nexus, converting all the natural dictates of affection and duty into the hard terms of legal rights. But this criticism, on the one hand, misrepresents the scope and nature of the legal intervention that is proposed, and, on the other, ignores certain grave, and even cruel, facts in the current working of the family. Laws are made, not for the good, but for the evil-doer. Although the normal marriage relation in every social class perhaps secures for the wife and mother a tolerable amount of personal control over the expenditure of income and the care of the children, the fact that she has no legal claim upon such control tells heavily against her in those numerous cases where the marriage has turned out unhappily, or where the superior physical and financial strength of the man is

wilfully abused. At present, though a man is under legal obligation to maintain his wife and family, the wife has no effective and honorable mode of enforcing the performance of this obligation. Even where a separation order has nominally secured her an income, the difficulty of obtaining it, as evidence before the Divorce Commission shows, often compels her reluctantly to return to an unhappy union. Where a man fails to make a proper provision for his family out of his income, it ought to be possible for the wife and mother to secure an order for such maintenance without the degradation of an appeal to the Poor Law. The supplementary reform advocated by Lady McLaren, securing to the wife as a legal right the wages of a housekeeper, though in itself reasonable, appears to us very difficult of legal enforcement. If it be understood as a regular money payment, in addition to "maintenance," out of the weekly or other earnings of the husband, we can only say that its legal enforcement would be found impracticable. Lady McLaren, indeed, herself appears to realise the difficulty, arguing that "even if it could not be recovered by law from a husband, it might be a just charge on his estate after his death."

It is rightly contended that these provisions must not be regarded as merely applicable to the working-classes. Though the economic and moral status of the wife and mother in the better-to-do classes has undoubtedly improved, it falls in many cases far short of a reasonable standard, and there is much to be said in favor of the practice of marriage contracts placing at her disposal, as a legal right, a certain minimum for housekeeping expenses, suitable to the husband's means, and requiring from her a similar contribution should she possess property or be an income-earner. Though the enforcement of such legal rights might, and should be, rare, their existence would be of service, not merely in cases of extreme selfishness and neglect, but for the far more important task of reforming the general valuations set upon the status of woman and her work in the home. The failure adequately to realise the economic and social importance of the work of a wife and mother is chiefly due to the purely commercial standard of values which prevails. If the law acknowledged definite pecuniary values for woman's work in the home, and if her general rights over property and income were set on the same footing as man's, although the coercive powers of the law might seldom be brought into play, use and custom would gradually transform the whole conception of the economic and social position of woman, and the change would be attended by equally important changes in other aspects of sex relationship. Moreover, it might effect a very great improvement in the physique and *morale* of children cursed with drunken and selfish fathers. Only the other day, we heard (as many of us constantly hear) of the case of a man earning 20s. a week reserving five shillings for the support of his wife and family, and spending the rest on himself. Under German law such a state of things is not permitted. Why should we allow it here?

About some of the reforms which the Women's Charter advocates under the head of industrial equality, there will be more division of opinion among reformers.

Lady McLaren appears to favor the abolition of most sex distinctions in the Factory Acts, facilitating the employment of married women and mothers, removing the existing restrictions upon the night work of women, and in other ways putting the sexes upon the same legal basis of employment regarding hours, wages, etc. The issue is, of course, far too large to argue here. We can only say that, though some of the evils charged against the full "economic freedom" of women to work under the same conditions as men may have been exaggerated, any scheme of reform which proceeds on the assumption that the special functions of women as mothers and home-makers can be ignored in industrial legislation appears to us profoundly mistaken. We do not believe that the family wage is materially enhanced by encouraging the unrestricted competition of married women, and we are convinced that the diminution in efficiency of the home cannot be compensated for by a free development of *crèches*, and will be represented in a reduced efficiency of the health of the children. If these restraints, however, are imposed upon women mainly in the interests of society, the economic losses they involve ought, it is argued, to be compensated by society. This alternative, as far as it is practicable, we prefer to accept. The new policy of public health will be developed with due regard to these sex discriminations in industry, and though the public "endowment of motherhood" may be not directly feasible, under the more guarded form of protection of maternity and of childhood the paramount right and duty of society to safeguard the family will be realised with growing care.

THE SHAPING OF GERMANY.

TEN years ago the announcement that a Constitution was about to be granted to Alsace-Lorraine would have seemed to be an event which might transform the European situation. The hostility between the two great groups of Continental Powers was still a visible consequence of the annexation of these provinces. Around it still fluttered the shadowy flag of the revenge which was once more to extend the French frontier to the Rhine. Large as were the issues which united the two Alliances, it was never forgotten, even in Vienna and St. Petersburg, that the fate of the Rhine lands was the stake for which the partners might be playing in the game of high politics. In those days, Déroulède could still find a heated audience on the Boulevards when he perorated from the pedestal of Joan of Arc's statue about the lost provinces and the obligation to cherish the illusion of their re-conquest. There was always a chance that when next he seized the rein of some general's horse in the streets, he might contrive to guide it towards the Presidential Palace. The rivalry in armaments was as yet a military competition. It was for the holding or taking of European territory that the nations armed, and no one supposed that any acre out of Europe would ever seem worth the bones of a Pomeranian grenadier. All that has changed to-day.

If France and Germany have been near to war, it was over the penetration of Morocco that they disputed. The expedition to China heralded the opening out of a world horizon to German policy. Far less important than the traditional hostility of Germany and France across a land frontier, is the new rivalry between the British and German Empires on the sea. It is a naval competition which now devours the resources of civilisation, and the new factor in all the recent combinations is the island-Power which affects no concern in the provinces along the Rhine. Ten years ago a plan which may pacify Alsace-Lorraine and make of it a permanent and relatively contented member in the German federation would have marked a turning-point in European history. To-day it is an episode, important, indeed, and interesting as a German domestic event. But it will have no reaction on the grouping of the Powers and the ambitions of nations. No crowds follow Déroulède to-day.

One may doubt, indeed, whether the scheme of autonomy for Alsace-Lorraine, when Herr von Bethmann Hollweg unfolds its details, will deserve to excite even a sentimental thrill. Forty years have passed since the conquest. A new generation has arisen, resigned to its fate, and by no means discontented with its material destinies. To the plain man, it seemed, when Thiers signed the fatal treaty, that what had happened was that the people of Alsace had changed their flag. There were even then astute spectators who understood that what had chiefly happened was that they had changed their market. A region of coalfields and cotton factories had lost a stationary market on the West, to gain a larger and rapidly growing market on the East. The change involved a re-arrangement in the balance of German industries. It meant an even more important and more fortunate readjustment in the economic fortunes of the North of France. Mulhouse ceased to compete with Lille, and the Pas-de-Calais enjoyed henceforth a monopoly of the coal supply. It did not escape the notice of Thiers' critics that several members of his Government were directors of industries which lost a competitor while they wept a province. The new ties have cemented a union which no bond of sentiment has reinforced. Alsace-Lorraine acquiesces in the conquest, as Poland acquiesces in Russian rule, because a tariff has enabled her, nothing loth, to make the best of a profitable, if irksome, yoke. She has, indeed, maintained her attitude of protest in the Reichstag. She has kept up a guerilla fight for the maintenance of her individuality and her culture. The intellectual links with Paris were never wholly severed. For the right to use the French language, a steady, if unheroic, battle has constantly been waged. Sometimes the Church, sometimes the Universities, sometimes the theatre, and sometimes the school, has been its scene. But there never has been joined such a passionate conflict as the Poles continually maintain against the Prussian bureaucracy. Alsace presents none of the concrete problems which the Poles are destined to set to their German masters. She has no teeming population with an alien speech to flood the German labor market. Her lands have never tempted the Junker class to demand an

Expropriation Bill. It is no rash policy which confers upon her in the fulness of time the right to govern herself. The tardy concession may be judged by English spectators by any standard which they choose to select. It looks ungenerous beside our treatment of the Transvaal; it is magnificent beside our handling of Ireland.

One can already foresee the part which the granting of this new Constitution is destined to play in German affairs. By a small majority the Reichstag has resolved that Alsace-Lorraine shall receive, in her new charter, the boon of the equal, secret, and universal franchise. To appreciate all the malice and point of that decision, one must recollect that this resolution was carried in the very Reichstag before whose doors, a week before, the people of Berlin were clamoring in the face of an outwitted police for this same privilege of a democratic franchise. The Chancellor cannot grant to a conquered and half-alien province what he refuses to Prussia itself. Yet if he should decide to invent for Alsace a "fancy," or anti-popular, franchise, he must face the criticism of a Reichstag in which he possesses no stable majority. The battle of the Prussian franchise, in which the Reichstag is not competent to engage, will be fought on the substituted ground of the Alsatian Constitution. The Chancellor has affronted and disquieted Southern Germany by his plain avowal that the class-franchise in Prussia is the citadel of the bureaucracy which governs the Empire. The South is taking its revenge. Last year the Centre, which is, in the main, a Southern party, had thrown in its lot with Northern Conservatism in the Budget struggle that rent the *Bloc* and ruined Prince Bülow. Already it is breaking away from that alliance. Some sections of it must have followed Socialist leadership in voting this symptomatic franchise resolution. Even more significant is their adhesion to the still more startling resolution in which the Reichstag called for a Bill making the Chancellor responsible to it for his own acts and those of his sovereign, and liable to be impeached before some Special Tribunal.

That resolution, like its fellow, is likely to remain a thunderbolt that cannot reach its mark. It will take more than a resolution to create Parliamentary Government in Germany, nor is it easy to imagine that, when it comes, it will be by the old seventeenth-century device of impeachment. But the passage of these two resolutions, amid the storms of the Prussian franchise conflict, is a proof that Germany is shaping rapidly towards change and reconstruction. The inner citadel of class-rule in Prussia was never so hotly assailed, and while that struggle rages, a more leisurely, a more decorous issue has been joined in the Imperial Parliament. The two struggles are parallel, and essentially one. The Empire would be transformed if Prussia were democratised. Prussia cannot be held if no Conservative Chancellor can maintain himself in the Imperial Reichstag.

A NEW STYLE OF PARTY LEADERSHIP.

TIME, which changes everything, would seem to have effected a rather serious modification in the manner of party leadership in the House of Commons. When I

first frequented it, the political chieftain—a man of common, humdrum mind like Gladstone, or Harcourt, or Randolph Churchill, or Parnell—treated his friends much as the average general (say, Napoleon) treated his troops—that is to say, he thought for them, felt for them, worked for them, and (more than anything else) perhaps, kept them in good heart. This conception of policy lasted, so far as I can discover, down to the time of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who put quite a considerable party victory to his account, and handled the resulting majority, as some critics consider, with rather exceptional skill and success. But, judging from two or three visits to the new Parliament, I should say that this type has disappeared. Mr. Balfour did something to put it out of fashion, but the true innovators appear to be the present Cabinet. The new method is to address your thoughts, your policy, and your speeches to the *opposite* side; to discover how cleverly you can appeal, not to the mob which put you in office, but to the patriots who want to turn you out, or, if brutally repulsed in this quarter, to turn to some shy and exquisite *tertium quid* like the Silent Voter or the Moderate Man. Superficially, such an attitude might seem to argue a certain want of responsibility in the statesmen who have invented it; and even to cast some slur on the strength and purity of their democratic creed. But I have no doubt that if it succeeds, it will be widely patented, and have an immense vogue in the drawing-rooms where Liberals (with the right adjectival prefix) are still tolerated.

But has it succeeded? Well, I have seen one or two examples which have not impressed me. I have seen half the enthusiasm and freshness of a new party drawn out of it before the Parliament had been a month old, and I wonder how it will survive a fresh tapping of its life-blood. I have seen a Government, or half of it, steadily thinking one way, and nineteen Liberals out of twenty thinking the other. I have seen Liberalism dropped into a pit of despondency by its natural leaders, and plucked out of it by the captain of an allied, but still an alien, army. All these feats have been accomplished by a Government dowered with ability above the average, and furnished with new blood as well as with stores of well-tested experience. These gentlemen assumed that the Liberal Party would hear with equanimity of the dropping of the policy of guarantees, of the substitution of Reform for Veto, and of Navy Estimates for forty millions. They know better to-day; and as they have it in them to *do* better, the situation may still be saved.

This week's example of the political method I have described was not absolutely new. Something like it, I imagine, occurred when Bright and Cobden were fighting Palmerston in order to keep Liberalism Liberal. Mr. McKenna, indeed, is not a Palmerston. In former days I knew him well. He was an excellent Secretary to the Treasury, almost morbidly keen on the offences of Admirals in the way of expenditure and the general worthlessness of "Service" ideas. I found him changed indeed; but, as he commended the most astounding Admirals' Estimates ever heard of, I found that he retained the good, clerk-like manner of which, a year or two ago, I had made a mental note as promising some useful check on the whims of these high-fliers. Either manner, or the possession of what Meredith described in Sir Willoughby Patterne as "a leg," seemed to shut out from Mr. McKenna's eye any mental view of the party behind him. Not for a moment did the First Lord of the Admiralty address himself to his friends. Here was a Government, whose chief had directly pledged himself to a swift reduction of the shipbuilding vote, proposing an increase of four millions for a single year, and opening up an increase of some ten millions in ensuing years. All men knew that much of the information on which this policy had been built had turned out to be false, though Mr. McKenna had made himself personally responsible for it. Most Liberals, therefore, expected a definition of policy and a reasoned defence of the Estimates. Neither was attempted. The mentality of the speaker was clear. He was thinking, not Imperially, but electorally, and his argument, such as it was, was directed to removing from

a second election the shadow of the naval scare which, by his own word and act, had hung over the first. "Call us Little Englanders? Ship for ship, ton for ton, we build more than you. You dispute these Estimates? They are the Board of Admiralty's Estimates. Do you quarrel with them? Then you quarrel with the experts who fix our naval strength, and may be trusted not to minimise it." This was the argument, received without the smallest respect by those whom it hoped to conciliate or over-reach. For Liberalism nothing. For its electoral pledges, its historic ideas and hopes for the world, nothing. Of policy again, of the Government's aims, thoughts, and measurements of European forces—nothing. Mr. McKenna gave away the master-key of Parliamentary government, the superiority of the Executive over the experts, as coolly as Mr. Micawber handed his I.O.U.'s to Traddles.

Such an affront could not pass, and before the debate was over, the Labor men and the Radicals, weakened as they were, by their own cautious strategy, and the tremendous pull of the House of Lords controversy, had riddled these double-dealing estimates. Unfortunately, this process widened the breach between the Ministry and the most serious part of its following. Instead of taking fresh ground, Mr. McKenna worsened his old position. He had to listen without reply, or the possibility of reply, to two very grave criticisms of his statements of last spring and summer. He could no longer maintain the theory of seventeen German "Dreadnoughts" in March, 1912, on which our four "contingents" were built. And the still thinner fiction of a great outburst of Italian and Austrian "Dreadnought"-building was blown into the air. A stronger man might have admitted his double error. But then he could not have defended his Estimates. Their excess stood confessed. The Government were seen to be providing, in March, 1912, for twenty "Dreadnoughts" (*plus* the "Nelsons") to Germany's eleven or thirteen; though, in March last, they themselves laid down a margin of twenty to seventeen, added to our incomparable superiority in other types, as adequate. Before Germany can get even to her thirteen, the tale of our Imperial "Dreadnoughts" will almost certainly have gone up to twenty-two, or probably twenty-five. What could Mr. McKenna do to retain Liberal votes given solely on figures which were discredited, and now tacitly, and also avowedly, withdrawn? He chose to build up a new airy fabric of hints and inferences, as insubstantial as that which events have roughly thrown down. If the Germans "accelerated" all their construction for 1910 and 1911; if they built at their top speed (which Mr. McKenna had arrived at by subtracting from the German shipbuilding of 1906-7 the earlier delays which encumbered it); and if they did away with their trials, they "could" still have seventeen "Dreadnoughts" in 1912 and even twenty-one in 1913. Having thus made a handsome contribution to all these improbabilities by himself providing a strength in "Dreadnoughts" exceeding even two keels to one for the greater part of the so-called "danger" year, the Minister proceeded to double-bolt the door against economy and goodwill by setting up the narrowest kind of naval argument for the maintenance of commerce-destruction.

From such a competition in phantom-raising the not unresourceful Mr. Lee had to retire worsted. The legend of the false Teuton has again been revived by the Liberals for fresh use by the Tories, and in the absence of a miracle we are well on our way to a fifty-million Naval Budget. Mr. McKenna, indeed, has set a useful precedent to the inheritor of this rich bequest, for in the act of proposing his own Estimates he excused himself from the obligation to defend them. If therefore we do not get the Budget, the Government will have laid all these burdens on the nation's back, without a hope of relief and without the prospect that those who called the tune will pay their share of the piper's fee. This will be a material loss; let us all hope that we shall get off with the principles which are the stock-in-trade of Liberalism still intact.

Life and Letters.

TWO PEOPLE IN ONE.

WHEN it was discovered that Fiona Macleod, whose works are now being reissued by Messrs. Heinemann in complete and admirable form—when a few years ago it was discovered that this mysterious Fiona Macleod, whose name and style were like the mountain rainbow, was none other than Mr. William Sharp, a familiar figure in the literary circles of London, disappointment and vexation arose in many hearts. In Fiona there had been something so alluring that the very uncertainty increased the enticement. Her readers were puzzled. Even of those whose pride it is to talk about their friendship with authors, comparatively few had boasted of her acquaintanceship. The present writer, it is true, used sometimes to hear wild Highlanders from Edinburgh hint with dark rapture at a personal beauty that matched the intangible glamor of her works; but they usually admitted that they spoke only from second-hand report, or from photographs they had seen. And behind it all one could but dimly imagine a filmy creature of the furthest Hebrides—a wraith of wind-blown mist, a voice of many waters, a mountain rainbow. That was all we knew of Fiona Macleod, beyond our admiration for her books, and, except for curiosity, there was not the slightest reason to know more.

But some industrious investigator of literature began comparing and abstracting and putting two and two together until at last, just as the arithmetical Colenso, by totting up the ages of the Patriarchs found that the book of Genesis would not work out, so this investigator discovered that Fiona Macleod, rainbow of the western isles, was none other than William Sharp, a robust and conspicuous figure in London journalism. Sensibility suffered a shock. It was indignant at the discovery, and the public was more indignant still when William Sharp boldly denied the truth. He had a perfect right to deny it. In what form, or under what name, he will write, is an author's own affair. Scott, the very model of integrity, persistently denied the authorship of "Waverley," and William Sharp had far better reason for keeping his disguise. As his widow tells us in her introduction to the new edition, he used to say, "Fiona dies, should the secret be found out." Only under the seclusion of the pseudonym was it possible for him to pursue that line of creation, and the public has no more right to tear off a pseudonym than to tear off a woman's veil. There are many natures that can only work in disguise. Even Goethe, who was no shrinking personality himself, recognised the necessity of concealment in production. "Talent," he wrote, "is like virtue; you must love it for its own sake or not at all. And neither virtue nor talent is rewarded unless you can practise it unseen, as though it were a dangerous secret." But hide their own talents as authors may, the public is not accustomed to such concealment. It regards a pseudonym as a fraudulent trade mark, and has no more hesitation in tearing off its secrecy than in flinging filth at a Suffragette. So indignation increased, and it was thought monstrous that a man should be two people at once, and one of them a woman.

Yet if ever a writer had a claim to a pseudonym, it was William Sharp. When he was about twenty-three, he came from Scotland to London, and began clutching at the skirts of literature in the ordinary way. Like most writers, he wrote what he could get to write—journalistic essays, criticism, and biography, varied by one or two rather cynical novels of modern life, and, as he happened to write honestly and well, he earned a certain reputation besides a living. So it went on till he was nearly forty, and then there came a new impetus, a kind of transfiguration, or rather an awakening of a side of his nature which had hitherto slept unconscious, or disturbed only by uneasy dreams. He himself always attributed this awakening to a friendship with the "E. W. R." to whom he dedicated the first book he wrote as "Fiona Macleod," and in letters of a year or

two later he wrote, very simply, "to her I owe my development as 'Fiona Macleod,' though, in a sense, of course, that began long before I knew her, and indeed while I was a child"; and again, "without her there would never have been any 'Fiona Macleod.'" He may have been right; a deep sympathy with thoughts and emotions hitherto suppressed may have called them into a waking life they would not otherwise have known. It was not a case of collaboration. William Sharp wrote every line of the Fiona books himself, and the ideas were entirely his own. It was, as we said, an impetus applied to a motionless rock, a fertilising of unquickened powers, an awakening of a slumbering spirit, and after such awakening any human being has a perfect right to name himself anew. That part of him was, in fact, almost as new as a christened child; and, besides, what would publishers and editors have thought if they had found their steady-going contributor wafted away into poetic imaginings and Celtic moonshine? Would they not have felt the same distrustful apprehension as a banker who finds a clerk promoting an aeroplane company, or a country rector who finds a curate preaching Tolstoy? A mountain rainbow is all very well in its place, but it is an undependable sort of thing, and does not shine its best on Ludgate Hill.

So, for the sake of both sides of his double self, the man was obliged to maintain the pseudonym. If the secret had been found out, he said, "Fiona" would have died; and it is very probable that William Sharp would have died too. But, of course, there were deeper reasons than either the sensible fear of hunger or the shy fear of lost inspiration. Fiona was really and literally a different person from William Sharp. He could deny their identity with entire truth. Everyone who has observed life is aware how many diverse spirits are combined in one apparent personality, and the writer in question was only a strongly marked example of a truth we are all conscious of. Each of us is usually "three people in one," and very often more than three. The same man is, at intervals, a coward and brave, a liar and truthful, passionate and cold, transfused with light and ditch-water in dulness. We hardly want examples outside our own experience, hardly outside ourselves; but let us turn to Goethe again. On one side, as we know, he was the Privy Councillor, the man of affairs, the practical administrator of a little State; on another, he was the man of science, the investigator of nature's open secret, much occupied with bones and leaves and prisms; on a third, he was the literary and artistic critic, precise in definition. And somewhere among these different selves lurked the fine and passionate spirit that sang as the lark sings and drew all the world to listen. Even in the outward man these distinctions were felt; for his friend and secretary writes:—

"At times Goethe would be silent and short, as though a cloud lay upon his soul. There were days when he seemed to be filled with icy coldness, as when a keen wind sweeps over plains of frost and snow. And next time he would be like a smiling spring morning, when the cuckoo's note is heard, and brooks run tinkling down between the meadows."

In the same way, any reader can distinguish what Germans call his Privy-Councillor manner, his scientific manner, and the utterance of the poetic spirit, nor could the three be more separate if we chose three different names for the man; just as, if the Baconians were right, we might still continue to call part of Bacon's work by Shakespeare's name, and no harm done.

Or, to take a parallel instance nearer to ourselves: a few years ago there was living in Christ Church a clerical don who, without being a greater mathematician than became Oxford, was expert in teaching even the hunting-men the cost of papering a room, leaving intervals for windows and doors, with sufficient accuracy to enable them to scrape through Smalls. Precise and old-fashioned in attire, he was precise and rather starchy in manner also. He observed the regulations of donnish life with minute correctness, and was regarded by parents as just the right type of the tutor to whom they could with equanimity entrust the conscientious direction of wayward youth. Little did they think that this

model of academic precision was the man who had written,

"Speak roughly to the little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes."

Yet the Reverend Charles Dodgson, Senior Student of the House, really contained within the same skin and bones that entirely different man known to all the world as Lewis Carroll.

If it is objected that such people as he, are, at all events, two men in one, while the author of the *Fiona* books pretended to be a man and a woman both, we can remember Swinburne's assertion that all poets are bisexual. He made it about Tennyson's "*Rizpah*"—using the line where the mother, gathering her son's bones under the gallows, tells how they moved in her side; and our poets of to-day might observe that he did not mean that the poet had neither sex, but both. Or, if we may shift our ground a little and return to a simpler form of double personality, there are Browning's well-known verses at the end of his "*Men and Women*," telling how Raphael made a century of sonnets, and Dante once prepared to paint an angel, because, as the poet says:—

"God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her."

Well, during the last twelve years of his life, William Sharp at intervals showed that other side of his soul also to the world at large, but, deliberately and rightly, from the vantage ground of concealment and under a feminine name. So only it was possible for the journalistic critic, the biographer, and rather cynical novelist, to bestow on us glimpses of that Celtic vision which hangs, not only over Hebridean seas, but as a rainbow in the heart. For in that vision dwells the spirit of Dana—the tender voice calling "*Away*"—of whom "*A. E.*," himself a twofold soul, has written:—

"And I weave
My spells at evening, folding with dim caress,
Aerial arms and twilight dropping hair,
The lonely wanderer by wood or shore,
Till, filled with some deep tenderness he yields,
Feeling in dreams for the dear mother heart
He knew, ere he forsook the starry way."

Swinburne's claim to a bi-sexual nature in poets, Browning's insistence on the two soul-sides of the meanest creature, William Sharp's double personality, of which one-half was so sluggish to awaken till the right voice called—what are they but evidences of the everlasting protest of man against the limitations that hunger, family, habits, reputation, time, and space combine to press upon him? The soul is conscious of infinite capacity, if not of infinite duration, and, to put the thing on its lowest terms, breathes there a man with soul so dead who has never said to himself that he could direct the affairs of the State incomparably better than the Cabinet does?

CLIMATE ON THE STAGE.

THE Sicilians are back again in town, and once more the South invades our latitudes with the Spring. One listens to their revelation, amazed only that gesture and tone can mock geography with a magic so resistless. A man can bring a climate with him by a turn of his wrist, and bridge the seas by his strides. How trivial and mechanical seems the art of the stage craftsman when one brings it to this test. The scent of the orange groves made the theatre fragrant. The bare purple hills rose up in their volcanic majesty above the waters of Charybdis. There was a background of Norman churches and Greek ruins. The sky was a pitiless blue, and the cactus itself gasped for water to the lizard in its shade. Carabinieri lounged in the black shadows of the wine-shop, and the pomp of the Host went through the narrow streets. Beyond the walls one could hear the chorus of the peasant girls at the wine-press, and across the waters came the faint music of the fisher's song. And all of this was sheer illusion. Close your ears and gaze through the blinkers of common sense upon the

boards of the stage. There is nothing of all this there. A big bare room, a few oaken chairs, a table, a cupboard, and walls of yellow plaster—these are the orange groves, the Norman churches, the Greek ruins, the brazen sky, the cactus, and the wine-press. It might have been a room in an Irish or a German farm-house. It was the voices, the gestures, the passions of the actors that made the South. An English manager would have supplied the omissions. He would have daubed his stage with local color, with obsolete costumes, with dazzling scenery, with all the apparatus of the unusual and the picturesque. In the end, he would have succeeded only in creating a scene more northern than Piccadilly, more Britannic than the Bank. The more nearly he reproduced the externals of a Sicilian landscape, the more completely would he have satisfied the Protestant conscience, and expressed the temperament of the climate where man survives only by taking thought of the morrow.

To insist on the intensity and the passion of this Sicilian acting, is to tell only half the truth about it. There are Northern actors who reach, in moments of climax, an expression of emotion hardly less concentrated and vehement. There are no strange notes in the Sicilian voice. Its cries, its sobs, its shouts of rage, analyse them one by one, and they are human rather than Southern. For mere vehemence, if that were admirable, there are tenth-rate performers in English melodrama who might, by sheer physical effort, vie with them and outclass them. One begins to understand their rare appeal when one realises that they have no organs of expression. Their whole physique is such an organ. Other actors can control the voice and make of the face a mobile mask. With them the feet are as dramatic as the hands. They move as in a dance. They act with their shoulders; they act with their knees. The very lines of their sombre, commonplace clothing seem to drape themselves into a rendering of passion. And in all this there is nothing calculated or intended. It is because the whole body has learned in a climate of abandonment and unreserve to make itself a vehicle of the life within, that its gestures and motions seem on the stage to be so wholly natural and convincing. The Northern actor works with a dim pastel medium. He mixes all his colors with white. He renders his emotional landscapes through an atmospheric haze. On pain of deviating from realism, at the risk of straying into melodrama, he can rarely express, save in the crisis of strain and self-forgetfulness, an entirely direct emotion. A fog of reserve hangs about every tone. A habit of self-restraint and self-criticism hampers every gesture. His characters, even the most simple and ingenuous, are self-conscious beings, who at every step are aware of themselves and aware of their fellows. Their social existence is founded on a rule of concealment. The revelation is the exception, the expression of emotion comes only as a climax. In this orchestra the strings are always muted, until circumstance clears the artifice away and dictates the audacious fortissimo. The art of the Northern stage is a thing of hints and suggestions. It creates its effects by contrast to this accepted reserve which its characters wear like a suit of mail. Its passions force their way painfully through a crust. Its declarations rend a curtain of silence. One hears the tearing of the curtain as the cry breaks through it; one sees the lifting of the mute as the strings vibrate at last with full and unimpeded tones. In this Sicilian acting there are none of these conventions and restraints to overcome. There is no background of silence; there is no habit of reserve. The voice which rings so sonorous in a moment of passion has never veiled itself in daily life.

The play in this Sicilian theatre is emphatically not "the thing." It is only a native dance tune which enables the actors to go through their steps. "*Omerta*" turns on the release of Saru, a simple Sicilian artisan, after serving a term of fifteen years' imprisonment for a murder done by another, a certain Don Toto. He returns to find Toto the master of his mortgaged home, and the husband of the girl he loved. The island code

of honor forbids him to divulge the truth that Toto was the guilty man. But in a tense scene he brings him to an avowal, only to fall shortly afterwards by the murderer's revolver, leaving to his boy brother the duty of revenge "so soon as he shall be eighteen." It is a simple framework for a village tragedy, unpretending in its thinking and its structure. Direct emotions do not make for subtle psychology or for interesting complications. But from the first entry of Cavaliere Grasso among the peasant actors, the bare scene becomes a whirlpool of vitality. It is an event, it is a great experience, to see him fling his arms about the slight form of his white-haired mother. How pale seem our northern suggestions, how ghostly our northern emotions beside this volcano of tenderness and passion! It is a revelation which makes us seem absent-minded in our most exalted moments. Those knees which abandon themselves to the descent, those hands which caress the old head with a motion so large and so generous, the robust, vigorous body which somehow renders the man through the clothes, those cries almost animal in their simplicity and their terrible intensity—how they concentrated the suffering and the longing of the fifteen years of an unmerited prison, "counted minute by minute"! The amazing performance, so exotic yet so natural, ran its course. It never seemed foreign, and that was its triumph. Its effect on the English spectator was rather to make him seem a foreigner to himself. These were the natural gestures; these were the primitive tones. So, one thought, should we have spoken, if a harsh climate had not frozen our blood, benumbed our tongues, and paralysed our limbs. It was like a return from dream to waking. The mist of reserve and self-consciousness fell away. The clothes of convention were stripped from the mind as it listened, until it could believe that this was its unsophisticated shape which talked a Sicilian *patois* in a strange, yet so natural, environment. Even more astonishing was the scene in which Grasso at last convinced his doubting mother of his innocence. He did not argue. He swore. He knelt on the ground. He asserted. He daubed a cross on a stone with his paint-brush, as though the action were the most instinctive of gestures. He heaped upon her a whole dazzling rainbow of flowers. So swift, so volcanic was the pantomime that we could not describe it; we could barely see it. One disentangled here and there a familiar word in the *patois*. One followed with dazzled eyes the rapid movements of the great supple body. One heard with awe the whirlwind of passion which swept away the doubts of years. How it happened one hardly knew, but one realised that in that heat no scepticism could survive. A temperature was reached at which no lie could live. That was "the nature and meaning" of the oath. Its words passed over unheeded. One thought not at all of the vengeance of God, or of the penalty for perjury. We only saw a man in a white heat, and instinctively we knew that no guilty conscience could heap the fuel of that furnace.

Grasso was the pervading presence of the play. One felt his presence even when he was off the stage. He dwarfed his fellows when he was on it. Yet, as an artistic performance Signor Viscuso's acting of Don Toto was a supremely masterly achievement. Conceive for a moment that you have been cast for this astonishing rôle. You are a man who has committed a murder, and allowed another to endure for it fifteen years of prison, while you enjoyed his house and possessed the woman he had loved. What experience, what tradition would enable you to play the part? You might try to render it plausible by a sinister deliberation, a calculating villainy, a cold and self-contained egoism. Signor Viscuso made his Don Toto possible by the simple process of making him a very vital, but a very ordinary, Sicilian. One realised his natural gusto in the good things of life. The whole man appeared in his eating of a salad, noisily, greedily, with speechless concentration. He was flamboyant in his clothes, expansive in his affection, confident and masterful in his security. One understood the type. For him the salad, and the house, the wife, and his respectable liberty, were the realities and

the only realities of life. He was unscrupulous simply because these plain good things were all he wanted. He was, in his own way, as natural an expression of the Sicilian absence of self-criticism and self-consciousness as the more social passions which Grasso rendered. The acting which created him was a revelation to the more complicated Northern mind. Our villains are a Southern tradition to which we have lost the key. Shakespeare pillaged Italian stories, and forgot to steal the psychology with the plot. It is the Southern joy of life, its relish of the obvious external good things of life, which makes the Southern villain possible, human, and tolerable.

One turns away from these plays with a certain envy—the envy with which one watches the gambols of a kitten or the games of a child. "Counted minute by minute," the phrase, banal and natural as it was, gave the whole atmosphere of Sicily. Where else does the human mind count on that scale? Our clocks reckon also the hours. To live minute by minute, to see nothing before and nothing behind, to be all in the present, to be whole at each vital throbbing of the pulse—that is the formula of this entire, this passionate life. To see these plays is to take one's seat in a time-machine more miraculous than that of Mr. Wells. It annihilates the past, it extirpates the future. It makes the moment the intense, the sole, reality.

A CITY OF SUNSHINE.

WE have never seen it except in sunshine; and it is as a sunlit city that it remains in memory. The very walls and old crumbling churches seem as if compounded of dust and sunshine, brown dust with a kind of rosy glow, as if centuries of sunlight had somehow become imprisoned there, and transfigured and glorified the crumbling clay. This, and the yellow gold in the air, like golden rain falling, gives, especially in the late afternoon, an impression of richness and delicacy. Assisi might seem to lie as the ruin of some golden city—the *El Dorado* of men's dreams. Behind, rises a high, brown hill, purple at sunset. The roofs and walls and church towers stretch upward to an old brown castle. Before it, white winding lanes lead down into the huge plain of Umbria, a vast sea of green, now in springtime; with the young corn growing so quickly in a night, and new shoots upon the vines. To-day, even in this early March weather, the sun shines down from an unclouded sky: calling out the riches of the earth, in preparation for another harvest. And at night, never clouded with the opaque darkness of less kindly Northern lands, there is manifest a kind of physical sense of great distance, of a land whose boundaries are situate far away. Small cities smoulder and burn as the fireflies at one's feet: with a long record of achievement behind them, and names that are like a song.

And if the first impression is of sunshine, the second is of repose. The repose is of a city that is not dead, but sleepeth. Some of these small passionate hill towns—Perugia, for example, or Siena, over there westward in Tuscany—find themselves animated by a new material prosperity: have awoken and stand upright, with the resurrection of Italy. Others—Spello, Spoleto, San Gimignano—stand to-day as museums or ancient monuments, beautiful in decay, with arch and stone and tower telling of once violent life, all as dead as the temples of Karnak or the tombs of Thebes. Assisi is as quiet as any of them. The streets which wind white between brown walls studded with adventurous plants lodged in their crevices, the great grass-grown space beneath the shadow of the castle, the walled gardens over whose boundaries trail dog-roses and hawthorn and sweet-scented plants, the frequent brown, deserted churches—all these belong to the evidence of the vanishing of that hot, sensitive life which once surged through those historic ways. A barefoot child singing in the sunshine, the passing of occasional veiled figures, white oxen returning from their labor, strike the silence suddenly in a city where the gardens have invaded the ancient boundaries and the work of the peasant occupies the heart of the town. Yet none but the incurious can

fail to be conscious of a kind of Life, brooding; the presence, in an air charged with great memories, of a sleep which will one day be awakened.

We doubt if that awakening will come from wealth or trade, or even through the enlargement of those still modest hotels which house the ever-increasing horde of cosmopolitan visitors. Nor have we much hope here of the activity of those "Socialists," "Christian" or "Democratic," whose placards, shouting for action, incongruously bedaub the walls of so many deserted streets. Yet the city has something in it of the power of survival, some abiding secret—and that of the soul—to which man may one day listen, after the fever of progress has spent its forces. "Blessed be thou of the Lord, O City, faithful to God"—so Francis had blest it at the last, "because through thee many souls shall be saved. The servants of the Most High shall dwell within thy walls, and many of thy children shall be chosen for the kingdom of heaven."

How many souls are saved of the multitudes of visitors which from time to time throng its streets is a matter of conjecture. The sleeping city is a guardian of artistic treasure, as well as a memorial of the dead. The pictures and the story lure out an increasing crowd in this spring weather from the great hotels of Florence. They gaze with crooked necks and in some bodily discomfort at the smoky Giotto Frescoes on the roof of the lower Church, emerging, blinking in the sunshine, to purchase photographs of the marriage of Francis and Poverty. They glance hastily at the dead face of St. Clare at Santa Chiara, wondering that the body should be preserved so well for so many centuries. They discuss the latest, rather tedious, jargon of the day—"St. Francis and the twentieth century," "The message of St. Francis to America," "St. Francis as an advocate of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good"—all the windy rhetoric which exhibits Francis as a kindly suburban moralist who wished children and animals to be happy. They gain, we think, some satisfaction—not entirely evanescent—from the majesty of those silent, defiant churches, from the magnificence of an Umbrian springtime. And some of them learn here that the twentieth century is not the thirteenth, made respectable, frock-coated, and rational, but is moved by other impulses, towards altogether divergent ends.

And in high summer when the tourists have been deflected into Switzerland or the Italian lakes, another crowd climbs these steep, winding streets as the peasant world pays its annual tribute to the shrine of the poor man's friend. And here is all color, exuberance, emotion, with the madness which to some appears as inspiration, to others as an hysteria: men and women kissing the walls of the Portiuncula, slithering flat on their faces up the floor of the great Degli Angeli Church, licking the ground, tearing themselves to pieces in expiation of their sins. They, too, perhaps are begging, rather than praying, often with strong crying and tears and passionate, outstretched hands; for the giving of a child, or the cure of love, or the averting of the consequences of past sins. They will return tranquil to all the fields of Italy, with memories of the little brown town and the great church in the valley below; with prayers, for the most part, not unsatisfied.

He loved the sunlight; and, blind and self-tortured, composed his hymn to the Sun. Near the hut under the oak trees where now stands that huge Renaissance Church, he asked his brethren to grow not only food but flowers; "not only to cultivate vegetables, but to leave a little portion for those plants which in due time would bring forth brother flowers, for the love of Him who is called flower of the field and lily of the valley." He cast out and utterly destroyed the devils which lurked in the clefts of the hills or wandered in winter round the habitations of men. Rejoicing in renunciation of all, he could inspire his followers with that jocund spirit which laughs while it inspires, and welcoming all tribulation finds no need of forgiveness. A great happiness—distilled from that sunshine—speaks from every line of those early Franciscan records. In abandonment of all that life demands, these men found themselves "clothed with the heavens and crowned with the stars."

Up in the Carceri, in the great rift stabbed through the rock of Subasio, Francis in the summer night left his cell to essay competition with the birds, in songs to the praise of God; was forced to confess, at break of day, the victory of Brother Nightingale. And in this mountain solitude his memory remains to-day most fragrant and visible. The road to it winds upward through cornfields and olives, a track along the slopes of the Apennines, until, behind, Assisi appears as a kind of dream city, the little hill town which is the established centre of all the romance of childhood. Below stretches all Umbria; sweet-scented flowers, butterflies flitting from them, violets and yellow orchids, accompany the traveller in his path above that glittering plain. Suddenly the road turns swiftly into the heart of the hills. In the midst of a deep wood, with a gigantic ravine spanned by a single arch of crumbling stone, there nestles the tiniest of all model convents which mortal man has seen. It is like the house, suddenly discovered, of the Little Men of the forest; a little dining-room where one can just stand upright; a little kitchen, with blackened open fire; tiny bedrooms, approached by ladders; caves beneath, where once St. Francis lay; the whole giving an impression of simplicity and of age. It is the kind of house which children delight in, the house which grown-up children might build; with the sheer mountain above them, topped by a tiny slit of sky; the arch of the friendly trees peeping in at their windows; and of the outer world nothing but a narrow glimpse of a vast plain, seen as from a window cut in the rock, now swept by rain and oppressed with the cold, now all golden under the benignant sun.

You must come with acceptance, not with criticism; and acceptance is the best lesson you can carry away from it all. You must not complain, with whole generations, that Elias, amid the indignation of the older order, raised in memory of the "little poor man of Assisi" the most wonderful Church of Christendom. You must not complain that the Portiuncula, instead of being (as you would desire it) still solitary amid its oak trees, is now enclosed in a garish, unbeautiful church, and bedaubed with frescoes of no artistic value. You must not complain of the tourists who rapidly elbow you aside, or the pilgrims who gaze at you with anger as an unbeliever. You must not even complain of the chatter and gush which has accompanied recent revived interest in the Franciscan legend. For here are sunshine and repose; heroic memories, present unfading beauty; a challenge, an acceptance, a regret.

Present-Day Problems.

"GENTLES, LET US REST!"*

(A PAPER ON THE POSITION OF WOMEN.)

A MAN asked to define the essential characteristics of a gentleman—using the term in its widest sense—would presumably reply: The will to put himself in the place of others; the horror of forcing others into positions from which he himself would recoil; the power to do what seems to him right without considering what others may say or think.

There is need just now of aid from these principles of gentility in a question of some importance—the future position of women.

The ground facts of difference between the sexes, no one is likely to deny:

Women are not, and in human probability never will be, physically, as strong as men.

Men are not, nor ever will be, mothers.

Women are not, and never should be, warriors.

To these ground facts of difference are commonly added in argument, many others of more debatable character. But it is beside the purpose of this paper to enquire whether women have as much political sense or

* Adam Lindsay Gordon.

aptitude as men, whether a woman has ever produced a masterpiece of music, whether the brain of a woman ever weighed as much as the brain of Cuvier or Turgenev.

This paper designs to set forth one cardinal and overmastering consideration, in comparison with which all the other considerations affecting the question seem to this writer but as the little stars to the full moon.

In the lives of all nations there come moments when an idea, hitherto vaguely, almost unconsciously, held, assumes sculptured shape, and is manifestly felt to be of vital significance to a large, important, and steadily increasing section of the community. At such moments a spectre has begun to haunt the national house—a ghost which cannot be laid till it has received quietus.

Such a ghost now infests our home.

The full emancipation of women is an idea long vaguely held, but only in the last half-century formulated and pressed forward with real force and conviction, not only by women but by men. Of this full emancipation of women, the political vote is assuredly not, as is rather commonly supposed in a land of party politics, the be-all and end-all; it is a symbol, whose practical importance—though considerable—is as nothing beside the fulfilment of the idea which it symbolises.

For, the full emancipation of women is surely at this moment the prime demand that Equity is making of us; and the fulfilment of divine demand carries with it such subtle and warm benefit to the national heart as makes pale all mere political privilege. Above all the clamor of this suit, the serene advocacy of Equity can always be heard by whomsoever is disposed to listen.

No man can go apart, out of reach of talk, quietly to watch the sky, and contemplate all that happens thereunder, without the certainty coming to him of the existence of a Supreme Principle, overlordship what is known as Nature.

Many good words, and much good breath, are spent in turn on the explication of the Will to Power, and the Will to Love, as the animating principles of the Universe; but these are, rather, correlative half-truths, whose rivalry is surely stilled and reconciled in a yet higher principle, the Will to Harmony, to Balance, to Equity—a supreme adjustment, or harmonising power, present wherever a man turns; by which, in fact, he is conditioned, for he can no more conceive with his mental apparatus, of a Universe, without a Will to Balance holding it together, than he can conceive the opposite of the axiom, "*Ex nihilo nihil fit.*" There is assuredly no thought so staggering as that, if a blade of grass or the energy contained within a single emotion were—not transmuted—but *withdrawn* from the Universe, that Universe would crumble in our imaginations to thin air.

Now social and political justice emanates slowly, with infinite labor, from our dim consciousness of this serene and overlordship principle. There would seem, for example, no fundamental reason why limits should ever have been put to autocracy, the open ballot destroyed, slavery abolished, save that these things came to be regarded as inequitable. In all such cases, before reaching the point of action, the Society of the day puts forward practical reasons, being, so to speak, unaware of its own sense of divinity. But, underneath all the seeming matter-of-factness of political and social movements, the spirit of Equity is guiding those movements, subtly, unconsciously, a compelling hand quietly pushing humanity onward, ever unseen save in the rare minutes when the spirits of men glow and light up, and things are beheld for a moment as they are. The history of a nation's spiritual development is but the tale of its wistful groping towards the provision of a machinery of State, which shall, as nearly as may be, accord with the demand of this spirit of Equity. Society, worthy of the name, is ever secretly shaping around it a temple, within which all the natural weaknesses and limitations of the dwellers shall be, not exploited and emphasised, but to the utmost levelled away and minimised. It is ever secretly providing for itself a roof under which

there shall be the fullest and fairest play for all human energies, however unequal.

The destinies of mankind are seen to be guided, very slowly, by something more coherent than political opportunity; shaped steadily in a given direction, towards the completion of that temple of justice. There is no other way of explaining the growth of man from the cave-dweller to his present case. And this slow spiritual shaping proceeds alongside and in spite of the workings of the twin bodily agents, force and expediency. Social and political growth is, in fact, a process of evolution, controlled, directed, spiritualised by the supreme principle of Equity.

This is to state no crazy creed, that because equality is mathematically admirable, equality should at all times and in all places forthwith obtain. Equality, balance, is a dream, the greatest of all visions, the beloved star—ever to be worshipped, never quite reached. And the long road towards it travels the illimitable land of compromise. It would have been futile, as it was in fact impossible, to liberate slaves, when the consciousness of the injustice of slavery was present only in a few abnormal minds, and incommunicable by them to the mind of the surrounding society of the time. The process is slow and steady. Equity well knows that there is a time for Her, as for all other things. She is like the brain, saying to the limbs and senses: You are full of queer ways. It is for me to think out gradually the best rule of life, under which you must get on as you can, the Devil taking the hindmost; but from trying to devise this scheme of perfection I may not, nor ever shall, rest.

Social and political justice, then, advances by fits and starts, through ideas—children of the one great idea of Harmony—which are suggested now by one, now by another, section or phase of national life. The business is like the construction and shaping of a work of art. For an artist is ever receiving vague impressions from people unconsciously observed, from feelings unconsciously experienced, till in good time he discovers that he has an idea. This idea is but a generalisation or harmonious conception derived subconsciously from these vague impressions. Being moved to embody that idea, he at once begins groping back to, and gathering in, those very types and experiences from which he derived this general notion, in order adequately to shape the vehicle—his picture, his poem, his novel—which shall carry his idea forth to the world.

So in social and political progress. The exigencies and inequalities of existing social life produce a crop of impressions on certain receptive minds, which suddenly burst into flower in the form of ideas. The minds in which these abstractions or ideas have flowered, seek then to burgeon them forth, and their method of doing so is to bring to public notice those exigencies and inequalities which were the original fuel of their ideas. In this way is the seed of an idea spread amongst a community. But wherever the seed of an idea falls, it has to struggle up through layers of prejudice, to overcome the rule of force and expediency; and if this idea, this generalisation from social exigencies or inequalities, be false, retrograde, or distorted, it withers and dies during the struggle. If, on the other hand, it be true, consonant with the future, and of fair promise, it holds fast and spreads.

Now, one may very justly say that this is all a platitudinal explanation of the crude process of social and political development, and that in taking a given idea such as the full emancipation of women, the fight only begins to rage round the question whether that idea is in fact holding fast and spreading, and, if holding fast and spreading, whether the community is, or is not yet, sufficiently permeated with the idea to be safely entrusted with its fulfilment. The fact has, nevertheless, to be borne in mind, that, if this idea can be proved to be holding fast and spreading, it must be an idea emanating from the root divinity in things, from the overmastering principle of Equity, and sure of ultimate fulfilment; and, the only question will then be, exactly how long the rule of expediency and force may advisably postpone its fulfilment.

Now, in order to discover whether the idea of the

full emancipation of women is in accord with the great principle of Equity, it will be necessary, first, to show the present inferiority of woman's political and social position; then, to consider the essential reason of that inferiority; and, thirdly, to see whether the facts and figures of the movement towards the removal of that inferiority, clearly prove that the idea has long been holding fast and spreading.

To show, however, that the present political and social position of women is not equal to that of men, it will surely suffice to state two admitted facts: Women have not the political vote. Women, who can be divorced for one offence, must, before they obtain divorce, prove two kinds of offence against their husbands.

And to ascertain the essential reason of this present inferiority, we need hardly go beyond the ground facts of difference between men and women already mentioned:—

Women are not physically as strong as men.

Men are never mothers.

Women are not warriors.

From these ground facts readily admitted by all, the reason for the present inferiority of women's position emerges clear and unmistakable: *Women are weaker than men.* They are weaker because they are not so physically strong; they are weaker because they have to bear and to rear children; they are weaker because they are unarmed. There is no getting away from it, they are weaker; and one cannot doubt for a moment that their inferior position is due to this weakness. But—so runs an immemorial argument—however equal their opportunities might be, women will never be as strong as men. Why then, for sentimental reasons, disturb the present order of things, why equalise those opportunities? This is the plea which was used before married women were allowed separate property, before the decision in *Regina versus Jackson*, which forbade a husband to lock his wife up. The argument, in fact, of expediency and force.

Now there are no finer statements of the case for the full emancipation of women than Mill's "Subjection of Women," and a pamphlet entitled: "Homo Sum; being a letter from an Anthropologist to an Anti-Suffragist." The reasonings in the former work are too well-known, but to the main thesis of "Homo Sum" allusion must here be made. The most common, perhaps most telling, plea against raising the social and political status of women to a level with that of men, is this: Men and women *are* already equal, but in separate spheres of activity. The difference between their physical conformation and functions underlies everything in the lives of both. The province and supremacy of women are in the home; the province and supremacy of men in the State. Why seek to alter what Nature has ordained? A plea, in fact, which glorifies *sex quâ sex*.

But the writer of "Homo Sum" is at pains to show that "the splendid and vital instinct of sex" with all its "singular power of interpenetrating and reinforcing other energies" is in essence egotistic, exclusive, anti-social; and that, besides and beyond being men and women, we are all human beings. "The whole woman's movement," the writer says, "is just the learning of that lesson. It is not an attempt to arrogate man's prerogative of manhood; it is not even an attempt to assert and emphasize woman's privilege of womanhood; it is simply the demand that in the life of woman, as in the life of man, space and liberty shall be found for a thing bigger than either manhood or womanhood—for humanity."

The splendid instinct of sex—for all its universality, for all that through and by it life is perpetuated, for all its power of bringing delight, and of revealing the heights and depths of human emotion—is still in its essence an agent of the rule of force, for we cannot but perceive that there is in both men and women something more exalted and impersonal, akin to the supreme principle of Equity, to the divinity in things; and that this something keeps men and women together as strongly, as inevitably, as sex keeps them apart. What is all the effort of civilisation but the gradual fortifying

of that higher part of us, the exaltation of the principle of justice; the chaining of the principle of force? The full emancipation of women would be but a symbol of this effort of civilisation; a reassuring sign that this nation was still serving humanity, still trying to be gentle and just. For if it has ceased to serve humanity, we must surely pray that the waters may rise over this island, and that she may go down all standing!

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

(To be concluded.)

Letters from Abroad.

THE FRENCH ADMINISTRATIVE SCANDALS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The debate in the Chamber on the liquidation scandals ended last night in a vote of confidence in the Government carried by an overwhelming majority against a minority composed of forty-one Socialists, fourteen Radicals, one deputy of the Centre, and twenty-three deputies of the Right. There were 116 abstentions, composed of nearly all the Centre, thirty-nine deputies of the Right, eleven Socialists, seventeen of the other groups of the Left, and the Abbé Lemire, who belongs to no group. On Monday night old Parliamentary hands considered that things looked bad for the Government. M. Barthou's speech, with its startling admissions, unaccompanied by any satisfactory guarantees for the future, had created a feeling of discomfort which might well have wreaked itself on the Government, had not the latter hurriedly adjourned the debate. As has so often happened, a night's reflection and M. Briand's persuasive eloquence changed the situation.

It would be hard for a reader of M. Briand's speech to understand its effect. He declared, of course, that the Government had done all its duty, and would continue to do it; but so did M. Barthou; and M. Briand was not much more explicit as to details. But it is necessary to hear M. Briand to understand his influence on the Chamber; it is not so much what he says as the way in which he says it. Moreover, a change of Government on the eve of the General Election is not a prospect that appeals to the average deputy, and the Conservatives of the Left knew that the alternative to the Briand Cabinet was a Cabinet headed or influenced by M. Combes. As M. Combes is the person mainly responsible for the exposure of the liquidators, the President of the Republic could hardly have sent for anyone else. A Combes Cabinet, or a Cabinet formed on M. Combes' advice, would mean an alliance with the Socialists, and Socialism is what the Conservatives of the Left dread more than anything else. The cynic cannot but chuckle at the fate which makes them look to the former apostle of the general strike to save them from the Social Revolution.

It cannot be said that the debate has revived the tarnished prestige of the Radical Party. The speaker who best represented public opinion was M. Jaurès; he rose, as he always does on these occasions, above personalities and party jealousies and lobby intrigues, and put the matter clearly and directly. He was not answered. We do not yet know why, although the Senatorial Commission, of which M. Combes is Chairman, drew the attention of the Government a year ago to the irregularities of M. Lecouturier, that gentleman still holds his position as a liquidator. We do not yet know why M. Lemarquis, who was lost in admiration of M. Duez's methods of book-keeping, is still unrevoked. We do not yet know why M. Duez himself continued so long to practise with impunity that ingenuity in cooking accounts which provoked M. Lemarquis' admiration.

We do know that M. Lecouturier is the brother-in-law of M. Bunau-Varilla, proprietor of the "Matin," a paper which has supported M. Clemenceau and M. Briand as consistently as it opposed M. Combes. We also know that M. Millerand, now Minister of Public Works, maintained excellent relations with M. Lecouturier, which brought him and his clerks (the proportion

allotted to the clerks is not stated) £3,208 in legal fees; that M. Millerand also contributed a preface to a work of M. Duez on the practical application of the Law of 1901 as it applied to the Congregations, a work which might have been, but apparently was not, extremely entertaining. We know a good many other things of this kind which, although they certainly do not prove any guilty complicity, require explanation. A young Socialist-Radical deputy, M. Binet, had the courage to raise the question of M. Millerand's relations with the liquidators. The members of the Government retired to consider the matter (a somewhat strange proceeding), and, when they returned, M. Briand, being challenged by M. Jaurès, declared that M. Millerand was his friend whom he would never desert, and M. Millerand, on being further pressed by M. Binet, said that he disdained the latter's insults. All of which is touching and dignified, but leaves us where we were. It must at least be admitted that M. Binet had some justification for his view that an ex-Minister who has every prospect of holding office again would be wise to abstain from acting as an advocate in matters arising out of laws that he has helped to make.

M. Binet's courage was not shared by most of his colleagues; the French Radical Party is not just now in a robust condition. M. Binet spoke the truth when he said that he expressed the opinions of many other Radicals; it is quite certain that the explanations of the Government are not generally regarded as satisfactory. Yet only thirteen Radicals accompanied M. Binet into the division lobby against the Government, and the same mystic number had the courage to abstain. It is not the fact that the Government remains in office that will discredit the Radical Party in the country, but the fact that the vote of last night did not express the convictions of the voters. The record of the majority in the expiring Parliament is already far from brilliant. The Senate, in which there is, after all, a Radical majority, has hung up the income-tax, mutilated the Ballot Bill, delayed Old Age Pensions until the last moment, and reversed the decision of the Chamber to earmark the new death duties in order to provide for the pensions. Both this and the preceding Ministry are responsible for these dilatory tactics; they have never made a firm stand against the obstruction of the Senate, and the majority in the Chamber has not compelled them to do so. The "Temps" is now chuckling, perhaps with reason, over the possibility that there will not be time to carry the Pensions Bill before the elections. To sum up, the legislative record of the last four years is practically blank.

The gravity of the present scandal lies in the fact that it reveals the rottenness of a whole section of the French judicial system. M. Duez, M. Lecouturier, and M. Ménage belong to a body of quasi-officials who perform the functions performed in England by official receivers, but who are much more irresponsible and much less easily called to account. They are nominated by the Court, and are responsible to the Court, but the case of Duez shows that the control of the Court over their proceedings is extremely lax. Duez seems to have embezzled not only £200,000 or so from the sequestered property of the Congregations, but also some £40,000 from private fortunes which he had to administer. Among the functions of a judicial liquidator is that of acting as trustee for a person placed under a *conseil judiciaire*, a position which must afford ample opportunity for gentlemen so ingenious as M. Duez, who seems to have availed himself of it on more than one occasion. According to Duez himself, he has practised his depredations for years, and began his career by helping himself to £20,000 belonging to his former employer, M. Imbert, also a judicial liquidator; since then, as he naïvely remarked, he has always been in arrear. Not one of the least amazing circumstances in this amazing case is the indignant denial of M. Imbert that any such sum was stolen from him, to which Duez replied that, as M. Imbert knew nothing about his own books, the trifling loss escaped him. To a judicial liquidator £20,000 more or less is evidently a bagatelle.

It was on M. Imbert's strong recommendation that Duez was appointed one of the liquidators of the Congregations; the appointments of M. Lecouturier and M. Ménage were made, according to M. Barthou, on the recommendation of M. Vallé, who at that time held M. Barthou's present office of Minister of Justice. It is now plain that it would have been better to entrust the liquidation of the Congregations to the *administration des domaines*, that is to say, to Government officials, as M. Prache, a deputy of the Right, proposed in 1904; but the system of judicial liquidation was chosen precisely because the judicial liquidators are free from Government control and under the direct court. The result shows that M. Barthou did not go too far when he said that there is "quelque chose de gangrené dans notre organisation judiciaire."

One of the most startling circumstances in the whole affair is the way in which Duez seems to have been almost protected by the Court which ought to have called him to account. It was only after great pressure from the Government that it consented to deprive him of his functions, and only when the Senatorial Commission had dragged the scandal to light that it arrested him. A horde of lawyers battered on the endless lawsuits that the liquidations involved, and the fees paid to them have been out of all proportion to their services; judicial liquidators are known as the most generous of clients. The decision of the Grenoble Court in the case of the Grande Chartreuse is not more creditable to the legal profession. The story of the complicated three-cornered negotiations between M. Lecouturier, M. Cusenier, and M. Marnier is too long to tell here. The net result was that M. Lecouturier sold the right to make the liqueur to M. Cusenier for 500,000 francs, and that M. Marnier was condemned to pay two-and-a-half million francs for breach of contract. As M. Jaurès said last night, supposing that M. Marnier can pay the damages, the State will obtain as the purchase price 500,000 francs from the man who possesses the right, and five times as much from the man who gets nothing. The circumstances in which M. Lecouturier was (apparently) let in for selling the right to M. Cusenier, demonstrate, if not complicity, at least grave incapacity, and the facts suggest that M. Marnier was a victim.

The facts brought to the notice of the senatorial commission also suggest grave irregularities in the matter of sales by private agreement. It is asserted that many of these sales were made for ridiculous sums to men or syndicates of straw representing the Congregations, and that liquidators were recompensed for their complaisance. In other cases liquidators are accused of corrupt arrangements with descendants of benefactors of the Congregations, and, in fact, of obtaining illicit commissions and profits in various ways on the transactions entrusted to them. The evidence before the senatorial commission supports these accusations, and the best that a member of the commission could say of M. Ménage was that he was "the least dishonest of the three."

It is felt that, although the Government had no direct control over the liquidators, it cannot be absolved of all responsibility for the prolonged continuance of such practices. If the Courts refused to do their duty, Parliament could have been consulted earlier. It now remains to redress the mischief as far as possible. M. Briand proposes to pass before the elections a measure assimilating the procedure in the liquidations to those of the liquidations resulting from the Separation Law, which have been accomplished with small expense and without the slightest suspicion of malpractices. This will involve the substitution of administrative for judicial liquidators. M. Barthou has promised that appeals shall be lodged against all suspicious sales by private contract, and the Government is pledged to probe the whole matter to the roots and take the necessary measures against the guilty persons. But the country will not be satisfied unless the scandal results, as M. Barthou has promised that it shall, in a complete reform of the system of judicial liquidation.—Yours, &c.,

R. E. D.

Paris, March 16th, 1910.

Letters to the Editor.

THE "ELEKTRA" OF STRAUSS AND HOFFMANSTAHL.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—It is our good fortune to have produced in Professor Gilbert Murray a writer and scholar able to raise the Electra of Euripides from the dead and make it a living possession for us. Thanks to him, we know the poem as if it were an English one. But nothing Professor Murray can do can ever make us feel quite as the Electra of Euripides felt about her mother's neglect to bury her father properly after murdering him. A heroine who feels that to commit murder, even husband murder, is a thing that might happen to anybody, but that to deny the victim a proper funeral is an outrage so unspeakable that it becomes her plain filial duty to murder her mother in expiation, is outside that touch of nature that makes all the ages akin: she is really too early-Victorian. To us she is more unnatural than Clytemnestra or Aegistheus; and, in the end, we pity them and secretly shrink from their slayers. What Hoffmanstahl and Strauss have done is to take Clytemnestra and Aegistheus, and by identifying them with everything that is evil and cruel, with all that needs must hate the highest when it sees it, with hideous domination and coercion of the higher by the baser, with the murderous rage in which the lust for a lifetime of orgiastic pleasure turns on its slaves in the torture of its disappointment and the sleepless horror and misery of its neurasthenia, to so rouse in us an overwhelming flood of wrath against it and ruthless resolution to destroy it, that Electra's vengeance becomes holy to us; and we come to understand how even the gentlest of us could wield the axe of Orestes or twist our firm fingers in the black hair of Clytemnestra to drag back her head and leave her throat open to the stroke.

That was a task hardly possible to an ancient Greek, and not easy even to us who are face to face with the America of the Thaw case, and the European plutocracy of which that case was only a trifling symptom. And that is the task which Hoffmanstahl and Strauss have achieved. Not even in the third scene of "Das Rheingold," or in the Klingsor scenes in "Parsifal," is there such an atmosphere of malignant and cancerous evil as we get here. And that the power with which it is done is not the power of the evil itself, but of the passion that detests and must and finally can destroy that evil, is what makes the work great, and makes us rejoice in its horror.

Whoever understands this, however vaguely, will understand Strauss's music, and why on Saturday night the crowded house burst into frenzied shoutings, not merely of applause, but of strenuous assent and affirmation, as the curtain fell. That the power of conceiving it should occur in the same individual as the technical skill and natural faculty needed to achieve its complete and overwhelming expression in music, is a stroke of the rarest good fortune that can befall a generation of men. I have often said, when asked to state the case against the fools and money changers who are trying to drive us into a war with Germany, that the case consists of the single word, Beethoven. To-day, I should say with equal confidence, Strauss. That we should make war on Strauss and the heroic warfare and aspiration that he represents is treason to humanity. In this music drama Strauss has done for us just what he has done for his own countrymen: he has said for us, with an utterly satisfying force, what all the noblest powers of life within us are clamoring to have said, in protest against and defiance of the omnipresent villainies of our civilisation; and this is the highest achievement of the highest art.

It was interesting to compare our conductor, the gallant Beecham, bringing out the points in Strauss's orchestration, until sometimes the music sounded like a concerto for six drums, with Strauss himself, bringing out the meaning and achieving the purpose of his score so that we forgot that there was an orchestra there at all, and could hear nothing but the conflict and storm of passion. Human emotion is a complex thing: there are moments when our feeling is so

deep and our ecstasy so exalted that the primeval monsters from whom we are evolved wake within us and utter the strange tormented cries of their ancient struggles with the Life Force. All this is in "Elektra"; and under the bâton of Strauss the voices of these epochs are kept as distinct in their unity as the parts in a Bach motet. Such colossal counterpoint is a counterpoint of all the ages; not even Beethoven in his last great Mass comprehended so much. The feat is beyond all verbal description: it must be heard and felt; and even then, it seems, you must watch and pray, lest your God should forget you, and leave you to hear only "abominable ugliness and noise," and, on remonstrance, lead you to explain handsomely that Strauss is "vulgar, and stupid, and ugly" only "sometimes," and that this art of his is so "ridiculously easy" that nothing but your own self-respect prevents you from achieving a European reputation by condescending to practise it.

So much has been said of the triumphs of our English singers in "Elektra" that I owe it to Germany to profess my admiration of the noble beauty and power of Frau Fassbender's Elektra. Even if Strauss's work were the wretched thing poor Mr. Newman mistook it for, it would still be worth a visit to Covent Garden to see her wonderful death dance, which was the climax of one of the most perfect examples yet seen in London of how, by beautiful and eloquent gesture, movement, and bearing, a fine artist can make not only her voice, but her body, as much a part of a great music drama as any instrument in the score. The other German artists, notably Frau Bahr Mildenburg, showed great power and accomplishment; but they have received fuller acknowledgment, whereas we should not have gathered from the reports that Frau Fassbender's performance was so extraordinary as it actually was. A deaf man could have watched her with as little sense of privation as a blind man could have listened to her. To those of us who are neither deaf nor blind nor anti-Straussian critics (which is the same thing), she was a superb Elektra.

Whatever may be the merits of the article which gave rise to the present correspondence, it is beyond question that it left the readers of THE NATION without the smallest hint that the occasion was one of any special importance, or that it was at all worth their while to spend time and money in supporting Mr. Beecham's splendid enterprise, and being present on what was, in fact, a historic moment in the history of art in England, such as may not occur again within our lifetime. Many persons may have been, and possibly were, prevented by that article from seizing their opportunity, not because Mr. Newman does not happen to like Strauss's music, but because he belittled the situation by so miscalculating its importance that he did not think it worth even the effort of criticising it, and dismissed it in a notice in which nothing was studied except his deliberate contemptuous insolence to the composer. It would have been an additional insult to Strauss to have waited to hear "Elektra" before protesting, on the plainest grounds of international courtesy and artistic good faith, against such treatment of the man who shares with Rodin the enthusiastic gratitude and admiration of the European republic, one and indivisible, of those who understand the highest art. But now that I have heard "Elektra," I have a new duty to the readers of THE NATION, and that is to take upon me the work Mr. Newman should have done, and put them in possession of the facts.

And now Ernest, "*Triff noch einmal*"!—Yours, &c.,
G. BERNARD SHAW.

March 17th, 1910.

THE PROVINCIAL OPERA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As a subscriber to "The Ring" performance given in Edinburgh during the past two weeks, I read with deep interest your special article on this notable experiment. I think, however, the writer has failed in as much as he has adopted the superior musical student's platform instead of taking a broad and wide view. It is pure affectation to say "People who have become interested in the later Wagner, in Strauss, in Debussy, in Elgar, and in Bantock, feel no particular yearning to spend an evening over Gounod's

"Faust" or "Tannhauser" or "Lohengrin." Whatever may be the value of the later Wagner and the other composers mentioned, it nevertheless remains true that the operas mentioned are great works of art calling out the highest skill, and if the later compositions destroy a love for these, then I fear all is not right with the new school of musical thought. An opera, a book, a picture which cannot be understood by the majority of ordinary men may be a work of art, but it has failed in the chief object of its creation—to tell something to the race.

The writer also forgets Edinburgh is not a provincial town, but a capital, and has a long and honorable musical history. We have a school of music in our University, and are producing sound musicians. The Scottish Orchestra, which is as good as any orchestra in London, Paris, or Berlin, has for twenty-five years been doing great educational work. This splendid combination under the baton of a great conductor made "The Ring" a success; but how such a combination could be taken round the other large cities is not so easily understood. I believe, however, Edinburgh and Glasgow could combine in having an operatic festival every second or third year, just as at present the Scottish Orchestra serves both cities each winter. I see Mr. Denhof is being asked to repeat the success in the autumn, but I think he will be wise to pause and consider. I believe the present venture will not be a financial success, although the gallery seats were 5s. each and the pit 7s. 6d. each. Cost must be considered, and I do not think there is a public sufficiently large to support this, except occasionally. At least, in Scotland we are not wealthy enough to do it. Edinburgh and Glasgow have the material, and I hope, with your writer, that the work will not drop, but that a public-spirited body of men and women will follow up what Mr. Denhof has so well begun. I would also strongly dissent from the remarks about the Press. The chief organs gave the movement whole-hearted support, and their articles were both good and correct. I do not know which paper it was that blundered, but I can assure the writer the Scottish Press is well informed on musical matters.—Yours, &c.,

EDINBURGH.

March 15th, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your readers in Edinburgh will be interested by your article in this week's issue on the recent performance of Wagner's "Ring." Herr Denhof has made a courageous and auspicious beginning, and it is well that his work should receive adequate recognition—which, as a rule, the Edinburgh Press is unfortunately not well enough instructed to give. But one passage in your article is rather too strongly flavored with Metropolitan contempt. "An orchestra of eighty-two poured out a magnificent flood of tone that must have astonished the provincials, whose previous notions of an operatic orchestra had been derived from what the touring companies have given them." The orchestra in question is, of course, the Scottish Orchestra, which has served Edinburgh and Glasgow for many seasons, and, although it has never, I think, taken part in full operatic performances, has many times included in its programmes various parts of the "Ring" music: so that we "provincials" are not such uninstructed Philistines, even in the matter of opera, as *THE NATION*, in its superb London way, seems to think. Dr. Cowen, the conductor and trainer of the Scottish Orchestra, has brought his company to such a degree of excellence, that they can essay with success, under a new leader, so notable a task as that of the "Ring," from which they have emerged with high distinction.—Yours, &c.,

EDINENSIS.

Edinburgh, March 15th, 1910.

WHY SHOULD THERE BE A SECOND GENERAL ELECTION?

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I support the view presented in your last issue by "An Old Liberal"? Why should it be supposed that the King will fail to place the prerogative at the disposal of Mr. Asquith, if he should be asked to do so? The working of an unwritten Constitution like our own is de-

termined, as Lord Salisbury saw with respect to finance, by the logic of facts. Surely the essential fact about all the prerogatives of the Crown is that, so long as they are exercised by the King on the advice of his Ministers, the full responsibility attending their exercise rests on Ministers and not on the Crown, but, as soon as they are used or withheld against such advice, then the Crown is drawn into the vortex of party politics. No loyal subject should, I venture to think, suppose for a moment that the King will descend from the position of commanding dignity and wise influence (as distinguished from control) which he now occupies, and mix in party strife. Accordingly, we may assume that the prerogative will be granted, if asked for by a Ministry commanding the confidence of the House of Commons, who will, of course, bear the sole responsibility for the advice they tender, and the real question is whether the situation, as it develops, will require this advice to be given, and justify the Ministry in giving it.—Yours, &c.,

WM. BRAITHWAITE.

Banbury, March 14th, 1910

THE NEW INDIAN PRESS ACT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is unfortunate that, on account of the storm and strain of home politics, few English readers will find time to study the speeches of the educated Indian gentlemen whom Lord Morley's reform scheme has happily brought into the Viceroy's Legislative Council. It is unfortunate, because any unprejudiced person reading the debate on the new Indian Press Act must be impressed by the goodwill and sound, practical knowledge which these counsellors, who represent the Congress party, have placed at the disposal of the Government.

Voicing unanimous Indian opinion, they warn the Government that to silence the Press is a very imperfect remedy for the popular exasperation which has led to anarchism; and they affirm unhesitatingly that the root cause of the lamentable outrages is to be found in the despair generated in youthful minds by the harsh repression which accompanied Lord Curzon's policy of reaction, culminating in the partition of Bengal. Remove this thorn from the flesh, and the wound will heal. Deal with the causes of the mischief—not merely with the symptoms. They recognise that the situation has become easier, owing to Lord Morley's reforms, and Lord Minto's sympathetic attitude; and they urge that further steps should be taken along this path of conciliation, which is the path of safety.

But holding such views, these independent members of the Council have nevertheless acquiesced (however sadly) in this fresh blow struck at the freedom of the Press. What is the reason of this? It is because they are unwilling to refuse to the authorities any weapons demanded in the name of public safety. They are determined to resist all attempts to upset the existing government, because they are convinced that the permanent welfare of India is dependent on the British connection, however mistaken or perverse any particular phase of policy may be. To quote the words of the Hon. Mr. Gokhale, the hopes of a peaceful evolution are bound up with the unquestioned continuance of British rule. Or, as expressed by the Hon. Mr. Chitnavis, "anarchism retards the fruition of the country's hopes and its progress. Self-government is attainable only under the ægis of the British Government by a process of slow and peaceful evolution." And I must add the wise and genial words of the Hon. Mr. Bhupendranáth Básu: "We want this rule to continue on an ever widening base, welding the peoples of India into a nation justly proud of its comradeship with England, possessing common rights and common privileges, and sharing in common dangers."—Yours, &c.,

W. WEDDERBURN.

Menton, France,
March 14th. 1910.

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND THE WHIPS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your valuable and well-timed article, "Plucked from the Pit," in last week's issue, and the above article in your issue of the 12th inst., signed by "A Radical Member," have admirably expressed the feelings and opinions of many members of the Liberal Party at the

present time. I know of an instance of a candidate who twice communicated with the Chief Whip on the political questions of the day, and to this hour has never even received a simple and polite acknowledgment of his letter. Mr. Herbert Samuel the other day rather aptly said that peoples are generally better than their Governments, and certainly the present Government is no exception to this rule. I should prefer to say, however, that a country has just such a Government as it deserves, and the recent revolt of the Liberal Party in the direction of bold and fearless action was one of the finest things that has happened for many a long day. It is no use pretending a confidence which does not exist, and if the present leaders and Whips do not realise their duties and responsibilities, they will require to make way for other and more trustworthy men. Declamation, tactics, platform oratory, and virulent class abuse are not equivalents for statesmanship. They have their place and use, but I venture to state that what the Liberal Party hungers for, and very seldom gets, is an appeal to the higher principles of moral justice and righteousness applied to home and foreign affairs, wise economy in expenditure, particularly on armaments, and practical schemes of social reform.—Yours, &c.,

LIBERAL.

March 15th, 1910.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE AND THE CONGO.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—After two years' negotiation with the Belgian Government, during which we have asserted times without number that the Anglo-Congolese Convention of 1884 and the Berlin Act of 1885 entitle us, and lay upon us the duty, of intervening in the matter of the Congo, the Belgian Colonial Minister declares in the Senate (February 24th):—

"It does not pertain to the dignity of a free country to admit foreign intervention in our internal affairs. No official intervention! The International Acts relating to the Conventional Basin of the Congo exclude the possibility of it absolutely."

It was only last November that the Prime Minister, speaking in the Guildhall, said: "The agitation in this country with regard to Congo reform . . . has regard to a territory and a population towards which we have undertaken solemn obligations."

What a pitiable figure British diplomacy, backed by a naval expenditure of forty millions sterling, and by a popular mandate which no Foreign Secretary has ever enjoyed in any question, is cutting in this Congo matter!

The Congo is not a party question, but upon Liberals, both in Parliament and out of it, surely rests, a Liberal Government being in power, the chief opportunity and the special duty of stopping the dry-rot.

My Congo mail, received to-day, shows that everything is going on in precisely the same manner as before the Belgian Colonial Minister's visit. It could hardly be otherwise, seeing that the Congo Budget for this year provides that over 50 per cent. of the revenue shall be raised by what is euphemistically called "forced labor."

It is doubtless for this reason that the Foreign Office is renewing its old game of suppressing the reports of its Consular officials—pursued from 1896 to 1904, until the public agitation compelled a change of practice.

No report has been published from any of the Consular staff since January, 1909, and none from the Vice-Consul in the Katanga region of the Congo for over two years.

For what purpose, then, does the nation pay for the upkeep of these officials in the Congo?—Yours, &c.,

E. D. MOREL.

96, Talbot Road, Highgate, London, N.

March 13th, 1910.

POLICY AND ARMAMENTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—“The more ‘Dreadnoughts’ we build, the weaker our foreign policy becomes, so far as any moral influence is concerned.” I was exceedingly glad to read this sentence in your “Diary of the Week.”

Surely if £68,000,000 is spent on the Army and Navy, there should be something to show for it.

It used to be held that we wanted an Army and Navy to give us influence in the Councils of Europe for good; but as far as I am able to judge, England now exercises less influence on behalf of the subject races and the oppressed generally than she did in 1850.—Yours, &c.,

J. MARSHALL STURGE.

Evencroft, Charlbury, Oxon,
March 16th, 1910.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST CONSUMPTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of March 12th Mr. Aldridge describes the scheme for the municipal improvement of Paris as the greatest yet known, and says that Paris is “the first municipality to devote a large sum of money to the definite purpose of fighting the ‘white scourge’ of consumption.”

I have no wish to question the accuracy of this statement. But I think it is worth while to call the attention of your readers to the work done in Germany.

I quote from “The German Workman,” by Mr. W. H. Dawson, published in 1906. Mr. Dawson pointed out that by that time Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Leipzig, Aix-la-Chapelle, and some other large towns had established sanatoria and isolation homes for tuberculous patients; that Coblenz, Essen, Duisburg, Mülheim, Ruhrort, and Rees levied a special district tax for the same purpose; and that Saxony, Baden, Hesse, had established, and that other parts of the empire were striving for, compulsory notification of tuberculous cases. Further, Mr. Dawson pointed out that in Berlin during the years 1897 to 1904 the Insurance Board expended no less than £1,776,600 in the remedial treatment of workpeople suffering from tuberculosis. This is not exactly a municipal effort, but I trust that those whose interest is aroused by Mr. Aldridge's letter will not fail to read the suggestive chapter on the “Anti-Consumption Crusade” in Mr. Dawson's book.

Your readers will, I hope, pardon me for calling their attention to work with which some of them may be familiar, as Mr. Dawson's later volume, “The Evolution of Modern Germany,” was in the hands of many Liberal workers at the General Election.—Yours, &c.,

FRANK E. MARSHALL.

March 15th, 1910.

Poetry.

THE FULNESS OF TIME.

ON a rusty iron throne,
Past the furthest star of space,
I saw Satan sit unknown,
Old and haggard was his face:
For his work was done, and he
Rested in Eternity.

And to him from out the sun
Came his Father and his Friend,
Saying, “Now the work is done,
Enmity is at an end.”
And He guided Satan to
Paradises that he knew.

Gabriel without a frown,
Uriel without a spear,
Raphael came winging down,
While the cherubs chanted clear,
“Now the Morning Star shall climb
Bright as in the olden time.”

JAMES STEPHENS.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"To-day and To-morrow, and other Essays." By Viscount Esher. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Quest of the Historical Jesus: A Critical Study of its Progress from Reimarus to Wrede." By Albert Schweitzer. (Black. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Landmarks in Russian Literature." By Maurice Baring. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

"The Iphigenia in Tauris of Euripides." By Gilbert Murray. (Allen. 2s. net.)

"The Life and Times of Mrs. Sherwood (1775-1851). From the Diaries of Captain and Mrs. Sherwood." By F. J. Harvey Darton. (Wells, Gardner. 16s. net.)

"Sketches and Snapshots." By the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Across the Sahara." By Hans Vischer. (Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Farewell to Poesy and Other Pieces." By William H. Davies. (Fifield. 1s. net.)

"Anti-Pragmatism: An Examination into the Respective Rights of Intellectual Aristocracy and Social Democracy." By Albert Schinz. (Unwin. 6s. 6d. net.)

"The Exiles of Faloo." By Barry Pain. (Methuen. 6s.)

"La Vie privée de Talleyrand." Par Bernard de Lacombe. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 7fr. 50.)

"L'Organisation de la Démocratie." Par Paul Deschanel. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3fr. 50.)

"Les deux Consciences." Roman. Par Léon de Tinseau. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)

"Les Rivaux." Roman. Par Ernest Daudet. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)

* * *

WOMEN form so large a proportion, both of novel-readers and of novel-writers, that it is particularly interesting to have a study of English fiction from a distinctively feminine point of view. Miss Clara Whitmore, who undertakes this task in a book called "Woman's Work in English Fiction," just published by Messrs. Putnams, regrets that nearly all the books on literature have been written from a man's standpoint. In other arts, she holds, the tastes of men and women vary little, but the choice of novels is, to a large degree, determined by sex. There is a good deal of truth in this, though Miss Whitmore exaggerates a little when she says that "no woman can read a novel of Smollett's without loathing." Miss Rebecca Sharpe, at least, did not share this prejudice. "Once," her historian tells us, "when Mr. Crawley asked what the young people were reading, the governess replied, 'Smollett.' 'Oh, Smollett,' said Mr. Crawley, quite satisfied. 'His history is more dull, but by no means so dangerous as that of Mr. Hume.' 'Yes,' said Miss Rose; without, however, adding that it was the history of Mr. Humphrey Clinker."

* * *

So determined is Miss Whitmore to give us the true feminine point of view that, whenever her own judgment has been different from the generally accepted one, "the point in question has been submitted to other women, and not recorded unless it met with the approval of a large number of women of cultivated taste." Her book consists of an examination of the work of thirty-five women novelists who have played some part in the development of English fiction, and she claims that it is to her sex we owe the first humanitarian novel, Mrs. Aphra Behn's "Oroonoko"; the first political novel, Mrs. Manley's "New Atalantis"; the first English novel of introspection, Mrs. Sheridan's "Sidney Biddulph"; the first historical novel based upon research, Jane Porter's "The Scottish Chiefs"; the first novel of factory life, Mrs. Trollope's "The Life and Adventures of Michael Armstrong"; the first novel of the relations of capital and labor, Mrs. Gaskell's "North and South"; the first novel depicting Scottish life, Elizabeth Hamilton's "The Cottagers of Glenburnie"; and the first novel depicting Irish life, Maria Edgeworth's "Castle Rackrent."

* * *

ALTHOUGH the Empress Eugénie has emphatically denied any intention of issuing her autobiography, some compensation for its non-appearance will be supplied by a book which Messrs. Harper intend to issue shortly after Easter. This is Mr. Legge's "The Empress Eugénie, 1870-

1910." It is based on first-hand information, and will contain material of importance written by Napoleon III. himself. The book gives the Empress Eugénie's statement of her own position, the Emperor's story of Sedan, the history of his exile, and the reminiscences of the Prince Imperial. So much fresh material bearing upon the last days of the Empire has been made public of late—notably by M. Ollivier—that the time has almost come when a definite history of the period can be written.

* * *

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL announce a biography of the Marquise du Châtelet by Frank Hamel, a writer who has shown skill and knowledge in the treatment of French historical personages. Madame du Châtelet is only remembered to-day because of the part she played in Voltaire's life during his long residence at Cirey. But she has also claims to consideration on her own account. She is typical of the eighteenth century in France, both on its light and serious sides, and Sainte-Beuve says that her position in literature and philosophy was one which the women of her day found it easier to smile at than to dispute. She translated Newton's "Principia" into French and was a mathematician of some note in her own time. Voltaire's devotion, as well as her own fame in the world of science, brought upon her the jealousy of Madame du Deffand and Madame de Staël-Delaunay, and Sainte-Beuve declares that the portrait drawn of her by Madame du Deffand is the bitterest and most cruelly satirical passage in French literature. The brilliant though dissolute society of the Regency, among which she moved, forms the background of Frank Hamel's biography, which also introduces the Duc de Richelieu, Saint-Lambert, Hénault, and other names familiar to readers of the memoirs of the period.

* * *

MR. PADRAIC COLUM has just finished a new play called "The Magnate," which will be produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, next month. Mr. Colum's work is always fresh and thoroughly Irish in tone, and, since the death of J. M. Synge, he is perhaps the dramatist of most promise of the young Irish school.

* * *

UNDER the title of "The Moon of the Fourteenth Night," Messrs. Hurst & Blackett announce a book about Persia which is the joint work of M. Eustache de Lorey and Mr. Douglas Sladen. M. de Lorey has been for several years in the French Legation at Teheran, and the coming work throws fresh light upon the events which led up to the recent revolution, as well as upon Persian manners and customs.

* * *

ANOTHER book on Persia is to be issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Its title is "Persia in Revolution," and it gives an account of a journey made last spring to Persia and the Caucasus by Mr. J. M. Hone and Mr. P. L. Dickinson. The authors describe life in Teheran during the crisis, and the characters of the leading figures in the struggle are sketched. The concluding chapters treat of the homeward journey, through Baku, Tiflis, Kutais, and Batoum, and special attention is given to the Georgians, a people who once ruled in Transcaucasia and withstood the attacks of both Turks and Russians.

* * *

COLONEL HAGGARD's books dealing with the bypaths of French history are always readable, and, in choosing the rivalry of François I. of France and Charles V. of Germany for his coming volume, he has taken a subject full of dramatic interest and color. The period abounds in strongly marked characters, and of these, Bayard, the "Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche," Gaston de Foix, Anne of Brittany, Marguerite, Queen of Navarre and author of the "Heptameron," and Diana of Poitiers figure in Colonel Haggard's pages. The title of the work is "Two Great Rivals," and it will be issued by Messrs. Hutchinson.

* * *

A NUMBER of interesting additions will shortly be made to Mr. Murray's "Albemarle Shilling Library," which has already made an excellent start. Among the volumes to appear later are Bishop Gore's "Sermon on the Mount," Mrs. Ady's "Painters of Florence," and Mr. A. C. Benson's "Thread of Gold" and "House of Quiet."

Reviews.

MEASURE AND POETRY.*

THE present age is, by common admission, under the presidency of reason, and it is, therefore, an age not very favorable to poets; yet the number of persons seriously attempting to write poetry nowadays is bewildering. This has puzzled many people; but perhaps an old fable may help us to understand it. The eagle, says the fabulist, deliberately and with foresight makes her nest thorny and uncomfortable, in order to encourage her youngsters to take flight as soon as possible. And this they do, finding it much more comfortable to "cleave the airy way" than to sit at home in the intolerable nest. May it not be even so with our flocks of minor poets? Not that the uncomfortable make of the age in which they were hatched was so built deliberately by the Mother Destiny, on purpose to urge as many of her brood as possible into the poetic æther; such a doctrine would itself be poetic, and so, nowadays, untenable. What is meant is simply that the age undoubtedly is uncomfortable in many ways for persons of poetic perceptions and poetic feelings, and such persons are, therefore, mightily tempted to flutter, however unskillfully, into the freedom of poetic self-expression, and also, since they are human, into print. Were the age otherwise, they might never be heard of; it is the pricking of their poetic skins that sends them aloft into poetry and print, just as the pricked young eagles are all agog to be flying. And arising out of this there is a further temptation—this time a serious one. For one who strongly feels what, without being unduly lax, we may call the poetic emotions, who knows, moreover, that such feeling is uncommon, and will carry one into a kind of writing which is, at least, typographically poetry—such an one is strongly tempted to believe that the possession of those emotions is enough to make one a poet. Thus, Miss L. ffolliott, in her "Songs and Fantasies," says roundly that to feel like a poet is to be a poet; but, in fact, she herself is an instance to the contrary. The very poem in which she makes her assertion begins thus:—

"If you were e'er scorched by consuming fire,
And felt all flow of words inadequate,
If you experienced oft a wild desire—
A striving to be something more than great."

No, that is not how a poet writes. From her verses it is evident that Miss ffolliott feels all that a poet should feel; but she has no diction to match it. She can herself vicariously experience a dramatic moment; but she cannot put it into poetic shape. What she lacks is the faculty of measure; and we have taken her (perhaps ungraciously) as an instance of the fact that poetic emotions are of no use for poetry without measure.

The huge majority of books of poetry published to-day are of this kind—full of the right thought and feeling, right in their kind, at least, but devoid of measure, save for its obvious species, metre. A book that might serve as a touchstone in this matter is Mr. William Porter's charming translation of the "Hyaku-nin-issui." Read in a book of modern poetry, and then read one of these "Hundred Verses from Old Japan," and you will certainly feel what is wrong with the former, if there is anything wrong with it. The translation may not be entirely adequate, but through it one can plainly see the chief wonderful characteristic of the original, the perfection of measure, in this antique Japanese poetry. The themes of the verses are usually slight, but always the thought is wrought into exquisite form, and the expression confined in a verbal shape of delicate rigor, like porcelain.

* "Songs and Fantasies." By L. ffolliott. Ffield. 3s. 6d. net.
"A Hundred Verses from Old Japan." Translated by William N. Porter. Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d. net.

"The Ballad of the Mad Bird." By Edward Storer. The Priory Press. 1s. net.

"New Poems." By Richard Le Gallienne. Lane. 5s. net.

"The Philanthropists." By Ruth Young. Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.

"Lyra Evangelistica." By Arthur Shearly Cripps. Oxford: Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net.

"Exultations of Ezra Pound." Elkin Mathews. 2s. net.

"The Mountainy Singer." By Seosamh MacCathmhaoil. Dublin: Maunsell. 2s. 6d. net.

"Mimma Bella" By Eugene Lee-Hamilton Heinemann. 5s. net.

But the measure which we demand in poetry must not be taken to be only of a repressive, confining kind, a faculty of shaping matter, as it were, from the outside. By this repressive species of measure a man may certainly work his thoughts and feelings into something which is poetry. The process is really one of taste. In it, measure does the office of the gardener's shears, and prunes and shapes the poet's thought into some exquisite convention of topiary work. A good example is Mr. Edward Storer's "Ballad of the Mad Bird." The innermost idea is quite a good one, but nothing unusual—the quest of the First Beauty (or, as it is here called, Truth). Mr. Storer, however, has fashioned this into a charming fantasy, the detail of which, the diction and imagery, is deliberately curious and extravagant. This is natural; for the workmanship here is everything, and in the workmanship whatever originality Mr. Storer may have must appear. The same is true of most of Mr. Le Gallienne's "New Poems"; they are largely made of material which is the common stock of poets, shaped according to received taste; and any effect of novelty in them comes from the detail of the shaping, some curiosity of phrase, as when a night-jar is called "a toad of sound" and "Browning among the birds," and London becomes "that mighty sob, that splendid tear." No sensible person will quarrel with poetry which is made by this topiary-work kind of measure; when the shaping is really well done, it has the undeniable charm of all thoroughly artificial things. But, nevertheless, one soon tires of it, and it is refreshing to find in Mr. Le Gallienne's volume a little of the other kind of poetry, the poetry which has received its measure, not from without, but from within, from some internal energy that naturally makes for form; not from the gardener's shears, but from some strong propensity in the vital sap. Such are the political poems, "The Cry of the Little Peoples," and others, in which a genuine indignation has grown naturally into poetic form, and such are also a few lyrics, like one from Hafiz, of which the first verse runs thus prettily:—

"A Caravan from China comes;
For miles it sweetens all the air
With fragrant silks and dreaming gums,
Attar and myrrh—
A Caravan from China comes."

Little of the anxious external fashioning appears in Miss Ruth Young's slim book of poems, and there is no need of it. The substance of her poems has gone into form and measure by reason of an active virtue in the substance, like the virtue which compels the substance of a crystal to submit from within to the rigor of beauty. Miss Young has no need to borrow either matter or technique from the common stock of poetry; her matter is all her own, and her technique has no cultivated distinction. But, by reason of this crystallising power in her thought, she can make poetry of a theme like that of her title-poem, "The Philanthropists," a theme which is certainly not poetic until a poet makes it so. Still more to our purpose, as an instance of crystalline measure in poetry, is Mr. Cripps's "Lyra Evangelistica." Mr. Cripps is an African missionary, and the most of his poems deal with the experiences, the exultations and depressions, of his profession. This is poetic matter enough, but that would not, and certainly does not, in the hands of most missionary poets, make it poetry. But with Mr. Cripps his thought always crystallises; it has clean and true form, and will hold the light. "Lyra Evangelistica" is something much better than an earnest expression of deep feeling; it is a book of good poetry. The following, "In Deserto," will do for a fair specimen:—

"God's Fire-ball rolling smooth o'er heavens of glass,
God's Hand-fed hawk with wide unfluttered gait,
Are o'er me—as feet wrench'd and worn I pass
By black-burnt clods, by sandy furrows strait.
They do their best so lightly, bird and sun,
But all my struggling leaves my best undone."

With Mr. Cripps, indeed, we are come to the poetry in which both kinds of measure are evident; there is the crystallising first, and then there is the polishing of the crystal. Mr. Ezra Pound would, no doubt, scorn to be thought a poet who polishes his crystals; but it does seem to us that in his "Exultations" he is beginning to allow some outward form to his verses. It was, indeed, remarkable that such a passionate lover of Dante, Villon, and the

poets of Provence, should have been content with a savage and often ludicrous crudity of expression. He seemed to trust entirely to the formative power inherent in his ideas; but those ideas were neither very potent for form nor very interesting as poetic substance. In these "Exultations" of his he is less derivative in matter, his thoughts are often his own, and they are more intense, and, though not free from absurdity, the book contains much that is externally, as well as internally, captivating, as thus:—

"Pale hair that the moon has shaken
Down over the dark breast of the sea,
O magic her beauty has shaken
About the heart of me."

If Mr. Pound will go on with the development in method shown in this latest volume of his, he will add to English poetry something which is unusual riches, and not merely a set of curios. Two poems, at least, in "Exultations" give warrant for this; "Histrion," by virtue of its idea, and the "Ballad of the Goodly Fere," by virtue both of its idea and its execution.

After Mr. Pound's somewhat feverish eccentricities, "The Mountainy Singer" of Mr. Seosamh MacCathmhaoil (the brutal Saxon calls him Mr. Joseph Campbell) seems a book of serene orthodoxy. Yet not very many years ago most of it would have been called outrageously extravagant. That Mr. Campbell can be as modern as anyone, yet keep his work true to the ancient canons, let this exquisite little picture in unmetrical verse show:—

"Night, and I travelling.
An open door by the wayside,
Throwing out a shaft of warm yellow light.
A whiff of peat-smoke:
A gleam of delf on the dresser within:
A woman's voice crooning, as if to a child.
I pass on into the darkness."

With that incisive simplicity and subtle melody which is native in Ireland, Mr. Campbell writes of the earth and mankind, choosing for the latter those figures which have replaced kings and knights as poetic emblems of humanity, fiddlers, pedlars, and ploughmen. As in most modern Irish poetry, one is never very far off politics in Mr. Campbell's songs. Politics, in fact, interfuse the characteristic mixture of realism and mysticism. Several poems, for instance, are of ploughing; and the plough is always both a mystical and a political emblem. This is a strength and a weakness; the mysticism is more vehement for the politics, but it is also narrower. To say of a ploughman that

"All life is bare
Beneath your share,
All love is in your lusty hands,"

is to make him a mystical figure; to say that, where the ploughman is not,

"The silence of unlaboured fields,
Lies like a judgment on the air,"

is even more striking; but it is more politics than mysticism, and it is not altogether true. But when we come to

"Grasslands are not wrought,
Ploughlands swell with thought,"

we feel that politics and mysticism have kissed each other; and the meeting is memorable.

The late Eugene Lee-Hamilton was one of the finest of recent sonneteers; and he was a poet, therefore, in whom both kinds of measure were in exquisite balance. His thought went into poetic form as naturally as crystalline substance goes into its system of planes and angles; and his conscience would polish and smooth and purify until he came as near perfection as he might. Mrs. Lee-Hamilton, in a brief Preface to "Mimma Bella," describes the tragic suffering which made up most of his life; and it will always be a wonder that such poetic perfection came out of such physical distress. "Mimma Bella" is a sonnet-series in memory of his little daughter; and the tender familiarity of sorrowing reminiscence is invariably wrought elaborately into art. But good sonnets may not be described; only a sample can show what Eugene Lee-Hamilton's art could do:—

"Lo, through the open window of the room
That was her nursery, a small bright spark
Comes wandering in, as falls the summer dark,
And with a measured flight explores the gloom.
As if it sought, among the things that loom
Vague in the dusk, for some familiar mark,

And like a light on some wee unseen bark,
It tacks in search of who knows what or whom?
I know 'tis but a fire-fly; yet its flight,
So straight, so measured, round the empty bed,
Might be a little soul's that night sets free;
And as it nears, I feel my heart grow tight
With something like a superstitious dread,
And watch it breathless, lest it should be she."

THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION.*

ROUND the Scottish Reformation there has waged a long and acrimonious controversy. In the fray, ecclesiastical and secular historians have created a din and dust, which have greatly tended to obscure the vision of the impartial student. According to one school of ecclesiastical writers, the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland was the Mother of Abominations, and in order to bring her evil reign to an end no measures could be too severe. Another, the moderate school, regrets the wholesale and indiscriminating manner in which the power of the Roman Catholic Church was broken, and, especially from an aesthetic point of view, deplores the iconoclastic rage of the Reformers against the ancient cathedrals, and all kinds of religious adornments. Another school, the purely secular, will have it that the Reformation was mainly brought about by a band of associates headed by Knox, who simply substituted one intolerant persecuting ecclesiastical power for another, much to the detriment of genuine liberty. The value of this important work of Dr. Hay Fleming is that by an appeal to historical documents he puts the whole Reformation period in proper focus. At no time is the great mass of the people roused to revolutionary pitch by doctrinal disputes and ecclesiastical controversies with regard to the relations between Church and State. Had there been nothing more than this, Knox would never have headed a national revolt against Rome.

In dealing with the side of the Roman Church which the people could understand, namely, the corruption of the clergy, Dr. Fleming quotes a remark of an old historian to the effect that the "great dissensions and occasions of heresies" were mainly due to "the corruption of morals and profane lewdness of life in churchmen of almost all ranks, together with crass ignorance of literature and all the liberal arts." Decisive evidence on this point is had in the letters which Dr. Fleming prints, written to Cardinal Betoun, by a kinsman, Archibald Hay, in which, referring to the prevailing corruption in the Church, he alludes to those priests who came to the heavenly table "who have not slept off yesterday's debauch," of whom he says "there is no greater danger to be feared from the most noxious animals than from this off-scouring of most abandoned men." But, after all, the most damaging evidence of the state of the pre-Reformation clergy is found in the Appendix, where Dr. Fleming gives a list of many hundreds of the sons and daughters of the celibate clergy of Scotland, recorded in official documents as having been legitimised between 1529 and 1559.

When regard is had to the terrible state of affairs revealed by Dr. Fleming, is it matter for wonder that the early reformers found congenial soil for their doctrines in Scotland, and that when they sealed their doctrines with their blood the popular feeling ran high in their favor—so high, indeed, that when Knox appeared upon the scene he had no difficulty in organising that feeling on a democratic basis, and by means of it breaking the political, as well as the ecclesiastical, power of Rome? In reference to the political side of the Reformation, too little credit has been given to Knox for his far-seeing sagacity in the sphere of statecraft. Dr. Hume Brown, who is an authority on these matters, has called attention to the wide-spread effects of Knox's influence in European politics. He says: "Had Mary on her return to Scotland found her people united in their allegiance to Rome, and their predilection for France, the course of British history must have been different from what it actually became. With three-fourths of her subjects Catholic, Elizabeth could not have held her own against a sovereign in Mary's position, backed by the dominant

* "The Reformation in Scotland." By D. Hay Fleming, LL.D. The Stone Lectures at Princetown Theological Seminary for 1907-1908. Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.

opinion of Europe." Thus it came about that by heading the Scottish revolt against Rome, Knox at the same time aided the cause of freedom in England, and converted the Reformation from a purely religious dispute into a great national, not to say an Imperial, movement.

It is a common taunt of the Buckle school of historians that in Scotland the Reformation simply meant the exchange of one despotism for another, and in defence of this view Buckle quotes innumerable instances of the continual interference of the Reform clergy with the morals and general habits of the people. Those who reason thus, overlook the fact that the moral laxity of the Roman Catholic *régime* made discipline a necessity if the reformation was to have ethical as well as religious results. And who was to exercise the necessary discipline? In our day, when the sacred and secular spheres are clearly defined, offences with which the Reformers dealt ecclesiastically are now dealt with secularly; but in the old days the Church had to undertake the work of social reform in the absence of any other organisation. Moreover, the leaders of the Reformation knew nothing of the modern doctrine of individual liberty. The community, not the individual, was the unit, as may be seen from the "First Book of Discipline," where it is laid down, in dealing with education, that no man, whether rich or poor, should be allowed to bring up his children according to his own fancy, but ought to be compelled to bring them up in learning and virtue with profit to the Church and the commonwealth. No doubt, the Reformers overdid their theory, but the remarkable fact remains that modern sociologists and politicians, in dealing with social problems, are going back to the principles which the Reformers embodied in the "First Book of Discipline."

So far from the Reformation being for Scotland simply a change of despotisms, it really sowed the seeds of the democratic sentiments which have profoundly influenced the national life. Take one of the democratic institutions of the Reformation, namely, Kirk Sessions, in which the congregations are represented along with the clergy. In the words of Dr. Fleming

"The benefits derived from the institution of kirk-sessions were not confined to ecclesiastical or religious matters. In them the people received, not only a large measure of local self-government in Church affairs, but by them they were indirectly trained and fitted to look after their civil rights. No doubt the burghs of Scotland had, for centuries before the Reformation, been ruled by town councils; but the members of these town councils were drawn from narrower circles—viz., from the guildry and incorporated trades—and outside the burghs there was no local self-government of any kind, saving that of the kirk-session. . . . Kirk-sessions were not infallible, neither were presbyteries, nor synods, nor general assemblies. It would be easy to point to decisions of these courts which to us seem tyrannical; but the tyranny was not the tyranny of one man; and if it were flagrant enough to rouse opposition, the people had the remedy in their own hands, so far, at least, as the kirk-session was concerned, at the next annual election."

Denunciation of the Reformers and the Covenanters used to be reckoned a mark of intellectual Liberalism. In this particular sphere the cult of the superior person is nearly extinct. Intelligent Scots are now too deeply versed in the history of their country to join in the campaign of depreciation which was started by Buckle and is continued by Mr. Andrew Lang. Dr. Hay Fleming's solid book should do much further to discredit the Buckle school, not so much by the opinions expressed, as by the mass of incontrovertible evidence by which the opinions are backed. As an historical work, Dr. Fleming's book will take high rank. The student of the Reformation will find it illuminating, and the historian indispensable.

"THE ADVENTURES OF MARIE LOUISE."*

In Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria, Empress of the French, ex-Empress, and Duchess of Parma, the most impartial French biographer finds a difficult and unsympathetic subject. M. Frédéric Masson, in "L'Impératrice Marie Louise," writes only of the Empress. He prudently refrains from knowing either the ex-Empress or the Duchess of

Parma. M. de Saint-Amand, who follows the lady through the leisurely stages of five or six volumes, decides that "she will occupy but a miserable place in history." A single volume, and a short one, has sufficed M. Max Billard for a memoir which is hostile, but without malice. It is a careful work, it gives the reader the security of ample references, and the translation has life and quality.

As Empress, Marie Louise is not at all an ungracious figure. It is necessary to bear in mind the circumstances in which, after Josephine's divorce, she came to France to share Napoleon's throne. Napoleon wanted an heir; but, dictator as he was at this era, he found it more difficult, as Dr. Lenz has observed, to choose a wife for himself among the princesses of Europe than he had done to select consorts for his relatives. Marie Louise was a bargain between Napoleon and the Emperor Francis. Francis handed over his favorite daughter to the man who had vanquished and humiliated him, and Napoleon presented her to France as the prize of his conquests. This was in 1810, when Napoleon, already the victor of many women, was forty-one, and Marie Louise a very unsophisticated schoolgirl of eighteen. About a year before this she had written to her father, concerning a battle that Napoleon was said to have lost: "May he lose his head, too!" An unseemly marriage in many ways, and hurried through at an unseemly rate.

It yielded, however, the heir that Cæsar (so unluckily for himself!) had insisted on; and, as we have said, the young Austrian, in her character of Empress, is by no means an ungracious figure. We cannot at the moment recall the name of the lady-in-waiting who made her royal mistress the subject of a pleasing little book, chiefly domestic. The Comte de Rambuteau, an intelligent and devoted chamberlain (who lived to begin in another office the beautification of Paris), tells us in his "Memoirs" that the very timidity of the youthful Empress invested her with a certain grace; "there was something so pathetically appealing about her." Sir Horace Rumbold, in the volume on Austria which we recently noticed, observes that Marie Louise's "innocent grace and tenderness and her innate and simple piety"—but her piety was really of the formal kind and tinged with bigotry—"made a profound impression on the most domineering spirit of the age." He notes also how she "from the first unconsciously took by storm" not only old *Madame Mère*, but those jealous intriguers, the Bonaparte sisters, Josephine's relentless enemies. This was a triumph, certainly; but we must remember that the women Bonapartes (that Roman matron, the mother, is excepted) were snobs, and Marie Louise was an Emperor's daughter.

Napoleon said at St. Helena that Marie Louise should have been a happy woman, for, though her reign was brief, the world was at her feet. She seems to have been happy enough, in a manner neither very original nor very imperial. Doubtless she was too young, and perhaps also at this date, too timid, to realise her position to the full; but we cannot altogether overlook her desperate lack of imagination. Josephine, even with the crown on, betrays a little of the *gamine* (everyone remembers how she "grewed" among the sugar-canes); but she addresses herself in a curious way to the fancy. We may be rating her in cold print for her goings-on with the booby Hippolyte Charles, or for the dreadful fibs she tells Bonaparte about her new necklace or her old debts; but we are always wondering, with quite real interest, what she is going to do next, and are always fain to admit that she was a completely human imperial woman. Josephine, however, was a Creole. The daughter of the towering House of Hapsburg and of the Germanic Cæsars, whose father was the last titular head of the great-sounding Holy Roman Empire—she was just a phlegmatic little German bourgeoisie. There is not, in the presence of Marie Louise, any question of heart-thumps; there is not so much as an accelerated movement of the pulse. Josephine was long in perceiving what was essentially great in Napoleon; Marie Louise seems never to have perceived it at all. The emotion of awe it was not in her to experience, but there were lesser heights of feeling which the lymphatic German could hardly scale. Thus, we cannot bring ourselves to think that Napoleon—whom in secret a thousand hearts worshipped from afar—was ever even intelligently admired by the second of the two women whom he crowned. Hence, when his Empire had rushed to ruin, she behaved

* "The Marriage Ventures of Marie Louise." By Max Billard. English version by Evelyn, Duchess of Wellington. Nash. 12s. 6d. net.

as she could not but behave. She was dull of nature, and she was a faithful daughter of the august family that had produced and bred her. Faithful to her father, she deserted her husband and his cause. The thunder-peals of dissolution could scarcely leave her unmoved, for they heralded the loss of the most dazzling station a woman could occupy in the Europe of that date; but we have suggested that the full significance of this station was unrevealed to her imperfect understanding. Those claps of fate predicted also the complete dispossessing of her infant son, Napoleon's heir; but him too she abandoned. Napoleon passes, a setting of the sun or shooting of the dawn in the common round and travail of the world; his eagles sink, his "drums and trappings" cease; and, in the wreck, Marie Louise disappears, prompt to the call of her father, and bequeaths to France a memory as empty of heroism as of romance. Her great-aunt, Caroline of Naples (a lady who owed little to Napoleon) sent word to her through Méneval that she ought to have tied her sheets together and made off to Elba—but such romantic flights were not for Marie Louise.

Instead, she allows herself to be drawn into a basely concerted union with Neipperg. This one-eyed lady-killer, who was illegitimate, had seen service in the army and in diplomacy, and was a distinctly capable man of affairs. He was also most unscrupulous in his gallantries. At the time he laid siege to Marie Louise he was married to a woman whom he had carried off from her lawful husband. Metternich despatched him to pay court to the ex-Empress, and M. Billard hints that her father was privy to the plot. Neipperg triumphed. He became the lover of Marie Louise, and a daughter was born to them, "whose advent and baptism could only be mentioned with bated breath." This was in 1817, not two years after Napoleon's departure for St. Helena. A stranger thing happened. Neipperg's wife had died, and from the varied evidence gathered and presented by M. Billard, we are driven to the conclusion that Marie Louise was secretly and—in effect—bigamously married to him in 1820. Vainly is it asked how and by whom the marriage ceremony was performed. The guilty pair perhaps suborned some innocent rustic of a priest, or one who had saved his skin by abjuring his faith during the Revolution. Whoever he was, he stood within the danger of excommunication. It is a back-stair business, and the reader gets a shock from it. He can little forget that just before this unseemly union is accomplished, Marie Louise has silently allowed her son to be deprived of maternal inheritance and dynastic name, and that just after it, Napoleon, confronting death, is bidding doctor Antommarchi carry his heart to her in spirits of wine. The history of Neipperg as the husband of Marie Louise is comprised in a sentence: He administered the Duchy of the wife who bored him as if it had been the private estate of a mistress he adored.

Neipperg died in the winter of 1829. In 1829 France was filled with the spirit of the Romantics; and Marie Louise, putting her years behind her, was for romanticism at any cost. The Comte de Bombelles, an uninteresting, excellent man, tacked to the skirts of history as the third husband of the second wife of Napoleon, came to Parma, and was captured by her. She appointed him successor to Neipperg, proposed marriage to him, and seems almost to have marched him to the altar. Upon this marriage authentic history is silent. There are no documents, and the Comte de Bombelles has the credit of the man who refused to write.

It is a curious, and, in the main, a sordid story. The reader of it can scarcely help siding with the writer, whose summing-up leaves Marie Louise dishevelled and debased. On the whole, however, we cannot but think that in another generation there may be another word for her. Pushed as a girl into a marriage that instinctively revolted her, she made the best of it. She showed no heroism in Napoleon's defeat, and little decency in her desertion of him; but in the days that have been counted as a disgrace to her, she was still not much more than an unimaginative girl at the beck of a father who had machined her into a puppet. She is an uninteresting, unsympathetic, and unimaginative woman, with an unamusing strain of sensuality, who was largely spoiled by a training from which she never recovered.

ROMANTICS AND IMPRESSIONISTS.*

A PREFATORY note to "The Higher Life in Art" informs us that the six lectures on painters of the Barbizon School formed the first course of the Scammon Lectures, and were delivered by Mr. John La Farge at the Art Institute of Chicago in May, 1903. Published recently under the above somewhat cryptic title, they deal with Delacroix and Géricault, Millet, Decamps and Diaz, Rousseau, Dupré, Daubigny and Corot, and, more generally, with the whole artistic movement with which these names are connected. The lectures, we think, make their appearance in very much the same form as that in which they were delivered. They possess but few literary graces. Compared, let us say, with Reynolds's Discourses, or, to take a more modern instance, with those of Mr. Clausen, their surface is raw and unpolished. But they have several compensatory qualities; strong individual feeling, downright sincerity, and, above all, a convincing flavor of intimacy with the subject, and a firm grasp of its manifestations and their meanings. Their author is not a young man. He can remember several of the painters of whose work he writes, and that at a time when their work had obtained but little recognition; and he has spoken with those who remember still earlier painters. His lectures, therefore, have a good deal of the charm of a personal reminiscence, while at the same time the familiarity is not of the kind that detracts from the dignity of an utterance. His contribution on Delacroix is a peculiarly well-informed and introspective study of that master's art, which does much to bring him into line with the Fontainebleau group of which, strictly speaking, he was a precursor rather than a member.

Apart from Géricault and Delacroix, it is difficult, when one thinks of the artists who are generally accepted as being of the Barbizon School, to find many features that are common to all of them. On the contrary, sharp lines of division reveal themselves. Corot, for example, is identified with its landscape; but the landscape of Corot is very different in intention and achievement from that of Rousseau, Dupré, and Daubigny. Corot introduced figures into his landscape dreams, figures, too, of astonishing reality and power, and what is more, his close study of the human figure controlled in great measure the manner of his landscape. The sense of form, the beauty of line and curve, that mark the true figure-painter, are reproduced in Corot's pictures of the dawn and the evening, with the addition of values, of the relationship of tones, that formed his great contribution to the science of landscape-painting. Rousseau and his associates, on the contrary, were true landscapists, unaffected by the human element; Nature was all-sufficing to them, and it was her message alone that had to be interpreted. We have thus, to begin with, a line of demarcation between the two classes of landscapists in the group, between those who, like Corot and, to some extent, Decamps and Diaz, worked under the influence of human figure study, and those who, like Rousseau, approached nature from a wholly different point of view. Then there was Millet, a group by himself; humanity his sole concern; nearer, perhaps, to Corot than to Rousseau in his sympathies, but sufficiently far from both. Decamps was notorious for his disregard of those values which were one of Corot's high aims. Diaz, loved by everybody, was unlike anybody. It is difficult indeed to find any bond of unity between these so diverse artists except the bond that united them in opposition to Academic authority. Of this spirit of opposition, however, Mr. La Farge has a good deal to say. Authority had imposed on art a classical ideal that was exceedingly narrow, and against its narrowness the freer members of the profession rebelled. It was not a revolt against the past, but against its too narrow interpretation; these Romantic painters and the painters of Barbizon were contending for a wider view of what the past teaches.

It was as revolutionists of this kind—opponents of Academic authority—that the members of the Barbizon group were in the beginning accepted as guides by the painters who were afterwards to constitute the Impressionist

* "The Higher Life in Art." By John La Farge. Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.

"Manet and the French Impressionists." By Theodore Duret. Translated by J. E. Crawford Flitch, M.A. Grant Richards. 12s. 6d. net.

School. M. Theodore Duret, who writes so eloquently and with such intimate knowledge of this later group, reminds us that before the uprising of Manet the Impressionists were content to take Corot and Courbet as their masters. Manet, however, opened out for them an entirely new set of possibilities. Working in the face of bitter public opprobrium and of rejection after rejection by the Salon, he gradually forced it home upon them that the truthful painting of subjects in full daylight, be the subjects what they might, was at least as worthy an artistic aim as the academic concoction of landscapes or figure-pieces; that positive color was the artist's heritage, of which he should take the utmost advantage consistent with the real canons of art. Yet Manet does not wholly belong to the Impressionists as we recognise them in Pissarro, Monet, Renoir, or Cézanne. Only part of his output was the "open-air" painting that came to be their watchword; he has little to do with the chromatic developments of Monet and the pointillists. His position in French art is a solitary one; at times he seems a little near to Delacroix; at other times he ranges himself definitely with the new men. He stands, perhaps, in the same relation to the Impressionists as Delacroix to the Barbizon painters; with the difference that the phase of French art which he inspired was a far more violent change from what had gone before than any conceived by the Romantic artist. French tradition weighed considerably with Delacroix, who quarrelled only with the current manner of its interpretation; the Impressionists broke with tradition altogether. In this way Impressionism, which it is the fashion to regard as a French growth, was in reality non-national, a thing removed from that reverence for tradition and order which swayed, and still sways, the main current of French æsthetics. M. Duret's account of Manet, Pissarro, Claude Monet, Sisley, Renoir, Berthe Morisot, Cézanne, and Gillaumin is graphic in its details of the opposition encountered by these strugglers for independence, and of the physical hardship endured by those of them who were without private means of subsistence. Particularly valuable is his sketch of their influence upon German painting. In the case of Monet, considerations of space doubtless prevented the author from dealing at all fully with the technical theories of this master, and we get no more than a glimmer of the scientific side of his art—of that side which has been so amply discussed in Mr. Wynford Dewhurst's book on his master, and so brilliantly in Mr. W. C. Brownell's "French Art." But the work as a whole has great æsthetic insight, as well as the human charm that makes for interest, while the illustrations—with the exception of some of Manet's pictures which reproduce harshly in half-tone—are all that could be desired.

MORE BOOKS FOR "EVERYMAN."*

AGAIN we may congratulate Mr. J. M. Dent upon a further fifty volumes of "Everyman's Library," making four hundred and fifty in all. We have heard much of the best hundred books. Mr. Dent has discovered the best four hundred and fifty, and in his anxiety to do this he has even included the weirdest of all Lord Avebury's selection, "The Ramayana and the Mahabharata." Occasionally we come across a piece of actuality indeed, as when Captain Scott writes an introduction to Franklin's "Journey to the Polar Sea." There are books here that the present generation has forgotten, but will re-read with profit. Galt's "Annals of a Parish" is one of these, and Miss Martineau's "Feats on the Fjord" (a charming work) is another. Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" is here in six handy volumes. Plutarch's "Lives" in the form in which they are least known to the present generation—the famous "Dryden Plutarch"—are included. They were revised by Arthur Hugh Clough, who wrote a very fine introduction, here reprinted. The book was first published in 1864. For the practical reader this is a better book than North's "Plutarch," which has been many times reissued of late years. One other volume of history is Merivale's "Rome," an excellent and serviceable introduction to the same writer's "History of the Romans Under

the Empire," a book which Mr. Dent may well be persuaded to add to the series. Finally, that now established classic, Rawlinson's "Herodotus," originally published in four volumes in 1858, is here supplied in two.

Fiction we have in one of Ainsworth's novels, a pleasant demonstration that a favorite novelist of our boyhood was still vitality, and indeed "The Tower of London" is as much worth reading to-day as it was half a century ago. "Pendennis" is here, and "The Swiss Family Robinson," also Henry Kingsley's fine story, "Geoffrey Hamlyn." Altogether the fiction in these reprints makes one feel young again. These are precisely the books that as boys we devoured most eagerly. Many will welcome the two volumes of "Gil Blas," a book much more frequently praised than read. The lover of poetry will rejoice in so well printed an edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," and this in spite of Macaulay's famous comment that "few and weary are they who are in at the death of the blatant beast," a pleasing indication that even Macaulay's voracious appetite for reading stopped short at good poetry, for the "blatant beast" does not die. Mr. Saintsbury, on the other hand, has declared that the "Faerie Queene" is the one poem in our language that he wishes were longer.

In wandering pleasantly through these fifty treasures of literature, we ask ourselves whether the introductions are a help or a hindrance. We have no hesitation in praising the bibliographies, or, at least, some of them. Not all are thorough. A bibliography at the beginning of a book is essential, so also are a few biographical details. Opinions, on the other hand, we are inclined to deem little better than impertinence. There is an impertinence of praise as well as of blame. Criticism may be acceptable in a newspaper, and sound criticism in a volume of essays is most welcome. But what right has Smith or Jones to fix his opinions of Thackeray, or of Dickens, of Maria Edgeworth, or of Dumas, in front of a book by one of these authors: here we cannot escape him. Yet there are introductions that more than justify themselves. The half-dozen pages, for example, that Mr. A. R. Waller has added to Florio's "Montaigne" are a case in point. The note that Mr. Austin Dobson has added to the "Plays and Poems of Oliver Goldsmith" is entirely satisfactory, although this we have read before. In any case, with introductions or without introductions, fifty volumes of the best authors, many of them not too accessible hitherto, thus thrown broadcast among the English-speaking race—and not merely fifty volumes, but four hundred and fifty—write down their publisher as a benefactor of his race, and, we hope, a good business man as well.

AN UNORTHODOX STORY-TELLER.*

THE ban of the circulating libraries, with one exception, has, we are informed, now fallen on Gorky's last novel, "The Confession." Probably the title seemed suspicious and, on examination, passages must have proved as "doubtful" as many in the Confessions of St. Augustine. Probably the unexpurgated editions of the saint's masterpiece are now on the "reserved list," for it is clear that the Latin father and the Russian author should be expelled from the temple together. Both desire "joy in the truth," and both describe the inner struggle between a man's spiritual nature and the terrors and evils of life. It is true that predestination, man's fall and corruption, which St. Augustine preached with such zeal, are doctrines dismissed by Gorky with abhorrence, but both writers denounce worldly impurity with the directness that is regarded as pernicious in library circles.

"A Confession" is by no means artistically a success. Gorky's moral purpose is too overpowering for that, and, no doubt, his exile from Russia is drying up the living springs of his talent. But the book, which takes the shape of a direct attack on the Russian clergy, is of interest because this man of the people is seen searching in anguish of spirit for a new religion, a faith that may stand firm amid the crumbling ruins of supernatural dogma. The result is an inner ferment out of which the vague idea persistently emerges that "the spirit of the people, the immortal people,

* "Everyman's Library." Vols. 400 to 449. Dent. 1s. net each.

* "A Confession" By Maxim Gorky. Everett. 6s.

is the only parent of gods that have been and are yet to come." In time to be, a new ideal will be shaped for the whole world. "The actual god with whom your mind is occupied—a god of beauty, wisdom, justice, and love"—will be the human ideal deified, but no longer raised into the region of the supernatural. There is nothing specially original in this thought, but Gorky's intense faith in common humanity is sung as a Credo: "All that is on earth, all that lives in your mind, all that—has been created by the people; whereas the aristocrats have given only the final polish to the work."

Matve, the hero of "A Confession," is an illegitimate child, who is adopted "out of sheer boredom," by the kind sacristan, Hilarion, in the village of Sokol. Hilarion is an original person, who is not afraid to tell the peasants that the devil is an invention, and that the forces of evil are man's bestiality and stupidity. When the police inspector and the parish priest scheme together to extract money from the ignorant villagers, and a miraculous picture of "The Burning Thornbush" is found shining at the bottom of the well, and the peasants are urged to bring their offerings and build a chapel on the sacred spot, Hilarion betrays the imposture. The sacristan is, however, drowned soon after this, and Matve, who has earned a reputation for devoutness, and is called "the little saint," goes to live with Titov, the land-bailiff. Titov is an unjust steward, who uses his power by fleecing the peasants on the one hand, and by defrauding the great landowner, Lossev, on the other. Titov's idea is that sin—and his whole life is sin—may be compounded for by prayer. "Pray very fervently for me, and all my family, Matve," he says. "That will be my reward for having received you beneath my roof and cherished you." But when Matve falls in love with his daughter Olga, Titov insists that his future son-in-law must join with him in robbing the weak. "Whilst I was wading in the mire of sin," says Titov, "you were living an honest life, and would even like to continue living honestly—at the cost of my sinning. It is easy enough for an honest man to enter Paradise—if a sinner carries him there on his back. Far better that you should do the sinning." Matve succumbs to temptation, in order to gain Olga. Their marriage is a happy one, but Matve's soul is always uneasy. He sees sin triumphant everywhere. "The God of glory sits far, far away, enthroned in all His majesty and might, while men herd together in misery and need. Man's soul is blinded by the black misery of life. Where in them is the strength of the Father's love? Where, in short, is God, and where is the divine?" Olga dies in childbed, and Matve is distraught, and wanders away, cursing God. He can get no satisfaction from the priests, nothing to ease his aching misery. He goes to a learned arch-priest to confide his doubts about God's mercy, and the priest crushes him with his anger, tells him he is a lying heretic, and threatens him with the police. Matve escapes, and is sheltered by a humane girl, Tatiana, a Magdalen, who tells him that his thoughts about God are "much too bold," and that he must go and consult holy Mother Fevronia the anchorite. Matve decides, after pondering, that the best thing he can do is to enter a Sabbatine monastery, where in study and meditation he may find inner peace. But the life led by the monks is even more ugly than that of the peasants. Hatred and malice, and the lusts of the flesh trouble the souls of the austere, while others, like Father Antonius, the aristocrat who has retired from the world, use their money to procure vicious pleasures in secret. Cards, women, and wine are not strange to the monastery. In drawing this picture of monkish hypocrisy, Gorky does not seem to be writing from observation but from hearsay. The whole effect is lopsided, and there is little to differentiate it from the class of medieval satires on the life monastic. In disgust with his surroundings, Matve breaks his vows and turns pilgrim, attaching himself to those bands of poor wanderers who traverse Russia, aimlessly passing from shrine to shrine, begging their bread as they go. But there is no living truth in their life. "They collect the discourses of pious monks, the prophecies of hermits and anchorites, and then distribute them among themselves, just as children do the fragments of a broken vessel. Finally I saw no men, only the ruins of a wasted life, dirty human dust, which floats over the earth, and is whirled by all the winds to the steps of churches." What strikes Matve most

of all is that man does not seek God, but only oblivion of his individual grief. His is "the vain anxiety to get rid of his wretchedness, so he tries to avoid action of any kind, dreads to take his part in life, and seeks only a quiet corner wherein to hide himself." Everywhere Matve finds people embittered by suffering, believing only in evil, thinking and rejoicing in evil desperately. In their misery they have no pity for others' sorrow; they lie down before the strong, but they are wolves where the weak are concerned. And "there is no God for the poor . . . no." "He who is replete seeks only to justify the fact that his belly is full while all around him are starving." In despair with this "narrow, bitter, cruel, everyday life," in which even the seemingly benevolent look for their gain in a future life, saying in their prayers, "Don't forget, O God, how much I have paid you!" Matve tries fresh experiences. He becomes a town workman, but factory life seems a stupid and narrow sort of existence. "Everybody was chained to a task and moved all his life long in the same groove, like a dog on a chain." He recalls that he has felt most happiness when he has been alone, at night, resting on the earth under the stars. "You feel intensely the richness of life, and earth herself becomes alive beneath your feet, and seems so full of sap, so familiar and home like."

Although "A Confession" doubtless suffers from the translation being made from the German and not from the Russian edition, it is perfectly clear that Gorky's artistic sense, never very strong, is fast perishing, in proportion as his ethical and social propaganda waxes powerful. His style is cloudy, his picture vague, his characters have no individuality, and the development of his narrative is absolutely artless. His aim is now to propagate ideas, not to depict life. The communistic ideal that is so deeply implanted in the Russian soul is, perhaps, sapping the audacious individualism that originally marked him out as a new force in Russian thought. Perhaps Gorky has done his work. But whether or no, he at least has not compounded with the enemy. His voice is still uplifted in defence of the right to happiness of the poor and the weak.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"THE knowledge that the House of Lords can at any time force a dissolution by throwing out the financial proposals of the Government would be, of itself, sufficient to make it necessary so to compose a Ministry that it can command the support of that House." This sentence of the Lord Chancellor's in the introduction to Professor J. H. Morgan's little book, "The Lords and the Constitution" (Methuen, 1s.), well serves to mark the organic connection between the narrower financial issue between Lords and Commons, and that larger issue which is now absorbing public attention. Professor Morgan's chapters, most of which appeared originally as articles in the "Westminster Gazette," constitute the most acute and accurate indictment of the constitutional action of the Lords in rejecting the Finance Bill that has appeared. In clear and precise terms the writer describes the position and powers of the Lords in our Constitution, and makes evident from history and accepted authorities the place occupied by usage and convention in the exercise of "legal" powers, so enforcing the exact nature of the breach of the Constitution committed last November. Constitutionally this action was a revolution, undermining suddenly the slowly built edifice of financial control by the Commons. Politically it was a revolution, in that it implied in the future the destruction of the balance of the party system in our scheme of representative government, by depriving one of the great parties of that power of the purse which is essential to their efficiency as a legislative and administrative organ. The willingness of prominent statesmen, and in a few instances jurists, to repudiate all obligations to obey conventions is an amazing revelation of the reckless opportunism to which the party of Conservatism is willing to resort in the defence of "interests" which they deem to be assailed. "Oral tradition, precedent, usage, and a consensus of authoritative opinion in the text-books," all the pillars of authority

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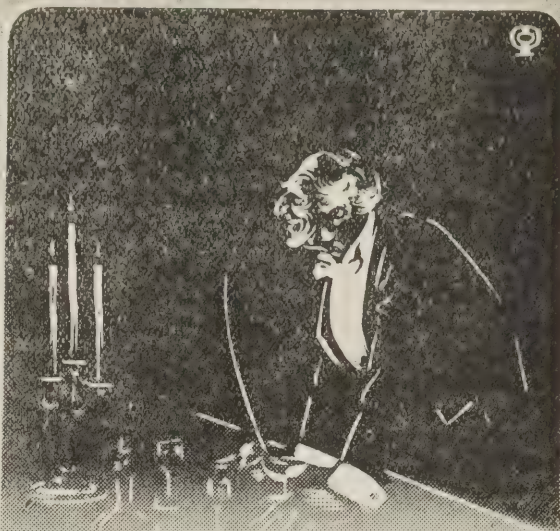
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* * *

MR. PERCY ALLEN'S "Impressions of Provence" (Griffiths, 12s. 6d. net) is a gossip and agreeable book of travel which not only deals with Provence, but also takes the reader to Carcassonne and other places that lie outside the boundaries of the true Provence. He begins by a visit to Orange and thenceforward wanders through the district of his choice, following no definite plan, and only describing what arouses his own personal interest, sometimes turning aside to visit an outlying town or village, and sometimes pausing to narrate an old legend. He gives an account of an interview with Mistral and tells us something—though we should have liked more—of the doings of the *félibres*, describes Tarascon, where Daudet is not yet forgiven for his "Tartarin," and becomes enthusiastic about Les Martigues, "the Venice of the South." Arles, famous for the beauty of its women, and the bloodlessness of its bull fights, comes in for a large share of Mr. Allen's attention, but a different story has to be told of Nîmes, where, though the women are also beautiful, the bull fights are exhibitions of wanton and sickening cruelty. Mr. Allen seems to have written his book solely to please himself, with the result that he will also please the great majority of his readers. The very name of Provence calls up light-heartedness, and Mr. Allen writes of it in a corresponding spirit.

* * *

"HINTS FOR LOVERS," by Mr. Arnold Haultain (Constable, 4s. 6d. net), is a series of epigrams strung together by connecting conjunctions and adverbs, which rather take away from their effect. The epigram, as most who have tried it will agree, is not an easy form of writing—or reading. Mr. Haultain, however, maintains a fair average. We add a few of his efforts: "A woman's emotions are as practical as a man's reason." "A girl thinks she detects flippancy in seriousness. A woman thinks she detects seriousness in flippancy." "It is only the man who thinks he is too venturesome." "Ideal matrimony is founded on a mono-metallic basis: no amount of silver will be accepted for gold." "Matchmaking is one of the most fascinating of feminine avocations." "If the sexes were to change places more marriage licences would be taken out."

* * *

MR. J. H. RITSON, in his "Abroad for the Bible Society" (Robert Cullery, 3s. 6d. net), apologises for its shortcomings profusely enough to disarm the most captious of critics. The book is the record of a seven months' tour in China and Japan, Korea, Manchuria, and Siberia, and like most works of its class, it deals rather superficially with a great many phases of life in these countries, and thoroughly with none. The pious ejaculations, which seem to have been implanted in evangelical literature since the days of George Borrow, are not wanting; and we deprecate, not merely the seeming ignorance of, but also the attitude of mild pleasantries adopted towards, the great non-Christian religions that still exert some influence in the Far East. Otherwise, the narrative is readable enough, and we get valuable glimpses of travel conditions in Siberia and elsewhere, not to mention a deal of information regarding the missionaries and native colporteurs who assist in the distribution of the Bible Society's publications. An unusually liberal supply of photographic illustrations adds to the attractions of the volume.

* * *

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been made with judgment, though we are surprised in the latter volume at seeing Byron represented by a single lyric. The little books are attractive in form, slip easily into the pocket, and have the further advantage of being printed in excellent type.

The Week in the City.

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THE decision of the Directors of the Bank of England to raise their rate was not a surprise, but the jump from 3 to 4 per cent. was a big step, and its consequences may be considerable. New York especially will dislike the change, for Wall Street just now is nervous and despondent. The American market is suffering from various causes. First of all there are the labor disputes, due to discontent at the rising cost of all the comforts and necessities of life. The strikes and lockouts in Philadelphia and in the cotton and thread mills of Massachusetts and Rhode Island have been disquieting. But the threat of a general railway strike on the lines west of Chicago is still more alarming. Then again the probability of a tariff war between the United States and Canada has upset the Markets. For such a war the Aldrich-Paine Tariff would be held responsible, and rightly so; and this may easily bring about a heavy defeat of the Republican Party. Stock markets which are bolstered up by the Trust magnates cannot contemplate such a prospect with equanimity. Altogether the outlook for both American and Canadian securities is decidedly cloudy. Meanwhile the boom in rubber and rubber shares has continued unabated, and the last Stock Exchange account is one of the heaviest on record. The quantity of transactions has been seldom equalled, and experts go back to the Kaffir boom of 15 or 16 years ago for a parallel. The bankers' clearing house made a record last Wednesday, and the trade with India is also remarkably heavy.

MONEY AND THE BUDGET.

The stringency of the money market may be partly due to the suspension of the Budget. For if the Income-tax had been collected in the usual way there would not have been such low market rates in the last few weeks. Cheap money has led to gold exports, and these again in their turn have tightened up the market and produced the 4 per cent. rate. It is generally expected that this rate will bring gold from Europe and also—unless the financiers prevent it—from the United States. As for the Budget, the City would like to see the ordinary Income-tax collected. But the super tax is very unpopular with those who would have to pay it.

NEW YORK BONDS.

The issue last week of New York City 4¹/₄ per cent. gold bonds at par, irredeemable until 1930, provides an attractive investment, as they are either in coupon or registered form. The London issuing house is Messrs. Seligman Bros. Until the latter part of 1907 New York paid less than 4 per cent. for capital, but in September of that year 4¹/₂s brought only a fraction above par. The last offering, in December, 1909, was disposed of on an income basis of 3·98 per cent., but since then the quotation has fallen appreciably below the issue price of 100 1-3. The retrenchments enforced by the new administration may re-establish confidence in New York City's obligations. For many years the City did not receive an adequate *quid pro quo* for each dollar spent, but this is being changed. Economies have already been effected more than sufficient to pay the interest on \$50,000,000 at 4¹/₄ per cent.—\$2,125,000. Nevertheless, for the moment at any rate, the supply of New York bonds exceeds the demand. Hence what seems a favorable opportunity. The security is at least as good as that of Copenhagen, which is borrowing at 4 per cent. On the other hand the issues of American railroad and industrial bonds, as well as the short term obligations financed on this side, have been so heavy that any immediate recovery of this market is extremely improbable.

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Diary of the Week.

THE Asquith Resolutions have been produced, and, as a result, the Liberal sky, as Sir Charles Dilke said to a Parliamentary interviewer, is now "as blue as blue can be." The Resolutions are entitled "Relations between the two Houses and the duration of Parliaments." They are three in number, and deal exclusively with the Veto, leaving the reconstruction of the Lords to a later day. The first resolution proposes to disable the House of Lords "by law" from "rejecting or amending" Money Bills, and leaves the Speaker the power of defining in each case what a Money Bill means. In other words, he will decide that if the Bill covers the following matters, it cannot be touched by the Lords:—

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* * *

THE second resolution proposes that if a Bill has passed the Commons in three successive sessions, and has three times been rejected by the Lords, it "shall become law without the consent of the House of Lords on the Royal assent being declared." An interval of two years must elapse between the introduction of the Bill and its final passage, and under the resolution the Lords can only propose amendments accepted by the House of Commons, all others being considered as

equivalent to rejection. Finally, the third resolution limits the duration of Parliament to five years—a change foreshadowed in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech in 1907.

* * *

THE Asquith plan follows that of Campbell-Bannerman, and is, on the whole, simpler and stronger. It differs from its predecessor in two main particulars. The machinery of conferences between the two Houses, following on each rejection by the House of Lords, is done away with, and instead of enacting that the decision of the Commons must prevail within the limits of a single Parliament, the Government proposes that it shall prevail within the limit of two years. In other words, the old idea of carrying on Bills from one Parliament to another is revived, with excellent effect. This gets rid of the most serious objection to the Campbell-Bannerman plan—namely, that it left barren the two last years of a Liberal Parliament. The reports from the country show that the Resolutions have greatly cleared and strengthened the situation with the Irish and with the Labor Party, as well as with the Liberal forces.

* * *

THE two Houses of Parliament have been engaged in a general bout of electioneering. The Government is building "Dreadnoughts" for the purpose of sinking, not so much German vessels, as Tory "scare-ships." Irishmen criticise the Government's tactics on the Budget with one eye on Mr. Lloyd George and the other on Mr. O'Brien. Finally, the House of Lords, the latest comer in this window-dressing competition, has outpaced all its rivals. The proceedings should be carefully followed in the reports. A Tory revolt developed against the third Rosebery resolution, declaring that the possession of a peerage should not of itself give the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords. This merely affirmed the old distinction between a Peer and a Lord of Parliament, and, in fact, meant nothing. Lord Rosebery stated that he had neither a "definite Bill" nor a "definite plan" behind his resolutions; and Lord Lansdowne admitted that a peer could vote for the third motion "with the full intention of afterwards proposing that this House should consist entirely of hereditary peers." The Lord Chancellor added "that it was compatible with these resolutions that this Chamber should be composed either of all hereditary peers, all nominated peers, or elected peers, or any possible combination between these three."

* * *

THUS encouraged, and justified, it appears, by private assurances dropped by the friends of the Rosebery motion into the ears of the backwoodsmen, the Lords proceeded to pass the Resolution by a majority of 175 to 17, the Government half-contemptuously adding their votes to those of the Unionist peers, while those indomitable Nestors, Lord Halsbury and Lord Wemyss, told for the minority. The former led a caustic attack on the Rosebery policy, or half-policy. Had not Lord Rosebery said that the House of Lords was the only public place where truth was freely spoken, and yet he now wished to discredit it? Was he still working for Home Rule, as when, in 1894, he "appealed to his

Ironsides"? "My lords," he concluded, "this is not a debate on reform; it is an electioneering debate."

* * *

THE peers received Lord Halsbury's speech with acclamation, in contrast with the stony silence amid which the Rosebery "tactics" were developed. The backwoodsmen were still more vocal. Lord Bathurst thought that the motion "originated with the Socialists," and asked the Lords to beware lest their children of the third and fourth generation should "rend" them or their phantoms. Lord Rosebery could only bow to the storm, after deprecating the use by Lord Killalín of such ill-omened words as "vested interests," which the electors might hear, and the Resolutions passed the Committee on the understanding that, as the Lord Chancellor said, no one was committed to them. After Easter there are to be more resolutions, but no plan.

* * *

THE Prime Minister spoke at Oxford on Friday week, declaring the problem of urgency for Liberals to be the limitation of the Lords' Veto, which "must go"—a sentence which provoked the great demonstration of the meeting. There was no question of Single-Chamber rule, for the Government believed in the bi-cameral system, but when they dealt finally with the House, they could accept no coat of democratic whitewash, but must rebuild the structure from the bottom. He insisted that the Government had a mandate to pass the Budget, and must fulfil it, but there should be conciliation and mutual understanding between sections of the Progressive forces.

* * *

THIS line—that the Veto was the dominant issue, but that the Government were bound to pass the Budget—was also taken by Mr. Churchill, speaking on Saturday at Manchester. The Rosebery policy meant the destruction of the power of the Crown to create peers, and thus broke down the last resource of Crown and people against the oligarchy. The Government, on the other hand, stood for the supremacy of the House of Commons, and that could only be reached through the abolition of the Veto. As for reform of the Lords, Liberals would only tolerate it on the lines that a renewed House should be democratic, politically fair, and subordinate to the Commons. As for the Budget it was an essential part of the Government's quarrel with the Lords. The Irish cry of "No Veto, no Budget," was without terrors for the peers; indeed, it was exactly what they wanted, for they loathed the Budget and abominated the idea of curtailing the Veto. For these reasons, and because the Budget was the foundation of their social policy, the Government must go forward with it whether they were shot down or no.—Mr. Haldane, speaking the same night to the Eighty Club, rehearsed the case for reform, but said significantly that there were occasions when the "ancient and reserved position of the Sovereign" had to emerge from the "sea of constitutional restrictions which obscured it."

* * *

MEANWHILE, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who wants his father's quickness and Mr. Balfour's adroitness, has given away the Opposition's charge that the Government, and not the Lords, have "engineered chaos." His speech on Monday, said the Chancellor, ought to have been delivered in support of the Government's plan to end the financial interference of the Lords. They had produced chaos for months; while, even on the Opposition's showing, the Government were only responsible for it for weeks. But even if they were wrong, would the Opposition end the trouble? Did they not hope to bring

the Government to grief on the Budget? "Hear, hear!" replied the incautious Mr. Chamberlain. It is clear, therefore, that if the Opposition can kill the Budget, they will do it, with the result that there will be more confusion, "engineered" or not.

* * *

The Free Trade campaign has properly been opened afresh, though on new lines of organisation. The Unionist Free Trade Club has been dissolved, at the instance of Lord Cromer, on the ground that its members were no longer united as to the relative importance of Free Trade and other issues. Its place is, therefore, to be taken by a new body, calling itself the Constitutional Free Trade Association, and governed by gentlemen who are more concerned to defend property than Free Trade. On the other hand, some of the ablest of the Free Trade Unionists, including Lord James, Sir Frederick Pollock, and Mr. Arthur Elliot, have declined to put Free Trade in the background, and decided to join the Free Trade Union. The united body held a great demonstration in the Queen's Hall on Tuesday, under the chairmanship of Lord James, who said that those who preached Protection did not realise to-day what it had meant in the life of the English laboring poor. Sir Edward Grey made a skilful defence of the Free Trade position, the main points of which were that a tariff could never effectually distinguish between raw materials and manufactured goods, that it would introduce an element of "wrangling and bargaining" into future Colonial Conferences, and that even if it began on some pseudo-scientific plan, it would end in a scramble between constituencies to get "a slice from the tariff pie."

* * *

THE "Municipal Reformers" having failed to induce the Progressives to run London "by agreement," have proceeded to pack the Council with Moderate Aldermen, consisting partly of rejected candidates and partly of representative Conservatives of both sexes, including Lady St. Heliers. Two so-called neutral Aldermen were allowed the Progressives, but one of them was Mr. Harold Cox, the apostle of the administrative Nihilism which now rules the London County Council. The majority then gave themselves sweeping majorities on the Committees. To the Highways Committee, for example, only six Progressives were allotted, though this body owes most to the experience of the earlier Progressive members and their successors on this Council. These proceedings are in marked contrast with the moderate use made by the Progressives in 1905 of an electoral situation almost parallel to that of March 5th. In spite of these precautions the majority were beaten, after an all-night sitting, on a proposal to pay two women folders and sewers at the rate of 4d. an hour.

* * *

THE revolt of the "insurgent" Republicans against the old gang of party "bosses" culminated on Saturday in the signal defeat of the Speaker, "Joe" Cannon. This clever, virile, but defiantly Philistine personage, whose backwoods manners (he often presides in his shirt sleeves, and is currently known as "foul-mouthed Joe") endear him to the average Congressman, has for nearly a generation incarnated the machine politics of the Republican Party, its stolid resistance to every species of reform, and its business alliance with most of the interests and all the Trusts. A combination of the Insurgents with the Democrats carried a Bill by a majority of 191 to 155 by which the Rules Committee of the House is enlarged, and Mr. Speaker Cannon excluded from it. The American Speaker is in practice rather

the Leader than the Chairman of the House, and the Rules Committee which he used to nominate and control, in so far as it drafts and prepares legislation, has many of the functions of a Cabinet. The party machine is for the moment smashed. The debates, which lasted two days, were highly emotional, not to say hysterical. In the end the personal feelings of Mr. Cannon were salved. The Democrats proposed to depose him from the Speakership, but to this the "Insurgents" would not consent. The old man survives to enjoy his popularity, but his power is gone.

* * *

THE last word has not yet been said in the tariff controversy between Canada and the United States. On Sunday, Mr. Fielding rather unexpectedly met Mr. Taft at Albany, and suggestions of compromise are, naturally, in circulation. The new basis of negotiation is believed to be that the States allow to Canada the minimum scale of the Payne tariff, that Canada makes concessions on a number of American articles, notably iron and steel goods, and a "united reciprocity agreement" shall follow. It is doubtful what the result will be. Canada is clearly in the stronger position. Public opinion there seems to be firm in resisting any concessions whatever. On the other hand, the American industries, which would be ruined by the exclusion of Canadian raw material, notably lumber, are clamorous against the application of the extreme clauses of the Payne tariff. The victory of the "insurgents" in the House of Representatives has made it less than ever likely that any rash use will be made of the unpopular Payne tariff.

* * *

THE so-called "agreement" between Austria and Russia, about which so much noise was made some weeks ago, has at last been given to the world. It amounts, as we predicted, only to this—that the diplomats of the two countries, who had for many months dispensed with all verbal intercourse, and confined themselves to written communications, will now consent to meet each other face to face. The political significance of such an "agreement" is rather less than nothing. There are, of course, in the published semi-official statements the usual phrases about the *status quo* in the Balkans. Meanwhile, King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, having concluded his stay in Russia, is being entertained at Constantinople—the first royal visitor to the new régime. King Peter of Serbia has followed his neighbor in a visit to the Russian Court, which will also be completed by a journey to Constantinople. These movements are intended to suggest, if not to prepare, the formation of a Balkan Federation, with Turkey as its leading partner and Russia as its patron. We are sceptical, but it is worth noting that the "Tanin," the official Young Turkish organ, writes with notable cordiality both of Bulgaria and of Russia, whose clever new Ambassador, M. Tcharikoff, seems to have made a conquest of the Young Turks—as he formerly did of the Servian regicides.

* * *

THE utter disgust of the Duma at its own impotence betrays itself in violent and disorderly scenes, in which the Reactionaries take the lead in provoking the Left. M. Homiakoff, the President, has resigned in despair, and has been succeeded by M. Gutchkoff, the Octobrist leader. M. Homiakoff, in a published statement, reveals the utter hopelessness of the present position. The Duma can do nothing, and might as well not exist. Its

late Speaker, himself the most moderate of the Octobrists, blames "the attitude of certain ministers, the general policy of the Government, and the legislative boycott of the Upper House," also the studied absence of the Premier from the sittings of the Duma. The antics of the Reactionaries, who seek to discredit the Duma by creating "scenes," are carried out, the ex-Speaker ventures to say, "under stimulus from high quarters." In plain words, the Black Hundreds are the Royalist party, and in the Duma, as outside it, they are acting for the Tsar. The "Times" correspondent, who says that in the personality of M. Gutchkoff lies "the only hope of saving the Duma," seems to think something in his tastes and his interests may appeal to the good nature of the Tsar. By such thin threads hangs the Russian Constitution.

* * *

THERE is apparently no end to the humiliations which the Military League is determined to heap on civilian government in Greece. It has now demanded a "purgation" of the army, which means the dismissal of all officers who do not think with it, and also an alteration of the electoral law in the sense of smaller electoral districts. It is not many weeks since it demanded larger electoral areas at the point of an ultimatum. Both demands are being satisfied. Meanwhile the consequences of the demand which it put forward the other day, in a transient moment of altruism, for instantaneous agrarian reform in Thessaly, are in bloody fruit. The peasants failing to receive the instant reforms which the officers demanded, have begun to riot, and many lives have been lost—for the army is apparently quite as ready to shoot the peasants down as it is to coerce the Cabinet. Thessaly certainly needs agrarian reform. Unluckily, Greece has no money to finance a scheme of land purchase, and if she had, Turkey would refuse to allow her to expropriate the numerous Moslem landowners, whose rights are defined by treaty.

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WE are glad to see the record of the results of the scheme of afforestation set up jointly by the Local Government Board and the Leeds Corporation in the Washburn Valley. The scheme has been developing since 1905, fed by grants from Mr. Burns's Department. Within that period it has planted 638 acres with 2,523,000 trees, at a cost of £9,643, and has paid in wages £5,678 17s. 2d. The weekly average of men employed has been small, but the totals are considerable. On the whole, the work seems to have been economically done, and to have shown good moral results. It certainly offers an excellent working model for further experiments under the Development Act.

* * *

OXFORD has won the Boat Race by $3\frac{1}{2}$ lengths, having rowed the course in 20 minutes 14 seconds. Her crew led continuously from Harrod's, and at Barnes Bridge, where few races are left undecided, were two lengths ahead. There was little of a race after the first mile and a-half. The winners were one of the most powerful and quite the heaviest crew that ever rowed at Putney, but their earlier crudeness and faults of style made some critics doubtful whether Cambridge might not just row them down. These doubts vanished before the day of the race. Oxford retained the length and strength of their stroke, the firm and steady appearance of which was verified in the trials with scratch crews, while Cambridge still rowed short, and showed weakness at the finish of the stroke.

Politics and Affairs.

TO RESTORE THE CONSTITUTION.

THE Liberal Party will be content to see that, in the terse and workmanlike resolutions now before the country, the Government adhere in the main to the line of attack on the House of Lords marked out for them, after careful consideration of the alternatives, by the Cabinet of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Common sense and the instinct of the people then and now have approved this tactic, and its acceptance by a majority of about one hundred members of this Parliament will attest its wisdom as practical politics. The scheme now proposed for the re-establishment of representative government in this country differs in four respects from the resolution of June, 1907. When that motion was proposed, the Lords had only violated the general spirit of the Constitution. Last November they broke through the foundation of its law and custom. Therefore all power of dealing with Money Bills has to be formally reserved to the Commons, and the Speaker is made the judge of where the province of finance begins and ends. On their side the Lords are still protected by their resolution against tacking, but now that the old, "flexible" British Constitution is, thanks to the peers, to stiffen into written forms, the powers of the Upper House will be under an Act of Parliament, and they will have to yield obedience to it. The second change is less important. The machinery of conferences between the two Houses is done away with, and the Lords are given a choice of taking or leaving a measure sent up to them by the House of Commons for a period of two years, after which it becomes law over their heads. The idea of conferences was never popular, and that of a third conference was plainly superfluous. It pre-supposed an equality between the two Houses, which could never be admitted in the case of finance, and the habit of conferences might well have crystallised into a right. This, in its turn, would have conferred the joint voting power existing under some Colonial Constitutions. A small and strictly limited House might conceivably come into some such method of conciliation with the Commons. It would never be conceded to the present House, in face of its claim to root up the representative system from its base. The third change from the form of the Campbell-Bannerman resolution represents a distinct improvement. The earlier scheme confined the power of limiting the Veto of the Lords to the work of a single Parliament. Within the two years preceding a Dissolution of Parliament, measures resisted by the Lords would have to fall still-born. Under the Asquith resolutions the two years' interval between the proposal and the passage of a disputed Bill is retained, but if the country approve the measure, its re-introduction in the New Parliament is certain, and a two years' suspension cannot be enforced against it. To secure a more frequent reference to the will of the people, which is a clear consequence of the restriction of the will of the Lords, the duration of Parliament is to be limited to five years.

What, therefore, is the real body and purpose of the governing system which the resolutions set up? They do not directly touch a Tory House of Commons, save so far as, by strengthening and assuring the counter-stroke of democracy, they tend to make extreme reaction dangerous. For a democratic House of Commons, on the other hand, they do provide a modest run of freedom. Out of a life of five years it will possess just three of full vigor. After that it will pass into a period of minor activity, coupled with a preparation for a renewed lease of fairly unfettered life, and a prospect of handing on to its successors the second harvest of its labors. During the whole of this period, it will be subject to the moral restraint of the Lords, and to its critical assault; that is to say, to the only kind of modifying force compatible with democracy. It will also have to meet the rebuff, and, to some extent, the discredit, of losing a valuable measure for two years, and must reckon on a formidable argument being set up in the country against it. This interval cannot be cut down, as we thought it could be cut down by means of the Campbell-Bannerman resolution, through the device of re-passing rejected Bills in an autumn session. The Lords, therefore, retain the two powers of revision and delay which the Victorian constitutionalists assigned to them as representing their rights in the State, and they gain an earlier and more certain reference to the electors than the present Constitution contemplates. At a not distant date, this state of things may merge into triennial Parliaments. The resolutions therefore imply a certain give-and-take between the two Houses. The House of Commons retains its predominance, but only on condition of accepting a frequent recurrence to the source of its authority. In practice, the pressure which will drive it to the people will come from the House of Lords. These are large concessions, which take us far from Single-Chamber government, and give British democracy only moderate and deliberate powers of advance. If the House of Lords refuse such a Constitution, they will not get such an offer again; and their refusal to treat will stamp them as "out" for a Revolution, based on the subversive act of last November.

Refuse they will; for while they play their electioneering comedy, with the idea that, like children who act, their parts are taken for real, their one substantial proposal is to slip out of the hands of the Crown, to give their body a fixed status and legally assigned numbers, enabling them to claim complete equality with the Commons. If, therefore, the Ministry were really proposing a Single-Chamber system, it could say with perfect truth that it was setting up government by the people, while the Lords proposed to organise government against them. But, in fact, the Ministerial resolutions are Conservatism itself compared with the Rosebery Report. What means have the Government of enforcing them? That of a House of Commons newly arisen from the "Will to Power" of the nation. Who presents that will? The acting Minister. Who executes it? The Crown. "The will of the Crown," says Lord Courtney in "The Working Constitution of the United Kingdom," "is now the will of the Minister, and the Minister is a person possessing the confidence of the House of Commons, which represents the

will of the nation. If on rare occasions of transcendent importance the Crown sets aside the will of the Minister, the step is defensible only on the assumption that the Minister no longer represents the national will, and it cannot be taken unless another Minister is found ready to accept the responsibility of a different advice." Who disputes this dictum? It is little more than a summary of older authorities. And yet it lays down the proposition that on occasions of "transcendent importance," like this occasion, the King is bound by the advice of his Ministers, and can only reject it when he thinks that the country is not behind them. But what evidence hostile to the Resolutions could the King possibly collect when he knows, first, that they represent a majority of one hundred or more in the Commons and of some hundreds of thousands in the country, and, secondly, that the Parliament was elected precisely on this issue a few weeks ago? Never was a question put more clearly and authoritatively than that on which the Resolutions are based. And what alternative counsels could Mr. Balfour give? He could not face the House of Commons. He would be thrown out the moment he appealed to it. He could only ask for leave to put the same question to the constituents twice over. Even this stage could not be reached if Lord Courtney correctly interprets his Dicey and Bagehot, for a recent election sets the great central wheel of our governing system going at its top speed, and with its utmost power of grinding corn to make the people's bread.

Here, then, is the true British Constitution which the Resolutions exhibit and enforce, in contrast with the sham Constitution which Revolution-mongers in the Lords are dressing up for the elections. It is most necessary that the whole body of anti-Vetoists in the Commons should support them, whatever be their views of the ultimate form of Parliamentary government in this country; for if they fail, even by a single vote, the presentation to the King and the Lords loses so much authority. The Government is now square with its pledges, as to the form of the attack on the Lords; but the tremendous battle for the full recovery of representative rights is before us, and it should be fought with equal discipline and ardor by each division of the Progressive army.

THE CONSEQUENCE OF THE ASQUITH RESOLUTIONS.

THE first step to clearing the issue has been gained by the presentment of the Asquith resolutions. But stages no less critical are yet to come, and if the fight is to go forward on a clear field, disentangled from all irrelevant controversy, very careful consideration will have to be given to ways and means. It may be assumed that in one form or other the Asquith resolutions will have to be enforced by the judgment of the people. Whether this need necessarily involve a second General Election is not so clear. There is an alternative of which we will speak in a moment. But let us observe first that, an election being a possible contingency, it is above all things neces-

sary that the issue should be unmistakably the Veto and nothing else. It would be the gravest mistake to entangle the question of the Veto with that of the Budget, while, if the Government should be defeated on the Budget or on the preliminary motions necessary to the passage of the Budget, the result could only be the direst confusion. We are not quite sure that either the Government or the Irish Party have given fully adequate consideration to this point. Mr. Redmond is conscious that he has on one or two notable occasions spoken the mind of the British Liberals in this Parliament more fully than their own leaders have done. But he naturally does not envisage the electoral position in Great Britain with their eyes. Their fate, of course, is not his concern, but what is very much his concern is that the Government should be able to put the question of the Veto to the country. This it will not be able to do if it is beaten on the Budget. If it is forced to appeal to the electors by the refusal of the House of Lords to entertain the Veto resolutions or to pass the Veto Bill, then the case will be perfectly clear. The question of the Veto comes to the front of itself. But while the controversy is pending, while the Lords are debating the resolutions on the Bill, the country will expect the Government to proceed with the financial provision for the year. If they fail to do so, they will lose credit. If they are beaten in the attempt to do so, a new issue arises, and the issue of the Veto will fall into the second place. We do not say or think that the Budget need pass through all its stages before the Veto question comes to a head; but we see clearly that if the Government encounter defeat on the preliminaries, the controversy will be closed. A new issue will arise, and the Veto will slumber and sleep. We may, therefore, fairly demand, both of the Government and of the Irish, so much of give and take as will avoid a breach on the question of the Budget, and thus remove the Veto from practical politics.

To carry the Veto Bill against the forces arrayed against it requires, we have admitted, the authority of popular ratification. Does this necessitate a General Election? We think not. The object of the election would be to obtain a direct popular vote on a specific issue. It is a unique issue. It is an issue between the two Houses of Parliament, such as has not arisen since 1832. The Peers have repeatedly appealed to the opinion of the people, for whom they claim to be trustees. Why, in this single and supreme instance, should not the people decide, not by electing a new House of Commons, but by giving a vote, aye or no, upon the Veto Limitation Bill? Such a course, it may be said, is unprecedented, but so is the entire political situation. It was not the House of Commons that began this revolution. It was the House of Lords. That body has put the Government and the House of Commons in an impossible position, and its adherents cannot complain if novel methods are brought into use to deal with the situation. But, it will be said, the practice will become a precedent. The authority of Parliament will be sapped by subjection to the arbitrament of a popular vote, and the Referendum will become a recognised part of our institutions. There is not the smallest reason

to suppose any consequence of the kind. An appeal to the people is suggested in this instance, not in the least as something permanently necessary to the working of the Constitution, but as something which will set the old Constitution—resting on the predominance of the House of Commons—on its feet again. That Constitution the Lords overthrew, first by the repeated destruction of Liberal Bills, and finally by the rejection of the Budget. The object of the Veto Bill is to restore the supremacy of the House of Commons, not to override it, to re-establish representation, but not to supersede it. The proposal of an appeal to the people is accordingly being supported by many who are resolutely opposed to anything like a provision for a popular appeal as a part of the regular working machinery of the Constitution. It is put forward, not as a normal constitutional instrument, but as a means of dealing with the present extra-constitutional situation.

If the proposal for direct appeal to the people is dismissed, which we trust will not happen, only one thing remains to be said. If there is to be a General Election the issue this time must be clearly understood. The voter in January believed that in casting his vote for the Government he was helping to bring into existence a Veto Bill, which would be carried through into law by recourse, if necessary, to the creation of peers. At the coming election, if it is to come, he must not merely believe this, he must know it. To go to the country with a vague repetition of the Albert Hall speech would be to meet with stony apathy and indifference on the part of the mass of Liberal electors. Why, they will ask, should they repeat in May the vote they gave in January? What is the difference between the months? Why is a May vote to effect what a January vote failed to achieve? What is the sense of putting the same question to them twice? The Government must not put the same question. They must be in a position to say that they have advised his Majesty that the settlement of the relationship between the two Houses can no longer be postponed; that no Liberal Ministry can take office or continue in office without the means of settling it in their hands; that this means must involve a wholesale creation of peers; that they may have to advise his Majesty that such a creation will be necessary, and that, if such a creation is not made without a second appeal to the country, it is the point on which they would of necessity seek the authority of the electors. If this can be plainly and unmistakably set out before the people, they will, we believe, understand the situation and give the Government the authority which it desires. If it is not made perfectly plain, they will merely resent the turmoil and confusion of a second election of which they will be convinced no good result can come. They will abstain from active interest, and the authority of the Lords will be established, not because the country desires it, but because it despairs of being resolutely led to the final assault. This must not be. The best and safest course is a direct appeal to the verdict of the people on the issue of the Veto, separated from all the entangling controversies of an election. This failing, the single possible alternative is an unambiguous pledge to carry

the Veto Bill into law by the method appointed by the Constitution of overcoming the resistance of the Lords.

THE WINDOW-DRESSING OF THE LORDS.

It is a characteristic feat of self-deception that the general tenor of the House of Lords debate should convey the impression that its participants are urged by a genuine and purely spontaneous zeal for reform which happens to approach the plane of actuality just when an utterly unjustifiable assault upon their privileges is threatened. The prominent part taken by such men as Lords Rosebery, Curzon, and Newton, who can point to a past record of reform proposals, serves to give a thin veneer of speciousness to the deception. But it must not be supposed that this feint of voluntary action is designed merely to save their face and to furnish electioneering fodder to the Tory Party for the next appeal to the country. A careless reading of the debates on Lord Rosebery's resolutions might lead to the conclusion that after such a revelation of divergent feelings and notions nothing would be done. But though, doubtless, Lord Halsbury's "stand fast" attitude was inwardly admired by many of his hearers, there was no disposition to adopt it. Why? If Lord Rosebery had brought forward his proposals a year ago, there would have been a strong party of the Lords in favor of rejection or indefinite postponement. But since that time something has happened. The Lords themselves are conscious of sin, though refusing to confess. They know they have committed an outrage upon the Constitution. Not half a dozen would have the effrontery to adopt the amazing plea of Lord Halsbury that "The 25th of Edward I. still stood upon the Statute Book, and was the justification of what the Lords had done." No; amid all the pretence of brazening it out, there is the feeling that they have yielded to a temptation, and that after the fall they must find a fig-leaf to cover their shame.

It must not be forgotten that their evident concern is to defend, not last year's House of Lords, but this year's. Representatives of such various interests and attitudes as Lords Curzon and Cromer, the Marquess of Salisbury, and the Duke of Northumberland, agree in a persistent refusal to consider the abandonment of the Lords' new claims upon control of finance. Their whole attitude towards reform is directed by a stubborn determination to keep intact, if they can, their full right to defeat all legislative proposals which come to them from the Commons. In order to do this, they must be able to give specious support to the contention that in some higher or esoteric sense they are more truly representative of the permanent welfare of the people than is the House of Commons. One or two speakers in the debate rashly vented the phrase "vested interests," but its introduction was felt to be so inappropriate that it was immediately frowned down. Since no one was attacking the Lords or demanding "reform" in a spirit of hostility, it was an evidently artful device to formulate supposititious criticism and then make graceful concessions to meet it. In the spirit of this game,

Lord Lansdowne, following the lead of the reforming peers, pretended that the dissatisfaction with the Upper House was not with its powers but with its composition, and that in objecting to its composition it was the promiscuous principle of heredity on the one hand, and the disparity of political parties upon the other hand, that were the objects of censure. The "strength and efficiency" which were so earnestly desired must be interpreted in close relation to this pretended criticism. A House of Lords which is to retain full power over legislation and finance, the right of forcing a General Election when it likes, and of preventing the King from future free exercise of his prerogative of making Peers of Parliament, must, it is felt, be brought into some specious conformity with modern ideas of government.

This involves a curtailment of the purely hereditary composition of the House of Lords, and some infusion of meritorious outsiders whose numbers and mode of entrance shall not be such as to give them any real control. To this Lord Lansdowne accedes, after pouring cold water upon most of the practical proposals for introducing influential representation. "I for one am in favor of a change which shall bring us *outwardly and visibly* into close touch with the democracy of this country." The words we here italicise carry the whole purpose of the reform proposals. It is window-dressing. "Undesirables" may go, and then we shall have a House of "deserving" peers. "It would put the House in a better position," said the Duke of Walbottle, "to be able to say to the whole world that there were no 'undesirables' there." "It would," urged Lord Rosebery, "have rather a damaging appearance" to maintain that a peer has a "vested right to legislate." In a similar spirit the political leaders dealt with the inequality of parties. Not merely is such great disparity an open scandal, but it offends the sportsmanlike instincts of noble lords. So Lord Lansdowne is prepared to sanction "a well-thought-out and restricted scheme for the purpose of bringing into this House from time to time a number of members who would adequately represent that particular set of political opinions which happened at the time to be inadequately represented in the House as it stood." The mind of the House evidently oscillated between this notion of setting up a rival team to play the great Parliamentary game, and the loftier notion of superior beings with a cross-bench mind, independent, and endowed with a sweet reasonableness and a patriotic detachment.

Lord Crewe pierced this flummery with a sharp thrust of interrogation: "Does this mean that noble lords want victory to be a little more creditable, but desire it to remain equally certain?" It was distinctly clever of the Lords to place in the forefront of the fight the principle of heredity, conscious that they can afford here to make large concessions without impairing the real purpose for which this House exists, viz., to defend the vested interests of landowners, licence-holders, and other economic favorites, against the new popular demands for equality of opportunity and a sound policy of taxation. They are well aware that a

reform which would admit by fixed qualification, by nomination, or even by election, a number of outsiders, identified by intellectual sympathy, and probably by business and social connections, with the higher economic stratum, would in the future furnish a stronger barrier of defence to their interests than can be obtained by maintaining intact the present hereditary House. Nay, they have the sense to recognise that a considerable infusion of rich Liberals would, by presenting a show of political equality, cut the claws of radical reformers.

The events of the last twelve months, however, have not only taught the Lords how to defend, they have taught the people what to attack. Nothing will have been gained for popular self-government by merely mutilating or even by eradicating the hereditary principle. The root evil is not there. Any of the lines of reform proposed, or likely to be adopted, would leave the Second Chamber in the control of men whose interests and sympathies will continue to be in conflict upon vital issues of policy with those of the general body of the people. The power of such a House will be utilised to stop the car of progress. A "strong and efficient" House of Lords means a weak and inefficient House of Commons, and an enfeebled, unprogressive people. No sane-sighted Liberal will entertain any proposal to reconstruct the House of Lords until it has been stripped, not only of its recently stolen powers, but of all powers to prevent the popular will expressing itself in acts of government.

THE PUBLIC LAW OF EUROPE.

THE remarkable manifesto on behalf of Finland which has just been issued by a powerful group of European jurists is notable, not merely for what it states, but also for what it assumes. No one will be found, outside the ranks of the Russian bureaucracy and its interested satellites, to question the ruling of a committee so distinguished on a point of law. What Professor Westlake, Sir Edward Fry, and Sir Frederick Pollock among British jurists, with Professors Anschütz von Bar, Lapradelle, and Nys among their Continental colleagues have determined with unanimity may be taken to be a final reading of the public law of Europe. Two of them are members of the Hague Tribunal; a third was lately a member, and all of them exert in their own countries a decisive authority in matters of international right. If the Hague Tribunal could be brought to determine this issue, we can hardly doubt that it would answer the questions put to it by the Finns as these jurists have answered them. Indeed, the moral value of a voluntary opinion such as this is, in some respects, higher than that of a constituted Court. A Court, when once it is seized with a case, must pronounce in honor and conscience upon it. Its members might have preferred to keep silent, and behind their verdict, intellectually honest though we assume it to be, there need be no great weight of feeling or conviction. But a jurist who volunteers an opinion which will certainly irritate Russia, and probably displease the Foreign Office of his own country, presumably feels strongly. The declaration assures us

that Finland has a solemn treaty right to the autonomy which she now enjoys, and that the *coup d'état* which the Russian Government proposes would be a violation of her Constitution. Behind the scientific phrasing of the manifesto, it is fair in all the circumstances to assume that there is an anxious desire to avert a grave wrong.

For how much does such a rendering of abstract right count in the modern world? The forces on the other side are apparent, and they are measurable. There is the fanatical jealousy of anything non-Russian, which has steadily inspired the Russian Court and (somewhat less consistently) the Russian bureaucracy since the Slavophiles first began their work in the 'sixties. More practical is the dread of the example which a free community established within sight of St. Petersburg itself presents to the Russian intellectuals. The police have long been bent on regarding Finland as the centre in which all the plots that they are busied alternately in hatching and detecting have their origin and find their strategic base. There is lastly, and perhaps most potent of all, the desire of the hungrier Russian bureaucrat to have opened to him a province relatively wealthy and populous for spoliation. The destruction of Finnish autonomy means, in short, the satisfaction of characteristic prejudices, the flattering of a reactionary grudge, the simplification of the work of the police, but, above all, it means new careers, fresh promotions, and, in plain words, loot. Against this what avails the verdict of a handful of foreign jurists? The jurists were equally clear in their condemnation of the annexation of Bosnia, and in that case the Powers had a status which they cannot claim in this Finnish question. The contract on which the rights of Finland rest was an instrument which bound only the Tsars and the people of the Duchy. In the mechanics of this problem it is important, however, to remember that the whole position of Russia in Europe rests indirectly on public opinion. To the sedulous goodwill of her ally and her friend she owes the preservation of her status as a Great Power. To the courtesies of monarchs she is indebted as the bulwark which has preserved her from the full impact of a hostile popular judgment. To the nursing of certain financiers she owes her immunity from bankruptcy. From time to time such an episode as the release on bail of Nicholas Tchaykowsky and his ultimate acquittal betrays her sensitiveness to public opinion. Nothing but the knowledge that the Press of England and the United States were interested in him saved him from the fate which has overtaken a score of Social Democratic deputies whose acts and opinions were not more obnoxious to the ruling clique than his. Finland could not disappear from among the free communities of Europe without a sensible addition to the external difficulties which Russia already has to face. The importance of the jurists' protest lies in this, that it assures the lay mind of the plain man who already respects the Finns and desires to see them free, that his instincts and his wishes are no mere matter of sentiment.

It is a morbid appetite which drives a Power incapable of assuring the health of its own body politic to devour the lesser nations within its sphere of influence. There is a certain parallel between the case of Persia

and the case of Finland. But if in the one instance it is a hope and a possibility which stands in danger of extinction, in the other it is a splendid and admirable actuality. It is an integral piece of European civilisation which is threatened in this ruin of Finland. It is a people whose windows have always looked to the West, democratic in its institutions as it is Protestant in religion, advanced in its conceptions of social life and duty, in the foremost van in all questions of education and social reform, a pioneer with Norway in the enfranchisement of women. It is painful to read of the degradation which Russian rule has brought to the remote Caucasus. But the peril of Finland is a menace from a half-Oriental despotism to a free Western community. Our sympathy is something more than a platonic sentiment. There is in it an active sense of fraternity. Already the danger is sufficiently real. The autonomous institutions of Finland are suspended. Its administration, under a notably reactionary Governor, assisted by officials drawn for the most part from the army and the navy, is already more Russian than Finnish. The central Government has claimed and exercised a power of veto of legislation which paralyses the whole work of self-government. But the final act of usurpation is still delayed. We know that, under the pretext of providing for the regulation of interests common to the Duchy and the Empire, M. Stolypin proposes to invest the Duma, in which four Finnish members are henceforth to sit, with the power to legislate for Finland. The questions with which it will be competent to deal include the whole range of government, and it would be difficult to mention a single important function of a modern State which will be reserved for the Finnish Diet. When the autonomy of Ireland was destroyed, at least the consent of the Irish Parliament was purchased by bribes and honors. But it is not proposed in the case of Finland to have recourse even to that formality. The blow, when it falls, will be a stroke of superior force which stoops to no disguises. Finland, if M. Stolypin adheres to his programme, will be rased, and that without so much as a show of negotiation, from the status of a nation, to which it was raised by the solemn oath of the Tsar Alexander I. For our part we are reluctant to admit that this country lacks the means to prevent so gross a violation of the public law of Europe. We have no status for any formal or official intervention. But this at least we can command—that from the day when this wrong is consummated no voice which claims to speak from British public opinion shall venture to talk of any intimacy, of any friendship, between ourselves and the Russian autocracy without the certainty of a sharp disclaimer and a general repudiation. Whatever be our official relations, no *entente cordiale* has yet been consummated. It shall not and cannot be concluded unless the liberties of Finland are respected.

THE CONFUSION OF AMERICAN POLITICS.

AFTER a year in the White House President Taft might well sympathise with Danton's despairing plea of pity

for those who "meddle in the government of men." Wherever he turns he sees nothing but dissension and revolt, a dissatisfied nation and a distracted party. Twelve months ago he entered on his office amid some at least of the omens of a successful reign. He was popular both with the people and the party leaders; he had just received the largest majority ever accorded to a Presidential candidate; after the boisterous days of the Rooseveltian epoch it looked as though an era of good feeling, and of steady, unspectacular achievement were about to set in. Every one of these anticipations has been falsified. The Republicans are more torn by strife to-day than at any moment since the Civil War; the President, if he has maintained his personal popularity intact, has somehow got out of touch with the country, and has forfeited its confidence not in his intentions but in his methods; there is no clear sign of leadership anywhere; the Statute-book has received but one addition—and that one the Payne Tariff Act, a measure almost universally execrated; and the prospect of a Democratic victory at the Congressional elections next November is far more imminent than the prospect that Mr. Taft will pass an item of his programme into law. Many forces and factors have combined to produce what is hardly less than a deadlock. Mr. Taft suffers by comparison with the dramatic personality and showy tactics of his predecessor. He is unable to cow the Conservative leaders of his party, as Mr. Roosevelt cowed them, by vivid, irresistible appeals to popular sentiment; and the methods of persuasion which he prefers were proved by the history of the Payne Tariff Act to be wholly inadequate to overcome the resistance of the Reactionaries. He suffers still more from the infection into American politics of issues that correspond with none of the normal lines of party division, and that attract men or repel them with little regard for affiliations and catch-words that are fast becoming meaningless.

These new and disruptive issues have been brought into being by the struggle of the American people to free themselves from the grip of plutocracy and privilege. "How are we to curb the money-power, to bring the great industrial corporations under the control of the Government, to master the railways before they master us, to rescue politics from the domination of organised wealth, to preserve the natural resources of the country from reckless exploitation by the speculator, to make the common welfare and not the convenience or the cupidity of special interests the motive-power of legislation?" Those are the questions that Americans are asking themselves; and it is Mr. Roosevelt's one contribution to the moral and social progress of his country that he should have raised them. If he did nothing else, he tried to educate his fellow-citizens to see that the public interest is something beyond the sum total of private interests. The policies he formulated set up the nation and its welfare as the supreme object of public endeavor; but when he tried to translate them into Acts of Congress he was met, first, by the intricacies and limitations of the Constitution, and the weakness of the American form of government for positive action; and, secondly, by the fact that his proposals fitted in with none of the usual party formulæ. The

same difficulties face Mr. Taft. There are Conservative Republicans and Radical Republicans, Conservative Democrats and Radical Democrats. The Conservatives in each party oppose, and the Radicals in each party favor, the "Roosevelt policies" which Mr. Taft tries laboriously but ineffectively to forward. But as it is the Conservatives who are in control of the Republican Party both in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, and as Mr. Taft lacks the qualities that might drive them into submission, and intends, indeed, to act with them and not against them, his progress so far has been trifling.

The situation here sketched almost explains by itself the activities of the "insurgents" in the Senate and the overthrow last Saturday of "Cannonism" in the House. The "insurgents" are a group of enthusiastic Senators, mainly from the Middle West, who are whole-hearted subscribers to the Roosevelt policies, who believe that Mr. Taft is sacrificing them without quite realising it, and who were revolted by the shameless barter of the common welfare to special interests revealed by the Payne Tariff Act. They are wholly sceptical of any good results from Mr. Taft's policy of seeking to coax the Conservatives into accepting measures they abhor. The President, therefore, finds himself politically allied with the men whose general attitude towards politics he most dislikes, and politically alienated from the men who, like himself, chiefly desire to write the Roosevelt policies on the Statute Book. He supports the Conservatives with whom he disagrees because they are the official and recognised leaders of the party, and to quarrel with them is to destroy his last chance of getting anything done. He reprimands the Radicals for their lack of party loyalty, although he and they have the same goal. The country, meanwhile, fails to understand the situation or to grasp what Mr. Taft is driving at, and the Party revolves in a whirlpool of uncertainty and recrimination.

Life and Letters.

"THE RELIGIOUS LIFE."

"It is as different," wrote Teresa, "teaching girls and managing a great number of them together, from teaching boys, as white is from black. I have experience of what many women together are like. God deliver us." In England still the conventual life is something foreign, exotic; maintained by a Church which has been for three centuries an alien and a mystery. Men and women gaze at the high walls or distant roofs of monastery or convent, wonder what kind of existence is carried on there; a natural expectation of some high degree of sanctity clashes with a traditional and hereditary distrust of monasticism. In France and Italy the convent life is dead; in other countries, Ireland, Spain, Southern Germany, it is part of the normal machinery of civilisation, the subject of little curiosity or disquietude. A certain percentage of the female population finds a vocation in one of the very various forms of common or ascetic life as naturally as another percentage finds a vocation in matrimony. Both are life-long obligations, both involve considerable risk, at an early age, of making a wrong choice;

in both a wrong choice means an enduring calamity. Both also, if all the truth were known, offer every variation of happiness, of misery, and of what is more general, of variations in happiness and misery. Occasional volumes of protest, by those who have found the communal and religious life intolerable, reveal the old difficulty of Teresa. Occasional experiences, voiced in modern playwright or novelist, give expression to the dull wretchedness, of man and woman once happily married, in many respectable suburban dwellings. In any case the modern indifferent civilisation has still to solve the problem which in religious countries is partly met by the conventual system. There is not yet offered to the unmarried daughters of a poorish household any life of dignity, service, and contentment. The nightmare vision of Mr. Huxtable's household at Denmark Hill in the "Madras House," with the six unmarried daughters aging visibly into a community of timid, quarrelsome old maids, suggests that the present system may not, after all, be the final word in the matter.

Two little books—a protest and what is in fact, if not in name, an answer—reveal the two extremes of the picture—the supreme satisfaction of the "religious" life when the vocation is present, the dreary torture of it when this is lacking. "The Escaped Nun," by Margaret Moulton (Cassell and Co.), gives the experience, presented in very naïve and simple form, of a lady whose departure from a convent at East Bergholt caused some sensation—amongst those interested in such matters—a few months ago. The "escape" was of the simplest, consisting in walking out of an open gate and taking the train to London. But the story of life in an enclosed convent, if written with a certain tinge of bitterness, shows only too clearly the difficulty of "many women together" where the inspiration is absent. From the first moment the novice revolted against rule and discipline. "I was not accustomed to being told when to go to the church, when to go for a walk, what to eat and when." She complains of the food, finding even a grievance in the fact that the nuns are compelled to eat foreign, instead of English meat: she complains of the clothes—rough, heavy, uncomfortable: she complains of the "laboriousness and monotony of the day." The little trivial discomforts are always on the surface and tear the nerves to pieces. The Abbess visits the cells unexpectedly. "It was really very annoying to find that your cell had been turned upside down in your absence by the Superior. One never knew when to expect her." She complains that "a postulant must be ready for all kinds of manual labour." The promotion of another novice before her fills her with a kind of hysteric anger—"I had endured so much, but the thought of having to give up my rank never occurred to me." "For many and many a month bitterness rose in my heart hourly, reminded as I was at every step that I had lost my rank, which even the Rule insists that the monks should have." A chief grievance is the arrival of a new Abbess, who has a new laid egg for tea while the nuns eat bread and butter. So the confession continues—very human, very pitiful, with no particular "revelations" but the impossibility of the convent life to one still desperately concerned with food and decoration and "rank" and comfort, and all the trivial, friendly, aimless things which make up the daily existence of man and woman in the world.

"The Life of an Enclosed Nun," by a Mother Superior (Fifield), shows the other side of the picture. If the first volume exhibits the Spanish convent as Teresa found it, the second exhibits it when she had completed her labors. "It is difficult to think that seculars pity us, instead of envying us," this nun declares. "Yet I can understand that to be a professed nun and not to have a vocation would be too terrible to be borne: the only thing to do would be to secure a dispensation and retire." But with the vocation for the life of contemplation—as mysterious, as much a special gift as artistic genius, as love between man and maid—here is the opportunity through which the soul can mount into regions beyond: "To be always recollected, to be purged of all desire, to reach 'Das nichts'—the divine Dark." The very elements which seem so

distasteful to the spirit still primarily concerned with kindness and comfort, are the elements which to those who can follow "that undaunted daughter of Desires" are most acceptable. Obedience becomes an act of welcome, menial occupations, rude manual labor, spare, coarse food, things themselves desirable. St. Francis taught his brethren most chiefly to rejoice when they were subject to insults and abuse, or when the result of their collection from the charitable gave only the hardest crusts and most forbidding fare. To this Mother Superior the convent life is the way of Escape: the rule and bodily discipline through which the soul may be launched in exploration of a universe of amazing attraction. So, indeed, in all climes and centuries, this demand has been satisfied: in the Buddhist monks of Burmah, through all the ardors and aspirations of the Middle Ages, down even to the heart of a civilisation when comfort and security have offered a more certain counter appeal. In the case of this confession, the demand for solitude is more insistent than that for companionship. It is the life of the daily round, the conversation, the business of management, the incidents which in the enclosed life most resemble the life outside, which are the severest trial. So it has been with all the mystics: in many of whom—notably Teresa herself—humor, common sense, and great capacity for organisation have accompanied this great hunger of the soul for complete separation. No one of them has ever been able to describe it, except in metaphor confessed as altogether inadequate. With some it is a demand for Great Light, with others for Great Darkness—Vaughan's "night where I in Him might live invisible and dim." With Jacopone it was thirst for the "End in Good unimagined and measureless light"; with Du Bellay, exaltation in "le grandeur du Rien" and the passage of "le grand tout" itself into nothingness. Augustine sought it in "the Quiet that lies beneath all the noises of the world." But the metaphor most generally used is of fire: that consuming flame which forms the final step in the ascent of contemplation, the consummation of the "Via Mystica." The demand for it is hidden amongst all humanity, and every man of genius is at heart something of a mystic. Stevenson in the Cevennes, sojourns for the night in "the monastery of Our Lady of the Snows," Burne-Jones cherishes for forty years the memory of the Carthusian monastery in Charlton forest, Carlyle demands throughout his tempestuous voyages, for "a time that shall be always calm weather," in "such a rest as God's holy will has appointed and as no man knows." In the Catholic convent the desire appears as the historic prayer, "May the Lord kindle in us the fire of His love, and the flame of everlasting charity": in the meditation which leads up from the "house and those therein," through other worlds and universes, to God the Maker and the End of all. In such an enterprise "the real life of the nun," this Mother Superior has a right to claim, "is the inner life: the outer life is merely a routine the body learns to go through mechanically, and is of no importance. Progress in the spiritual life is our aim, and our goal is union with God."

The future of the conventual life, in a world becoming ever more rational and ease-loving, has often formed a subject of conjecture. It has been the centre from which the strongest have gone forth for the conquest of the world. It has been the refuge to which the weakest have fled from a world which has proved unendurable; the home of broken things. And it has been the shelter from which, in no active philanthropies, but as a place of detachment from irrelevant confusions, the Soul has set itself to voyage through the material universe to other regions beyond. The world is tolerant of the philanthropies, and recognises the desirability of a refuge; it is intolerant or mildly incredulous of these adventures of the spirit. It would like to construct something of the nature of a common life for women, who, by choice or compulsion, remain single, in which active assistance in nursing, education, or kindness to the poor may provide the connecting bond formerly provided by re-

ligious exercises and austerities. The experiment will be doubtfully successful. Teresa's experiences of "what many women together are like" apart from such a discipline are not encouraging. James Mill, in the early sanguine days of the nineteenth century, propounded a complete scheme of Church Reform. It was to abolish the articles, constitute a Church without dogmas or ceremonies, employ the clergy to give lectures on ethics, botany, political economy, "besides holding Sunday meetings, dances (decent dances are to be specially invented for the purpose), and social meals, which would be a revival of the 'agapai' of the early Christians. For this purpose, however, it might be necessary to substitute tea and coffee for bread and wine." This does not seem to promise that, as the conventual life dies gradually away, as for a number of reasons it is, we think, bound to die—possibly without the final regrets even of the Roman Church—any very powerful successor will be found for it.

BODY AND SOUL.

If we were suddenly told to think of the interval between the first and second Samnite wars, most of us, whether we were still at school or had long left it, would have but a misty and uninteresting idea. We should connect the subject only with lessons, usually uninteresting and misty things, and the familiar names would suggest to us nothing but hurried readings after football, hurried questions, and an imposition. That is the worst of education. Knowledge must form part of it, no matter how small a part, and the knowledge must be of the best. Yet the teaching of the best commonly brings it into disrepute, and what a boy has learnt at school may appear to him useless and tedious up to his life's end, unless the knowledge of it bestows a social distinction. But for the familiarity of casual or arduous training, with what excitement and admiration a grown man, who had known minds and camps and cities, would read Herodotus or Cæsar or the Greek tragedies! No other literature would appear to him comparable to that, either for importance or perfection. Then, indeed, new worlds would enter into his vision, new stars and oceans. He would stand silent like Keats with Chapman's Homer open before him. But Keats never had to do the Iliad by forty lines at a time, when he wanted to go on the river or to get home to his white mice.

So when Mr. Arthur Gilkes, headmaster of Dulwich, publishes through Messrs. Simcox of Dulwich an account of life in Italy during an interval in the Samnite wars, and tells us that one act of a great tragedy in the history of the world was then being developed in the Italian peninsula, we are likely to remain indifferent. For our memories of Samnites are dreary or unpleasant, and we would gladly let the bones of the Romans and their enemies rest together in eternal peace. But when he goes on to tell us that "history presents many tragedies of the kind, many as complete and many more sudden, but none in which the issues at stake were more important to the world at large, and the nations acting were more interesting," then we are roused in spite of ourselves. We begin to look at things with minds alert, no longer benumbed by school association, and we see that the theme of the drama then being enacted was indeed "the removal of the foremost nation in the world from its place." It was the Greek nation that was being thus removed—in Italy by the growing power of savage little Rome, whom Greeks despised, and it is in Italy that Mr. Gilkes sets the scene of his significant episode in that long tragedy. But if we had not learnt our meagre history in separate compartments, we might also remember that in the very year he chooses for his story, the Macedonian at Chæronea destroyed the freedom of the Greek peoples in their proper home.

The four sons who in the book come into touch with each other during this crisis of a world's tragedy are a Greek, a Macedonian, a Roman, and a Jew—types of men representing the forces of mind, conduct, and religion already in sharp contact around the

Mediterranean. Their story is told with the Greek irony, the restraint, and stubborn rejection of artifice habitual in the author's works. The compressed style, half Spartan, half Socratic, is rather Greek than English, and may have passed through the writer's mind first in Greek form, except where the narrative is military, and then the language is Roman. But just as from silent Spartans we have received the most memorable sentences of Greek conversation, so a bareness and brevity of expression here strengthen the irony and point. Speaking, for instance, of the Greek nation, the writer says, "The tonic of danger had come to it too late," and leaves the matter there. So when a Macedonian heard a woman express an opinion upon an important subject, he turned towards her, we are told, "as much astonished as if a quadruped had spoken." Or, again, we are told with simplicity that "it is an unpleasant thing for a commander when his troops are unwilling to face the enemy"; and of a Jew it is said, "In the management of this business Elias found himself cursed in the Psalms which he read or sung in his daily devotions." Or, as a last example of many possible, we may take the sentence:—

"It is a sight which impresses a man at any time to see an orderly body of 1,200 men or more, but when that body is an army moving upon the town in which he lives—in order to occupy it—the sight is so impressive as to be painful."

But it is not for the attraction of an ironic style, trained to lean and bony fitness, that we draw attention to the book; nor even for its vivid picture of that strange crisis in history and the lasting significance of the result. We do not know how it comes—perhaps it comes from the habit of a man who has always dealt with many and various natures, and has judged them rapidly—but all through the book we feel a peculiar sense of the intimate connection between body and soul. Probably it is unconscious in the writer—a matter of habit, as we said, from the need of divining character or intellect quickly, and often from the outward appearance, which betrays signs of danger or advantage that most of us ignore. But the careful descriptions of the people who appear in the story prove that the thought is not accidental; and perhaps the illustrations of the book prove the same, for, without exception, they are heads from statues chosen to represent the characters. There are many fine touches of insight into the mind besides: of one man we are told he was "always self-conscious, and thus inclined to be sulky"; of another, that he displayed "the courteous and liberal curiosity of a man who knows he has a fine past behind him"; and of a heavy Roman general who prided himself on his wit, that "he began to be funny every evening." But these observations are nearly always accompanied by some physical trait, some visible sign of an inward quality that may be grace or may be its opposite. "When I see you," says a Greek, speaking of someone's future, "you will be spare and hard and only a Roman, having been born a man."

Once, indeed, this tendency of the writer is consciously expressed, and in characteristic sentences:—

"Everything helps to mould character," he writes in his Greek manner, "little things as well as big things; not only heredity and teachers and great events, but little things such as short trousers or silver forks, or little bodily conditions such as a distorted nail or a crooked nose, or a high instep or a curl. These, by the constancy with which they either chasten or please their owners, do as much as anything to make each man what he is. It is here that the permanence of the body, as it is asserted in the doctrine of its resurrection, is revealed."

We all know from long custom how much the soul influences the body. We know that in the rough we can estimate a man fairly well by his shape and face; we can tell whether a man "looks nice," or is "nice-looking," as we say, though with a shade of difference in meaning. If we analyse, we can speak of a weak chin or a strong jaw, shifty eyes, and a bitter mouth. We know that a heavy ear means a Conservative, that unruly or upright hair means a revolutionist or impatient idealist, that a thick neck reveals power and, perhaps,

cruelty, that a pale face may be torpid, and a red face useless in debate. And so as to noses, we join Socrates in calling the straight nose serious and the tip-tilted nose charming or merry. "You may know a man by his gait," said the Preacher, and there is no mistaking the slouch of the book-worm, the politician's stoop, as though the neck were over-burdened with the mighty brain, or the threatening uprightness of a Territorial. The various degrees of fatness and thinness imply greater diversities of soul than we have time to consider. We need only say that, though the poet tells us both Falstaff and Hamlet were fat, we know instinctively that one statement is necessarily true, and the other a misprint.

These rough judgments are but the armory of daily life. By them we have learnt to protect ourselves more or less against the perils of our fellow men, just as a mother bird cowers under a hawk's hovering wings, but lets the flapping heron pass. We have learnt that the body is from birth the expression of the soul, and that, as years go by, the soul writes on it a longer and plainer story. But Mr. Gilkes goes further still in the connection of the two. He turns the matter round, and shows us the body reacting upon the soul; and this observation is rarer and more serious. He first takes things connected with the body, but not actually part of it, such as short trousers and silver forks, one tending to abase the soul, the other to upraise it. What school-boy's soul has not been chastened or warped by short trousers or their equivalent? The present writer used to tuck his short trousers into his socks under the pretence that all trousers were more becoming so. He remembers another boy, now a light to the Church, who as far as possible always walked with his left side close against a wall in the hope of concealing a parti-colored patch. Into the souls of both those things have entered, either to chasten or to warp. As to silver forks, their effect for good or evil can be studied in the souls of the House of Lords.

But more intimate still is the influence of the body's own defects or qualities—the little bodily conditions of which the author speaks, such as a distorted nail or a crooked nose, or a high instep, or a curl. Here again we have reasons either for abasement or for pride. To some families a high instep is a more vital evidence of superiority than a silver fork. We have known a boy prouder of a curl than of winning a race; and as to Belinda, when the meeting points dis severed the sacred hair from her fair head, we know what screams of horror rent the affrighted skies:—

"Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands or when lapdogs breathe their last."

So much for the causes of pride; but in regard to defects, the result upon the soul is more difficult to estimate. We should expect from them a lowliness and humility of spirit, but we are sometimes disappointed. Pope was not humble, nor was Quasimodo tame. His deformed foot did not make Byron lowlier than ordinary men; if possible, it made him more conceited than they; and to Cyrano his obtrusive nose was a cause of romantic glory. A bodily defect seems likely to promote aggressive self-consciousness rather than a reasonable humility, and that is, perhaps, the real motive that sets us on our guard at sight of it. The constancy with which it chastises its owner has not always the effect that we feel chastisement ought to have; otherwise, we should, of course, welcome it in other people wherever it appeared.

It would be of interest to follow the subject further—to discover, for instance, what is the effect on the soul when a cause of bodily pride is removed; what change was noticed in Belinda when her lock was gone; whether a man advances or deteriorates when both his family insteps are carried away by a cannon shot. But now we have merely dwelt for a moment upon this strange intimacy between the body and its guest, revealing, as Mr. Gilkes says, the permanence of the body, if we must also assume the permanence of the soul. In the Philosopher's famous prayer to Pan, he concludes with the words, "May the outward and the inward man

be at one." It is a beautiful petition, but perhaps unnecessary, since it is invariably granted.

WILD GREENHOUSES.

THESE howling winds of March are a peremptory veto on the twelve daisies under one foot that make a spring. You can almost see the grasses shrink as the sun goes in and the rasp of the wind is drawn across the field, wilting adventurous heads that stand more than an inch out of the herbage. If worse is possible, it is when great gouts of hail or rain, icily white, come thudding down. The very rooks now nesting in the vicarage elms are buffeted up and down in the wind till they battle behind the larch wood and leave the scene to entire desolation.

But it needs only a few tree trunks to shut out the devastating wind and make a haven of peace within the wood. The sun may enter but the wind may not. The birds that have been driven from the field are here, quietly foraging in the dead leaves of last year. The leaves of the year to come are striking out boldly in many a favored spot where a holly bush weaves an extra screen, or a dip in the ground makes a basin of sunshine which no wind can stir. The honeysuckle puts out its leaves here, though in the hedges of the field it has the prudence of the other trees. The elder is becoming so well furnished that, unsatisfactory as its boughs are, the birds are taking more than a passing look at it as a place for a nest. In our southern country a nest is seldom actually placed among the straight and brittle twigs of the elder. Before the instinct becomes overwhelming, some other tree offers hospitality. But further north you will find almost all the early chaffinches weaving their homesteads in this unaccommodating but early leafing tree.

Our woodland hawthorn has sprouted so far that we can break off the tips of green and eat them as "bread and cheese," as we learned to do soon after we learned to walk. Where the accidental collaboration of man has happened, one of Nature's greenhouses has done more wonderfully yet. A manure heap has caught a spray of the hedge and has forced it so effectively that we can count the blossoms of May upon it, and, opening the petals, can see the black and red stamens that will so sweeten the air on the other twigs two months hence. But come on into the wood and revisit the old greenhouses where the first blossoms have been found for the last twenty years.

This southern slope of many acres is ablaze with the green fire of setter-wort, our native Christmas rose, which has been coming into flower since the turn of the year. The spurge laurel, too, is crowded with blossom under its crown. It was so when the frost fringed its glossy leaves with woolly crystals, and it is equally precocious in the open and in the sheltered parts of the wood. It is in the sudden notch beyond, where a plantation of spruce cuts off the attentions of the north wind, that we find our early primroses. They are rooted in the rich decay of oak and beech, and are threatened into early rising by the boughs overhead, whose leaves will allow no flowers to blossom when they are fully come. But the army of primroses which star these banks in April will be in good time enough to get all the sky they want. There can be no benefit to reward the primrose that comes in early March before the bees and butterflies are awake or even the little beetles that swarm after primrose pollen have hatched from the cold earth. These pale blossoms peeping rarely through the old leaves are surely destined of all their race to leave no progeny. Yet year after year they are forced in Nature's greenhouses to speak of spring long before spring is a reality. So it is with many other enthusiasts. The early white dead nettle, the out-of-season daisy, the winter red campion are certain to die childless if not to lose the stock also as penalty of their wakefulness, yet always there are a few individuals to wave their flags months out of time.

We have greenhouses within greenhouses. A breaking up of the floor bids us lift up a wad of the felt under which all is green with the tender clover-like leaves of the wood sorrel. The gardener cannot construct a better forcing-cover than these millions of leaves laid carefully one over the other, yielding to the gentle push of young

growth and always good to keep out the few degrees of frost that filter into the wood. The bluebells have thrust their spears through in every direction, and the curious man who takes off a square yard of the cover will find the white shoots of many a summer flower. Wood pigeons and badgers, to mention only two of a great army, know how to uncover their special dainties, such as "wood-anemone seakale" and bluebell bulbs, and make nourishing and purifying spring salads of them. Feast how they may, yet the milky-way of anemone blossom will not seem to have one vacancy when April comes.

The conditions that make for early blossom are not all typified in wind-breaks of trees and sheltering dips in the ground. Even a foot-deep carpet of dead leaves will not act as a forcing-bed if it lies on a waterlogged soil. A bed of leaves and leaf mould, with sharp drainage beneath, will give us early primroses, even despite the east wind. The cold rain goes easily down, and then, from the warm depths, water reascends in minute aerated fragments by capillary attraction. Leaf mould upon Tunbridge Wells sand seems to be the most favorable conjunction in this country, and it is more to account for the out-of-season flowers of Sussex than the degree of south latitude that separates it from Middlesex. The sunny hour that comes now and then in a long stretch of rain finds the well-drained root ready to respond almost at a moment's warning. A little of the starch is stirred and converted towards cellulose. If rain or cold check its continuance, they cannot revoke it. The bulb is one notch ahead of its brother in the clay and ready to take another notch at the first opportunity, however short. It is thus that, the day after the snow has gone, a few hours' sun can paint a mountainside with wide open crocus, soldanelle, and gentian.

The furrows in the ploughed field are appreciably better sheltered than the tops of the "lands." But it is on the tops that we find our only blossoms of veronica and pimpernel. The tops in the meadow will be yellow with cowslips before the furrows are yellow with buttercups and when the purple orchis has faded from the ridge, then we can find the late stragglers in the trough. The little mounds on the common that were put there by last year's moles or last summer's ants are specially covered with evergreen cistus or the tiny promise of thyme and marjoram. Bosses of the same will greet our footsteps on the flat when summer really comes, but we can find little trace of them now. According to some, the ant-hill ought to be more forward than the mole-hills because formic acid is a great accelerator of growth. It is said to enter into the formula by means of which Indian jugglers produce a bush in a few minutes from seed. That is fanciful, but we intend some day to put formic acid to a careful test as a quickener of growth. Certainly the ant-hills become quickly covered with vegetation, the grass blades keeping pace with the labors of the ants to cover them, and new things rooting and growing there again. It would not be probable that the principle would retain its properties through the winter, and the ant-hills are only early by virtue of their elevation and perhaps of their hollowness.

Oddly enough, some of Nature's best greenhouses are under water. The hornwort, water buttercup, and other pond weeds are green and pushing long before the clover has sprouted. Perhaps the water forms a lens for the concentration of the sun's best rays just as the glass of the greenhouse does. It may be difficult to think of water weeds as feeling warm and dry before that state of happiness comes to the land things, but the spring condition of each of them is comparative. The air and the earth warmed by the day's sun relapse at night far more readily than the water does. Ten degrees on the field may be lost in a night, while one degree in the pond is still there the next morning and ready to take to it another while the field is warming up to yesterday's heat. And the water plants have no cumbrous machinery of root and root fibre to get under weigh before they can grow. They grow entirely through their leaves and stalks, which are spread in a far more stable atmosphere than the air. They are more in the sun and less in the wind than the reeds are, and the pond will be covered with white stars before the reeds have begun to shoot.

Present-Day Problems.

"GENTLES, LET US REST!" *

(A PAPER ON THE POSITION OF WOMEN.)

(Concluded from page 967.)

IF, then, women's position is inferior to men's; if the essential reason of this inferiority is her weakness, or, in other words, the still unchecked dominance of force, to what extent do the facts and figures of the movement towards removing the inferiority of woman's position warrant the conclusion that the idea of the full emancipation of women is, not withering and dying, but holding fast and spreading?

In 1866, a petition for the vote, signed by 1,499 women, was presented to Parliament by John Stuart Mill.

In 1873, petitions for the suffrage from 11,000 women were presented to Gladstone and Disraeli.

In 1896, an appeal was made to members of Parliament by 257,000 women of all classes and parties.

In 1897, 1,285 petitions in favor of a Women's Suffrage Bill were presented to Parliament, being 800 more petitions than those presented in favor of any other Bill.

In 1867, Mill's amendment to substitute "person" for "man" in the Representation of the People Act was rejected by a majority of 121.

In 1908, Stanger's Bill to enable women to vote on the same terms as men passed its second reading by a majority of 179.

In 1893, 1894, and 1895, the franchise was granted to women in New Zealand, Colorado, South Australia, and Utah.

In 1900, 1902, 1903, 1905, and 1908, the franchise was granted to women in Western Australia, New South Wales, Tasmania, Finland, Norway, and Victoria.

In 1902, a petition was signed by 750 women graduates.

In 1906, a petition was signed by 1,530 women graduates.

In 1908, a procession of over 10,000 women marched from the Embankment to the Albert Hall.

In 1910, the membership of the various Women's Suffrage Societies, and of bodies of men and women who have declared in favor of the idea of women's suffrage, is estimated by some at over half a million—a figure subject, no doubt, to great deduction; but certainly also to great addition for sympathisers who belong to no such societies or bodies.

These, very briefly, are the main facts and figures. From them but one conclusion can be drawn. The idea of the full emancipation of women having fulfilled the requirements of steady growth, is in accord with the principle of Equity; intrinsically gentle, intrinsically just. How long will it remain possible in the service of expediency and force to refuse to this idea its complete fruition; how long will it be wise? For when the limit of wisdom is reached, expediency has become inexpedient, and force futile. Has that limit been reached?

When out of six hundred and seventy members of a House of Commons four hundred have given pledges to support women's suffrage; when a measure for the enfranchisement of women on the same terms as men has passed its second reading by a majority of one hundred and seventy-nine, and in face of this declaration of sentiment Government has refused to accord facilities for carrying it into law, there must obviously be some definite hostile factor in the political equation. That factor is party expediency. In a country governed as ours is, it is but natural that those who are, heart and soul, bound up with one party or the other, who are, so to speak, trustees for its policy, should not look with favor on any measure which may in their opinion definitely set back that policy, or affect it in some way which they cannot with sufficient clearness foresee. The cause of women is a lost dog owned by neither party, distrusted by both. While there is yet danger of being bitten, each watches that dog carefully, holding out a friendly

* Adam Lindsay Gordon.

hand. But when the door of the house is safely closed, she may howl her heart out in the cold. The Press, too, with few exceptions, is committed to one or other of these parties. To the Press, also, then, the cause of women is a homeless wanderer to whom it is proper to give casual alms, but who can hardly be brought in to the fire, lest she take up the room of the children of the house. And so out of the despair caused by this lost drifting in a vicious circle; out of a position created by party expediency, the inevitable has come to pass. Militant suffragism has arisen—ironically, since the real spiritual significance and true national benefit of the full emancipation of women will lie in the victory of justice over force; and to employ force to achieve the victory of justice over force, is both strangely paradoxical, and so befogging to the whole matter that the essential issue of Equity is more than ever hidden from the mind of the public. Militancy has served the purpose of advertisement, but it has added one more element of fixity to an impasse already existing, for the woman of action is saying: "Until you give me the vote I shall act like this;" and the man of action is answering her: "So long as you act like that I shall not give you the vote. To yield to you now would be to admit the efficacy of violence, and establish a bad precedent. If I give way to a demand voiced by such methods I shall be accused of weakness."

We must look at the situation, therefore, not as it was, or might be, *but as it is, and will be*, whatever temporary truces may be arranged. We must consider what effect that situation is having on the national character. Every little outrage committed on men by women, is met by a little outrage committed on women by men; and each time one of these mutual outrages takes place, tens of thousands of minds in this country are blunted in that most sensitive quality, gentleness. It is idle to pretend that women have not stood, and do not still stand, to men as the chief reason for being gentle; that men have not, and do not still stand to women, in the same capacity. By every little mutual outrage, then, the beneficence of sex is being weakened, its maleficence awakened, throughout the land. And the harm which is thus being done is so impalpable, so subtle, as to be beyond the power of most to notice at all, and surely beyond the power of statesmen to assess. That is the mischief. The scent is stealing away out of the flower of our urbanity. It will be long before the gardeners discover how odorless and arid that flower has become. "Very well, then!" it may be said; "Let these women cease! They began it!" Did they begin it? Was not their action as inevitable an outcome of men's indifference and opposition as ever was flame rising from a smouldering fire when a cold wind blows? What else could be expected of the women of this country? What would you have but high spirit? However regrettable this militancy, and the impasse which it is fortifying, however usual it may be to think of such conduct as hysterical, whatever element of truth there be in that charge, we may still thank Heaven that there are so many women amongst us who are ready and eager to undergo humiliation and suffering for the sake of an idea.

But it is not so much the action of the militant women themselves, nor that of those who are suppressing them, which is doing this subtle harm. It is the effect of this scrimmage on the spectators; the coarsening, and hardening, and general embitterment; the secret glorification of the worst side of the sex instinct; the constant exaltation of the rule of force; the rapid growth of a rankling sense of injustice amongst tens of thousands of women. To say that hundreds of thousands of women are opposed, or indifferent, to the full emancipation of their sex, is not, in truth, to say much. No civilising movement was ever brought to fruition save in the face of the indifference or opposition of the majority. What proportion of agricultural laborers were concerned to win for themselves the vote? How small a fraction of the people actively demanded free education! But when these privileges were won, what number of those for whom they were won would have been willing to resign them? If women were fully emancipated to-morrow,

numbers would surely resent what they would deem a blow at the influence and power already wielded by them in virtue of their sex. But in two years' time how many would be willing to surrender their freedom? As surely, not one in a hundred! To compare the disapproval of women raised against their wills to a state of emancipation in which they can remain inactive if they like, with the bitter resentment spreading like slow poison in the veins of those who fruitlessly demand emancipation, is to compare the energy of vanishing winter snow with that of the spring sun which melts it.

In an age when spirituality has ever a more desperate struggle to maintain hold at all against the inroads of materialism, any increase of bitterness in the national life, any loss of gentleness, aspiration, and mutual trust between the sexes, however silent, secret, and unmeasurable, is a very serious thing. Justice, neglected, works her own insidious revenge. There is an impasse. It will be easy to prolong that impasse indefinitely. It will be easy to go on saying: "Your cause is not our cause; we can't help you!" To go on shouting: "Behave yourselves, if you want us to do something!" But every month, every year, the germs of bitterness and brutality will be spreading. If any think that this people has gentleness to spare, and can afford to tamper with the health of its spirit, they are mistaken. If any think that repression can put an end to this impasse—again they are mistaken. The idea of the full emancipation of women is so rooted that nothing can now uproot it, and while human nature is human nature, there must ever be a vanguard of hot spirits surpassing in their actions the measures of the moderate majority. Has not expediency, then, become inexpedient, and force futile?

But apart from the political impasse, there are those who, satisfied that women have not the political aptitude of men, are chiefly opposed to the granting of the vote for fear that it will come to mean the return of women to Parliament. Now, if their conviction regarding the inferiority of women's political capacity be sound—as I for one, speaking generally, am inclined to believe—there is no danger of women being returned to Parliament save in such small numbers as to make no matter. If it be unsound—if the political capacity of woman be equal to man's—it is time Parliament were reinforced by women's presence. New waters soon find their level. Nor are such as distrust the political capacities of women qualified to prophesy a flood. To debar women for fear of their competition is a policy of little spirit, and not one that the men of this country will consciously adopt, unless we have indeed lost the fire of our fathers. There are some, too, who believe that the granting of the vote to women will increase the emotional element in an electorate whose emotional side they already distrust, and thereby endanger our relations with foreign Powers. But it has yet to be proved that women are, in a wide sense of the word, more emotional than men; and even conceding that they are, it must not be forgotten that they will bring to the consideration of international matters the solid reinforcement of two qualities—the first, a practical domestic sense lacking to men, and likely to foster national reluctance to plunge into war; the second, a greater faculty for self-sacrifice, tending to fortify national determination to persist in a war once undertaken. It is well known that during the American Civil War the women of the Southern States displayed a spirit of resistance even more heroic than that of their men folk. But in any case, to retain women in their present state of social and political inferiority for reasons which are so utterly debatable, savors, surely, somewhat of the sultan's. We have, in fact, yet to imbibed the spirit of Mill's wisest saying:—"Amongst all the lessons which men require for carrying on the struggle against the evident imperfections of their lot on earth, there is no lesson which they more need than not to add to the evils which Nature inflicts, by their jealous and prejudiced restrictions on one another."

In fine, out of the perplexity brooding over this whole matter there is no way save by resort to the first principles of gentility. If it be established—as it has

been, and incontrovertibly—that there are in this country a great and ever-increasing body of women suffering from a bitter sense of injustice, what course, compatible with true gentility, have we men but to examine, and, if it seem to us right, to remedy the evil; disregarding party interest; disregarding, too, the fact that a portion of these women may themselves be acting in ungentle fashion? Are we not bound, as it were, in honor, going apart from the winds of talk and action, to contemplate the divinity in things; to read the true meaning of all our social life; to see it for what it is, a long, slow striving for the victory of justice over force? And from this pilgrimage shall we not come back, seeing that the demand of our women for emancipation is but a symbol of that striving; shall we not come back feeling that it has become blasphemy to go against it; shall we not give fruition at last to this idea; saying, with all our hearts: From this resistance to the claims of Equity; from this bitter and ungracious conflict with those weaker than ourselves; from this slow poisoning of the well-springs of our national courtesy, and kindliness, and sense of fair play: "Gentles, let us rest!"

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

The Drama.

THE "ELEKTRA" AS A PLAY.

WHAT is the public to say when critics so finely equipped as Mr. Shaw and Mr. Newman quarrel fiercely and fundamentally over a work like the "Elektra" of Strauss? Nothing more, perhaps, than that it has all happened before, and that the champions of three great poets have raged about the Elektra of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides much as our amateurs are raging about the work of Strauss and von Hoffmanstahl. The problems of that fearful drama are endless. Who was right? Who was wrong? Was the tragedy of the House of Atreus fore-meant and pre-ordained, by gods that could not err, or were grossly fallible as men, or was it merely the work of wicked human wills? Is judgment possible; and if it is, shall we take sides with Elektra or with Clytæmnestra?

These puzzles the literary mind will ask itself for ever. What does not seem to be in question is the right of the artist to take one of these world-tales and make what use he can of it for his time and generation. This, at least, is what Strauss and Hoffmanstahl have done; swiftly condensing and clarifying the action, making something new of the duel between Clytæmnestra and Elektra, and yet not turning it essentially from its Sophoclean setting (for neither the conception of Aeschylus nor that of Euripides is largely drawn from). No one with so slow and fallible a musical sense as mine can himself say that in one hearing of this music-drama he is entitled to take sides either with Mr. Shaw or with Mr. Newman. But let me repeat, with humility, one of my impressions, which happens to coincide with Mr. Shaw's. In the earlier parts of the "Elektra" I found myself laboriously spelling out the music and fitting it in with the drama, with many a failure to find congruity and satisfaction. But in the end the music conquered, until Strauss's devices, be they bad or good, over-sensuous or over-savage, joined themselves to the swift and tumultuous movement of the play, and I hardly heard its separate rhythm, any more, I suppose, than the Blessed distinguish the instruments that produce the Music of the Spheres or the Song of the Redeemed in Heaven. Now and then I did so distinguish. But when drums crashed and fiddles shrieked as Clytæmnestra met her doom, I was too hypnotised to ask myself whether this was the appropriate musical comment, or whether I ought not to prefer the elaborate thought-out rehearsal of a tragic event, such as Wagner executes for us in the Funeral March of "Siegfried."

If there were cacophonies, I missed them, just as when Irving pleased me, I ceased to think of what I disliked in his voice and stage manner. I offer myself, therefore, as a victim to Mr. Shaw or Mr. Newman, equally helpless in the hands of either. But the power of sweeping the average man off his feet, and carrying him up to steep places of emotion, Strauss (*me teste*) does possess.

To what end does he exert it? To mere nerve excitation, or to the tragic poet's purpose of purging the bosom with pity and terror? Frau Krull's Elektra was clearly meant to illustrate the second design; earlier interpretations of the character, as well as the language of Elektra's first soliloquy, might well be taken to lead to the first. When Clytæmnestra appeared, musical and dramatic intention seemed to me to develop into something original and powerful. It was a horrible thing; a new reading of the black business of Clytæmnestra's heart, just as it was a new decking of her body to make it look like a bloated Theodora, or that other Vision of Sin which was "arrayed in purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having in her hand a golden cup full of abominations, even the unclean things of her fornication." Strauss and Hoffmanstahl usher in this figure with the sounds of slaughter, and of the hurrying of frightened figures through the dark corridors of the palace of Mycenæ, and wedge her in with an obscene gibbering chorus of slaves and fellow-sinners in that place of Hell. I see that some critics complain that this is no more classic Greek than is the pale, monstrous face of Clytæmnestra, a mirror of fear and weariness and sated lust. But were the Greeks so very classical? Is Aeschylus as frigid as Corneille? Do their favorite themes suggest the modern shirking of trouble, or is it the delicate timidity of our civilisation which has converted the moral purposes of Greek literature into problems in æsthetics? Or, being unable to read iambics and chorus-metres as they were meant to be read, do we let their beautiful form mask the true meaning of the stories they illustrate? And in any case, what is Hecuba to us or we to Hecuba, unless she comes into our experience of life as it is lived to-day? Even if the modern artist loses in measure as compared with the classic original, he gains in force and directness, and in the conflict between the two women, one bedizened with the spoils of wealth, the other in grey sackcloth—one looking forward to the judgment whose vision robs her of peace by day and by night, the other, disinherited but coldly expectant of the great change—it is open to the student of his times to read the moral that artists like Aubrey Beardsley read in his studies of our fashionable streets and restaurants, and of the beings who haunted them.

The lover of reserve in art may draw back from such portraiture, and carry with him the verdict of intellectual refinement. But the satirist and the poet will not necessarily join him. Blake cannot get the pictures of Hell out of his mind's eye, and Shelley will discover them to be much like the sights of London. Mr. Newman is quite as generous as Mr. Shaw in his praise of what he selects as the great passages of Strauss's "Elektra," and the music which described the meeting between Orestes and his sister—not in fitful relief from unpleasant scoring, as one critic suggests, but in a prolonged beauty of expression, answering to each wave-beat of joy in Elektra's bosom—was long ago married to immortal verse. The question is whether the musical realist has not captured a great audience for art and morals when he chooses such themes as that of Elektra and illustrates them in the manner of Strauss. If he has exceeded the proper limits of his art, it is clear that he must fail. If he has really debased his theme, he will not live. But the general charge of decadence lies equally against Strauss and the author of "The Power of Darkness"; and it is made (I do not, of course, refer to Mr. Newman) by those critics whose view of life is both æsthetic and conservative, who invite the modern artist to turn his eyes away from our slums and on to our green lanes, and to offer us soothing syrup, in place of the cup of the wine of the fierceness of the wrath of God.

H. W. M.

Communications.

BRITISH SPORT: HOW IT IS CHANGING.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Sport has been defined as "The fair, difficult, exciting, perhaps dangerous pursuit of a wild animal that has the odds in its favor, whose courage, speed, strength and cunning are more or less a match for our own, and whose death, being of service, is justifiable."

This very inaccurate description of what we to-day term "sport," kept recurring to me at Altcar, where a friend had persuaded me to join him to watch the coursing. I had seen coursing before, also some of the brutal exhibitions of "pull-baker-pull-devil" termed rabbit-coursing. This was the first time, however, that it had been my privilege to watch the blue ribbon of British coursing, namely, the competitions for the Waterloo Cup. Again and again I had been told, "Oh, you ought to see the coursing at Altcar; you don't know what coursing is until you see that; it's the grandest sport on earth."

Well, now I have seen it, and I can't say that I shall ever clamor to see it again. "The fair, difficult, exciting, perhaps dangerous pursuit of a wild animal" (*sic*). Who, I wonder, compiled that remarkable definition for the Badminton Library? Can he ever have seen coursing? Hardly, one would think. It is "fair," and it is "sport," in so far that the hares are wild hares, and that they are beaten up on land they know, whereas in rabbit-coursing the rabbits are taken to the ground in sacks, and consequently, when released, run hither and thither without in the least knowing where to make for, the lie of the land being strange to them. It is "difficult," yes, but only for the greyhounds, whereas the compiler of the definition quoted meant to imply that the "difficulty" in connection with sport would rest with the sportsman. Certainly it is "exciting," yet I doubt if the excitement would be great were betting not connected with the "sport." As for there being the least element of danger to any who take part in it, that there emphatically is not; nor does coursing serve any good purpose, as hunting, shooting, fishing, steeplechasing, and practically all forms of true sport do by quickening power of observation, or by inculcating patience, or by teaching woodcraft, or by cultivating "nerve" and judgment and instilling self-confidence.

It may be un-English to say so, but personally I would any day sooner watch a bull-fight than a coursing match. I was present at a bull-fight in Pueblo years ago, and though it is horrible to see horses ripped up, especially old horses which no longer are active enough to avoid the bull's on-rushes, at least there is an element of danger to the men engaged in the fight, and the game is a manly one so far as they are concerned. With regard to coursing, however, as a 'cross-country rider with me at Altcar remarked, "there's about as much 'devil' about this job as there is in croquet, and the odds are all on the greyhounds."

Is British sport, then, really coming to this—that we are going to prefer amusements such as coursing and otter-hunting, that have in them no spice of danger, that call for no skill upon the part of those who engage in them, as hunting, shooting, and fishing do, and that need no pluck of any kind—are we really going to prefer "muffish" to manly forms of sport, and "muffish" to manly games? Otter-hunting is said to be growing annually more popular, while the Waterloo Cup, inaugurated in 1836, has now grown to be a national event in the opinion of a particular set of sportsmen. There is outcry in these days that so many hundreds of young and active lads should waste their Saturday afternoons in watching—and incidentally in betting upon—football matches when a great proportion could themselves be indulging in some form of active amusement. No doubt there is ground for complaint, but football is at any rate a game needing both skill and pluck, and therefore it is worth watching; whereas in connection with coursing there can be nothing fine or manly. The odds, as has been said, are all on the greyhounds, and of course every greyhound that is slipped is in the very pink of condition.

Indeed it is regrettable that the popularity of the games and the branches of sport which call for "grit" and determination should in this country be dwindling—football and

cricket excepted—whereas games needing only skill, and some of them but little of that, grow persistently more popular. It is a common sight to-day to see mere lads playing at croquet, while golf, from being a game deemed suitable only for men of middle age, is now played in many schools. The size of hunting-fields has increased considerably of late years, but has the number of men who really ride to hounds increased at all in proportion? It will, I think, be admitted by men who are in a position to speak with authority, so far as the countries in which they themselves hunt are concerned, that the number of good men to hounds has not increased in anything approaching an adequate proportion.

Against this it may be urged that the popularity of point-to-point chasing has increased by leaps and bounds; it is true that the close of the present hunting season will witness more "point-to-points" than have ever been run before. Equally true it is, however, that the number of point-to-point riders has not greatly increased of recent years. Go from meeting to meeting and you will see the same riders up, time after time, just as you do in "legitimate" steeplechasing. A point that strikes me forcibly in this connection—and I write quite impartially—is that though the general level of horsemanship in the hunting countries with which I am acquainted does not show a tendency to improve among the men, owing probably to the fact that the rising generation of men for the most part devote their attention to motoring rather than to horsemanship, women seem, upon the whole, to ride better than they used to do, and to be growing keener about it.

Plenty of men will of course tell you that the women who ride across country quite fearlessly do so in almost every instance through ignorance—"Where there is no knowledge of danger," they will quote, "there cannot be fear." To that theory I have long been opposed, for the theory is an utterly false one. Dozens of times I have seen women who well knew the risks they ran in taking certain lines of country of their own when hounds were running hard, give men who were hesitating at an awkward fence a lead over. For a woman's intuition and her quickness of thought and of decision serve her in the hunting-field just as they do elsewhere. When, for instance, hounds suddenly throw up their heads, and the field, huddled together, are wondering which way the fox has turned, more often than not it is one of the women riders who first draws the master's or the huntsman's attention to uneasiness amongst the cattle several fields away. The huntsman makes a cast in that direction, and the pack hit off the line, and in a minute or so they are racing through the field where the cattle are that had been disturbed by the fox's passing by.

It is curious—it may be significant—that while a vast proportion of the men of the well-to-do classes seem to be satisfied with amusements needing neither nerve nor "grit," women are becoming more and more addicted to games and to forms of sport that call for risk to limb and sometimes to life. Whether the fashion of riding in astride saddles, that has steadily spread ever since Mrs. Alec Tweedie first set the example, is to be recommended, it is hard to say. The astride-seat is preferable when the rider is mounted on an animal that is inclined to rear, and of course in a side-saddle the horse cannot be "squeezed" when coming to a fence.—Yours, &c.,

SPORTSMAN.

Letters to the Editor.

STRAUSS AND HIS "ELEKTRA."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Shaw's second letter makes argument with him more possible than the first did. He himself aptly described that as a yell; and discussion with Mr. Shaw while he is merely yelling is too much like arguing with a locomotive whistle in full blast. But now that Mr. Shaw's manner has lost something of its blend of the patronising pedagogue and the swaggering bully, we can get more directly to the real matter in hand.

My offence, it seems, is a triple one. (1) I wrote an article upon "Elektra" in my own way and from my own

standpoint, instead of first finding out the way and the standpoint of Mr. Shaw, and writing accordingly. This, I own, was unpardonable, and I apologise for it. (2) I took a wrong view of Strauss and "Elektra." (3) In expressing this view, I necessarily made use of language that was not always complimentary to Strauss. Let us first look at No. 2.

Mr. Shaw has now heard "Elektra," and he pronounces it very good. I know that this authoritative announcement ought to be enough; but I am still so perverse as to maintain that parts of "Elektra" are very ugly, and other parts of it a failure. I repeat that there are abundant signs in it of the development of the bad elements that have spoiled so much of Strauss's work during the last few years—ugly, slap-dash vocal writing, which he attempts to carry through by means of orchestral bravado, a crude pictorialism, ineffective violence simulating strength, a general coarsening of the tissue of the music, a steady deterioration in invention, especially on the melody side. Mr. Shaw performs an enthusiastic fantasia upon von Hofmannsthal's drama, which, to my mind and the mind of many others, is—beauty of diction apart—a most unpleasant specimen of that crudity and physical violence that a certain school of modern German artists mistakes for intellectual and emotional power. In setting this violence to music, Strauss tries to out-Herod Herod. I should not blame him so much for this, if the thing were only well done. In "Salome" the subject is a trifle unpleasant, but Strauss has given us a marvellous study of the diseased woman's mind. My complaint against "Elektra" is that he frequently fobs us off with the merest make-believe. The music (I am speaking, of course, of the bad parts of it now) does not itself cut to the roots of the characters as that of "Salome" does; Strauss tries to bluff us partly by the tumult of his orchestration and partly by the easy pathos of the theatre. I have no objection to Mr. Shaw being bluffed in this way; but I am not going to be bluffed myself by means so transparent. Mr. Shaw, in his desperate attempt to justify the ways of Shaw to men, actually tells us that "on Saturday night the crowded house burst into frenzied shoutings, not merely of applause, but of strenuous assent and affirmation, as the curtain fell." The spectacle of Mr. Shaw bringing up the opinion of a British audience on a point of art as a support for his own is delicious. Oh, Bernard, Bernard, has it come to this? May not that applause be accounted for in another way? One curious feature of these "Elektra" performances has been that while many advanced musicians, real admirers of Strauss, have been chilled by the work, the general public has been enthusiastic over it. I take this to be due, roughly speaking, to two causes. Some people have been swept off their feet by the first excitement of the thing; others have been astonished and delighted to find that, so far from the Strauss idiom being so advanced and recondite as they had been led to believe, many of the tunes, such as that of Chrysothemis and that of the final triumph, are of the most friendly and accommodating commonplace. I ask Mr. Shaw to look at the latter theme, on p. 238 of the score, and tell me honestly whether it is not banality itself. It is fit only for third-rate French or Italian opera; you can hear the same kind of tune on the band in the park any Saturday. And, thinking that a theme of this kind is utterly unworthy of Strauss, I have every right to say so. I have a right, again, to speak of the "impudence" of the attempt to bamboozle me into the belief that great music is going on in the orchestra when I know that it is only the big drum banging, or some trick of orchestration sending a shudder under my skin. I have a right to speak of "incompetence" when a composer makes a tremendous show of rising to the supremest heights of a situation, and, in spite of all his mouthing and his violence, falls as far below it as Strauss does in the ineffective noise that accompanies Elektra's digging-up of the axe, or the murder of Aegisthus. (Technical incompetence I never urged against Strauss, as Mr. Shaw seems to think.) I have a right to say that pages such as 36-40, or 53-56 (there are many others like them) are an unblushing evasion of the problem of thinking coherently and continuously in music. I hold, in a word, that much of "Elektra" is merely frigid intellectual calculation simulating a white heat of emotion. I find that Mr. Shaw once expressed, *à propos* of Marlowe, the

very point I would make here: Marlowe, he says, is "itching to frighten other people with the superstitious terrors and cruelties in which he does not himself believe, and wallowing in blood, violence, muscularity of expression, and strenuous animal passion, as only literary men do when they become thoroughly depraved by solitary work, sedentary cowardice, and starvation of the sympathetic centres." Precisely. I would explain the bogus passion and bogus hysterics of a good deal of Strauss's later music in the same way. He drives furiously at us, with all his enormous cerebral energy and his stupendous technique; but at heart he is cold, for all the whipping and spurring. He reminds me, in moments like these, of the beggars who simulate epilepsy in the streets, producing the foaming at the mouth by chewing a piece of soap. I have no objection to the sympathetic and trustful Mr. Shaw believing the fit to be a real one; but he really must not lose his temper because, having learned some of the tricks of the trade, I assure him that I can see the soap.

And now for No. 3. Mr. Shaw heatedly objected to the tone of some of my criticism of Strauss. It was "neither good manners" (Mr. Shaw is our leading authority on manners) "nor good sense" for "writers of modest local standing to talk *de haut en bas* to men of European reputation"; it was an "intolerable thing, an exploded thing, a parochial, boorish thing," and Heaven only knows what else. Very good; but who is this purist who yells so deafeningly for moderation in criticism? Let us look for a moment at a few passages of Mr. Shaw's own that he appears to have forgotten. He has lately called Schubert a mere confectioner. He once called Marlowe a fool—"the fellow was a fool." Unless my memory is greatly at fault, he once called Shakespeare an idiot—though I will accept Mr. Shaw's correction here if I am wrong. But he certainly wrote that "Cymbeline" "is for the most part stagey trash of the lowest melodramatic order, in parts abominably written, throughout intellectually vulgar, and, judged in point of thought by modern intellectual standards, vulgar, foolish, offensive, indecent, and exasperating beyond all tolerance." Again, the same poor Shakespeare, "in his efforts to be a social philosopher," can only "rise for an instant to the level of a sixth-rate Kingsley"; but Mr. Shaw cannot stand "his moral platitudes, his jingo claptraps, his tavern pleasantries, his bombast and drivel, his incapacity for following up the scraps of philosophy he stole so aptly," nor "his usual incapacity for pursuing any idea." He tells us frankly that his own "Cæsar and Cleopatra" is an improvement on Shakespeare. In fact, says Mr. Shaw, "with the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his." Some unkind people might say that this was a case of a writer of modest local standing talking to a man of European reputation *de haut en bas*. Shakespeare's reputation, I fancy, is European; and if I say nothing about the modest local standing, it is solely because I hesitate to incur the responsibility of mentioning modesty and Mr. Bernard Shaw in the same sentence.

I know what he will say to this—that all these dicta of his upon Shakespeare were based upon a study of his dramas, and that while blaming Shakespeare for many things he praised him for others. But that is exactly my attitude towards Strauss. If, then, it is right for Mr. Shaw, it cannot be wrong for me; if it is wrong for me, it cannot be right for him. At all events, if he is going to set out to prove the contrary he will need a better equipment than a penful of scurrilous impertinence and a disgracefully bad memory for his own past.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST NEWMAN.

March 22nd, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As was to be hoped, Mr. Bernard Shaw, having seen Strauss's "Elektra," has vouchsafed your readers the benefit of his original and serious point of view. His onslaught upon Mr. Ernest Newman was, of course, the most formidable and flattering tribute payable to that critic's merits. Mr. Shaw has himself been through the treadmill of our musical criticism. It reduced him, he has told us, to the condition of a worn-out

cab horse. In London a physical staying-power of nerveless brute strength, a flaccid eye, fixed anxiously upon the fluctuations of the advertisement trade, and a mechanical pen apt to the manufacture of convictionless platitudes, are obviously the prime qualifications that bid for the lucrative and nameless obscurity of a thoroughly successful and long-lived musical critic, sought and trusted of editors, who assure us, if quite needlessly, that for music, as music, they know nothing, and care less. It is unlikely that Mr. Newman would cope peacefully with the editorial standpoint of London's musical interests for as long as a week, and certainly not Mr. Shaw. Mr. Shaw, therefore, if he disagree with Mr. Newman, has at least tacitly confessed that here is an adversary of mettle worth fighting. There are various interesting points in the discussion of the two opponents. Mr. Shaw maintains that contemporary European fame is an infallible proof of Strauss's genius. Strauss has obtained no greater fame; and commands the money market no more than did Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn; and at the present moment it is doubtful whether Strauss, or, for that matter, Mr. Shaw himself, has a wider reputation than Miss Maud Allen. So much for the worth, or the worthlessness, as the case may be, of European fame.

Mr. Newman declared it absurd and irrelevant of Mr. Shaw to pronounce an opinion on "Elektra" without a hearing. But supposing (as is probable) that Mr. Shaw had already studied half a dozen of Strauss's works, then he was perfectly qualified to know exactly what to expect of Strauss, nor would Strauss for an instant disappoint him. Whether it be the "Don Quixote Variations," the "Heldenleben," or "Salome," or "Elektra," there is always in Strauss the same mighty mental jugglery in handling great masses of sound; the same unrivalled gift of condensation and terseness, a gift to be specially commended, perhaps, to Mr. Shaw's own attention.

What Wagner took four to five hours to express, Strauss condenses lucidly into one and a half; and this without the aid of any cumbrously elaborated costly scenic appliances. Strauss may be called the chief democratic force of contemporary art. I would suggest that he is indeed the one living artist who can make a democratic concourse unobjectionable, nay, even almost attractive. It is highly significant of the supreme position which music has assumed as a social democratic element, that Strauss, of all men, should be a musician, and not a scientist or a writer. Like Mr. Shaw, moreover, he has completely mastered the art and technique of expressing the warp and woof of his own individuality as a human being; and in Strauss (one has but to look at him, and speak to him, to perceive this) his brain altogether eclipses his emotions. Compare his portrait, for instance, with those of Beethoven, Berlioz, Wagner, Cesar Franck, Debussy. The lower part of his face is comparatively insignificant, curiously undeveloped and expressionless. But from the eyes upwards the breadth and strength of his head are extraordinary. Here is something unequalled in musical physiognomy. I believe that physiognomy can serve as a far truer index and guide to the value and nature of an artist's work than half a dozen European fames *en bloc*. The mental quality of music can only be gauged by the composer's capacity as a harmonist, and one can only offer one's own experience for what it may be worth. I have had, perhaps, certain unusual opportunities for hearing and studying music. I confess that in listening to "Elektra" I was carried away by none of the emotional ecstasy that overwhelmed Mr. Shaw. Personally, I find in the whole harmonic structure of Strauss's orchestration one of the keenest and most quickening mental tonics that I can indulge in. I enjoy it just as I enjoy a play by Mr. Shaw. There are, doubtless, others who feel as I do, albeit at one of the recent Covent Garden performances I noted in my own immediate vicinity no less than three persons (two men and one woman) who long before the end of Elektra's first soliloquy were slumbering peacefully in their stalls. They may possibly have been some of the daily paper critics. If harmony be the mental texture of music, melody is equally its emotional content. And here I, for one, would humbly venture to do homage to the insight of "poor" Mr. Newman's criticism of Strauss. Harmony may also be considered as the masculine element in music, melody as its feminine basis if, that is,

it be correct that woman at her best is a feeling, rather than a thinking, being. In "Elektra," still more than in "Salome," Strauss has attempted to grapple with the feminine problem of human existence. As I listened to the wonderful gyrations of Strauss's brain in his orchestra and watched the fruit of his imagination coarsened into concrete action on the stage, involuntarily there came back to my mind an ejaculation of R. L. Stevenson to Mr. William Archer anent some of Mr. Shaw's feminine psychologisings: "But, I say, Archer, my God! what women!"—Yours, &c.,
March 22nd, 1910.

A. E. KEETON.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the recent exchange of civilities between Mr. Newman and Mr. Shaw, I side with Mr. Shaw, but the conclusion of his letter in your issue of last week moves me to offer a comment. I like Mr. Shaw's idea that "Elektra" is to be regarded as a sort of cosmic melodrama, that the Clytemnestra régime stands for "the omnipresent villainies of our civilisation"; in short, for all the tyrannies and monopolies; and that Elektra and Orestes tickle the hearer's sense of justice by bringing off a really final and deadlift effort in trust-bursting. But is not Mr. Shaw rather too hopeful (he usually is) when he brings this essentially sound interpretation into focus with the "frenzied shoutings" (of the London opera public), "not merely of applause, but of strenuous assent and affirmation"? Was the recent furore on Strauss nights really informed by the spirit of social democracy? I put the matter to a rough test on Saturday last, when I went again, in company with a perhaps too literal friend, who had also read Mr. Shaw's letter with approval. My friend's topical murmurings throughout the performance distressed me, but they gave me to think. His line is municipal politics, and when the grisly "march of the beasts" struck in, heralding the first approach of Clytemnestra, he sibilated: "Here comes Captain Jessel and the Coal Consumers' League." He expanded more and more during the following scene between Clytemnestra and Elektra, in which the "Municipal Reformers" so obviously get the worst of it, and he had to pull himself together when the false report of the death of the Land Clauses (brought in by Confederates) culminates in the temporary triumph and Satanic exit of Right Hon. W. Long and Budget Protest League. Finally, we rejoiced when old Standard Oil went stupidly to his doom, ushered, appropriately enough, by Elektra, with a torch, and we were not surprised that he put up a bit of a fight at the window. We could imagine that in the general scrimmage behind the scenes Red Rubber and Tsarism shared in the *culbute universale*, so that the decks should be quite clear for Elektra's final Carmagnole.

Seriously, I ask Mr. Shaw to reconsider. What proportion of boxes, stalls, circle, and gallery are really so dissatisfied with things as they are? How many of them are Fabians, or even anti-Veto men? In my humble judgment, the Veto would be settled by now if Mr. Shaw's "strenuous assent and affirmation" were within miles of the truth. I can think of half a dozen reasons for the success of "Elektra" (obvious to your readers also) that are far more plausible and far less edifying than Mr. Shaw's.—Yours, &c.,

ONE WHO WISHES HE COULD BELIEVE IN IT.

March 22nd, 1910.

[But when we see guilt and shame on the stage, do we not fit its exposition to our own most acute sense of what is wrong within—with ourselves—and without—with the world?—ED., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As one who has not only not heard "Elektra," but has given away her tickets from the conviction that the chief result of hearing it would be physical tiredness and mental dissatisfaction, I have, perhaps, slight claim to enter the lists with Mr. Ernest Newman against so crushing an adversary as Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Yet, having read Mr. Newman's criticism of Strauss's opera with real gratitude that a critic has arisen indepen-

dent enough to protest against the school of fleshly-intellectual art of which Dr. Strauss is only one exponent (great enough to form a natural point of departure for discussion), perhaps you will allow me to try and point out what seems the underlying and profoundly important matter of divergence between these two views, apart from all question as to the undisputed greatness of Dr. Strauss, the critical competence of Mr. Newman, or the somewhat brow-beating cleverness of Mr. Shaw.

Is it not the whole difference between the idealistic and materialistic points of view which is here in question—the age-long contest between light and darkness (the darkness being all the more insidious from being disguised as light—the light of intellect, and power, and limitless skill)? We have only to compare the impression made on us by such music as Beethoven's three Leonora Overtures (to which I was happy enough to listen yesterday) with the music of the ultra-modern school, with its unlimited means of expression and poverty of matter to express, to realise that the art of music is the very battleground whereon the tremendous issue of Flesh or Spirit, Life or Death, is destined to be fought out.

Compare for a moment the subject-matter of "Fidelio" with that of "Elektra." The one finds its inspiration in that noble and enduring human love which forms a spiritual groundwork for society, opening up endless vistas to the soul. The other is based on an episode of adultery, murder, and vengeance—all the evil passions which disintegrate the social structure and obscure the higher destinies of mankind. In the Trilogy of Æschylus, the murder of Klytemnestra is seen in its due relation to the idea which dominates the whole—the expiation by Orestes of the doom laid on his house by the sin of Tantalus, and the gradual withdrawal of the Erinnyes from their pursuit of the fated descendant.

But, to take one section of the tragedy and exalt the lust of vengeance in a woman (who does not really occupy this prominent place in the drama) into the main theme of the opera, is surely to degrade the office of music, which might be called the Soul's own handmaid, speaking, as it does, a language which is in more intimate correspondence with its needs than any other. If these needs are more and more assumed to be, as in "Elektra," physical excitement, unrestrained passion, and the purely earthly aspect of life, and if music is to minister to these things by every resource of art and sensuous effect, where are we to turn in the future for the glorious sense of joy and freedom (won through self-conquest) which uplifts us in such music as that of Beethoven?

Hence the possibly half-conscious ground of such a protest as Mr. Newman's has a value and significance entirely missed (or ignored) by Mr. Shaw. To cling to the function of music as being the noblest "Knight of the Holy Ghost" among the arts is surely to care profoundly for the future of humanity, and to safeguard its best interests.

And it is, moreover, significant that the best soil for such an art is oftener found to be the stony one whereon the feet of Beethoven so often bled than the luxurious "interiors" where Wealth spreads its velvet carpet, and the artist's soul (though not his brain) is stifled by materialism.

—Yours, &c.,
DOROTHEA HOLLINS.

March 19th, 1910.

"THE RING" AT EDINBURGH.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I say a word to soothe the susceptibilities of "Edinburgh" and "Edinensis"? If the latter will read once more the quotation he makes from my article, he will see that the comparison was between Wagner as played by a first-rate orchestra like the Scottish, and Wagner as played by the orchestra of the average touring company. As for the "whole-hearted support of the Press," my information as to the character of the "support" given to Mr. Denhof by one or two of the greater journals, in the months when he most needed help, came to me on unimpeachable authority. And as for my supposed disparagement of the musical Press of Scotland, I would say, first of all, that no reflection was made on that Press as a whole, and that the occasional blunders—for example, in telling the story of

"The Ring"—that I had in mind were observed by me in my own reading. But I notice that while "Edinburgh" assures me that "the Scottish Press is well informed on musical matters," "Edinensis" holds that, "as a rule, the Edinburgh Press is unfortunately not well enough instructed" to give "adequate recognition" to Mr. Denhof's work. Perhaps they will settle the point between them.—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

March 22nd, 1910.

LIBERAL LEADERSHIP.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—At a critical political juncture such as exists at present, grave differences of opinion must exist and must be expected. Leadership at such a time is most needed to overpower and harmonise the differences that exist amongst party leaders and publicists, such as yourself. No party in the State at present has a man who can claim to be a great leader. This is unfortunate, because when the generals are of about the same calibre, effective campaigning is difficult, and the soldiers in the line must think out their own strategy. As a "ranker," I think your position on the present deadlock is not sound.

I hold the Budget was the first issue at the election, because it was on finance the Government resigned. To say the Veto precedes the Budget in public importance is, in my mind, to refuse to accept the facts of the election. The action of the Irish and Radicals in making the Government change its policy is not wise. Redress of grievance before Supply is good enough, but the Budget provides for a year that is now almost complete, and should have been passed first, in vindication of the Commons' rights. By doing so the public would have been saved loss which they have no right to suffer through the quarrel of the two Houses and the manœuvring of groups in Parliament. At the same time, the Commons' power over Supply for the new financial year would have been as strong a weapon as they needed. I make bold to say no party dare face the electors with the plea: "Supply stopped because of the House of Lords." It would be annihilation for that party.

I therefore welcome Sir Edward Grey's strong line of veto and reform.

You say it was not before the electors, but we send representatives to Parliament, not delegates. These representatives must interpret what their constituents wish in the ever changing circumstances. The circumstances are changed; the House of Lords have agreed to positive action to counteract the veto proposals. Our representatives in Parliament must meet the new situation for us. I therefore agree with Sir Edward Grey that to go to the country with the cry: "The veto and an unreformed House of Lords and House of Commons" is folly. No Liberal proposes a Second Chamber "to be a powerful rival of the House of Commons." But a Second Chamber is necessary to the smooth working of the legislative machine. There is never any first-class Bill in the House of Commons which is not closed, and important sections are passed without proper discussion. Should there not be a proper revising Chamber to look after the people's interests, and see there is no dangerous section in these undiscussed parts? In these days of Parliamentary groups, when a group can, as the price of their support, make the Government adopt certain clauses they do not desire, should there not be a revising chamber able to protect the majority against the minority? For these and many reasons, I think Sir Edward Grey is accentuating the proper ideas at the present time, and is keeping in the party men who would have nothing to do with the Veto only. I should be quite content with the Veto only, and desire nothing more; but when we have not a great leader, we must draw from the leaders the best they can give.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN M. HOGGE.

5, Harrington Place, Edinburgh,
March 21st, 1910.

LORDS AND COMMONS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I suppose we may now assume as certain that the plan of the Government is to proceed against the Lords on the lines of the the Campbell-Bannerman resolutions.

This plan will, of course, be rejected by the Lords, and in that case there is little chance of passing the Budget. A dissolution must follow, and the Ministry will go before the electors with no record of achievement, with the finances in a state of chaos, and with nothing done to remove the inequalities of the electoral law. Under these conditions he must be a very sanguine Liberal who will expect even as good a result as at the last election, and an adverse majority is much more likely. Tariff Reform will then be carried, and great vested interests will be created, which will exclude the Free Trade party from power for many years. I do not say that this will certainly happen, but its probability can hardly be denied. Is it, however, necessary to face this prospect with no effort to avoid it? If we cannot get all that is desired, surely it is better to secure what is possible than to accept complete defeat. If there is no way of forcing a Bill through the Lords, cannot one be devised which would remove the present deadlock and yet pass the Lords? Suppose it were provided that the number of hereditary peers sitting in the House be reduced in number, that future peerages be for life, and that in case of disagreement both Houses sit together. As such a Bill would be no derogation to the Lords, and they profess to desire reform, it is difficult to think that they would reject it; or, if they did, they would stand forth as obstructors naked and unashamed. Of course, I do not put this forward as an ideal scheme, but the absolute bar to legislation would be removed, the Budget would pass, new electoral laws could be carried before a dissolution, and any further Bill dealing with the powers and composition of the House of Lords could be passed whenever the Liberals have a large majority in the Commons.—Yours, &c.,

FESTINA LENTE.

March 20th, 1910.

IRELAND AND THE BUDGET.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*

SIR,—Dr. Johnson foresaw many British Budgets—Budgets of social weal and Budgets of social ill—when he warned his Irish acquaintance: “Do not make a Union with us, sir. We should unite with you only to rob you; we should have robbed the Scotch if they had had anything of which we could have robbed them.” Mr. Gladstone, himself one of the most ruthless plunderers of Ireland in his day, realised towards the end of his life that Johnson’s prophecy had come true, and in April, 1896, he declared that the Report of the Commission on Irish Finance was a thing “which I rejoice to have had a share in leaving as one of my best (or last) legacies to the country.” One of the findings of that Commission was “that whilst the actual tax revenue of Ireland is about one-eleventh of that of Great Britain, the relative taxable capacity of Ireland is very much smaller, and is not estimated by any of us as exceeding one-twentieth.” One-twentieth, be it remembered, was the highest proportion which any member of the Commission believed could be justly laid on the shoulders of Ireland. Other authorities, however, basing their estimate on an Income-tax comparison suggested by Lord Castlereagh at the time of the Union, put the figure, not at one-twentieth, but at one-thirty-second.

Now, the supporters of the Budget, so far as I can see, are for throwing over the Report of Mr. Gladstone’s Commission and for ignoring all the facts of the financial plunder of Ireland which have been made known since that time. Old Age Pensions and land purchase bonuses—every penny of which, by the way, comes out of Ireland’s own rifled pocket—are apparently supposed to be heroic exhibitions of British generosity and self-sacrifice, atoning for all past thefts. Sir, if the new Budget did not levy an extra half-penny on Ireland, not even then would it atone for all past thefts. At the lowest computation, however, it levies an additional toll on Ireland of £535,000, or about 2s. 6d. a head on every man, woman, and child in the country. At the highest computation, it levies an extra £2,000,000, about 10s. a head on every man, woman, and child in the country. I do not care which figure you take, it is still plunder. If the lower figure is correct, then one of the things it means is that, aiming at taxing the Irish consumer, you have instead gone some way towards destroying one of Ireland’s few industries—the distilling industry. Let the Editor of

“The Economist” play with figures as he pleases, he cannot get over the fact that this Budget, however excellent and just for England, makes for the social and industrial impoverishment of Ireland. Not of the distillers, or publicans, or farmers, or any one class, be it noted, but of the Irish nation. England, as a collector of taxes, stands to Ireland in the relation of a gross absentee landlord, who devises all his exactions solely to suit his own weal. No other absentee landlord ever ground the faces of our poor as England has done.

May I give a few figures to suggest the extent to which Ireland is over-taxed, even according to British standards? Mr. Hobhouse declared recently in the Westminster Parliament that “the amount of Imperial taxation contributed by Ireland in 1895-6, on the basis of calculation adopted in the Financial Relations returns, was £8,034,384, and in 1908-9 £9,250,500. Had the taxation in 1895-6 been “just”—that is, had the Irish share been one-twentieth of that of Great Britain—Ireland would, according to Mr. Hobhouse, have contributed £5,132,047, or £2,902,337 less than she actually did. Under the new Budget, however, at the lowest computation, she is to contribute £9,250,500, *plus* £535,000—that is, something in the neighborhood of £10,000,000, or nearly twice the sum which very moderate people thought her fit to contribute in 1895-6. Now, does anyone suggest that Ireland to-day is able to bear twice the financial burden she was fit to support fifteen years ago? No one, except a madman, would do so, in view of the fact that still more land has gone out of tillage, emigration has continued practically unchecked, and the paupers have not ceased to pour into the workhouses in their discolored hosts. The national revival has so far represented the break of an ebb rather than the return sweep of the tide.

Even Pitt and Castlereagh, it should be remembered, corrupt as were their aims and influences, never contemplated that the same scheme of taxation could justly be applied to a wealthy country like England and an impoverished country like Ireland. How different the economic conditions of the two countries are may be seen from a comparison of the results of the effects of a typical Budget in both. According to the Budget of 1905-6, for instance, the tax revenue contributed by Great Britain consisted of, approximately, 51·7 per cent. direct taxes and 48·3 per cent. indirect taxes; Ireland’s contribution, however, consisted of 28·3 direct taxes and 71·7 indirect taxes. Is it not obvious that the conditions of the two countries must be as different as those of England and Hungary? Your new Budget is a pillow which you put under England’s head to give her ease, but you put over Ireland’s face to smother her.

I am not, by the way, greatly concerned with a comparison between Mr. Lloyd George’s Budget and other Budgets, past and possible. So far as Ireland is concerned, in the matter of Chancellors of the Exchequer, it is a case of “an Amurath an Amurath succeeds.” The only change is that in the old days we were frankly the prisoners of Imperial necessity. But now, it seems, we are to be led out and crucified on a cross of British good intentions. We could have borne anything but that.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT LYND.

P.S.—Since writing this, I see Mr. Lloyd George has given a still lower estimate of the amount of Ireland’s extra contribution under the new Budget. The new figure, however, does not vitiate any of my arguments.

R. L.

THE WOMEN’S CHARTER.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In the article which appears under this heading in the current issue of *THE NATION* I read with amazement the following sentence: “The whole doctrine of coverture practically suspending the civil existence of a wife and preventing her from taking legal action except through her husband or by his consent is to be assailed.” The learned author of this article appears to be a kind of Rip van Winkle who fell asleep some time in the Middle Ages. Possibly he has been perusing “Shepherd’s Touchstone” or “Coke upon Lyttleton,” and has made the mistake

of supposing that these works correctly represent the present state of the law. In order to remove misapprehension, perhaps I may be permitted to state that the civil existence of a married woman at the present day is in no sense suspended, and that she possesses the same civil rights as an unmarried woman or a man. A married woman possesses many privileges which are denied to mere man, such, for example, as exemption from the bankruptcy law (unless she is trading separately from her husband), and the power when she is restrained from anticipation of evading the just claims of her creditors. But although the law restricts her liability, it does not restrict her rights. Every married woman can indulge in any species of litigation without the consent, and against the wishes, of her husband, and no married woman, so far as I know, ever takes legal action "through her husband." The husband, however, retains one peculiar privilege—he is still liable to be sued for his wife's torts (*e.g.*, in respect of a libel written by her), although he has ceased to have any control over her actions.—Yours, &c.,

W. A. JOLLY.

5, Portman Mansions, W.

March 21st, 1910.

INSCRIPTIONS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Some time ago I directed public attention to the disgraceful condition of the tomb inscriptions in Westminster Abbey, especially in the north transept, but nothing appears to have been done to remedy the obliteration which will undoubtedly, ere long, wipe away all trace of the last resting places of the great dead, who have made the nation's history so glorious. It is not only apathy deserving the severest censure, but the most inexcusable vandalism on the part of the authorities responsible for the proper care of the Abbey memorials. It is almost impossible at present to locate the graves of Fox, Castlereagh, the Pitts, and others at the entrance to the north transept. I understand there is a Crown Department for the preservation of ancient monuments, and, unless the Dean of Westminster, or whoever else may be responsible, takes the matter up seriously, the sooner the custody of the Abbey monuments passes over into this department the better it will be for the dignity and respect of the nation.

The number of country and foreign visitors who pass through the portals of that ancient fabric within one year must reach an enormous total, and it cannot be disputed that the primary interest for visitors is not the awe-inspiring architecture, nor the lofty walls made venerable by the dust of ages, but the plain flagged pavement, underneath which rests the sacred dust of Britain's mighty men.

It should only be necessary to mention the necessity for improvement in a matter which so largely affects the sentiment of the empire. If it is a question of cost, which, at the most, would only be a trifle, an appeal from the Dean would have an immediate response. The custodians of the Abbey have a duty to perform to the nation, and, if they are unable, through lack of funds, the people will assist them. The necessity for the improvement is urgent, and should be attended to without delay.—Yours, &c.,

S. J. HUTCHINSON.

60-76, Chichester Street, Belfast,
March 18th, 1910.

THE BATTLE OF THE SCHOOLS IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

MONSIEUR,—L'article paru sous le titre précédent dans le numéro du 29 janvier de votre revue, m'est tombé sous les yeux seulement ces jours-ci. Me permettez-vous de vous adresser à ce sujet quelques unes des remarques qu'il a suggérées à un français ardemment démocrate et républicain?

Il me semble qu'il existe réellement une inexactitude dans l'affirmation que "it is from the Clerical school that the peasant is recruited who will vote for a Nationalist deputy, and there the workman is trained who will enlist in one of the 'yellow' or 'black-leg' organisations."

Il faut tout d'abord remarquer que les fondateurs de l'école laïque en France, Jules Ferry et tant d'autres, reprochaient précisément aux écoles libres de ne pas être neutres et c'est le principe de la neutralité qu'ils

mettaient à la base de leur système comme de seul respectueux de la liberté de conscience de l'enfant et conforme à l'idée républicaine. Ce que font les catholiques en France c'est tout simplement de demander que l'on demeure fidèle à cette tradition, au principe même de la neutralité au moyen duquel on avait jusqu'ici défendu et loué l'école laïque.

Un autre fait à observer c'est dans les récentes lois anti-religieuses passées par le Gouvernement Français ce sont en générale des hommes sortis des écoles libres ou religieuses qui ont fait ces lois, tandis que ceux qui les ont opposées sortaient principalement d'institutions de l'Etat, ce qui prouve jusqu'à l'évidence que la raison des premiers n'avait pas été tellement enchaînée et étouffée.

Mais aujourd'hui que l'Ecole laïque fonctionne partout en France voilà que ceux qui parlaient avec fierté de la neutralité laïque se font maintenant les champions du monopole de l'enseignement et l'on demande que l'Etat fasse les intelligences, crée une forte "intellectual discipline" qu'il donne un enseignement impliquant une attitude de l'esprit tout entier, qui serait difficile, sinon impossible, à concilier avec la doctrine de l'Eglise. Et cela, on le réclame, dit-on, au nom de la solidarité nationale et de l'unité morale du peuple.

C'est là évidemment que nous pénétrons vraiment au cœur de la controverse et j'accepte cette position du problème.

Il serait bon toutefois en passant de remarquer qu'un bon nombre des instituteurs actuels sont anti-patriotes, non pas dans le sens qu'ils sont contre les guerres de Louis XIV. et de Napoléon Ier, mais en ce sens qu'ils suivent fidèlement les enseignements de Hervé: recommandant de planter le drapeau dans le fumier et proclamant que le premier devoir d'un soldat en cas de guerre serait de tirer sur ses généraux. Evidemment le Gouvernement actuel professe officiellement sa désapprobation d'un semblable état d'esprit et a à plusieurs reprises frappé instituteurs ou professeurs. Ceux-ci ont crié à l'intolérance et réclament la liberté d'enseigner, ce qu'ils croient juste. Je ne vois pas pour ma part pourquoi on leur refuserait cette liberté; mais il ne me paraît pas convenable que l'Etat qui veut avant tout réaliser l'unité morale maintienne un système d'éducation qui renferme un si grand nombre d'instituteurs qui détruisent le sentiment national.

Le rôle de l'Etat moderne n'est plus "un roi, une foi, une loi," formule de Louis XIV.; mais, "tous les hommes sont égaux devant la loi, nul ne doit être inquiété pour ses opinions philosophiques ou religieuses," principes posés par la Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme et du Citoyen. L'unité morale imposée par l'Etat, par la force législative et administrative de l'Etat, voilà précisément l'idéal du moyen âge. Dans un état républicain ce qui est fait, entrepris, payé par l'Etat doit être la chose de tous (*res publica*); voilà pourquoi si l'on pose comme condition de républicanisme, qu'il faut abandonner tout dogme religieux, toute foi en une autorité religieuse, non seulement on n'est pas fidèle à la méthode scientifique qui réclame que les choses d'un même ordre soient jugées par des critères d'un même ordre, mais encore on va à l'encontre de la conception républicaine elle-même puisqu'une grande partie des citoyens ne peuvent prendre une part entière et complète à la vie civique et au progrès politique de la nation par suite de leur croyance à telle ou telle doctrine religieuse.

Si un Etat monarchique dans un pays catholique, disons l'Espagne, prétendait imposer de force un enseignement religieux dont certains citoyens ne voudraient pas, on dirait que c'est un attentat à la liberté de conscience; si le même Etat voulait fermer des écoles où l'on enseignerait une doctrine sociale ou politique ou religieuse qui ne fût pas de son goût, on dirait que c'est de la tyrannie.

... Et l'on aurait raison. Au nom du même principe lorsqu'un Gouvernement, qui se dit républicain, crée un système d'éducation dont les ressources financières sont puisées dans les poches de tous les citoyens sans distinction et que d'autre part il établit des distinctions entre les doctrines philosophiques et veut imposer un enseignement irréligieux ou mieux anti-religieux, je ne vois pas pourquoi l'on ne s'accorderait pas à reconnaître que c'est porter une atteinte à la liberté de conscience, et lorsqu'il prétend fermer certaines écoles (dont un grand nombre donnaient un enseignement à peu près gratuit), sous le prétexte que l'on n'y admet pas la souveraineté absolue de la raison

et que l'on y professe que la science expérimentale au point où elle a été laissée il y a une trentaine d'années, est la dernière étape du progrès intellectuel, est-ce qu'on n'a pas aussi le droit de crier à la tyrannie? Est-ce que ce n'est pas vraiment faire du cléricisme, puisque c'est imposer une opinion philosophique par la force de l'Etat.

Contre le monopole de l'enseignement des radicaux, des socialistes, des protestants, des professeurs de l'Etat se sont élevés avec force et c'est l'esprit républicain même qui les guide dans cette opposition à l'enseignement des consciences.

La république n'est pas une théologie antireligieuse, elle est tout simplement une forme de gouvernement politique, elle est un idéal civique que la Révolution Française, au milieu de fautes inévitables, nous a apporté; elle n'est incompatible avec aucune idée religieuse et le fait de l'existence de républicains comme l'Abbé Lemire à la Chambre, d'un mouvement si hardi au point de vue politique et social que le "Sillon" le prouve jusqu'à l'évidence. Est-ce que le leader de ce mouvement principalement composé de catholiques, Marc Sangnier lui-même n'obligeait pas, en 1903, M. Ferdinand Buisson, député radical, à lui dire: "Je n'ai pas le droit de douter de vos opinions républicaines."

La république en France a des ennemis à droite et à gauche, elle ne les fera pas taire par des atteintes à la liberté de la pensée, mais au contraire par cette "politique d'apaisement" dont parlait récemment M. Briand, par les progrès sociaux qu'elle apportera au prolétariat par une méthode de réconciliation de tous les citoyens autour d'un idéal démocratique élevé.

HENRI BARRAL.

27, Crescent Road, Brockley, S.E.

Mars 20, 1910.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your current issue you give, through a correspondent, a gratis advertisement to the periodical, "Votes for Women." Some of us, while still supporters of Women's Suffrage, have felt that we cannot countenance, even to the extent of a penny a week for their press organ, the methods of the N. W. S. and P. U. Will you please be good enough to make it known that there are other educative periodicals issued by the constitutional and older organisations, e.g., "The Common Cause," penny weekly, 64, Deansgate Arcade, Manchester; and "The Englishwoman," one shilling monthly, London, Grant Richards?—Yours, &c.,

L. THOMPSON.

Poetry.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE WANDERING JEW.

(AN OLD FRENCH CHANSON.)

THERE never was on earth
So sorrowful a thing
As the sad history
Which I to you will sing,
The tale so strange and true
Of the undying Jew.

At Brussels in Brabant,
As he passed thro' the street,
The good folk of the town
Amazed him did greet;
With such a beard, I ween,
A man was never seen.

His clothes were worn and old,
Of strange, outlandish air,
And from his waist hung down
The apron cobblers wear;
With figure bowed and bent,
Unresting, on he went.

"Enter this tavern door,
Old venerable man,
We will regale thee here

In the best way we can,
Take, lest thy strength should fail,
With us a pot of ale."

"I must not sit nor stay,
Alas! I tell you true—
But gladly will I drink
A pot of ale with you.
Right sore it grieves my mind
To part from folks so kind."

"Art thou perchance that man
Of whom the Scriptures speak,
Isaac, who walks the earth
Since the first Holy Week?
Say, of thy courtesy,
If thou indeed art he."

"Isaac Laquedem
Is in good sooth my name,
Born in Jerusalem,
A town of royal fame,
Good friends, I tell you true,
You see the deathless Jew.

"I traverse all the seas,
The rivers and the rills,
The deserts and the woods,
The forests and the hills;
O'er mountain and o'er plain,
I go in sun and rain.

"I ask of you no alms,
No alms can lift my curse,
I carry all my days
Five farthings in my purse;
At any time or place
This sum grows never less."

"What was that crime so great
That the good God could deem
Its fitting recompense
Such punishment extreme?
Good Father Isaac, tell
How such a thing befell."

"As up the steep hillside,
Jesus His burden bore,
The heavy cross of wood,
He passed before my door,
And said, in accents mild,
'Here will I rest, my child.'

"I, rebel heart and hard,
Cried out, in God's despite,
With raised arm and clenched fist,
'Get, caitiff, from my sight.'
With many a cruel word,
I spurned away Our Lord.

"Jesus looked on me then,
His eyes were full of tears;
'Thou, on this earth must walk
More than a thousand years.
Thou may'st not stop nor stay
Until the Judgment Day.'

"I fared forth from that door
Soon as the words were said,
Upon the weary way
I still am doomed to tread.
I know by day or night
No rest and no respite.

"Good sirs, the time has come
To leave your company;
My humble thanks are due,
For your great courtesy;
Each moment more I stay
With torment I must pay."

R. L. GALES.

Reviews.

JACOB BOHME.*

JOHN SPARROW's translation of Böhme was "printed by M.S. for H. Blunden at the Castle in Cornhill" in the troublous year 1648, twenty-four years after Böhme's death. The present editor tells us in his preface that his former volume, containing the "Threefold Life of Man," was so well received by the public that he is encouraged to proceed with the experiment of offering Jacob Böhme to modern readers. It is a remarkable sign of the interest now taken in mysticism that these two bulky volumes should find a publisher. For the illuminated cobbler of Görlitz is fully as queer and fantastical as Swedenborg; and though there was once a sect of Behmenists in Germany, we have not heard of any society in England, pledged to study his writings. Nevertheless, those who have the patience to quarry in this mine will find many precious nuggets embedded in masses of rubble. Böhme was a genius, and men of genius have been content to learn from him. Sir Isaac Newton, William Law, Schelling, Hegel, Ewald, are a goodly list of admirers for an entirely self-taught philosopher. Their respect outweighs the contempt of Warburton, Wesley, and Samuel Johnson; of whom the first declared that Böhme's writings would disgrace Bedlam at full moon, while the lexicographer with more urbanity wished that "Jacob" had imitated St. Paul, who, when he had seen "unutterable things," was content not to try to utter them. In all histories of modern philosophy the *philosophus Teutonicus* is awarded an honorable place as the pioneer of German idealism.

If Böhme had been born a century earlier, he would probably have been burnt. Lutheran Görlitz, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was satisfied with somewhat milder measures against the presumptuous mechanic who dared to see visions and think for himself. He was denounced from the pulpit, arrested and driven from the town; he was compelled to promise to write no more; and his character was lampooned in doggerel Latin verses by the pastor of Görlitz, Primarius Richter. It was with difficulty that the Governor of Lausitz compelled this worthy's successor to give Böhme Christian burial. But in the more liberal air of Dresden he was much sought after by men of learning and influence, and a commission appointed by the Prince Elector to examine his opinions passed no condemnation upon them. "We cannot condemn," they said modestly, "what we do not yet understand."

Böhme belongs to the purest type of mystics. Shoemakers are generally thinkers, whether they follow Plato or Bradlaugh; but Northampton has yet to produce a parallel to the inspired visionary, who gazed on a green field "before Neys Gate at Görlitz," till he saw the "essences, use, and properties" of the herbs and grass, and through them the mysteries of the whole creation; and who, on another occasion, fell into a similar illuminating trance after gazing intently at a streak of light visible through a chink in his door. He regarded himself as merely the organ through which the Divine Spirit found utterance. "I am a foolish and simple-minded man," he writes. "Finding within myself a powerful contradiction—namely, the desires that belong to the flesh and blood, I resolved to regard myself as one dead in my inherited form, until the Spirit of God would take form in me. Now, while I was wrestling and battling, a wonderful light arose in my soul. It was a light entirely foreign to my unruly nature, but in it I recognised the true nature of God and man, and the relation existing between them, a thing I had never understood before." In such a mind every thought is pictorial, and a logical process is transformed into a series of flashes. The philosophy, when we disentangle it from the sympathetic magic which he learned from Paracelsus, resembles that of other speculative mystics, such as Plotinus; but he contributes a new element in the great stress which he lays on antithesis as a law of being. "In Yes and No all things consist." Even in the Godhead, the contraries, good and evil, are already contained, but not as good and evil; they are there an equilibrium of naturally opposed, but com-

plementary and harmoniously working, powers. Good and evil only become actual when the soul in its freedom chooses one or the other. The Godhead, however, itself desires manifestation. In feeling this desire, it becomes "darkness"; the light which illumines this darkness is the Son. The resultant is the Holy Spirit, in whom arise the archetypes of creation. In the same way he explains body, soul, and spirit as thesis, antithesis, and synthesis; and there are other triads of a more fanciful character. The central doctrine of his religion is the indwelling presence of Christ. Like other Protestant mystics, he revolts against the doctrine of imputed righteousness. "If the sacrifice is to avail for me, it must be wrought in me. The Father must beget his Son in my desire of faith, that my faith's hunger may apprehend him in his word of promise." Our rebirth and salvation through the indwelling Christ are only a return to our primordial divine condition. "Nothing can rest in itself; it must return whence it came." The mind has turned away from unity in a desire for experience; it "has tried things in separation, and therefore separation arose in it." It cannot be set free till it forsakes itself and lifts itself again into the perfect stillness, silencing its own will, so that the will may merge again, beyond sense and form, into the eternal will of the abyss whence it originated.

Many of us have felt the "attraction of the abyss," the longing to get rid of the self of experience, which separates us from God and the soul of the world. Böhme in this last passage speaks exactly like Plotinus, of whom he had probably never heard. The brotherhood of the mystics all use the same language. Time and place and creed make no difference to them. "He to whom time is as eternity, and eternity as time," says Böhme, "is freed from all trouble."

Böhme, in spite of his visions, was fundamentally sane. He was happily married, lived on terms of simple friendliness with many men of many conditions, encountered persecution with sweetness and unruffled composure, and died like a saint and a brave man. "The Three Principles of the Divine Essence" is not easy reading; but there are probably some who will find it strangely fascinating, and at any rate few will grudge the Teutonic philosopher the very moderate encomium of his English disciple, the worthy and supremely ridiculous poetaster Byrom:—

"All the haranguing, therefore, on the theme
Of deep obscurity in Jacob Behme
Is but itself obscure; for he might see
Farther, 'tis possible, than you or me."

W. R. INGE.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY ORATOR.*

In laying down this interesting record of a pioneer of modern radicalism and rationalism, the first reflection that arises is how it has come to pass that so eminent a servant of the people has left so trivial a mark in history. It is easy to escape by asserting that William Johnson Fox was essentially an orator and a journalist, both ephemeral callings, and that even in these callings he did not achieve the first grade of distinction. But the ample evidence which Dr. Garnett adduces to show the remarkable impression which the speeches and writings of Fox made, not upon the excited crowds who, in his later days as Corn Law Abolitionist, hung upon his lips, but on the most distinguished intellectual men and women of his time, requires some further explanation. It is true that the half century which has elapsed since his death has obliterated many of the records which a biographer most prizes, and has made it difficult to interpret with certainty some of the incidents in an eventful life. But when such allowance has been made, it remains unexplained why the man to whom Harriet Martineau, J. S. Mill, Macready, the Brownings, Cobden, Forster, looked for light and leading, should have left no monument but a bare mention in the list of nineteenth century radicals. Probably, as Mr. Edward Garnett (who brings to completion this work of his father) observes, the dissipation of his energy in so many channels of activity damaged his fame and diminished his net influence on his age. Moreover, it cannot be denied that certain properties of sententiousness and of florid utterance, common to all

* "Concerning the Three Principles of the Divine Essence." By Jacob Böhme. With an Introduction by Dr. Paul Deussen. Watkins. 15s. net.

* "The Life of W. J. Fox." By the late Richard Garnett. Concluded by Edward Garnett. Lane. 16s. net.

save a few of the great publicists of his time, repel modern readers. It was a time of large generalisations in politics and morals, and Mr. Fox dealt largely in them both on the platform and in the Press. Almost unconsciously we come to look upon such utterances as impractical and hardly genuine. But we do wrong to discount so heavily what was for the most part a manner. A fair examination of such a career as that of Fox shows a vast amount of solid spade work in reform. Beginning life as a Norwich weaver lad, he underwent a hard struggle for knowledge and for a livelihood before he passed through Homerton College into the Congregational Ministry, and thence to the Unitarian Chapel of South Place, Finsbury, which for so many years was his principal platform. From the first he combined literature with preaching, and it was his close association as writer and editor with the leading Unitarian periodical, "The Repository," that brought him into such close relations with the Martineaus, Tailors, and Mills, and the "gifted" ladies, Eliza and Sarah Flower, the former of whom was his life-long friend and companion.

Liberal theology, ever broadening towards a more scientific rationalism, occupied, however, a comparatively small part of Fox's mental energy. His literary interest was keen, and he was among the first to recognise the genius of young Browning and Tennyson, while his intimate friendship with Macready gave him a prominent part in the revival of great English drama in the 'thirties and the 'forties. Though always an ardent politician and a fearless democrat, it was not until 1847 that he was free to devote his full energy to politics. His work for the Anti-Corn Law League had already made him widely in demand as a popular speaker, and when he was returned to Parliament for Oldham in 1847, he was already one of the three or four trusted leaders of English Radicalism. Though favorable to the cause of Chamberlain, he feared the violent methods to which this movement appeared to be drifting, and thus came to attach himself more closely to the concrete and definite causes of Corn Law Repeal, Poor Law Reform, and popular Education, as the most serviceable lines of advance. Though not a great original thinker, he was a mighty propagator of the original ideas of others. Woman's Franchise, Home Rule, a National Theatre, Secular Education, abolition of the Death Penalty, Amendment of Divorce—such were a few of the "advanced" movements in which Fox ranks as a vigorous pioneer. Montgredien, in his "History of the Free Trade Movement," gives the following vivid portrait of him as orator:—

"Then came forward a round-faced, obese man, of small stature, whom (if you avoided looking in his eyes) you might take to be a person of slow comprehension and slow of utterance—a sleek, satisfied, perhaps sensual, person—a calm, patient and somewhat lethargic man. The only thing remarkable about him (always excepting his eyes) was a mass of long, thick, black hair, which waved over his neck and shoulders. This man spoke, and the vast audience was thrilled by his wonderful eloquence. It was W. J. Fox, the Unitarian Minister, afterwards member for Oldham. The moment he began to speak he seemed another man. His large brown eyes flashed fire, and his impressive gesture added dignity to his stature. His voice displayed a combination of power and sweetness not surpassed even by the mellow base tones of Daniel O'Connell in his prime. His command of language seemed unlimited, for he was never at a loss, not only for a word, but for the right word. Not argumentative and persuasive like Cobden, or natural and forcible as Mr. Bright, his forte lay rather in appealing to the emotions of his audience; and in this branch of the rhetorician's art his power was irresistible."

HILDEBRAND.*

It would be easy to draw a parallel between Puritanism in the Reformed Churches and Ultramontaniam in the Roman Church. Both have been movements of reform; both have been narrowing and possessed the vehemence that commonly goes with narrowness; to both the interior contradiction which they embody and the facts of human nature with which they come into conflict have been fatal: they are of the number of the "little systems" which "have their day." But in their day they were powerful, both for good and for evil; and their representatives must be judged

historically by the requirements and standards of their time.

Religion has to preserve both intension and extension. If it loses the one, it becomes irreligious; if the other, sectarian. And it is no easy matter to balance the two. The comprehensive Church is apt to lower her standards to the popular level; the zealous Church to narrow down her membership till it consists of a real or supposed spiritual *élite*. That religion in the eleventh century required reform is beyond question; and Gregory VII. was a reforming Pope. This is his title to honor; and the prefix of Saint attached to his name shows that the principles of which he was the representative prevailed. It is no less certain that their triumph was temporary, and contained in itself the seeds of dissolution; the mortar was untempered, and the building fell.

From the time of the dissolution of the Carolingian Empire the Papacy declined. The Roman Church had to be delivered from the Romans, is Sohm's vivid phrase: at the end of the tenth and beginning of the eleventh century it was laid low by the violence of the feudal barons, and the scum of a rude society disgraced the Papal throne. In 1046 the German Emperor intervened. For the moment no other means of rescue were available; and no serious opposition was encountered by Henry III. when he exercised the right of nomination to the Holy See. But this solution of the difficulty could not be permanent. An Emperor beyond the Alps was no efficient protector; and the theocratic claims of the Papacy, dormant, not dead, were kept in reserve only till the moment when they could be advanced with reasonable prospect of success. Their most representative champion and assertor was Gregory VII.

Bishop Mathew's character sketch of him is graphic:—

"Gregory was permeated with the atmosphere of the Old Testament, and though a fervent admirer of St. Peter, there is no doubt his deepest sympathies lay with the Hebrew prophets and warriors. He was likened to Elijah; his energetic campaign against the immoral and simoniac clergy to Elijah's slaughter of the priests of Baal; and when Gregory, in 1078 and 1080, threatens the disobedient with retribution in this life, we are reminded of the stern Elijah calling down fire from heaven to confound the emissaries of the king who would do him wrong. With Samuel also he had great sympathy, and it is possible that he thought of himself as resisting Henry IV. as the prophet withstood Saul. Indeed, in the December letter to the young king, Henry is warned to avoid the fate of Saul. It is more than probable that Gregory's view of kingship, as conferred in his two letters to Hermann, Bishop of Metz, is based on the utterance of Samuel (I. Sam., xii. 17-19), who, to the people who asked for a king, replied: 'Your wickedness is great which ye have done in the sight of the Lord in asking you a king.'"

His temperament was not that of a saint; *Sanctus Satanas* is St. Peter Damian's phrase for him; he was a child of his age, and that a callous one; when a certain abbot punished his monks by tearing out their eyes and tongues, "the Cardinal Hildebrand took him under his protection, and declared that he had acted, 'not cruelly, but firmly and worthily, to evil men.'" His zeal for reform was sincere, though mingled with political motives: "the theory of Augustine's City of God, in which a new Rome was to use and rule the world by religion, floated before his mind." But while Augustine's theory placed its monarchical power in Christ,

"To the Pope there could be no Rome without a Cæsar, and the Cæsar of the spiritual monarchy was himself: in him were concentrated all power and all jurisdiction; he was their sole source . . . In his position as the 'Earthly Peter,' the Vicar of Christ upon earth, Gregory felt his power to be unlimited in spiritual things. 'How much the more then in things temporal,' he argued. St. Peter and St. Paul (and therefore Gregory, as the Earthly Peter), as they possess the power of binding and loosing in heaven, have also the power of taking away and granting the kingdoms of this world, principalities, duchies, marquisates, earldoms, and the possessions of all men. The Pope thus becomes an absolute sovereign over all things spiritual and temporal, the *dominus dominantium*. His power is a *potestas ordinaria et directa*. By this assumption Gregory brings his hierocratic system to completion: it becomes incapable of any further extension. The *libido dominationis* is satisfied!"

Bishop Mathew, it seems to us, makes too much of the modification of this position embodied in Bellarmine's theory of the indirect temporal power of the Papacy. The retreat from the older doctrine is apparent only, for the Pope remains the judge. The Vatican Council crowned the edifice. No Pontiff bore this in mind more persistently

* "The Life and Times of Hildebrand—Gregory VII." By the Right Rev. A. H. Mathew, D.D. Griffiths. 12s. 6d. net.

than the astute Leo XIII; none has acted on it more strenuously than Pius X. "The principle of authority can go no further once this extreme height has been attained: a retrograde movement must necessarily follow, and the force which will bring about this movement is just this undue extension of the principle of authority. We have seen the waters of Ultramontaniam rise in the course of the last century. They have not been from eternity; they are but of yesterday. As they came, so will they go."

AFTER LIVINGSTONE.*

MR. SWANN is a successor of the great explorers. When he first reached the shore of Tanganyika in 1882, nine years had passed since Livingstone died there; the site of the great lakes and the course of the greatest rivers were fairly well known, and Stanley was engaged on the enterprise of establishing the unhappy Congo State. For twenty-six years Mr. Swann remained in the newly-discovered regions about the southern lakes, never moving very far from Tanganyika and Nyasa, but carrying forward the work of exploration and settlement. At first he was employed by the London Missionary Society; afterwards, as an official in Nyasaland under Sir Harry Johnston, who writes a preface of commendation to this volume. So he forms a link in the country's history between the unknown days and the present time, when this part of Africa is almost as familiar as Europe, and he speaks with the authority of many years.

The real theme of the book is the extraordinary change that has come over the country within that brief quarter of a century. It is not altogether a change for the better. But for one thing, we should doubt if the appearance of Europeans had ever brought increased happiness to native Africans. Almost everywhere it has brought oppression, devastating wars, forced labor, drink, and hideous diseases. As a rule the native existence was fairly contented and happy before the white man came:—

"They lived a simple and easy life," writes Mr. Swann, "obtaining from nature everything necessary for natural requirements from the cradle to the grave; living in houses built by themselves, for which they paid no rent, cultivating in their own gardens just sufficient for everyday life; laying up no store, wasting nothing, with no 'rainy day' to dread, mutual responsibility insuring mutual help and support."

Such was the usual life of African natives, and such it still remains where European greed does not interfere with it. But in the lake region there was one thing that threatened the very existence of the people even before the European began his methods of exploitation, and that was the vast system of slave trade conducted by so-called "Arabs."

It is with the suppression of this slave trade—so largely connected with the trade in ivory—that Mr. Swann's book is nominally most concerned. And certainly he tells us a great deal about it. He shows how the slave raiders devastated villages and, indeed, obliterated whole tribes. He brings upon the scene the chief of slave traders, Tipputib, whose name was made so familiar by Stanley, and in one place he narrates a very interesting conversation he had with Tipputib himself in regard to Stanley's methods and treatment of him. He tells, perhaps, even more about the other great slave trader, Rimaliza, who extended a kind of protection to the white, as, in fact, Tipputib did also. And he describes many fierce encounters with the raiders and their forces. But on the eastern side of Africa, slave trading is now very nearly a thing of the past. The remorseless traffic is conducted on the old lines hardly anywhere in Africa, except in the Portuguese colony of Angola, and certainly it is by the courageous efforts of such men as Mr. Swann and Sir Harry Johnston that the horrors of the "Arab" system have been suppressed.

In spite of the importance of this subject, we should say the present interest of the volume lies in its account of the native life as it existed when first the author arrived, and the subsequent transformations which he has witnessed. There are stories of two horrible native executions—one by

red ants, the other by crocodiles—but as a rule the impression we receive of the native untouched by slavery or civilisation is very favorable, and the African's sense of home and family is especially insisted on. The following account, for instance, is quoted from a Nyasaland mission paper:—

"When the child goes off on a journey, the mother awaits his return anxiously; sometimes, it may be, making a vow not to shave her head until he returns; on his return, she goes through a wild dance of joy, often casting white ash, or flour, over herself; and making a shrill noise: 'Lululuta.' She clasps her child round the body, sometimes round the neck, herself kneeling; she sees nothing of onlookers, of white man, or steamer."

All of which expressions of delight the present reviewer has often witnessed, as well as a mother's satisfaction in smelling the skin of a returning child; nor has he ever noticed the smallest shyness or restraint in a son's affection for his mother, even though he is grown up. Is it not the more shameful that, in the west-central regions of the continent, people with this strong family feeling should still be continually harassed by slave traders who carry off boys, men, and women alike to the coast or to islands from which they never return home? And yet the traffic is conducted under the flag of one European Power, and the other European Powers say nothing.

Mr. Swann writes in a simple and conversational way, but the general effect of the book is rather confused. Some passages are almost overloaded with detail, but it is often difficult to discover the dates or actual localities of the events. The author was at sea for many years before he went to Africa, but though his seamanship evidently made him a very handy man, it has not taught him to compose a very coherent story from his log, though he seems to have kept one.

YORKSHIRE.*

IN a small country like ours, Yorkshire is a big place. It has, by geographical reckoning, more than twice the area of Lincolnshire, which ranks next to it, and comes within a little of the area of Wales. Swaggering all over the northern portion of the map, it claims pretty nearly one-eighth of the total surface of England. Is not its county town, York, a county in itself?

Plainly it would be no simple task to cram up into one volume, demy 8vo, the Memorials of these aggressive "3,882,851 acres, or nearly 6,067 square miles." This the editor foresaw, and prudently he shaped his plans to suit his book. Instead of filling out the pages "with scraps of all sorts of topics," he decided to treat as thoroughly as possible a few of the most important ones. Readers, therefore, who are familiar with the series ("Memorials of the Counties of England"), if they find rather less variety in this volume than in some of its fellows, will also find that the selected subjects have been well and comprehensively reported on.

The matter of the Memorials has been distributed among nine expert pens. Prehistoric Yorkshire and Roman Yorkshire are respectively discussed by Mr. George Clinch and Mr. Norton Dickens. The Rev. J. C. Cox takes the Forests in charge. York and its Minster are the Rev. Dr. Solloway's care. To Mr. Hamilton Thompson fall the Castles and the Village Churches. Mr. J. Eyre Poppleton looks to the Bells. Norman Doorways are in the keeping of Mr. Charles E. Keyser. Canon North is responsible for Beverley and its Minster, and Folk-lore engages Miss M. W. E. Fowler.

Let us take a turn in the Forests, which once occupied a very considerable tract of this country. But, by the way, what is a forest? "You cannot," observes a wag unknown, "see the forest for the trees"; but we had, and still have, forests in England destitute of any stick of timber. In ancient English law—and the definition may hold to-day—a forest meant a territory of woody grounds privileged to creatures of the chase, both beast and fowl, and chiefly set apart for the sovereign's royal pleasure. St. James's Park in London, what was it at one era but a game preserve of that bloated character, Henry VIII.? An immense region

* "Fighting the Slave-Hunters in Central Africa." By Alfred J. Swann. Seeley. 16s. net.

* "Memorials of Old Yorkshire." Edited by T. M. Fallow, M.A., F.S.A., of the Yorkshire Archaeological Society. Allen. 15s. net.

of Yorkshire (and not, of course, of Yorkshire only) was formerly a warren of this sort, haunted by red and fallow deer, and wild boar, and birds that have long forsaken us.

"The popular idea," says Mr. Cox, "as to the cruel severity of the Forest Laws seldom takes into account that this early severity was greatly modified by the Forest Charter of 1217."

Game laws were bad enough in this country during many centuries, but they were worse in France. Right up to the Revolution they pressed sore upon the people (Louis XVI.'s diary is in the main a record of his "bags"), and under Louis XIV., in the great enclosure of the Louvre, which spread for six miles around Paris, neither grass nor any green food might be cut while his Majesty's partridges were hatching. To be caught a second time poaching a rabbit for the pot was to be whipped and banished for five years. England, at an earlier day, had respite from the more savage of the game laws; but some of us went to Botany Bay for troubles connected with fur or feather.

It was safer to be a dweller in fenced cities and buy your venison, or go without it. Touching fenced cities, it has been fabled of York that this fair northern capital was built, or a-building, while yet King David held sway over the destinies of the chosen people. It is an affecting legend, if it washes not more than indifferent well. But, if not to Israel, we can at least get to Rome through York, and this is something. Gregory's interview with the British slaves in the market-place of Rome is a story allowed to pass muster, and Dr. Solloway says:—

"In the struggles between Deira and Bernicia some of the subjects of Ælla, the King of Deira, whose chief city was at York, were captured and sent as slaves to Rome. A number of the children were exposed for sale in the market-place, at the time when Gregory was a young, rising ecclesiastic."

It was at the time when he was also a young, rising punster, and we know how he seized the occasion. "Not Angles," &c. Farther, when told that the yellow-haired children hailed from Deira, "Then," exclaimed Gregory, "from wrath—*De ira*—they shall be snatched." Yet, again, on learning that Ælla was the name of their King, his ready Reverence responded: "And Alleluia shall be sung there." Had Father Healy of Bray been able to secure for one of his Sunday suppers Father Gregory of Rome, what a feast of puns had been toward!

Great among old English towns was York. Its advantages as a place of residence during the Middle Ages would run into a catalogue. Dr. Solloway summarises them as "ecclesiastical, historical, military, defensive." Kings occasionally dwelt there, Parliaments from time to time assembled there, and the pageants of York—leaning now on the monastic churches and now upon the city guilds—have not impossibly supplied with a wrinkle Mr. Louis N. Parker. The library of bygone York was the envy of Europe,

"and the leading scholar of the day, one of its own sons, Alcuin, was called away from the city by Charlemagne to become the great educational light of the Continent."

From criticism of the celebrated Minster a laic pen abstains. The learned in these eclectic modes of architecture contrast cathedral with cathedral, transept with transept, nave with nave, choir with choir, and so forth; discuss the poetry of design that appeals to them in Wells or Salisbury, the fine and felicitous mixture of styles that charms them in Winchester or Canterbury. But this is a circle within which no layman dares to tread. Ruskin, in one of his too frequent lapses into the criticism that is associated with the nursery on bathing nights, dismissed the composition of the west front of York as "confectioners' Gothic." Fergusson, lukewarm on the whole in his praise of this cathedral, extols its western façade—for justness of proportion and elegance of detail—as equal to anything in England.

From cathedral to cathedral chimes. Mr. Eyre Poppleton's chapter on Yorkshire Bells and Bell-founders is one of the best in a company that is good throughout. Bells, like kings and kingdoms, come under fortune's hap. Works of art to the archæologist, they are, to the anxious bell-ringer, instruments that have a felonious trick of going wrong and needing to be replaced; and the artistic ringer, in a discordant hour, has privily conveyed to the melting-pot a cacophonous or cracked piece of bell-metal historically priceless. There was a Dean who sold a bell to replenish

his wine-cellar—perhaps after a dream of Panurge's voyage to the oracle of the Holy Bottle.

Mysterious is the fate that, at one epoch or another, arrests the life of great and splendid towns. What secret of decay was in York that brought her from the high estate she owed?

THE HEALTH OF THE SCHOOL CHILD.*

THERE are few movements of the present day more full of hope and promise than those concerned with the care, protection, and health of children. The individual worker in these movements, and the various authorities, educational and sanitary, engaged in the work, have received in recent years fresh impulse and guidance from the legislature in the numerous Acts which have had for their object the improvement of the conditions affecting child life. But legislation, however well intentioned, and however complete in conception and statement, and though giving an impulse in the desired direction, needs also its own impulse from the people who are called upon to put it into operation. That impulse, upon which depends in a large degree the wise administration of law, can only be obtained by awakening a consciousness of the problems to be faced, and by suggesting in broad terms the direction in which progress can be made. That, as it seems to us, is the *raison d'être* of the admirable little text-book which has been prepared by Dr. Ralph Crowley, lately the Medical Superintendent of the Bradford Education Committee. It may be taken to be one of the results of his work in the schools of Bradford, and is appropriately dedicated "to the teachers and children" of that city.

Dr. Crowley's book contains a large body of facts and figures on many questions directly or indirectly concerned with school hygiene. But, though a text-book, it is a missionary treatise, having a perfectly clear and specific message, which we may express in his own words: "The centre of social responsibility has shifted from the adult to the child," and "each child must be considered as an indivisible whole, whose physical, mental, and moral development can never be considered apart, the unfolding of whose life, therefore, must be in harmony with the teaching of physiology and the laws of brain development." In these words we have what the author would call his "view point." All through his book the reader will meet with the subject of school hygiene viewed as an essential, we had almost said the essential, part of "the groundwork of future social action." The problem of the child lies at the basis of the new reforms for which the State is apparently ready. School hygiene is not something separate from the welfare of the community, a thing for doctors or school teachers. It is the beginning of "future social action." It is, in fact, the foundation upon which the nation is building. At first sight this may appear to be an extravagant claim, but a little consideration will convince one that Dr. Crowley is right. For our markets, and factories, and workshops, for the Army and Navy, for the work of colonists and Empire builders, the first essential and fundamental thing is the child, and mainly the child in the State schools. If from those schools we are turning out every year, say, half a million boys and girls, physically, mentally, and morally equipped and capable, we are laying the best of all foundations for the future, and not only the best of all foundations, but absolutely the only foundation upon which an Empire can be wisely built. And in doing this we are incidentally solving many of the problems which embarrass us by the road.

The second part of the author's point of view is scarcely less important. He fastens upon the individual child. The chief objective of medical inspection, he says, is the benefit it should bring to the individual child, and—this for the local education authorities—"the perfectness and satisfactory character of the methods must be judged mainly from this standpoint." Or if he is discussing special groups of children, blind, deaf, feeble-minded, and so on, he drives home the same point, the need for studying how we may best, most economically and effectively, assist the afflicted child. Or, again, if he is discoursing on school equipment, physical exercises, or even the school

* "The Hygiene of School Life." By Ralph H. Crowley, M.D., M.R.C.P. Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.

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building, it is only as these things affect the individual child, how they educate and develop him, not how they appear in themselves or of themselves, that claim his thought. Moreover, the whole child is to receive the consideration which it deserves, physically, mentally, morally.

The burden of this book is naturally devoted to the physique of the child in health and disease, and, following upon a consideration of medical inspection, Dr. Crowley deals with the whole wide question of the treatment of the child. This part of his subject he discusses under Special Schools, the medical treatment of children found to be defective on medical inspection, the provision of school meals (of which the author is a well-known advocate), school baths and bathing, physical training, and open-air schools. On each of these themes Dr. Crowley has much common-sense counsel and practical advice to offer. But, at the back of it all, and through it all, one feels the breath of his ideal, the strength and importance of his great principle.

We are glad to believe that this point of view is not a monopoly of Dr. Crowley's. We believe it is widely held, though it may not have found frequent expression in the past. Without doubt it is the true inspiration of much of the new work which is being carried out all over the country by education committees and their officers. Dr. Crowley's book has been written largely for these two bodies of workers, the members of the committees and the teachers in the schools. To them it may be earnestly commended, for it is through them that his vision of the future can be fulfilled.

REALITY AND CONVENTION.*

It is notoriously the bad books which are easy to review. It is simple enough to hold up folly to derision, to point out the fact that the heroine's eyes and hair change color with every other chapter, that the split infinitive occurs on every other page, that the sentiment is ridiculous, and the construction infantile. But to give adequate praise to thoroughly fine workmanship is a more complicated affair, and it is with the sense of bestowing tame commendation that the writer pronounces Mr. Maurice Drake's "Wrack" to be a very good novel indeed, one of the best novels that he has read for a considerable time. "Wrack" is not a book of purple passages; it does not lend itself to quotation. Nor is it strikingly original in its *mise-en-scène*, since its action passes for the most part on board tramp steamers and merchantmen, and its characters are chiefly concerned with the governance of the engine-room. The hero is a good fellow, the average man *plus* a gift for mechanics; the heroine (who is a disaster) is well done, but nothing extraordinary in the way of women; the brutal old shipowner again is excellent, but not wholly miraculous. Yet; when one has read to the end, to the last awful scene of Philip's home-coming in triumph—to find shame and ruin and the end of all things waiting for him on his own hearth—then one knows that one has read a real book. It is, the writer imagines, in the just combination of scenes and elements and characters that the charm of "Wrack" consists; but whatever the secret, no one can deny the presence of an extraordinary quality in the story. It is above all things vivid; it reminds one of those strange dreams which come now and then to most of us. Not of the dreams of wild confusion and terror and impossible event; but rather of those quieter visions of the night when people that we know meet and pass us and look at us as they go by—and yet every movement, every glance, every word, hint an awful, unimaginable, and secret doom. It is some such spirit as this that Mr. Maurice Drake has conjured into his pages; and again he is to be congratulated on a great success.

There is a certain sect of critics which loves to scoff at tales of mystery, including, it is to be supposed, the work of Edgar Allan Poe in their condemnation. With these proud men the writer has no sympathy; he is not ashamed to own that he read "Jekyll and Hyde" with absorbed and wide-eyed interest, and that some of Sherlock Holmes's

earlier efforts strike him as wonderful and admirable contrivances. The fact is that this interest in a mystery, this absorption in an enigma, this desire to know what is behind the veil is radically and entirely human, as much a part of man as the love of good meat and good drink. Enigmas ourselves, we are naturally enough interested in enigmas; incarnate mysteries, we find nothing that is mysterious alien from us. But the one fault in the mystery, or puzzle, or detective tale is this: that, when the secret has once been found out, three parts of the book's charm have vanished. Nobody can become re-absorbed in a riddle which he has just solved—unless, perhaps, the various pieces of the puzzle have been put together by the author with such exquisite skill that the mere tracing of the combinations is in itself a pleasure. And here one puts one's finger on the weak spot of Miss Florence Warden's highly ingenious and intriguing story. The interest—the mystery—begins with the front page and ends only with the last; indeed, the final paragraphs leave us with the sense that there is still something to be discovered: a thoroughly good touch. And the frontispiece, depicting a lady of the extremest fashion in the act of asking a young man whether he really believes her capable of coming up a coal-shoot, indicates the absorbing nature of the problems placed before the reader. But the mischief is that the young man—the hero—is a supreme ass. Nothing keeps this unfortunate fellow in the path of common prudence; he seeks danger as the bee seeks honey; he rushes into the most disreputable and deadly society after repeated warnings and repeated experiences, he has less sense of responsibility and a weaker power of initiative than a pawn on a chess-board. In a word, the puzzle—an admirable puzzle in its way—is not well put together: it is hard to be interested seriously in the fortunes of a person who runs his head not once or twice, but perpetually, against brick walls and iron spikes of mishap.

There are undeniably many fine things in "Cumner's Son," especially in the tale which gives a name to this collection of short stories. The brooding mischief in the bazaar of Mandakan is well indicated, the ride of the colonel's son through hideous perils to bring help to the beleaguered garrison is full of thrills, and thrilling also is the description of the English lad's meeting with the bandit chieftain, Pango Dooni. And yet the story fails of success. It has fine things, as has been said, and the fault perhaps is that these things are too fine, that the sunlight flames with the vehemence of the theatre limelight. It is allowable and indeed right to describe barbaric splendors splendidly; but it is necessary to preserve a certain contrast between the diction of Robber Chiefs and English colonels. Thus:—

"The danger—the danger!—and the lad so young," said McDermot; [captain of artillery] but yet his eyes rested lovingly on the boy.

The Colonel threw up his head in anger. "If I, his father, can let him go, why should you prate like women? The lad is my son, and he shall win his spurs—and more, and more, maybe," he added.

Now, what Captain McDermot would really have said would have been something like: "Rather dangerous mission, sir. Only a boy, sir," or words to that effect: while the colonel might have replied: "He's my son, sir, not yours, and the risk's our affair, and that's all about it." It is interesting to note how a few slight touches, a certain stiffening of the construction, and the use of such a word as "prate" avail to transmute drama into melodrama. And a tendency to this over-emphasised, over-expressed, over-fine way of writing is, no doubt, the chief fault in "Tumult." This is the story of a man who has made a foolish marriage, and finds his impossible and disreputable wife constantly on his tracks. It is not by any means a bad story, but all through it there runs this note of exaggeration. For example:—

"Stop it, for God's sake," he said, between his teeth. "I propose to make you an offer to settle things up. No more jeering, or you won't get a penny."

"Let us postpone talking business until after the meal."

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"I ought to have known you better than to believe the professions contained in your letters and the farce you have just played for my benefit. Not content with getting me here under false pretences, you take advantage of the position to

* "Wrack." By Maurice Drake. Duckworth. 6s.

"When the Devil Drives." By Florence Warden. Ward, Lock. 6s.

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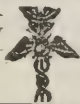
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spring this atrocious surprise on me, going out of your way to arouse my bitterest memories with this and that!" pointing scornfully at her dress and complexion.

One does not know why, but somehow in these days people neither "jeer" nor "prate." Dr. Routh, who died in the 'fifties of the last century, aged a hundred, might have used these words naturally—he called his servant "sirrah"—but for the purposes of modern conversation their time is past.

It is refreshing after these excesses in diction to discover the pure vein of German sentiment as displayed by Miss Mary E. Waller in "A Year Out of Life." The heroine of the story transposes all things into the Teutonic mode: she speaks in terms of beer, and music, and wild enthusiasm.

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Indeed, the whole book reminds one of an essay by Vernon Lee, describing the manner in which the German mind can synthesise Munich beer, the music of Wagner, and Leberwurst sausage into one great and harmonious whole.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"THE TEMPLE DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE," edited by the Rev. W. Ewing, M.A., and the Rev. J. E. H. Thomson, D.D. (Dent, 10s. 6d. net), seems intended as a reference book for readers who do not care to go as thoroughly into a subject as is done in the larger Bible dictionaries. It begins with a general article on "The Study of the Bible," by the Bishop of Ripon. Dr. Boyd-Carpenter urges readers not to lose sight of the fact that all parts of the Bible do not belong to one class of writing. History, he says, may teach religion; but "religion can be taught in sermon, in poem, in parable, or even in fable, as well as in history. It is therefore important that the Bible reader should consider, as he reads, the literary form of the passage he studies; for in this way he will be surest of the meaning, and he will not lose the spiritual message in whatever form it comes." Mr. L. M. Watt gives a concise account of the history of the English Bible; and the articles on "Apocalyptic Literature," "The Targums," "Versions of the Scriptures," and "The Language of Palestine during the Time of our Lord," present the essential facts relating to these subjects in brief compass. The book is decidedly conservative in its attitude towards most controversial topics. Thus the arguments for the authenticity of the Book of Daniel are said to be "convincing," and the Maccabean date of that work "impossible." Dr. Iverach, who writes on the Fourth Gospel and the Epistles of John, accepts the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel and of the First Epistle, and dismisses "the interesting questions" regarding the authorship and contents of the Second Epistle as "more curious than important." In the article on the Second Epistle of Peter some of the arguments against the Petrine authorship are stated, but the conclusion reached is that "at the same time, and in spite of all this, there are still critics of repute who accept the epistle as genuine; and it is likely that the plain reader of Scripture . . . will still go on believing that he is in contact with a mind which was in contact with Christ in the days of His flesh." The plain reader of Scripture who buys a Bible dictionary need not be told this; he expects clear guidance and weighing of evidence from the scholars who contribute to it. He will consult many of the articles in the present volume without finding any decisive pronouncement, and the great fault of the book is its timidity. At the same time it will be useful to those for whom it seems intended. The book is well produced and remarkably cheap.

* * *

UNDER the title of "A Queen at Bay" (Hutchinson, 16s. net), Mr. Edmund B. d'Auvergne relates the story of

the determined and successful effort made by Maria Cristina of Spain to secure the throne for her daughter, Isabella II. Cristina's husband, Ferdinand VII., one of the worst of the Spanish Bourbons, married as his fourth wife Maria Cristina of Naples. The issue of the marriage was a daughter, Isabella, who, by the Salic law, could not succeed to the throne, which should have come to Don Carlos, the King's brother. However, shortly before his death, Ferdinand proclaimed a "pragmatic sanction" abolishing the Salic law, which had been passed by the Cortes at a secret session in 1789, and had received the approval of Carlos IV. Some time before Ferdinand's death Cristina and Don Carlos had become sworn enemies, and when Cristina assumed the Regency of the kingdom she weakened her position, within three months of Ferdinand's death marrying Munoz, a young officer with little more than his appearance to recommend him. Civil war broke out soon afterwards, and for a time Carlos seemed likely to win the throne. The death of Zumalacarregui and the appearance on the scene of Espartero turned the scale, and, though she had to retreat for a time to France, Cristina, by dint of persistence and shrewd sense, won the throne for her daughter. The period is one of importance in Spanish history, since during it the constitutional monarchy was founded; but the web of intrigue is so thickly woven that it is difficult to disentangle the salient facts or judge of the leading personages with any confidence. Mr. d'Auvergne's book paints Cristina as "a human woman, always thinking more of her husband, her children, and immediate dependents than of the millions of unseen and unknown Spaniards whose custody a droll tradition had committed to her."

* * *

MR. CUTHBERT HADDEN, like a wise man, writes for the largest musical public attainable—the public that has neither time nor inclination to delve very deeply into musical history or criticism for itself, but is glad to have the cream of these skimmed for it by someone else. For this kind of people his "Master Musicians" (Foulis, 3s. 6d. net) is just the kind of book they require. Mr. Hadden talks very agreeably about the master musicians; and no one who is dying to know what clothes this or that master wore when composing, or any other thrilling personal detail, will be sent empty away from Mr. Hadden's book. There are one or two small errors that might be corrected in later editions of the volume—for later editions it is bound to have. Bach (p. 37) did not go to Hamburg in 1720 to hear Reinken, but to play to him and other musicians of the town. The statement (p. 44) that Bach took all his annoyances at Leipzig "calmly and philosophically" is quite wrong; Bach made half the annoyances for himself by his cantankerous temper, worked himself into a blind rage over some of them, and was undoubtedly very unhappy for a great part of his time. On page 99 Mr. Hadden holds to the old theory that Beethoven's "Immortal Beloved" was Giulietta Guicciardi, which can hardly be said to hold its ground since the publication of La Mara's ably reasoned contention that the beloved was Theresa von Brunswick. The photographs in the volume are well-meaning, but rather trying; almost every composer's face is sentimentalised in the most painful Teutonic way.

* * *

THE part that Oxford University has played in the history of the nation is well told by Mr. Ralph A. Durand in "Oxford: Its Buildings and Gardens" (Grant Richards, 21s. net), a beautifully got-up color book, for which Mr. W. A. Wildman has supplied thirty-two illustrations of the colleges. Of the more personal history of its ancient institutions and customs there is, too, an abundance, well and picturesquely set forth; for Mr. Durand, while relying for his material on past authorities, especially on Rashdall's "Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages," has clothed it with a new life and color, and given it the flavor of a sounding epic. Just as the average Londoner takes but little trouble to get at the meaning of London, so the average Oxford man is woefully ignorant of the origins of many institutions peculiar to his University. He accepts them when he hears of them for the first time, absorbs them as a part of his daily life, and does not trouble to investigate them; just as he accepts his copy of the "Decreta et

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Statuta" on matriculation, and does not think of reading it. To many such men, particularly those to whom Oxford is only a tender memory, Mr. Durand's book should open fresh sources of interest. It includes a vivid description of the Town and Gown Rows, and inter-college feuds that are now unknown, but were once a standing menace, not only to the learning, but to the lives of the students; it deals, with a light touch, with such still surviving matters as Proctors, and "The Gentle Art of Ragging"; and it conjures up pictures of social Oxford, as it was in the days of the medieval schoolmen, under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, under the Stuarts and the Georges, and in the nineteenth century, that lack nothing in actuality. A chapter is devoted to the literary men whom Oxford has fostered. Swinburne is said to have remarked that the University had "turned out poets in more senses than one," when he himself went down without taking his degree, and it is a curious reflection that a very large proportion of Oxford poets departed degreeless in the same incontinent manner. Such was the case with Southey, Shelley, and the inimitable Calverley. Neither has the beauty of Oxford and her landscape inspired many verses, though Matthew Arnold, moved by the memory of his dead friend, Arthur Henry Clough—as Tennyson was moved by the death of Hallam—celebrated the scenes that both of them knew and loved in tender, musical lines. Mr. Durand has lightened his pages with several amusing yarns of past and present celebrities, and his description of Oxford's classic gardens is swayed by horticultural knowledge and poetic feeling. These gardens, too, owe something to Mr. Wildman, whose broad, spacious water-colors suggest alike their infinite peace and their close relationship to the venerable buildings overlooking them.

* * *

NOBODY is likely to quarrel with Professor E. A. Gardner's selection of "Six Greek Sculptors" (Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net), representing the golden age of Greek art. The list begins with Myron and ends with Lysippus, thus embracing the fifth and fourth centuries B.C.; and it includes Phidias, Polyclitus, Praxiteles, and Scopas. Neither is its usefulness confined to penetrative studies of these individual masters, since an introductory chapter sketches the origins of the art that reached maturity in these centuries, and a concluding essay deals with the later Hellenistic developments. The book, in short, very nearly covers the ground of the author's "Handbook of Greek Sculpture," and broadly summarises the facts and theories put forward in that exhaustive work. In dealing with such a subject, biographical detail is, of course, impossible, and criticism is in most cases purely inductive. There are so few genuine Greek monuments extant; we have to rely for our conclusions about the merits of the respective sculptors almost entirely upon the Græco-Roman copies of their works and upon the literary testimony that has been handed down to us. Thanks to recent discoveries, however, the modern student is in a very much better position for arriving at a just opinion than were his predecessors of the eighteenth century, who solemnly accepted the Græco-Roman copies as the authentic examples, and made none of the allowances that are nowadays considered necessary. It is an astonishing circumstance that any of the judgments arrived at by those aesthetic philosophers can be allowed to stand; yet, as Professor Gardner and others have pointed out, their contribution to the knowledge of the subject, albeit based on fallacious premises, supplies some curiously true conclusions. The literary evidence of Greek sculpture, contemporary and later, is dealt with faithfully in this volume, and the characteristics of the masters are differentiated in a way that leaves a perfectly clear impression of the art of each, while, at the same time, the fact of their mutual relationship is kept steadily to the front. The text is greatly helped by a quantity of excellent photographic reproductions of authentic Greek statuary and Græco-Roman versions placed, when possible, side by side. This is illustration in its most useful sense.

* * *

"GEORGE SAND: SOME ASPECTS OF HER LIFE AND WRITINGS" (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net), is a translation, by Miss Alys Hallard, of a course of lectures given by M. René Doumic, of the French Academy. The book, in

its French form, was noticed in THE NATION for August 21st, 1909. The translation is, on the whole, well done, and the book, though described by its author as merely "a series of chapters touching on various aspects of George Sand's life and writings," presents a fairly complete picture of her personality. The English reader will find in the volume a good account of a writer who, once rated above her deserts, has now fallen into an undue neglect.

The Week in the City.

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AFTER the tremendous activity of the last account, the Stock Markets have sobered down a little, and this slight reaction has been assisted by the general tightening of the money and discount markets. The Bank of Belgium raised its rate on Monday, and it is probable that for some time money will be moderately dear. Whether this will check the expansion of trade, as well as of speculation, remains to be seen. There has been a good deal of anxiety in the City, especially among those interested in American and Canadian bonds about the threatened tariff war between Canada and the United States. But Tuesday's advices were more satisfactory, and Mr. Taft's game of golf with Lord Grey certainly points to an agreement. The American bond market is very weak and seems to offer now, or in the near future, good opportunities for permanent investment on this side. The tenders for the New York City issue do not seem to have been very satisfactory. The City would get better terms if it could have arranged for a London issue. But that would have been a rather open confession of New York's financial dependence on London. Speculative interest still centres in the rubber market, and attention has been attracted to the great quantities of rubber recently imported into the United States. It is thought that these are speculative purchases and will be weakly held, in which case a sharp fall in the price of rubber might occur at any time. Business conditions in the United States are not satisfactory, and there has been quite a large crop of strikes, in many cases accompanied by such violence that the troops have been called out. The strike at the Coats thread mills in Pawtucket ended on Monday; the operators returned at the old wages, a rather significant comment upon Tariff Reform. Discontent at the high cost of living seems to be universal in Canada, the United States, and the Spanish Republics of South America. As to the Budget, the City is beginning to realise that the cry for its production raised on the Unionist side is not dictated by any wish to end the financial confusion, but only aims at embarrassing the Government.

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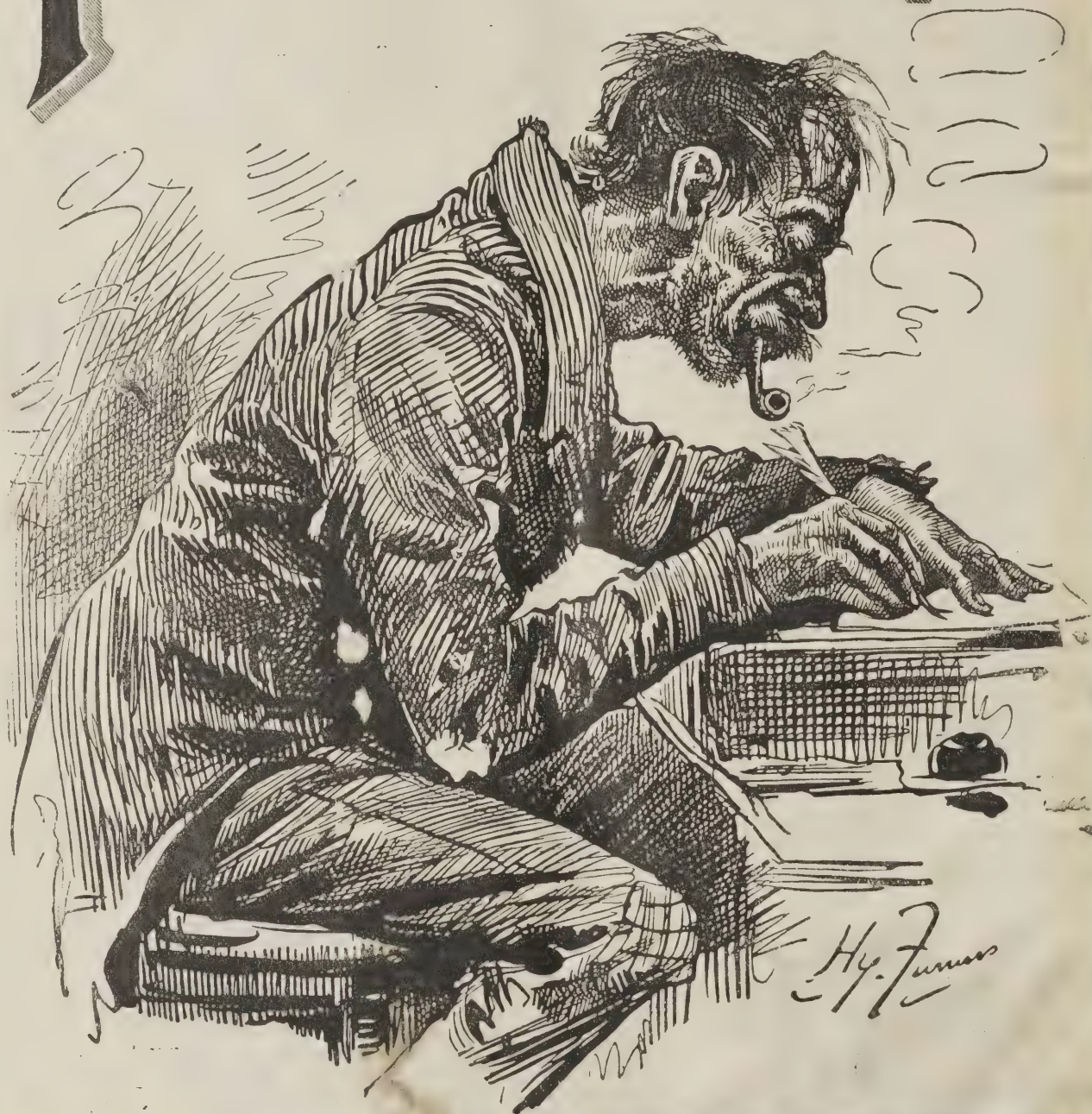
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